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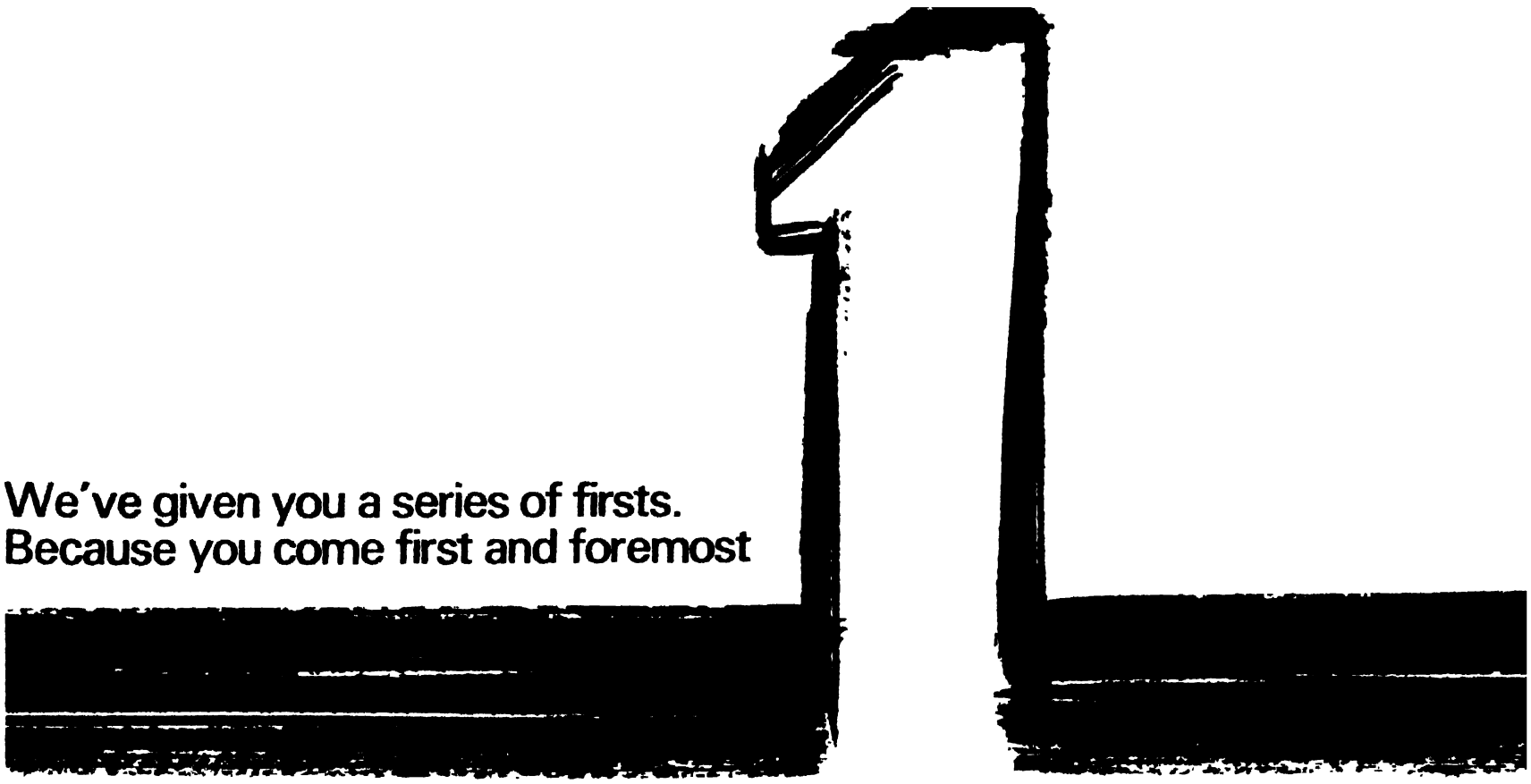

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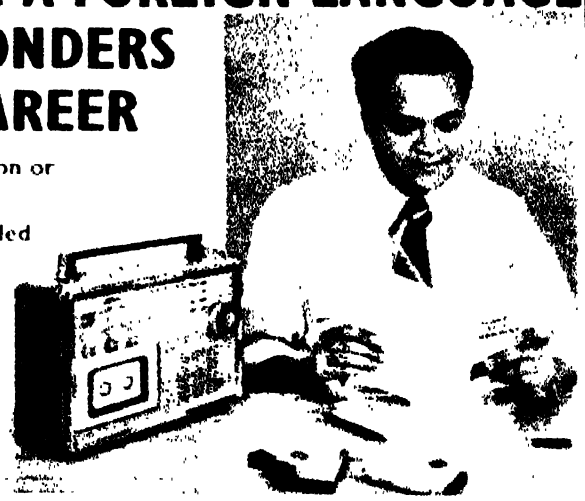

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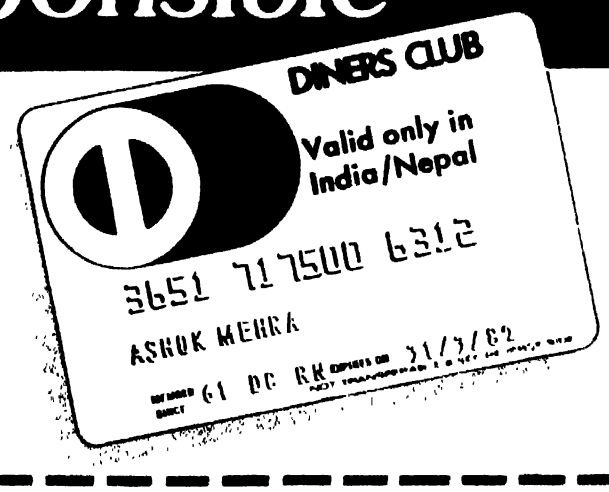

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sattar Continues

Sir—I fully endorse the views expressed by Mr Sunanda Datta Ray in "Bangladesh: Fateful Poll?" (November 15). Aminul Islam deserves rich appreciation for his telling painting.

ASHOK N. PRABHU
Honavar

Death Trap

Sir—The article, "Debt Trap or Lifeline" (November 15) was very comprehensive and interesting. I fully agree with the views of the 23 economists. The loan involves the acceptance of conditions imposed by the IMF, resulting in the surrender of the country's economic sovereignty. India should not have banked so heavily on the IMF loan.

P.V. CHILLAL
Karnataka

Sir—The IMF loan is not only a debt trap but it is a death trap for developing countries like India.

RAMANAND SHARMA
New Delhi

Sir—With political and socio-economic uncertainties, one wonders how the IMF loan will boost the economy of the country. We were the slaves of the British and today we are the slaves of our creditors!

M.H. BADSHA
Madras

Sir—Our politicians are capable of turning any lifeline into a trap with their corruption and selfishness. With so much help coming to us, they will indulge more and more in their corrupt practices and grab import licences, etc. Dr Ezekiel writes that the IMF loan will merely postpone the problem, but if we use the time available properly, the country may be able to emerge from the oil crisis relatively unscathed.

DIWAKER KALE
Bombay

Prophet Of Gloom

Sir—Kudos for an excellent issue (November 1). Not only was the cover story eminently readable, but the cartoons themselves spoke volumes.

ANAND GARG
Madhya Pradesh

Sir—Mr Sham Lal's article, "Crumbling Pillars Of State" (November 1), is another high-sounding expose like his "National Scene".

The executive, the legislature, the bureaucracy and the judiciary are only the limbs of the ailing body of the state. We cannot cure these limbs like we can the right eye or the left eye through modern medicine. One has to go deep into the problem to root it out.

S.D. DINN
Bombay

Sir—Mr Sham Lal appears to be a very good prophet of gloom. I am allergic to his evident frustrations. How can I appreciate an article that exudes no optimism and makes no constructive suggestions?

DEBASISH RAY
Vanivihar

Sir—Your editorial talks of the Janata misrule. Whom are you kidding?

V. KRISHNAMURTHY
Bangalore

Sir—The article was a rational analysis of rotting Indian life coupled with a masterpiece by Mario. In fact, the whole body fabric of the nation is heavily infected with the virus of corruption and sycophancy, and the state's four most important organs—the executive, the legislature, the bureaucracy and the judiciary—are working as the "receptors" of the virus. The surgeon-in-charge, Mrs Gandhi, is still a great hope to the patient for she still has no match as a leader. What we need is not an authoritarian government but a government with authority, especially moral authority. Yes, national integrity is impossible without personal integrity.

K.N. TYAGI
Meerut

Sir—I read with interest the analysis of the malaise of the Indian political system as analysed by Mr Sham Lal, and also your editorial. I congratulate you for your brilliant point that the erosion of the power of the state has become irrelevant and therefore its diseases will not, in fact, affect the major areas of our life, making social development autonomous. However, that point should not be stretched too far. The Indian state has managed to influence almost every aspect of our life—political, economic, social and developmental. Therefore, it is not just a diseased limb but the very brain and heart of our body politic.

PRAVIN SHETH
Ahmedabad

Sir—Congratulations to Mr Sham Lal for so brilliantly analysing the perils that face the country, and to Mario for so vividly illustrating the theme. The article should be an eye-opener for our political leaders who have brought the country to the verge of collapse. If the governing body itself is corrupt, who is going to alleviate the suffering of the masses?

SANGITA BHATNAGAR
Patna

Sir—The cover story was superb. It precisely depicted the sad state of the bureaucracy with its pending files, the legislature with their selfish, power-hungry politicians of all hues, the judiciary vainly trying to perform a balancing act and the executive which has only hollow promises to offer.

NAZIR AHMED
Bangalore

Sir—Much of what Sham Lal says is, unfortunately, true. However, one gets the impression that the author has over-emphasised the calamities we are facing. In this context, the observation in your editorial that the country is by no means on the verge of collapse is welcome and reassuring. Even so, many of us will not be able to endorse your flattering tributes to Mrs Gandhi. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Mrs Gandhi herself, during her long political career, has contributed the lion's share of the uncertainties by her autocratic methods of functioning.

K. GOVIND
Kuttipuram

Hollow Socialite

Sir—What proportion of your readers spend their evenings at cocktail parties that you should accept the senseless pratings of that spoilt, rich socialite, Ms Kilachand ("The Emptiness Inside", November 1)?

Please note that the majority of us toil for our living and know nothing about, nor have the least interest in, the lives of the filthy-rich.

G. DOCTOR
Bombay

Sir—Emptiness is not confined to the cocktail-circuit. It has also afflicted the members of the middle and lower middle class. The emptiness that we of the lower strata of society suffer from arises for slightly different reasons. We struggle to keep up with the Joneses, try to keep middle class morality intact, and keep telling ourselves that the glamorous world of the rich and the elite is not real. At the same time, we try to ape the mores and manners of the rich. In the end we are left with a nagging doubt about this struggle and feel empty and cheated.

C.V. MATHEWS
Bombay

Sir—Ms Kilachand's sincerity is questionable. She continues to be very much a part of the society that she pretends to criticise, so who is she kidding?

DILEEP NANDA
Bombay

Sir—My congratulations to Ms Shobha Kilachand for her Emptiness.

MADHU JOSI
Bomb.

Biased Viewpoint

Sir—I read with interest Mr K.C. John's article, "Kerala: Grievous Blow to CPM" (November 1). He seems to have been carried away by an anti-Marxist mood. He does not mention even a word about the Congress (S) leaders' personal grouses against the CPM (which had nothing to do with law and order) over the spoils of the office which were really responsible for the pull-out.

Mr John mentions an incident concerning a film producer, Balu Kuriath. Such goondaism is by no means the sole monopoly of the CPM. The writer could have been a bit more realistic and should have done his home work.

The photographs of EMS and his wife, and the Congress (S) leaders at the Delhi Session, however, were excellent.

ASHOK KUMAR
Trivandrum

Sir—Congratulations for your brilliant editorial, "Mrs Gandhi's Burden", and the article on Kerala by Mr K.C. John. I am, like you, convinced that Mrs Gandhi bears a tremendous burden and that she needs the sincere co-operation of all of us. How she bears the burden on her frail shoulders is a miracle of our times. Let us add strength to her elbow in every way.

G. RAMACHANDRAN
South Kerala

Sir—The exit of the CPI(M)-led ministry in Kerala, as you have rightly pointed out, was due to its own mistakes. It was a hotch-potch of various parties without any common objective except to retain power by hook or by crook. This marriage of convenience has resulted in a colossal waste of public money.

U.S. IYER
Pune

Sir—Mr K.C. John was not objective. He attributes the collapse of the ministry headed by the CPI(M) to the political violence perpetrated by the CPI (M) cadres. But as many as 13 murders were reported within a period of three weeks, ending November 14—all after the imposition of President's rule in Kerala. This shows that political violence in the State is not the monopoly of a single party

P.K. SATHISH
Kerala

Sir—The article was totally biased. The fall of the Marxist-led front should be attributed to the monopolistic press which, in collusion with the opposition, magnified the law and order problem to fantastic proportions.

A JAYATHILAK
Trivandrum

Dickensian World

Sir—The article "Crackers Don't Make Their Day" (October 25), grieved my heart and I was sorry to learn that "Pip" and "Joe" of Charles Dickens' world still live in India.

SARMISTHA SEN
Bhubaneswar

Sir—Rajiv Shankar's article was frank and factual. I hope the article will go a long way in arousing the citizens into raising their voice against exploitation of children.

MOHAMED AURIFULLA
Jeddah

Sir—The article gave a horrific account of child labour. One would like to ask what the Government did for these exploited children in the International Year of the Child? Also, how did the employers go scot-free after violating the Labour Act? Will Sivakasi remain a den of injustice? Why do the Trade Unions keep mum over the issue?

SHYAMAL GUPTA
Burdwan

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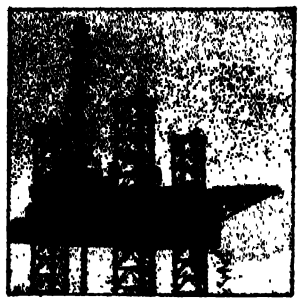
Contents

Cover Story

Holding Their Hand
The disabled speak out. A special feature to mark the International Year of Disabled Persons. What are their problems, how to rehabilitate them and how to formulate a national policy for them. 21



Resources

Oil: A Success Story
B Krishna gives an in-depth account of the progress India has made on the oil front. 8

ALSO: 25 Years Of The ONGC
By Uma Vasudev 13

Housing

Making Bombay Liveable
Why has the Kerkar Report on solving Bombay's housing problem led to such a row? A devastating *critique*
by J.B. D'Souza 14

Tourism

Must We Welcome All Foreigners?
Why do Indians fawn on foreign visitors, many of whom observe our laws only in the breach? Patanjali Sethi traces the roots of our servile habits 30

Africa

Black Man's Search For A Face
The Black Consciousness Movement is not a mere reaction to white racism. It is a search for identity and African nationalism.
By Debabrata Ghosh. 34

Photography

The Third Eye
Starting a new pictorial series with a stunning selection of photographs.
By T. Vishwanath 36

International

In Afghanistan Today
On President Babrak Karmal's dilemma. How to win friends at home and keep Russians out. 40

Afghanistan In The Power Game
By S.P. Seth 42

Sports

Even Test Of Indo-Pak Strength
A report on the First Test.
By Raju Bharatan. 47

Cover Photo
by Hitesh Doshi

Next Issue

Christianity Is Still With Us
Science and Marx dislodged Christianity from the pre-eminent position it enjoyed. But today religion enjoys a renewed resurgence. Special feature for Christmas by Elizabeth Rao.

A Time To Be Reborn
Fr Benny Aguiar evokes the timeless ethos of Christmas—for modern times—for a unified approach to the ills that plague the world.

Pakistan's Threat In Perspective
India has valid reasons to distrust the emerging US-Pak alliance, says
K. Subrahmanyam, Director, Institute for Defence Studies and Analysis

ALSO: Peaceful Pakistani Intentions?
Madhu Limaye on how to guard against illusions and gullibility and build a strong India.

All That Plagiarism
Khalid Mohammad exposes our copycat movie-makers—how they steal the musical extravaganzas from the West. In spectacular colour.

The Mainpuri Murders
Janardan Thakur files a stunning investigative spot report on the Deoli massacre of Harijans.

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UNDERSEA OPERATIONS ARE VITAL. A driver goes down to make subterranean surveys which are so vital for offshore drilling for oil.

DRILLING. Men at work on the derrick platform of "Sagar Samrat" which first discovered oil in a limestone reservoir on February 19, 1974.

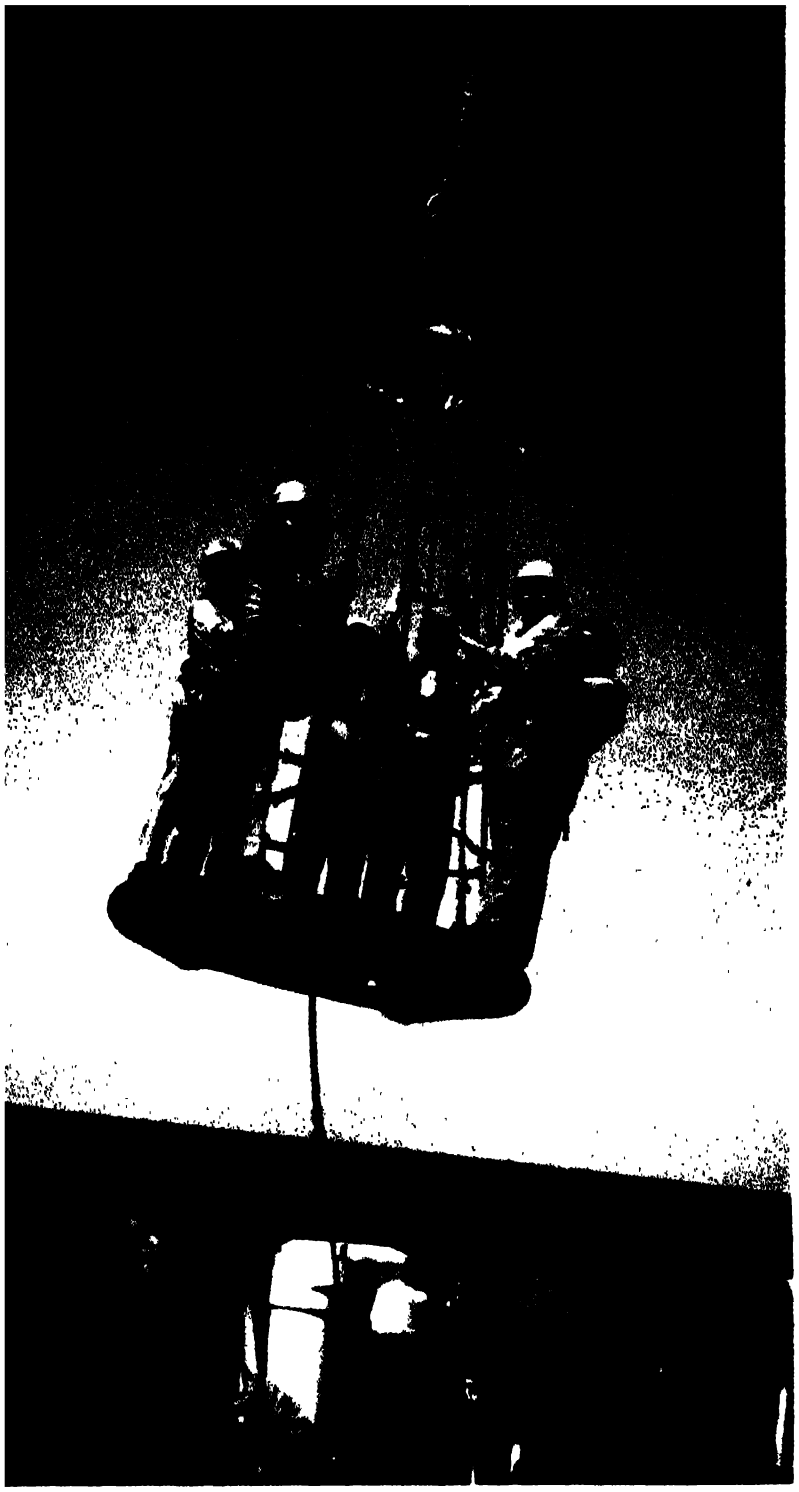
Oil: A Success Story

Will India reach near self-sufficiency in oil by 1985? Much will depend on the renewed efforts to raise Bombay High production to 20 million tonnes and the onshore production from Assam and Gujarat to 11.5 million tonnes. ONGC hopes to achieve a total production of about 38 million tonnes,including gas.

by B. Krishna

THE latest oil discovery in the Cauvery basin of the northern Palk Strait, some 50 km south-west of Vedaranniyam, a town known for its salt pans, and within 20 kms of Pt. Calimere, holds out an alluring prospect. It may not only take the country beyond self-sufficiency in crude oil but also give a valuable new lead for future exploration in the Cauvery basin and other areas on the east coast.

The sulphur-free Palk Strait crude is very light—therefore the recovery can be up to 80%



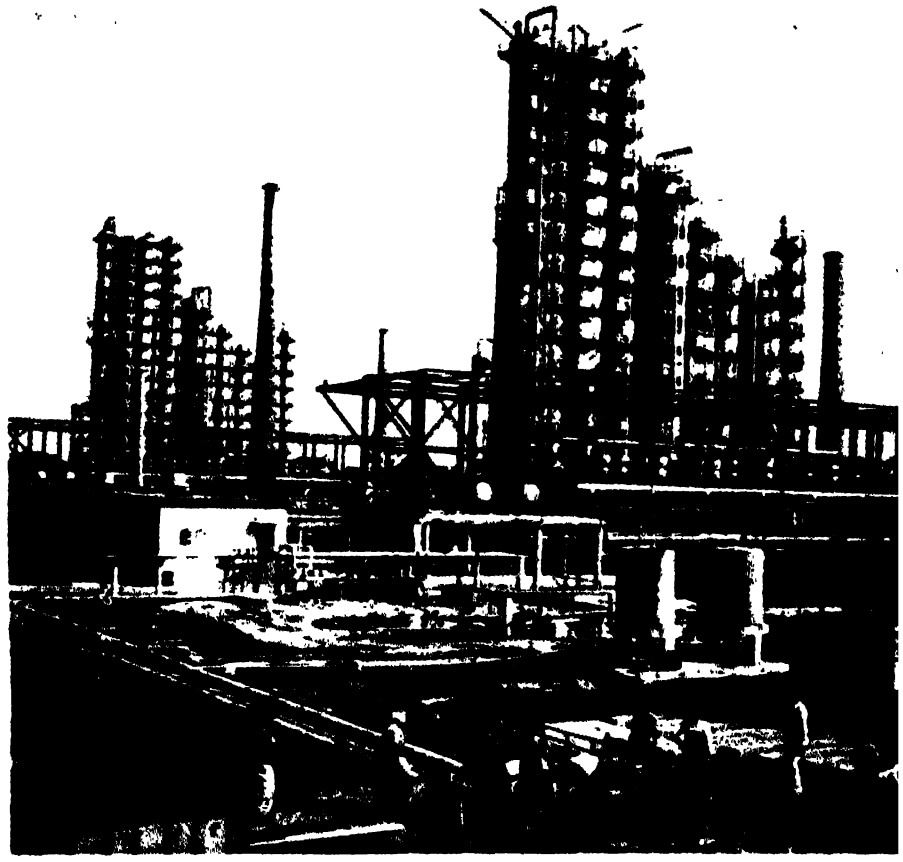
LOFTY CONVEYANCE. A puggy net transporting men from the supply vessel to the derrick platform.

compared with 50 to 60% in Bombay High and 40% in most offshore fields elsewhere. What is more, oil has been found here in the upper cretaceous sands for the first time in India. Some of the world's larger oilfields have been discovered in such structures.

Finally, the well was spudded in only nine metres of water, perhaps the shallowest depth in the world where a floating drill barge has been successfully operated. The rate of flow at a well-depth of a little over 2,300 metres was about 1,500 barrels a day through a half-inch choke. All in all, the find is "highly indicative" of a good commercial field.

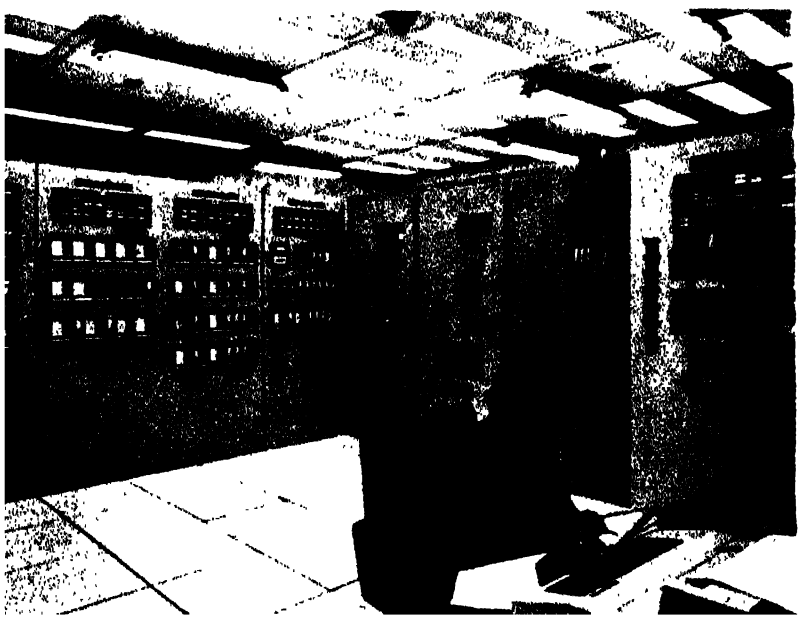
of secondary recovery will help increase the current production in Gujarat from around 3 million tonnes a year to 4.5 million tonnes and that in the North-East from 4.5 million tonnes to about 7 million.

On present reckoning, at least another five million tonnes of oil a year can be secured from the Palk Strait find, the new 80 square-kilometre structure some 35 kilometres east of Bombay High at a depth of 75 metres (where the initial rate of flow of about 1,030 barrels a day went up by over four times to 4,400 barrels a day within a month) and the new onshore discoveries in Nagaland and Tripura, where thirty km east of Agartala



HOW TO CROSS THE HUMP. Gujarat is an outstanding example of how oil can dramatically improve the economic scene of a State. Several priority industries use ONGC's oil and gas not only as fuel but as the basic feedstock.

CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM on Bombay High (North) process platform.



Even prior to the Palk Strait discovery, the ONGC has been aiming at self-sufficiency in hydro-carbons by the end of the sixth five-year plan. It hopes to produce, in terms of oil equivalent, at the rate of about 38 million tonnes of crude and gas annually by 1985. If all goes well, the annual output of Bombay High and adjacent fields will go up to 20 million tonnes of crude, 2.25 million tonnes of associated gas and 3 million tonnes of free gas (both in terms of oil equivalent). The onshore fields will yield another 11.5 million tonnes of crude and 1.25 million tonnes of gas (again in terms of oil equivalent). Even if there are no new discoveries on land, the use of modern methods

gas has been struck in substantial quantities: it is flowing at the rate of 90,000 cubic metres per day from a single well.

Lucky Strikes

All these lucky strikes would mean little, however, unless the indigenous crude can be refined at home and natural gas put to good use. Prior to 1954, India's refining capacity was only half a million tonne a year from the Digboi refinery of the Assam Oil Company. The refineries set up by Burmah-Shell, Stanvac (later Esso) and Caltex increased it to 5.8 million tonnes by 1960-61. The public sector refineries, together with these, further raised it to 17.1 million tonnes in

→

1970-71, 23.2 million tonnes in 1977-78 and 24.2 million tonnes in 1978-79. With the proposed expansions of the Madras, Vizag and Koyali refineries and the coming on stream of the Mathura refinery, India's total refinery capacity is expected to be about 44.5 million tonnes by 1985.

For full utilisation of that capacity, India will have to import eight to ten million tonnes of crude by 1985 unless the country is able to discover and produce that much more from her own sub-soil. On present showing, such imports would cost about Rs 3,000 crores. The chances, however, are that the bill may be less in real terms if the imports of crude from West Asia and elsewhere by Japan and the Western nations continue to decline.

As it is, the steep hike in oil prices since 1979 (by 150%) seems to have materially changed the situation. According to oil analysts, OPEC has "unwittingly done the industrialised world an enormous favour," conservation alone having enabled it significantly to reduce consumption. Thanks to reduced demand, OPEC's production has already hit a new low of 21 million barrels a day, which is 23% short of its level a year ago and far below its capacity of 35 million b/d.

Alternate Fuels

Through the use of alternate fuels like coal and gobar gas, a successful attempt has been made in India, too, to keep consumption down to 31 million tonnes during 1980-81 as against the estimated demand of 33 million tonnes. The chances of pegging it to 35 million tonnes a year in 1985, against the Fuel Policy Committee's estimated figure of 47.75 million tonnes by 1983-84, are distinctly bright.

Besides restricting home consumption to as low a level as possible, production of crude oil is being stepped up through a vigorous effort under the sixth plan. The ONGC's outlay has been raised from Rs 3,370 crores to Rs 4,788 crores, and it is proposed to undertake more drilling operations—in as many as 325 offshore wells.

The Palk Strait discovery, however, confirms the experts' view that the offshore areas from Kutch to West Bengal are potentially rich. Besides Bombay High, Bassein and the Deep Continental Shelf (about 180 km west of Bombay High), the Bengal-Orissa basin, the Gulf of Mannar, Tarapur, Diu, Dahanu and Saurashtra regions off the Gujarat coast, and even the areas adjoining the Andaman and Nicobar Islands will be further explored.

Our Reserves

How much do we possess? The Soviet petroleum geologist, Dr G.P. Kalinin, whose association with the ONGC dates back to its inception, believes that the offshore areas may have as much as one billion tonnes of crude oil. A World Bank report has confirmed that Bombay High structures alone have a recoverable reserve of 125 million tonnes. And, in the opinion of the head of the Moscow Institute of Petroleum, Mr N.A. Eremenko, "Calcutta is floating on a sea of oil".

Dr Kalinin has also estimated that India's offshore reserves could be over 4,000 million tonnes. Although by 1985 the ONGC expects to recover from onshore in the north-eastern region and Gujarat around 11.5 million tonnes, the Commission is intensifying its exploratory activities in such areas as the Himalayan foothills, the Ganga Valley, Jaisalmer, Krishna-Godavari basin, West Bengal, Nagaland and Tripura. In all it will dig and test about 560 wells between now and 1985.

War Of Independence

The Palk Strait discovery happily coincides with the Silver Jubilee year of the ONGC: a successful record of 25 years of operations. Prior to its establishment, India was hostage to foreign oil interests. The one man who proved a thorn in their flesh was

A FAIRYLAND. Bombay has two refineries — Hindustan Petroleum (former Stanvac) and Bharat Petroleum (former Burmah-Shell) built in 1954 and 1955 respectively. Their total refining capacity is 3.2 million tonnes.

B. Krish

the late Mr K.D. Malaviya, an incorrigible optimist, who vowed to break their stranglehold. He, indeed, waged a war of independence for a national oil industry. He set up the ONGC in 1956, the Indian Refineries Ltd in 1958 and the Indian Oil Corporation in 1959.

His doggedness and unwavering optimism was seen in his reply to foreign experts' pessimistic forecasts as early as 1955: "The risk is worth taking, and, if we do locate a good oilfield, the money and energy spent will be repaid many times over." Bombay High has already proved him true; the Palk Strait may again do so.

Mr Malaviya's first victory came in the discovery of oil at Ankleshwar and a few other places in Gujarat in the early sixties, which gave "birth to India's national oil industry" Despite discouragements and hard going, indigenous production of crude oil rose slowly, rather painfully, from 100 tonnes in September 1961 to 6.8 million tonnes in 1970, 12.84 million tonnes in 1979 and around 16 million tonnes in 1980.

Mr Malaviya's drive for self-sufficiency also included a pragmatic and foresighted programme of building India's indigenous refining capacity, without which success in crude production would mean little. Herein he was guided by three considerations: First, not to let the foreign oil companies expand their refineries, no matter what pressure he was subjected to; second, to build public sector refineries at Gauhati (1962), Barauni (1964) and Koyali (1965) to take care of the indigenous crude discovered in Assam (Nahorkatiya and Moran) and Gujarat; and, third, to build up refineries at Cochin (1966), Madras (1969) and Haldia (1975) to process imported crude to ensure that the rising demand for petroleum products is met indigenously.

New Challenges

In the past 25 years the ONGC has, admittedly, matured into a highly technical and scientific organisation, with rich experience of working in diverse and difficult areas, both on land and in sea, under trying conditions of climate and terrain. But the Palk Strait discovery has taken it on to the threshold of a new era. But it is plainly too bottom-heavy to face the new challenges.

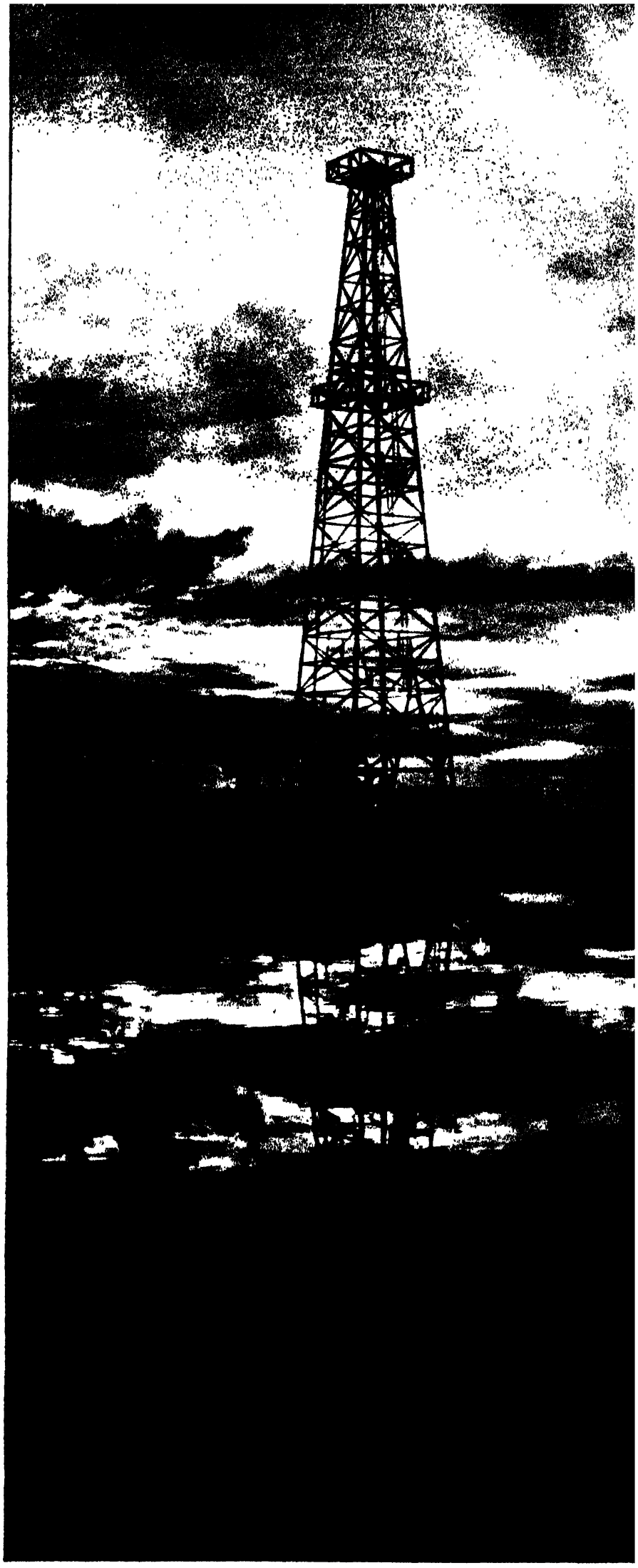
At the very least, it needs five members in charge of its fast-growing operations instead of the two it has at present. The responsibilities of the members (offshore) should be bifurcated and one member each should be responsible for exploration and production on the west coast and the east coast with headquarters, respectively in Bombay and Madras. Likewise, exploration onshore needs three members, each separately in charge of the three regions: central (Dehra Dun), western (Baroda) and eastern (Calcutta). The ONGC will also set up more institutes to train its engineers, scientists and technicians not only in the current operations but also to familiarise them with the latest technologies.

Crossed The Hump

Looking into the future, one can confidently say that it will not be as bad as the past. India seems to have crossed the hump.

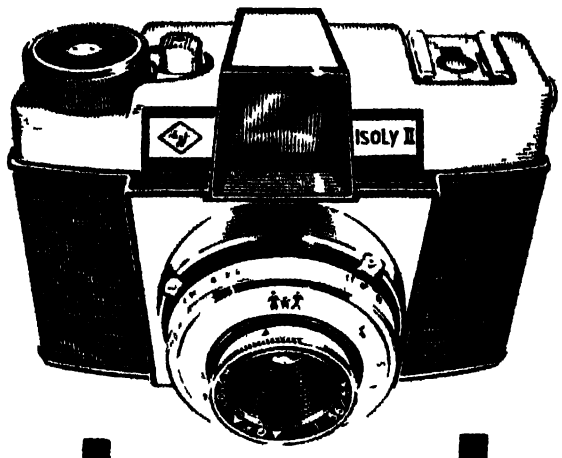
Hereafter the current import bill of about Rs 5,200 crores a year on crude and products will come down in real terms rather than go up. The world oil glut appears to have thrown OPEC into disarray, and the fall in international demand for oil seems to be irreversible.

The recent developments at home and abroad will not only ease the strain of oil imports on India's hard-pressed financial resources but usher in by the end of the sixth plan a new era of economic prosperity for the country. While dedicating the Bombay High project to the nation in April 1975, the Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi, had called it "a great adventure", and had further significantly observed: 'We are proud of our technicians, scientists and engineers... What is most important is that we should be truly independent." Though such independence may not be entirely realised by 1985, the goal is not far off. ■



B. Krishna

IN THE ASSAM OILFIELD, a derrick in Moran. India's post-independence search for oil began with its discovery in Nahorkatiya and Moran.



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The Hunt For Oil

25 years of the ONGC

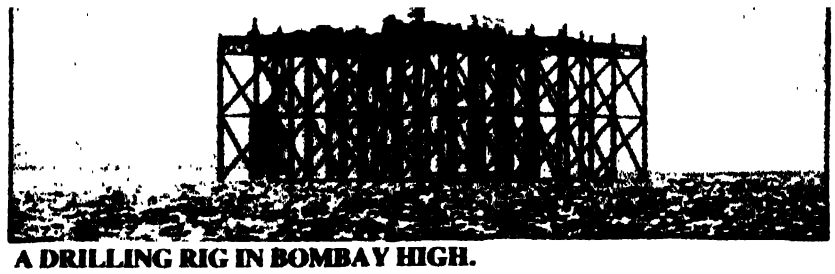
by Uma Vasudev

BOMBAY High is not the whole of India's Oil and Natural Gas Commission. But it certainly is the star in the repertory, the primma donna around whom are centred hopes of a runaway success. Bombay High is not a play. But it certainly is adventure on the seas, a city in water, fed by oil. Yellow, ant-like rigs with legs and arms of steel clamping the ground at a depth of 350 feet under the sea, and ferreting out oil, dot a landscape of heavy blue water on which the sun picks out ripples which look like wrinkles on the skin of an elephant. It's like a city of the future, 100 miles out from the ONGC, Helibase at Bombay. The men that man these jack-up rigs, semi-submersible ships, cantilevered rigs and the tanker, named after the man who gave shape to scientific aspirations in India, Jawaharlal Nehru, act like denizens of a planetary world; ordinary men, who look like ordinary men, but live in extraordinary conditions, doing extraordinary things.

One felt, while alighting on the Bombay High North platform, in the Arabian sea, that one was in a ship in outer space. Perhaps there's not much difference between sky and sea when it is reality and earthy occupations which get left behind like a dream. The difference here was that the men — yes, all the men — were not clothed in space suits, nor were they floating in a gravity dance, as one has seen astronauts do. They were on a ship that did not look like a ship, but was anchored in the sea. Living facilities were small, neat, air conditioned, but super-luxurious, replete with video and cassettes of the latest films to keep the men amused fourteen days out of every month that they have to be engaged drilling the treasure that lies buried like an unawakened monster. For, once you find the oil, you have to keep it under control, draw it out with measured technique so that it doesn't break the shackles of centuries and explode in your face.

The Bombay High Field production area in this offshore search for oil has been divided into Bombay High North and the Bombay High South. The Bombay High North, now operating, is the main process platform. It receives oil and gas from 13 other platforms in the area, which have drilled a total of 56 wells. Out of these, 48 wells are actually flowing and produce 160 thousand barrels a day. BHN separates the oil from the gas and sends them in 204 kilometres of pipeline under the sea to onshore at the gas plant at Uran. Originally it was thought that Bombay High would not be able to produce more than 10 million tons a year. But with the production experience and knowledge that has been gained, it is anticipated that Bombay High alone will yield 17 million tons per annum by 1984-85.

The moot question is how long it will take India to become self-sufficient in oil. The recent decision by the OPEC countries to fix oil prices at 32 dollars a barrel will reduce India's import bill by Rs 1000 crores in the next year, with a saving even during the next two months of about 20 crores. But India still needs to meet its requirement of 34 million tons in 1981-82. Out of this ONGC, drilling in both offshore and onshore areas, would contribute 13.7 million tons which is 40.3 per cent of the total requirement. Taking into account that Oil India can contribute another 2.83 million tons this raises the capacity of indigenous production to 48.6 per cent. "In 1984-85," says Colonel S.P. Vahi. the new Chairman of the ONGC, "we expect the demand to go up to 45.5 million tons. Out of this ONGC could supply 24.9 million tons which is 54.3% of the total requirement. Again, adding the Oil India production to this, we would be meeting 61 per cent of the country's oil needs by then."



A DRILLING RIG IN BOMBAY HIGH.

According to Mr P.P. Khanna, Joint Secretary in-charge in the Ministry of Petroleum, this does not include the accelerated programme of production in the onshore areas which is expected to yield more than its normal due. "We are preparing plans for that both in the eastern and western regions, coupled with this is also the enhanced on-recovery techniques to be adopted. The Institute of Reservoir Studies at Ahmedabad carries out studies, prepares pilot project and tries them out. We implement them on the field. Whatever other inputs are required, government is arranging those. Nobody can say that by such and such a time you'll have so much oil," he adds.

Tough Business

Though the promise for the future is spelled out in low key, with each ONGC and Ministry official keeping his fingers crossed, there is an undercurrent of excitement that runs right through the organisation. The name of the late Mr K.D. Malaviya, former Minister of Petroleum, keeps recurring as the man who insisted that India's oil exploration must keep apace with its potential even at a time when the potential was waived away as inconsequential by foreign experts. There are difficulties no doubt. As Colonel Vahi says, "The oil business is a very difficult business and to achieve results tremendous efforts have to be put in by the organisation and the people. Working on oil rigs is no pleasure. Men have to work, particularly onshore in very hostile areas, the movement of rigs is over very difficult terrain and there are tremendous problems of logistics. Even in offshore, the work is pretty dangerous."

Dr A.K. Malhotra, member offshore of the ONGC, identifies the major constraints to our oil exploration as a paucity of trained men, even though from the time when they started in 1976 with a few people the task force has grown to almost 2400 persons. The tremendous spurt in oil exploration the world over has also led to scarcity of equipment. But what we need to tackle the nature of investments of such magnitude that the ONGC has to deal with is that "our internal systems and procedures will have to be streamlined, and this is something," points out Dr Malhotra, "which obviously occupies both the government's mind and the commission's mind."

Exploratory Wells

Till April 1, 1981, ONGC had drilled 1,823 exploratory wells on shore, as well as developing wells, involving a total metrage of 37 lakhs, 840,073 metres of drilling. The total production by ONGC has been 88.18 million tons of oil and 8,250 million cubic metres of gas. Offshore, they have drilled 52 structures with a total of 103 wells and propose to drill 107 wells in the offshore area alone. The total area of sedimentary basins in India is 1 million sq km on land and 800,000 sq km offshore up to a depth of 2000 metres. Capital (from scratch in 1956) was Rs 190 crores in 1972-73, became 521 crores in 1978-79 and has now gone up to Rs 8,081 crores. ONGC's plan expenditure was Rs 208 crores in 1975-76, 228 crores by 1978-79, 287 crores in 1978-80 but leaped to an approved plan expenditure of Rs 671 crores this year. The expenditure in 1984-85 is expected to be Rs 4,887 crores.

Where is the money to come from? Considering the amount that has to be spent on foreign exchange and the stake the country has in oil, money spent is money worth it. "We have used and have no objections in using funds that may flow from various sources like the World Bank," points out a Ministry official, "we have borrowed from the Euro-dollar market—200 million dollars—or from the OPEC countries, but that is only to supplement what we have." No programme it seems is going to be allowed to suffer for want of funds, "whether the World Bank is coming or OPEC or not." ■

IT COULD BE OUR TURN NEXT. **Residents of a building watch firemen rescuing the victims of a housecrash nearby.**

A Critique Of The Kerkar Report

Making Bombay Liveable

The Kerkar report on solving the housing problems of overcrowded Bombay has generated more controversy than any such effort so far. Mr J.B. D'Souza, who, as Managing Director of the City Industrial Development Corporation (CIDCO) for several years, manfully grappled with the task on the ground, took his time to study the Kerkar report in Hyderabad, where he is now the Principal of the Administrative Staff College. He has now come up with a devastating critique. For him the Kerkar plan is not like the proverbial curate's egg—thoroughly bad. Though he has found some reasons to applaud it, he is convinced that it will not work. But his own alternative suffers from evident infirmities. There is no warrant for his presumption, for instance, that millions of tenements for slum-dwellers in Bombay can be built simply by giving suitable tax concessions to private builders. Nor has he fully costed his plan to improve the conservancy and public transportation systems in Bombay. Even so, his views, detailed below, deserve serious attention equally of the powers-that-be and town-planners everywhere because he speaks with conviction and the authority of intimate knowledge.

by J. B. D'Souza

EARLY this year the Maharashtra Government came out with one more of its periodical stunts for the relief of its capital city. It set up a "High Power Steering Group". One need not, of course, quarrel with a name if the result were a sensible diagnosis and prescription for Bombay's ills. But is that so?

There are four reasons to applaud the Kerkar Group's work. The first is its readiness to tackle a complex problem with incredible speed. The second, its recognition of Bombay's economic role in national development and the need to foster that role. Third, it has swept away *some* of the quack remedies offered by similar bodies set up earlier. Lastly, it recognises the value of using private enterprise for solving Bombay's problems, though unfortunately it did not see as valuable the most visible manifestations of private enterprise in housing, viz the shanties which poor people first improvise and then improve into tolerable homes.

Truly impressive is the imaginative ease with which the Group has wished resources into its plans, with regard neither for realism in the light of experience in the matter of funds on that nor for the physical limits on the building materials available for conventional housing. The report visualises an ambitious Accelerated Housing Program (AHP), commencing in the current year.

Wild Assumptions

After some wild assumptions the Group assessed the money its AHP would draw from domestic sources at Rs 4400 crores over a period of 12 years. That left a vast gap of nearly Rs 2000 crores. So it simply assigned the deficit to the World Bank to meet! Did no one tell the Group that with all the Central Government's concern for Calcutta, it has been able to attract only about Rs 110 crores from the World Bank for that city? Indeed, the World Bank has given Rs 110 crores *in ten years* for Calcutta against the Group's target of Rs 180 crores *a year* for Bombay!

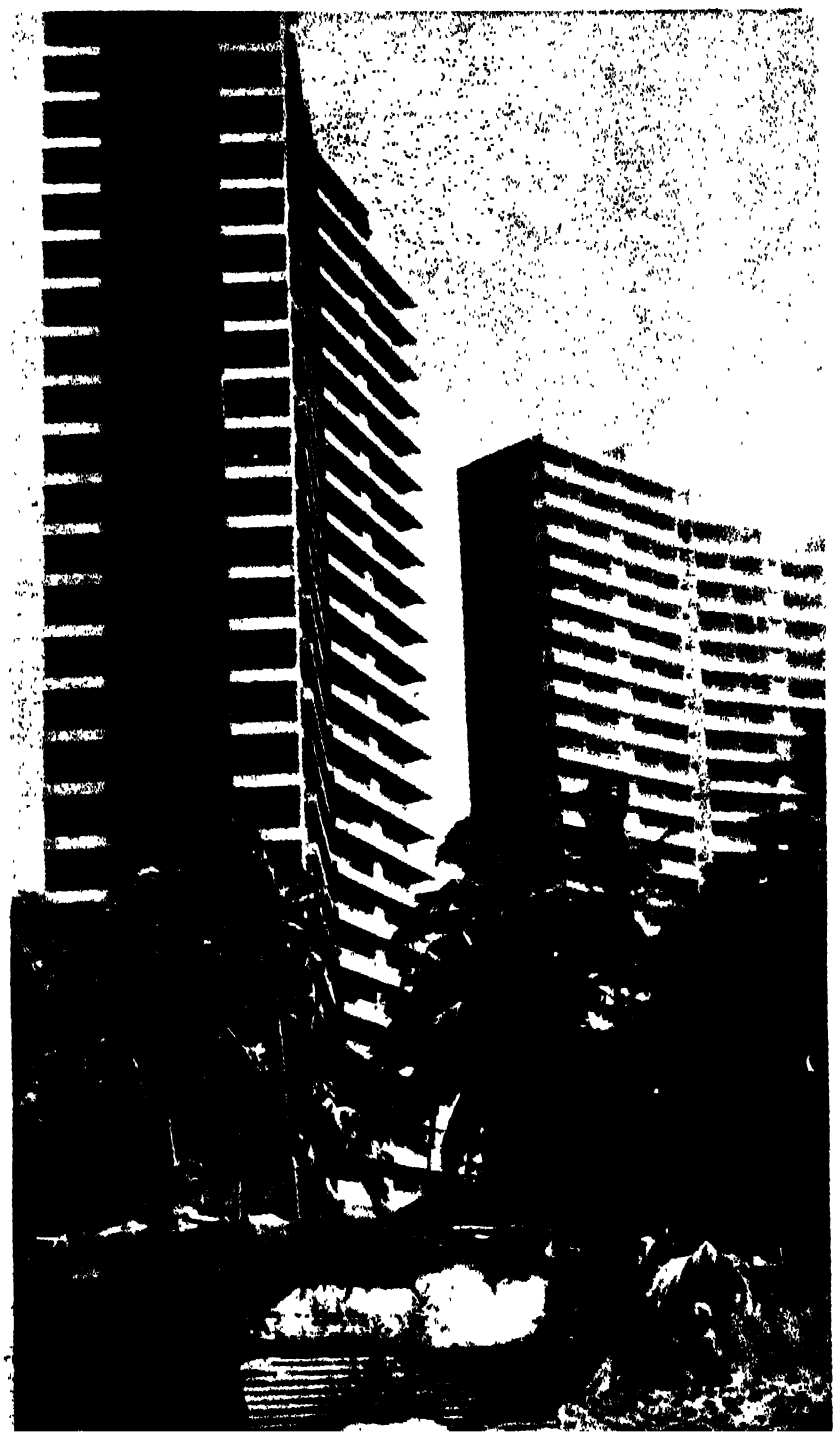
That is not all. The AHP will swallow some 500,000 tonnes of steel in its first five years or nearly a fifth of what one of the VI Plan Working Groups on Housing has assessed as the need *for the whole country* in five years! With slightly more than one per cent of India's population, can Bombay hope to consume so much steel only for its housing program? And what about all the bricks, sand and timber the AHP will need?

Let us now look at the principal ideas in this carelessly edited report. First, the Group regards the entire legally defined metropolitan region—a vast, largely rural area—as the city of Bombay. Lurking in this belief is an impression that you can uproot and re-settle Bombay's citizens—particularly poor citizens—anywhere in the metropolitan expense, even if their work places remain where they are—far away. True, there is perfunctory recognition of the need to move employment as well, but no estimation either of the costs of such moves (they are not only financial) or of the cost of expanding the transportation system to enable the enormous commuting that will become necessary if jobs don't move. These costs will only add to the housing costs, which are impossibly high anyway, of the AHP.

Second, the Group wants to "thin out" the squatter slums. Its prescriptions rely on assumptions

own statistics. For instance, it believes that large numbers of slum dwellers, whom it wants to move out of the slums, can afford conventional housing. (Nearly 65 per cent can afford "superior" forms of housing, it says). The Group's statistics show that between 60 per cent and 83 per cent of the population in two slums have savings "below Rs 3000", which could mean anything down to zero. And surely even the maximum, Rs 3000, cannot buy conventional housing anywhere in Bombay. The Group's income

BENEATH THE GLITTERING BUILDINGS on the Bombay skyline lies a "sea of shanties". This represents "the most visible manifestation of the private enterprise in housing".



COT ABOVE AND STEP BELOW. The author questions the Kerkar Report's basic assumption that Bombay is impossibly crowded. An urban survey a few years ago revealed large under-utilisation of land in five out of seven wards of the city.

statistics tell the same story. Nearly 80 per cent of the slum population have family income below Rs 600 a month and cannot, therefore, afford to rent or hire-purchase houses that cost more than Rs 5000 to Rs 8000. In this "superior" housing

Urban Renewal?

The decrepit built-up localities are to receive the benefits of Urban Renewal, which may need relocation of up to two-thirds of their population. The Group does not clearly say what it wants to do with the renewed land; little of it "is contemplated for reaccommodating the existing inhabitants" (Xerxes Desai, in the *Sunday Observer*). Desai's fears are borne out by experience in the renewal programmes that even affluent countries have launched, programmes that have turned urban renewal into dirty phrase and an unacceptable policy. After the ugly July riots in England, the *Economist* observed that many of them had exploded on the fringes of comprehensive re-development, as planners softened the areas up for development.

Although the report concedes that some buildings in the city could benefit from restoration, it tends to belittle the efforts of the Building Repair and Reconstruction Board to rehabilitate old houses or rebuild those it cannot save by repair. But the grounds on which it does so slip away quickly on scrutiny. The repairs, it suggests, are unreliable because out of 19 houses that collapsed in 1980, eight had been repaired earlier. "This shows that 42 per cent of collapses occurred where the buildings had been repaired, and ... that repairs to buildings can only be a stop-gap arrangement, prolonging their lives for at best a few more years". Eight houses may have collapsed, but how did the remaining 5869 of the 5877 repaired buildings behave? The Group perhaps forgot that houses are repaired only to add some years to their lives, not to prepare them for eternity.

The Group has discovered that in many cases the quality of the work done by the Repair Board is poor but surely this goes for a whole lot of new construction, too, and regularly brings down quite a few flyovers, houses and even dams in our country. Not so long ago a flyover in Bombay crashed and, as I write, a brand new 7-storey building in Hyderabad town has crumbled. Will the Steering Group's AHP be entirely immune from the wiles of deceitful contractors?

Regrettably, the Group has failed to look at the comparative economics of repair operations. One study, which might have been available to the group if it were not in such a hurry, showed that Rs one lakh spent on repairs →

can buy significantly more household-years of shelter than the same sum spent on building new houses. The Group's own figures indicate that in eleven years 5877 buildings have been repaired at a cost of about Rs 54.15 crores. This works out at Rs 6000 per tenement if (as the Group assumes, incorrectly I believe), each building contains 15 tenements. On an average you have added about 15 years to the life of these tenements for just Rs 6000.

Non-Numerate

Were I as statistically reckless as the Group has been, I would reject the 15-tenements-per-building figure, and estimate the average number of tenements in each repaired building from the six cases in the report: they contained 383 tenements, an average of 64 per building. With an average of even 50 tenements in each building that you repair, the average repair cost comes to Rs 1850 for a tenement that you can reasonably expect to last for 15 years. Even if one were to suggest, as the Group fallaciously does, that 42 per cent of the repaired buildings would crumble prematurely, the community would still gain enormously; the effective average cost of a tenement that stood for 15 years would then be about Rs 3000.

Let us now turn away from such arithmetic to another criticism voiced by the Group on the Repair Board's operations. Some of the buildings reconstructed "as recently as 3 or 4 years ago are already in a poor condition. Maintenance, garbage clearance, sewerage remain problematic and the narrow open spaces between buildings are filthy", it says. But will the AHP escape similar decay? The problem really arises from the municipality's ineffectiveness in these decrepit areas, as in the squatter slums of Bombay. Irrationally, the Municipality lavishes its attention and expenditure in proportion not to the population in each locality but to less relevant features like road length. But it is people, not roads, that produce garbage and sewage. I remember trying, without success, to persuade the Commissioner some years ago to give the hutment colonies as much conservancy attention *per capita* as he did to Cumballa Hill. It is expedient to neglect the poor.

The AHP will be designed to build 3.2 million Standard Housing Units (SHU) in twelve years. An SHU, which will cost Rs 20,000 without reckoning the cost of land, has a floor area of 180 sq ft and includes a WC *mori*. Different classes of households will get one, one and a half, or two SHU's each, but some will get only a serviced site, equated in cost with half a unit. The programme requires an average annual creation of 266,000 SHU's their equivalent, to cater for slum replacement, urban renewal, present shortage, and future requirements, including migration.

The Group wants to use the Urban Ceiling law to raise about Rs 780 crores for this programme, by a series of seemingly ingenious devices. Owners of large areas in excess of the ceiling will give up upwards of a fourth of the excess, retaining the rest on payment of Rs 50 per sq m, but they will have either to give the government 15 per cent of the tenements they build on the land they retain or pay it the price of those flats. The government can also acquire another lot of 15 per cent of the flats at the same price. Other exemptions will cost landowners Rs 200 per sq m of land exempted.

Gimmicks Galore

The report relies on these gimmicks, *plus* dispersal "into the mainland", and negotiation with the Central Government for a take-over of the vast salt pan lands bordering the Thana Creek to meet the AHP's land requirements. Was the Group aware that negotiations with the Central Government for the salt pan lands have been going on for almost 20 years?

The Steering Group relies on an approach to the Central Government for cement and steel allotments too. (Happily, it doesn't place its trust in Trusts!) It also hopes to save cement by trying out a new material called Gralibeton in Germany, which is 96 per cent sand of a kind said to be "abundantly available in India". Its use will enormously speed up building and lower overall costs to less than Rs 30 per sq ft, the Steering Group is led to believe. One is, of course, sceptical about these claims. Our own Central Building Research Institute at Roorkee has been researching cheap building materials for decades; assuming that Gralibeton has escaped its attention, one must still ask: Sand of the requisite quality may be abundant in India; is it abundant enough for Bombay to make a Gralibeton AHP feasible?

BEFORE AND AFTER. The building collapsed despite repairs. According to the author, when it upbraids the Repairs Board, the Kerkar Report probably forgets "that houses are repaired only to add some years to their lives, not to prepare them for eternity".

Malthusian Myth?

The philosophy of the Report as a whole rests on an impression that Bombay is impossibly overcrowded. The Group evidently swallows the myth that densities are already intolerable and that diseconomics or inefficiencies have set in. The densities that worry the Group—the highest is about 1500 per acre (in Bhuleshwar)—are probably lower than the density in several parts of Manhattan in New York City. Just ten years ago Hong Kong *planned* a new town at a gross density of 2000 per acre, and this was *not* due to a shortage of land in Hong Kong's New Territories; it was a deliberate choice of high density urbanisation for reasons of efficiency and of convenience to the residents—and also to improve the quality of life!

If 35 per cent of the land area of Greater Bombay is assumed to be residential, the density of this zone would be only about 215 per acre. Even the old city (Bombay island) will have an average residential density of less than 600 per acre. Nither of these figures would be alarming if the population were fairly evenly spread; indeed, there is scope for *far higher densities* if land is to be efficiently used in Bombay.

The fact remains that while certain localities are overcrowded, vast areas even in the island city remain unused or underused. A distinguished urban economist, Nigel Harris, discovered after a survey a few years ago a heavy

underutilisation of land in five out of seven wards in the island city. "If the Defence Department holding in Colaba—which has no economic nor security rationale—were settled at the average density for Bombay Island, it would take over 100,000 inhabitants; at the average density of D Ward, 400,000 (and at the remarkable density of Bhuleshwar district, nearly 830,000)".

Of the Group's several recommendations, I can see the Maharashtra Government pouncing with alacrity on those who seek to "thin out" the city's poor. The chances are that it will pick on these parts of the report and repeat the horrors of the 23rd July, leaving the Group's constructive suggestions to the musty files in its Mantralaya.

Administrative Monster

The only other idea it will accept eagerly is the proposal for yet another administrative monster, an "apex body" which the Group sees as doing all the things that other agencies in the city have not done. This conformity to Parkinson's doctrine will no doubt appeal to the Government not for any reason of public policy, but because of the opportunity it offers for patronage.

New agencies nowadays get created in the public sector for precisely this reason; they offer comfortable berths to the Minister's brother-in-law and to the ruffians who bring him all those votes. The BMRDA was set up for precisely the kinds of purposes that the Steering Group has in mind for the Apex Body. A second authority will simply serve to delay even longer the clearances needed for the positive steps for Bombay's relief that might otherwise be feasible.

We ought now to leave the Steering Group's "unhappy aberration", in Xerxes Desai's words, and explore some saner prescriptions for Bombay's ills. The search for sanity will, of course, take account of the city's role in the economic life of the country, and seek to promote that role. It will also recognise:

One, that Bombay never has really been an island, entire unto itself in any but the purely literal sense. So you cannot isolate it and deter migrants from coming in; you cannot make it an oasis of affluence in impoverished surroundings. *The effort to slow down migration must begin with rural uplift*

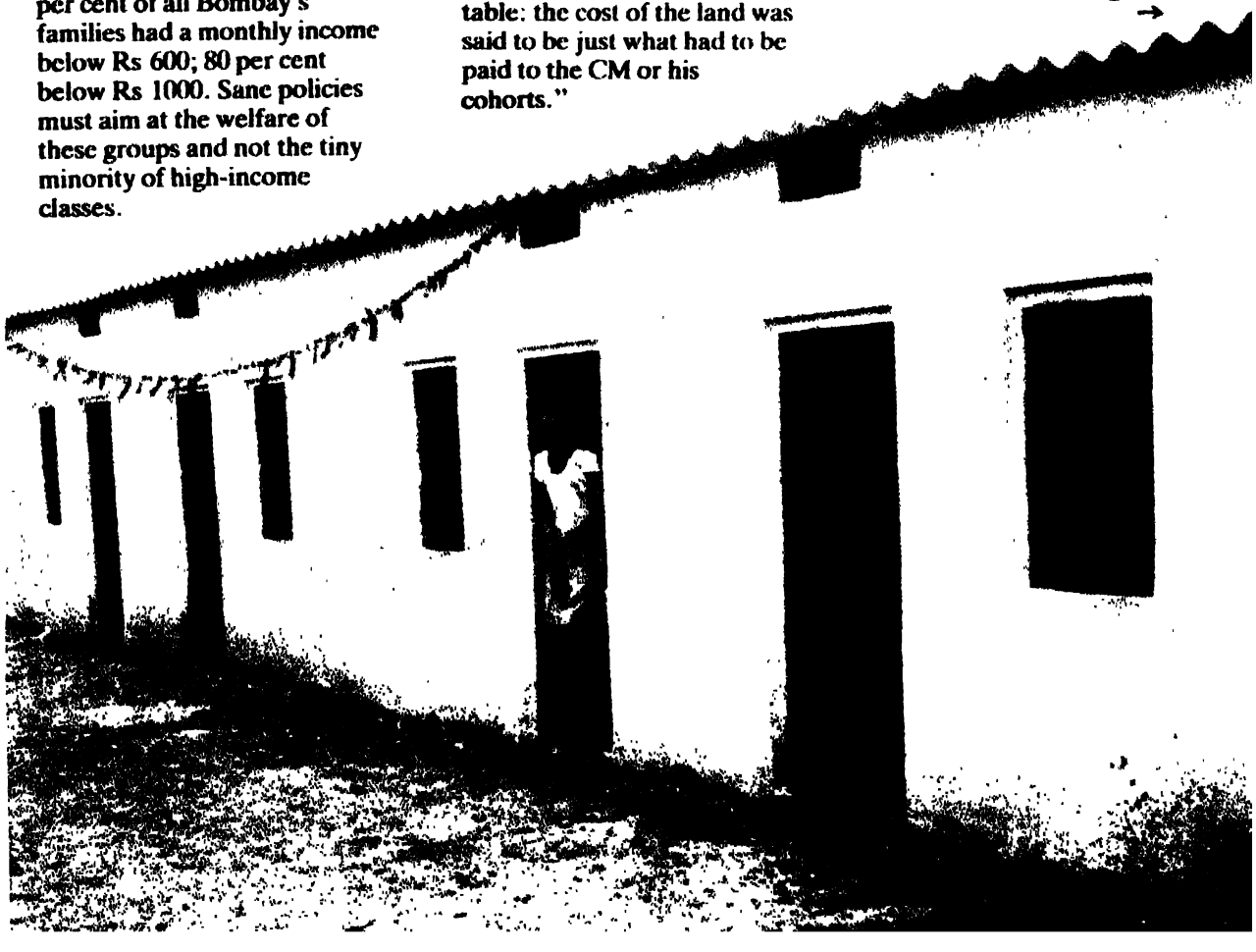
Two, that Bombay's population is preponderantly poor, and will remain so for many years. The Steering Group's figures show that 54 per cent of all Bombay's families had a monthly income below Rs 600; 80 per cent below Rs 1000. Sane policies must aim at the welfare of these groups and not the tiny minority of high-income classes.

Three, that successive State Governments have never really wanted to solve the city's problems; their interest has centred on Bombay as an opportunity for plunder. Their thirst has always been strong enough to make them generate serious problems for the city to fill their coffers. "During Mr V.P. Naik's days," Olga Tellis wrote recently in *Sunday*, "a minimum of Rs 10 crores ... was made by the political authorities on the sale of plots ... in the Backbay... In fact, the only substantial amount that the builder spent was the money paid under the table: the cost of the land was said to be just what had to be paid to the CM or his cohorts."

I myself remember V.P. Naik referring to the disastrous development at Backbay as a gold mine, as indeed it was, and continues to be. The tradition began in the 1920's when K.F. Nariman fought corruption among British officials in the Backbay project. Backbay became Nariman Point, but remained a Scandal Centre.

Four, the fact that the housing problem is closely related to the land use pattern. It is this that has swollen land prices in certain parts of Bombay, and added to the miseries of the poor by forcing on them excessive commuting costs. →

IN THEIR BIGGEST DEMOLITION ACTION in recent years, the employees of the Bombay Municipal Corporation give a heave-ho to a "brand new chawl" in Jogeshwari.



Low cost tenements to rehouse evicted slum-dwellers.

Visions of happier tomorrows

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76th YEAR OF PURPOSEFUL BANKING

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THE VICIOUS SEESAW. You cannot solve the problems of Bombay till you have tackled the problem of poverty.

Five, as the VI Plan admits, the hutment colonies that most of us so piously deplore form an appreciable part of the existing housing capital, however sub-standard it may be. Sensibly, the VI Plan abandons the traditional reliance on slum clearance; the endeavour will be to upgrade the squatter slums by supplying them with water and providing sanitation.

Is there then an alternative to the Kerkar Plan? One can at least put down some basic propositions as groundwork for a plan. A good deal of the vacant land is in private hands, appreciating annually in value without effort by its owners. The Urban Ceiling law has not helped to bring it into use; indeed, the clearance delays that the Government has found it convenient and profitable to impose have heavily *decreased* the pool of land dizzy heights. It would be far more sensible to impose on all land a property tax assessed as if the land were fully built (as permitted by the City Plan). This would soon bring much of the vacant area into the land market and therefore *reduce land prices*. It would also raise resources for the municipal body, which has to lay its services to vacant lands well before they are built upon.

Besides, a sensible land use pattern must ensure that employment centres are spread out much more evenly over Greater Bombay than they now are. At the same time, let us seriously try to conserve the existing housing stock. We are too ready to discard our decaying houses, seeing merit only in replacement. But repair can be far more cost-effective, as we have seen.

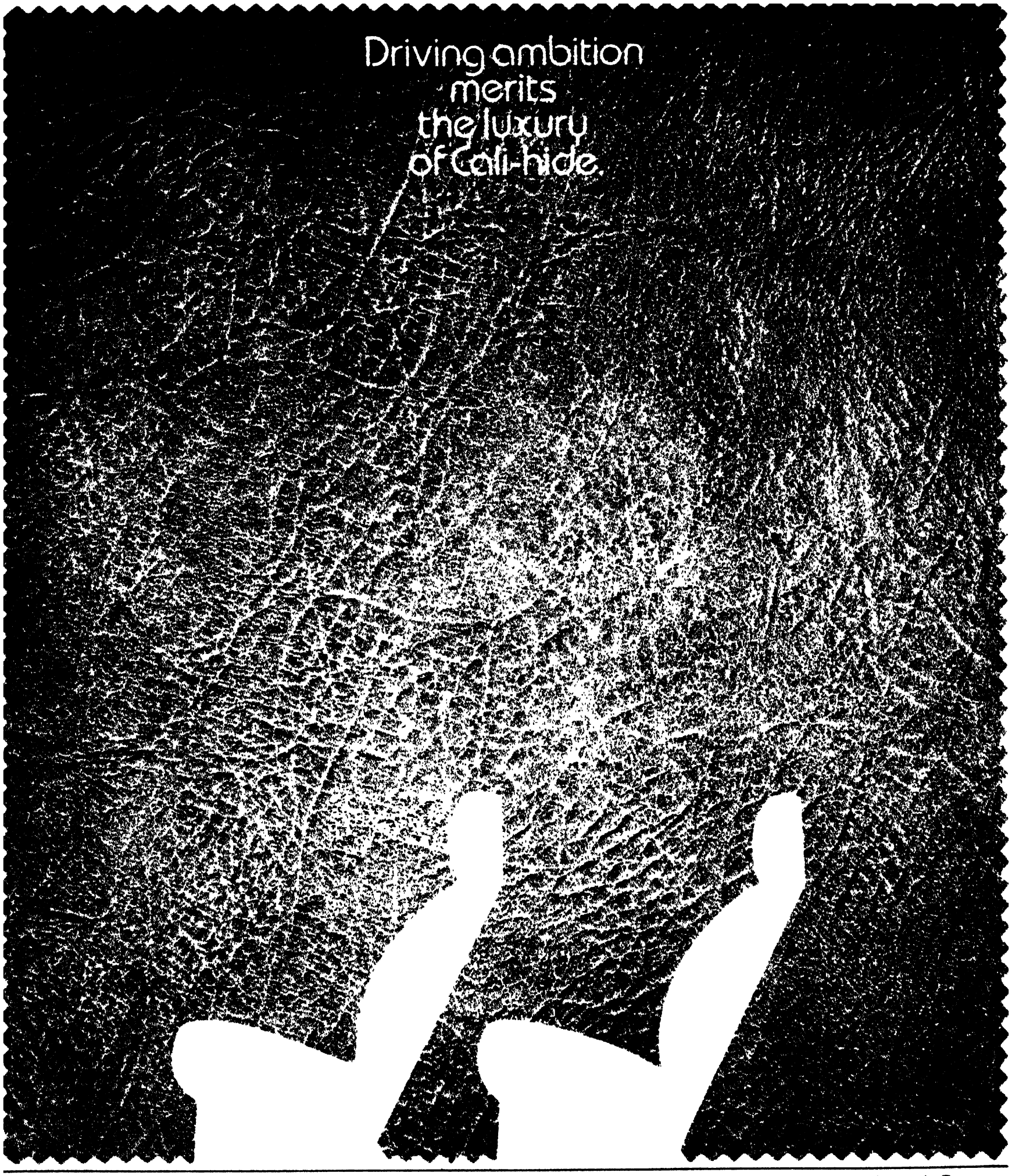
Galloping Decay

It is sad that the survival of rent control is accelerating the decay of our houses. Rent control without indexing for inflation leaves landlords with scarcely any margin to permit repairs; it gives them a strong interest in premature obsolescence and collapse, which hold out prospects of re-building, and unaccounted profit. Rent control also subsidises one group of citizens, *ie* tenants in rent controlled houses, at the expense of the rest. Thus municipal services are financed disproportionately by taxes on citizens who do not live in controlled houses. Kerkar's Group has wisely asked for an end to rent control by transfer of ownership to the occupants of controlled premises, against payment to the landlords of a capital sum equal to 100 times the monthly rent. Investment of this sum would give a landlord a trouble-free income equal to or larger than his present net income from his tenants.

Finally, private enterprise needs to be drawn much more effectively into the task of housing the poor. Today builders cater only to the upper classes, on whom they make enormous profits. We ought to induce them, by suitable tax incentives, to build and sell houses for much less than Rs 15,000 or Rs 20,000, the tax rate on their profits *falling* as the sale prices fall. Indeed, we must also use the private sector's really conspicuous skill: the ability of poor people to improvise shelter with scarcely any help from an unhelpful government. Government need provide only well laid-out sites and services in localities all over the city—not on the fringes—where poor people will build with minimum attention from the Government but with security of tenure. I have seen such experiments flower into excellent housing in some of the Latin American countries. It never happens here because we deny poor people ownership of their plots and impose on them impossibly high building standards. Sites and services on a really large scale, in all the wards of a city, *provided ahead of need* so that new migrants have somewhere to settle, are all that a poor country can afford. Yet they hold promise of wholesome development, given adequate conservancy attention. They also help promote the economic needs of the city by shortening the links between employment and workers' homes, thereby conserving energy as well.

In any case, the public transportation system needs support and vast expansion; simultaneously, private transport should be discouraged in the central business areas, as in Singapore. Similarly, the existing hutment colonies deserve much better conservancy attention, as well as maintenance of the sanitary improvements made in recent years but quickly left to decay.

You simply cannot solve the problems of Bombay (or any other Indian city) till you have tackled the problem of poverty, in both rural and urban areas. You need a really vigorous drive to lift the poor out of their misery—stimulating employment, both in the villages through land reforms and other measures, and in the towns. It is not just cosmetics, but a serious assault on poverty that can save a city like Bombay. No city is an island... ■



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Year Of The Disabled

MAKE HIM FEEL A MAN!

Self-esteem is the most valuable possession any man can have.

by Firdaus Kanga

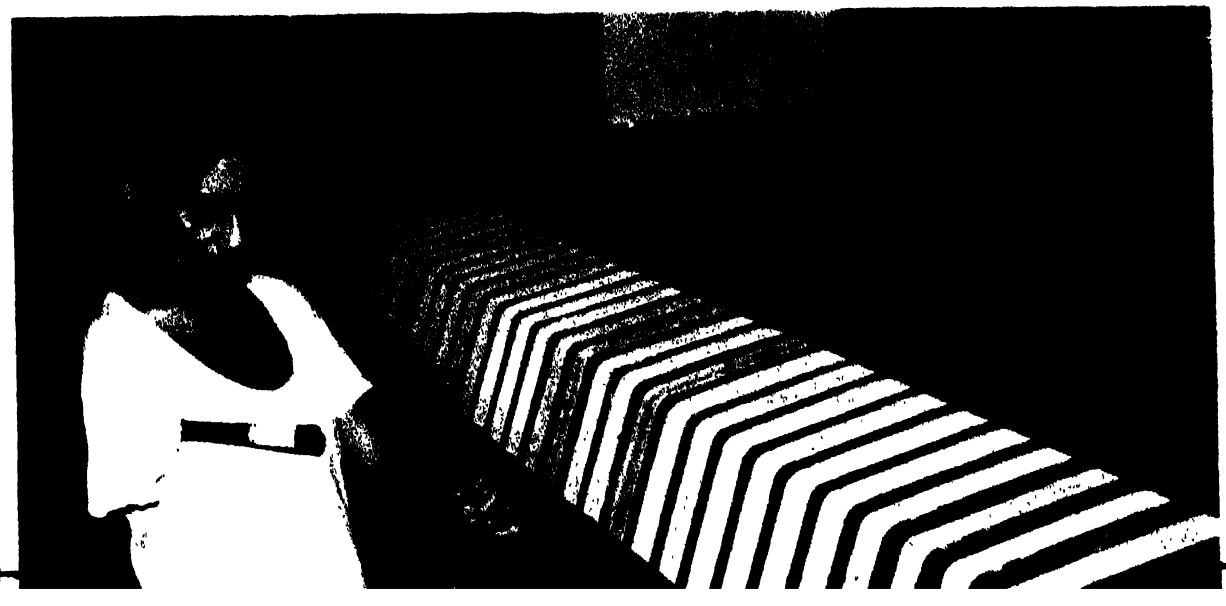
AS someone who has been disabled all his life, I have strong views on the International Year of Disabled Persons (IYDP). I know these views will strike many people as disagreeable and even inhuman! To them I want to say that all my beliefs are based on reason and have been reached after careful thought.

First of all I should like to define my concept of our rights to freedom and equality.

What Is Freedom?

Freedom is the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness (not *merely happiness*). Freedom does not mean freedom from the various facts of reality. Our right to equality is based on the fact that all human beings belong to the same species and, therefore, must have equal treatment before the law.

—Hitesh Doshi



—Hitesh Doshi

This concept cannot be widened to mean equality between rich and poor, talented and mediocre, beautiful and ugly, healthy and sick. Any attempt to widen the concept of equality to include these categories would one day lead to the morally disgusting but logically irrefutable demand that those who have two eyes must compulsorily donate one to those who need cornea transplants, and those who have two kidneys give up one to the victims of kidney failure. I am not being fatuous when I say this. Certain Communist countries have come very close to this state of affairs.

→

Everyone is asked to sacrifice everything for the good of the collective.

State-Run Charity

Charity and the IYDP are closely inter-related. Charity is meaningful only if it is privately administered and voluntary. State-run charity (miscalled *fair* redistribution of wealth) is in the first place immoral because it is based on compulsion (in the form of higher taxes). No one stops those who are moved by the plight of the disabled from giving away all their wealth for the latter's benefit. But no one has the right to force those who have earned their wealth to part with it in favour of those who have not. Besides, such state-collected funds usually find their way into the bottomless pit of corruption. And what charity is done is rarely effective because it is not administered by dedicated individuals but by disinterested bureaucrats.

Another vociferous demand being made by a large section of the handicapped is for reservation of jobs in the private and public sectors. No one has the right to tell an individual who he should hire in his firm. It has been proved that the handicapped are, by and large, very efficient. Private firms can take advantage of this pool of talent. If they do not, for reasons of prejudice, they are as much losers as the workers they reject. The private sector cannot and must not be made to adopt a policy of job reservations.

As for the public sector, we have seen the havoc that the displacement of merit has already caused. (I am, of course, referring to the various categories of job reservation in effect today). Job reservations invariably lower the degree of efficiency (this is but natural if the criterion for employment is to be what a person lacks rather than what he has in the way of qualifications). Besides, a reservation policy in favour of the disabled will give rise to widespread resentment amongst the able-bodied who will feel deprived of jobs as a result of it.

Perhaps the issue that is nearest to every disabled person's heart is that of *success*. I, myself, would be overjoyed if every theatre, library, museum and office sprouted a ramp tomorrow. But the needs and desires of any section of society cannot possibly be decisive in all situations. It is certainly fair to ask the government to provide access to all public buildings, utilities and transport. After all, the handicapped are tax-paying citizens of this country and they have the right of access to everything that is maintained out of public funds.

It would not, however, be proper to commemorate the IYDP by forcing private owners of theatres, restaurants, etc, to build and maintain ramps and other forms of access out of their own money. If patronage from the handicapped were sufficient to give the extra profits, they would have done so on their own. To ask them to do so when it is not in their self-interest is irrational and, therefore, unjust.

Change Attitudes

The best thing that those who have compassion for the disabled could do to make this year a success would be to change their attitudes. The handicapped do not have a claim to your time or money because they are disadvantaged. Do not sympathise with a man just because he has no legs or cannot see or hear. Instead, admire and encourage every success he wins. Help him when you see him involved in an honest struggle to make a living. His virtue is your reward.

Perhaps the saddest thing that a handicapped person has to live with is a sense of inadequacy which is carried over from his physical disability. This ugly impotence cannot be cured by government intervention, charity or undeserved compassion. It is only removed when a disabled person makes a success of his life in the open, competitive world, whether it is as the prospering owner of a roadside stall or as the President of the USA. Such a success proves his worth to himself and to the world. And, at last, he is fulfilled for he has the most valuable possession any man can have: Self-esteem. ■

Jitendra Arya

The author suffers from a congenital disease popularly known as "brittle bones". He has to use a wheelchair for mobility. A journalist by profession, he has won the Times of India Silver Medal for the best student in journalism, the U.G. Rao Memorial Silver Medal for the best student in editing and the Nagpur Times Gold Medal for scoring the highest marks in the Diploma examination in journalism. At present he edits manuscripts for a publishing house and contributes articles to periodicals as a free-lance writer.

What Needs To Be Done

by H.J.M. Desai

The unique opportunity provided by the International Year of Disabled Persons, 1981, has been largely missed. We have yet to formulate realistic policies, plans, programmes and projects aimed at the prevention of disability and the welfare of the disabled.

ACCORDING to best available estimates, the number of blind people in the country total nearly nine million, the orthopaedically handicapped five million, the deaf and dumb two million, leprosy patients three to four million and the mentally retarded about two million.

Miserable Life

The pain and distress caused by physical and mental disabilities are better imagined than described. In advanced countries, early medical and surgical intervention and scientific medical rehabilitation very substantially reduce the adverse effects of functional disabilities. Indeed, as many as half of the disabled are thus restored to normalcy. In India, preventive medicine is not available to even two per cent of the patients.

But, at least in one sphere, the situation is not all that bleak. We have an excellent national plan for the prevention and control of blindness. This plan is being emulated by several developing countries. What is essential now is to formulate a comprehensive national policy and plan for the rehabilitation of all categories of the disabled with the approval of Parliament. It should be designed to ensure early medical and surgical intervention, medical and psychological, rehabilitation, vocational training, education, employment and economic resettlement, sports and recreation, integration, social development and general welfare of all categories of the disabled. →

What is more, radical changes in our organisational set-up at the national and State levels are necessary to implement a new policy so as to

build up expertise at the highest level of policy formulation, planning, programming, budgeting and for evaluating the progress of different schemes for the disabled.

If we have effectively to help the disabled in the rural areas, where nearly 80 per cent of them live, the district authorities, zilla parishads and village panchayats should be actively involved in the task.

Right To Assistance

Finally, it is time that Parliament enacted comprehensive legislation covering all aspects of the problem of the disabled. Such legislation should provide that no disabled person be discriminated against or refused admission or equal treatment in any educational, training or similar institution, in social or cultural organisations, bodies or clubs, or in opportunities for employment, promotion and advancement.

If millions of disabled persons in the country continue to remain idle and unproductive, the loss to the economy will be colossal.

India, along with other developing countries, should accept the simple principle that the greater the disability, the greater the right of the disabled person to receive all assistance not only from the state and the voluntary agencies but also from the community as a whole.

Mother Teresa recently said that the greatest disease was not cancer or leprosy but the feeling of being unwanted and uncared for. She emphasised that many people "need that little love, that little care".

Let us all give to the disabled "that little love, that little care".

IN every country, one person in ten has a physical, mental or sensory impairment. Their bodies have missing or defective parts. They are paralysed, have limited hearing, sight or mental capacity. These people may become disabled, that is, they may experience difficulties in moving, eating, seeing, speaking, hearing or learning. These, then, are the handicapped.

The main causes of impairments and disabilities are inadequate nutrition, difficulties at birth, preventable diseases, infections and accidents

No Accurate Estimate

Of the 140 million disabled children in the world, 80 per cent live in developing countries. Most of them cannot hope to receive even the basic help they require to give meaning to their lives.

In India there is no accurate estimate of the number of disabled persons. This itself is a reflection on the scant attention and recognition that the handicapped receive in our country. If one person in ten is assumed to be disabled, then our country has 68 million of them, including 25 million children.

Existing services offer facilities to only four per cent of the physically handicapped, two per cent of the blind, two per cent of the deaf and barely 0.2 per cent of the mentally retarded. The 800 voluntary agencies and State institutions offer education and training to only 30,000 disabled children.

Rehabilitation A Luxury

The care of the disabled falls under the Ministry of Social Welfare. Out of its total budgetary allocation of Rs 48 crores, only Rs one crore is earmarked for providing services to the disabled. Because most of the work is left to voluntary agencies, rehabilitation, according to a UNICEF manual is generally viewed as a luxury. Since the majority of the disabled in India live in the villages and in urban slums, it is obvious that the emphasis should be on simple, inexpensive methods of rehabilitation which could be linked to community-based services such as primary health care, education, nutrition, sanitation, etc.

India, with its rapidly growing population, will be faced with an increasing disability burden. Poverty and ignorance go hand in hand in perpetuating the problem. The worst hit are the children. And it is no consolation to know that most impairments that occur during childhood can be prevented.

What have we actually accomplished during the Year? A cartoon was circulated during one of the numerous conferences and seminars held in 1981. The first panel under the heading "1980" showed a person in a wheelchair all alone at the back of a large room. The second panel, labelled "1981", depicted the person in the wheelchair completely surrounded by a crowd of people waving banners and slogans of the IYDP. In the third panel, labelled "1982", the person in the wheelchair was again at the back of the room, all alone!

Is this what the International Year of Disabled Persons meant to us?

The author is the Honorary Secretary General, National Association for the Blind, and Chairman, Rehabilitation, Training and Employment Committee, World Council, for the Welfare of the Blind.

I live in a body labelled:
'Handicapped'
Stunted legs and arms askew
I live in a body I wouldn't have
chosen
But then few of us do.

People say I'm brave
As though bravery were a
choice
I learned early not to scream
For mine is an unheard voice.

The world is competitive
And I'm ill-equipped to
compete
But I'm no less of a person
Because I'm not complete.

I live in a body labelled:
'Second rate'
Though I feel second to none
When society knows the
difference
Then my battle is won.

—Roger McGaugh

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Concrete Help For The Handicapped

Today banking institutions have stepped out of their traditional roles to assume a new social responsibility towards the disabled and the neglected.

by Preeti Chaturvedi

RAGHUVIR Verma, 14, had a fall while playing football. His parents were not unduly worried about the minor injury in his right hand. About a fortnight later they realised that his hand was no better, in spite of all the home medications. By the time they took him to hospital it was too late. The hand would have to be cut off to avoid further degeneration of the arm.

Due to financial problems he was unable to continue in school. But on his own, he started studying and reading about Ayurvedic medicine. He even managed to complete the course. But what could he do next?

A bank employee who knew about Raghuvir's plight recommended him to his officer for financial assistance. Today Raghuvir has his own dispensary and his practice is flourishing.

Tariq Zaman was polio-stricken since childhood. Being the eldest, his three younger brothers and one sister were dependent on him. Through strong will and determination he managed to learn welding and could take up small jobs. The State Bank of Patna, came to his help and advanced him a sum of Rs 1,000. Today he is manufacturing grill doors. Apart from feeding and clothing his brothers and sister, he is also able to send them to school.

Sunil Chumble lost both his legs in an accident at the age of five. He struggled through school and successfully completed a diploma course at the J.J. School of Arts, Bombay. In 1973 he started a small advertising agency. Appreciating his desire to stand on his own feet, the State Bank assisted him financially. Today he undertakes newspaper advertising as well as interior decoration and sells designs for trade-marks, monograms, letter-heads, and visiting cards. He is so buoyed by his success that he is planning to make short advertising films.

"Innovative Banking"

In a world of growing economic disparities, banking institutions are now stepping out of their traditional roles and assuming a new social responsibility towards the underprivileged sections of society, especially the handicapped.

Under the new concept of "innovative banking", the State Bank has played a pioneering role in selecting programmes which may not be considered banking propositions in the strictest terms but are essential for the welfare and progress of the community. They have accepted, as their corporate philosophy, that the human and financial resources at their command should be mobilised towards lending support to solving problems connected with the removal of poverty, improving the quality of life and lending a new dignity and a new meaning to life.

To aid them in discharging this newly-acquired role a special Rs 5-crore Research and Development Fund was created in 1977. This fund enables the bank to take up several projects to assist handicapped persons as well as support projects for agricultural and rural development.

Besides subsidising the cost of artificial limbs through grants, the R & D Fund provides capital for ventures that could be taken up by handicapped persons to achieve economic independence. It also provides for vocational training to selected handicapped persons and assistance to educational institutions which have training programmes to look after the physically handicapped.

"Personal" Touch

In this International Year of the Disabled it is fitting to highlight some of the concrete work that the State Bank group has done in this sphere. I was taken on a tour to some of their centres in Delhi, Meerut, Lucknow, Kanpur, Patna and Nasik. Their efforts are laudatory. What impressed me most was the "personal" touch that marked most of the projects undertaken by each local office.

Officers assigned to the task personally identify institutions or handicapped persons in need of financial assistance, establish a person-to-person rapport with the people concerned and closely follow their progress.

Among the physically handicapped, the loss of a limb is the most common disablement. The main objective of the Centre for Bio-Medical Engineering (established in 1971 at the IIT in Delhi in collaboration with the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences) has been to carry out technological research concerning the disabled.

It has now developed an above-knee artificial leg which permits the amputee to sit cross-legged and squat almost in a natural fashion. This new leg has been found very suitable, especially for Indian conditions of work, where almost every type of job is done in these two positions.

In order to open up the employment market for the blind (most blind are either jobless or confined to tasks like caning chairs and packaging) the Centre for Bio-Medical Engineering has evolved new and easy means for the blind to operate the centre lathe (an machine for shaping wood, metal, etc). Simple attachments and small changes in the operation schedule now allow a blind person to operate the lathe at 75 per cent the speed of a person with normal sight.

The Centre has been assisted in endeavours of this kind by a grant of Rs 8.5 lakhs to perfect advanced but lowpriced technology to help handicapped persons, more so in villages in their original vocations like farming, animal husbandry, pottery-making etc.

Help For The Deaf

The Connaught Circus Branch of the State Bank of India has rendered financial assistance to the tune of Rs one lakh to the All-India Institute of the Deaf, (affiliated to the World Federation of the Deaf, Rome,) for the purchase of a very sophisticated printing machine, costing Rs 1.70 lakhs for their Press Institute.

Nearly 40 persons are earning their livelihood at the Institute. Further, a number of handicapped persons are also getting training there in various aspects of printing so that eventually they can work independently.

Mentally Retarded

The Delhi Society for the Welfare of the Mentally Retarded Children has three operational wings: (i) a diagnostic and guidance clinic to trace various forms of mental retardation and to offer counselling to their parents;(ii) a special school for the mentally retarded;and (iii) a vocational training centre to work for the integration of the mentally handicapped in the society

Out of its Research & Development Fund,the State Bank of India has given a grant of Rs 37,000 to the Society for non-recurring expenditure and also created an endowment fund of Rs 2.5 lakhs, earning an annual interest of Rs 25,000 to look after its recurring expenses.

At Kanpur is situated ALIMCO,

MORE THAN 8,400 handicapped persons have been given loan assistance by the State Bank to start individual endeavours.

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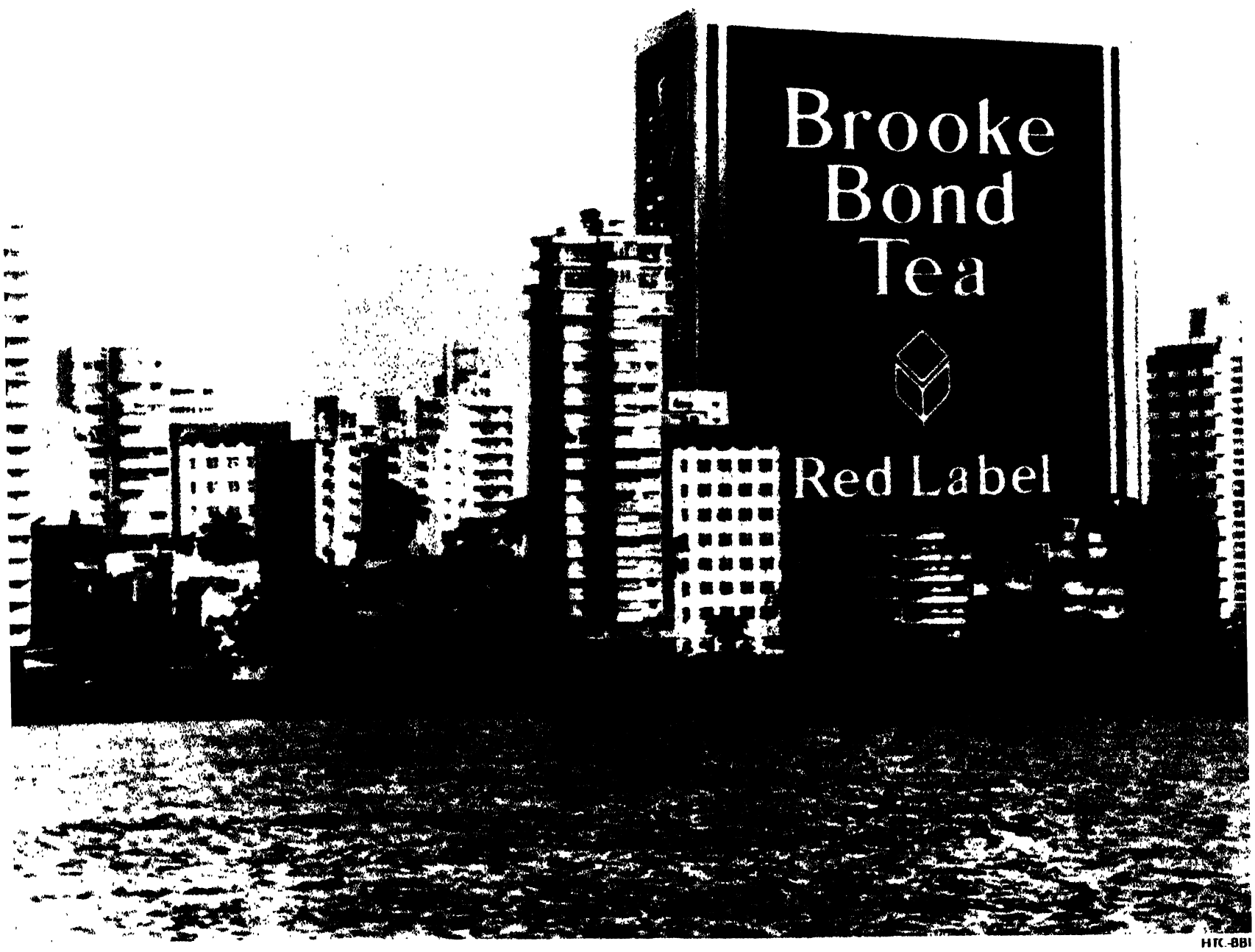

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one of the premier artificial limbs manufacturing concern in the country. With a grant of Rs 8 lakhs given by the State Bank, the "Kanpur Prosthethics Centre" (limb fitting centre set up by ALIMCO) is now able to give a 20 per cent discount to disabled persons who come for limb fittings. Being a highly industrialised city (where accident rates are very high) handicapped persons have been greatly benefited by the scheme. Branches of the Kanpur centre have so far helped 400 handicapped persons to the tune of Rs 4.5 lakhs.

Lead A Normal Life

Alauddin is an educated but blind man living in Patna. His neighbour told him that the State Bank was helping handicapped persons in a big way. He could not believe it, but he went to the branch nearest to his home to find out for himself. He came back with a loan of Rs. 3,000! With it he started a small business of selling toys and locks. When I visited him at his modest home, his mother, with tears in her eyes, introduced me to her *bahu* and grandchild. This normal life for her son, she said, was possible only because of the help rendered by the State Bank.

TEACHING THEM TO SPEAK. The Deaf and Dumb School at Nasik is the first of its kind in the city. The State Bank has given grants worth Rs 1.33 lakhs to more than 29 institutions all over the country.

The branches of the State Bank in Bihar have taken up the cause of the handicapped in a big way. Besides financing them, the Patna office has been holding regular seminars to help the handicapped persons to help themselves. Eminent eye and orthopaedic surgeons, members of handicapped associations, are invited to participate. It would be worth mentioning that during the Handicapped Week (October 8-15, 1978) and World Day of the Disabled (March 18, 1979) the various branches in Patna identified about 600 handicapped persons for assistance.

The Bokharo industrial belt is particularly prone to leprosy. Most of the lepers live by begging. The extent of participation of the Bank employees can be seen from the fact that they go to the homes of these lepers. Already, after selecting 22 of them, the bankers have promoted a "Rehabilitation Society". These 22 persons now do independent jobs like carpentary and tailoring. Encouraged by the results, other lepers have approached the Bank for help.

Hundreds of miles away in Maharashtra, an association of otolaryngologists headed by Dr D.N. Lele conducted a survey in Nasik district in 1975 and organised as many as 14 camps to examine all those suffering from deafness and other eye diseases. About 6,000 persons in all were examined. From the survey, it was found that there were about 200 deaf and dumb children of school-going age in Nasik district alone.

It was, therefore, decided to start an institution for them in Nasik. Since no trained teacher was available, Dr Lele's wife undertook special training in Bombay to teach the deaf. She, in turn, trained another teacher.

Both of them now teach about 40 children at the school. The State Bank has donated hearing aids and other audio equipment for the children. It is also extending help in constructing a new building and hostel for the school.

A Beginning

In comparison with the magnitude of what needs to be done, the experiments and efforts by the State Bank group undoubtedly pale into insignificance. But it is a beginning. What is important is that all individuals associated with the bank's schemes believe in their cause and are sincerely pursuing it. ■

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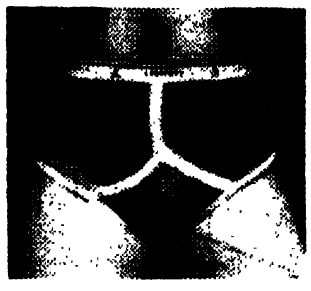

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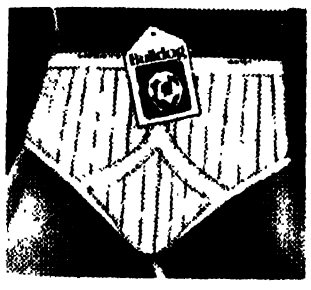

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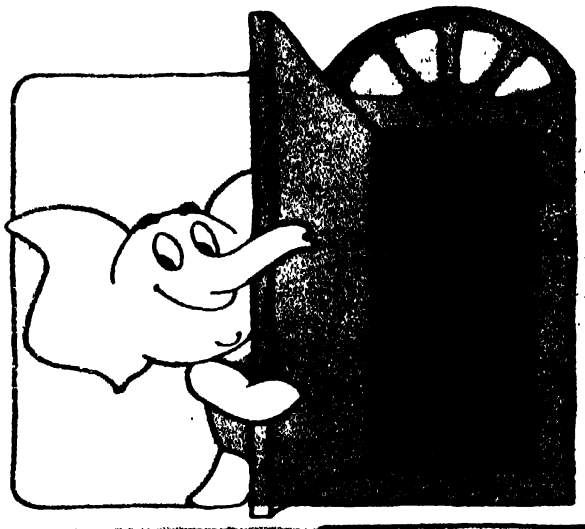

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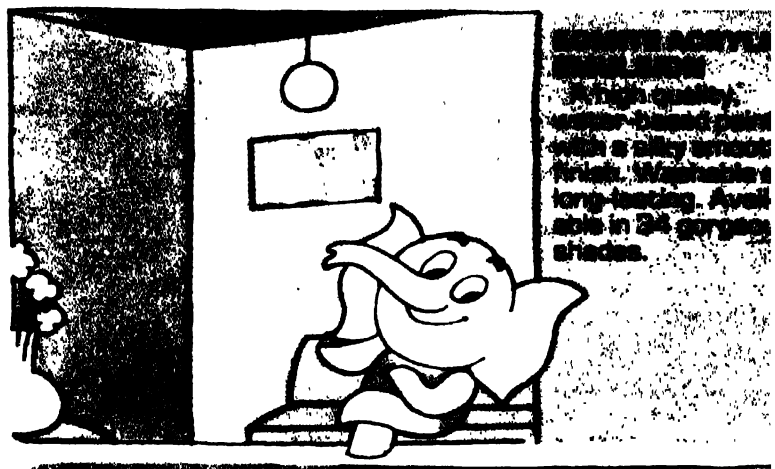

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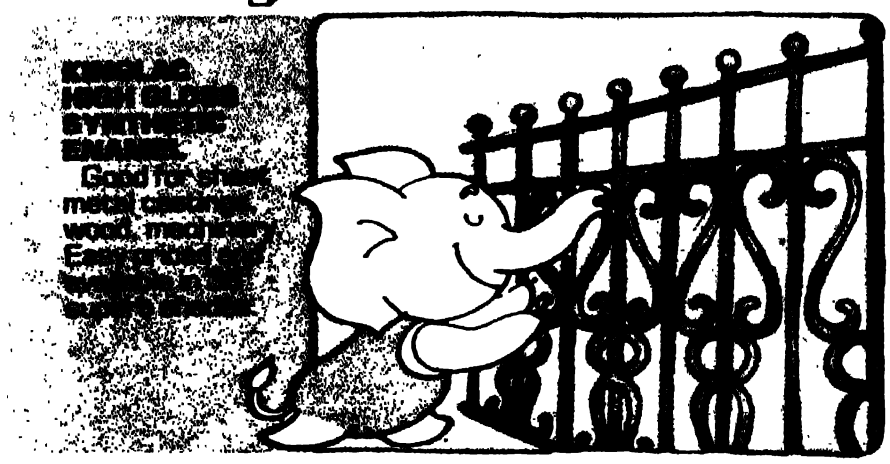

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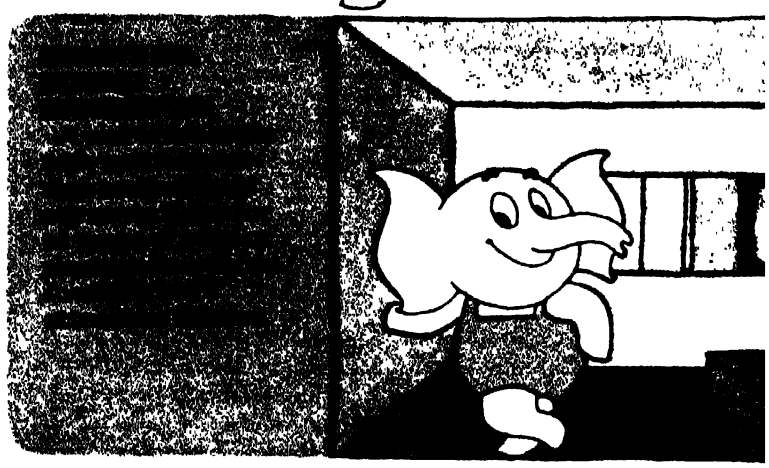
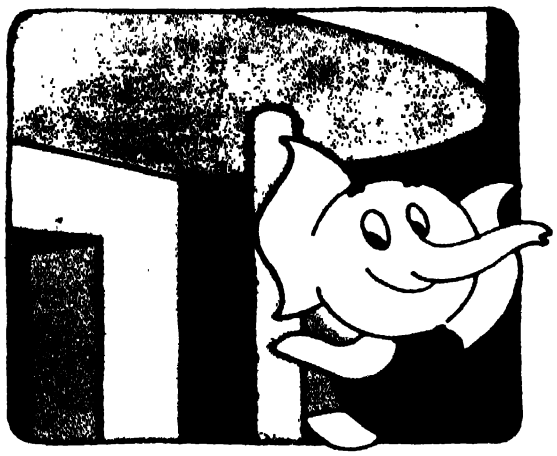
Good for sheet metal castings, wood, machinery. Easy [illegible]





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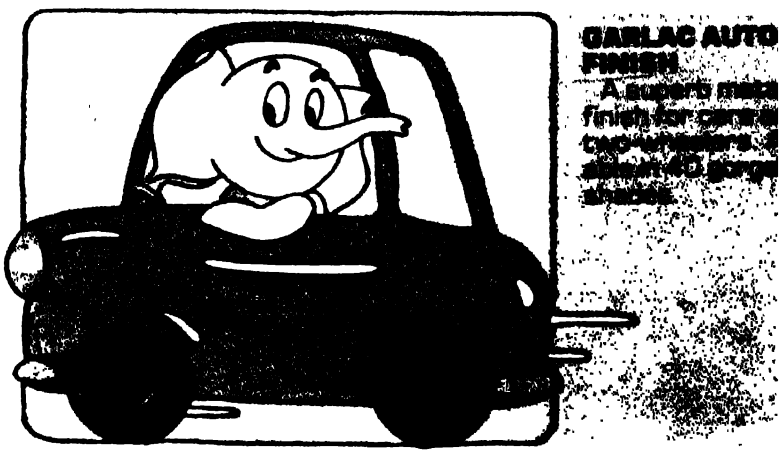

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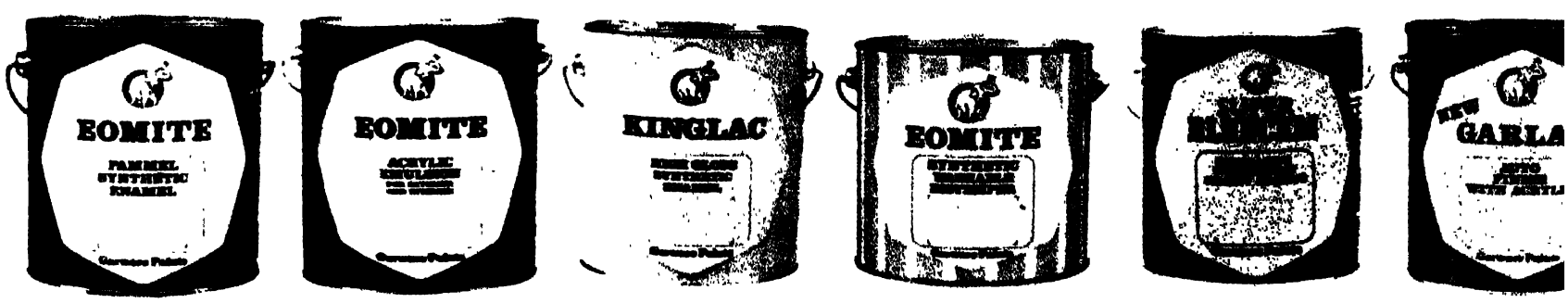

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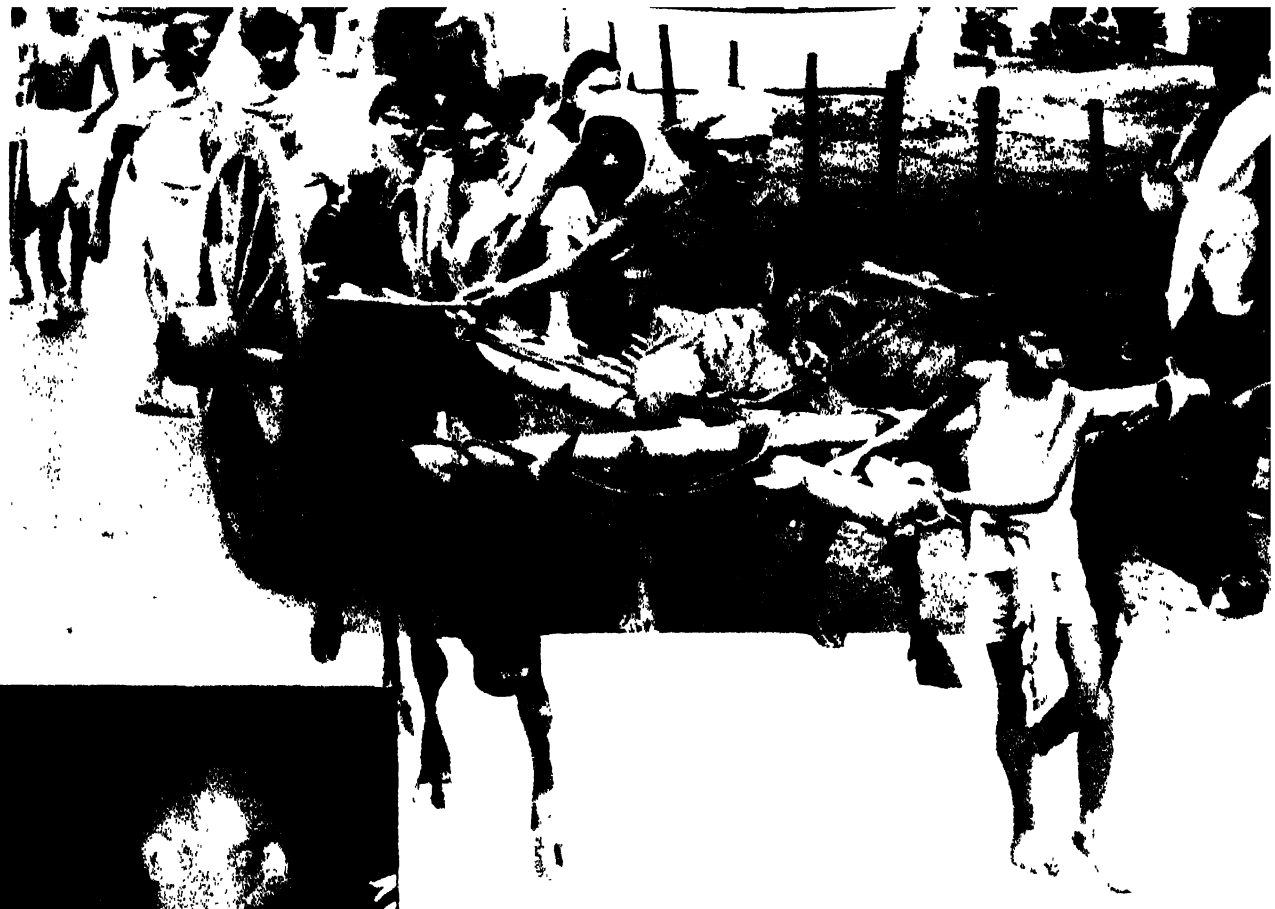


Must We Welcome All Foreigners?

"We are subservient to the *safed-chamdi* foreigner—we take in strangers, many of whom do not respect us and recognise our laws only in the breach. When we cast a blind eye on their misdemeanours, we are not being hospitable but only foolish."

by Patanjali Sethi

CENTURIES ago, distant islands gave shelter to pirates and brigands, political renegades and refugees. Thieves, murderers and adventurers could always find safety there. Today, India has become the haven for troublesome foreign students, dubious religious groups, dope-peddlers, "neo-hippies", hordes of refugees and Arabs who come only for fun.

As a regional leader, India must contribute its share in educating students from developing countries. The influx of refugees has also to be dealt with in a humanitarian manner. Hinduism has always assimilated outsiders and other "beliefs", provided they are genuine

THE IMPORTED HARE KRISHNA MOVEMENT. What goes on behind the closed doors of their tightly guarded residential colonies is unknown. Above: No end to the influx of refugees. Since Independence, more than 8 million displaced persons have settled in different parts of the country.

However, beset as we are with numerous problems of our own, there is need for rethinking whether our country can afford to continue with this "open-door" policy. The financial and social costs must be weighed. The foreign exchange earnings from the visitors are offset by the expense of dealing with the difficult ones among them—in maintaining law and order. This expense has not been computed.

Foolish Hospitality

In the midst of imported superficial values, the gossamer frailty of our own beliefs and the value system stand exposed. We are subservient to the *safed-chamdi* foreigner. Our hospitality seems to have the proverbial Biblical flavour. We take in strangers, many of whom do not respect us, and recognise our laws only in the breach. When we cast a blind eye on their misdemeanours, we are not being hospitable but only foolish.

Thousands of foreign students, mostly from Iran, clash violently among themselves and with the police They use sticks, knives and stones, ransack libraries, attack consulates and destroy newspaper offices.

Toleration of such insidious lawlessness is officially justified "because of our friendly relations" with the countries of their origin. India has large-heartedly maintained good ties with Afro-Arab nations. However, that should be no reason to permit hordes of Iranian students to create trouble on the campuses, fight their pro- or anti-Khomeini battles in our cities and generally endanger peace. They are a nuisance even as tenants.

Though an exact count is not available, there are estimated to be at least 15,000 Iranian students, largely in Pune, Bangalore, Chandigarh, Aligarh, Hyderabad, Ludhiana and Bombay. In Bangalore alone, there are over 3,000. The arrogant, rude and uncouth among them "outshine" the unidentified well-behaved ones. They participate in political activity, circulate underground literature and take out *morchas*. In view of the changed circumstances in their country, there can be sympathy for them, since many of them do not know where to go. But that is no reason why they should abuse our hospitality or take undue advantage of it.

The arrest of some of them can be no lasting solution. They come as students to India. If they cannot confine themselves to studies but would rather create chaos and disrupt the peace, there is no reason why the trouble-makers should not be deported.

There are students here from West Asian, African and neighbouring countries. Most of the 40,000 Nepalis studying outside the land-locked kingdom are in India. These and those from Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Yemen and Tanzania generally maintain a low profile. They refuse to be affected by the "Iranian infection". It is doubtful whether this immunity will last long.

"Children Of God"

India's "spirituality" has served the purpose of numerous imported religious groups.

The Children of God sect is not permitted anywhere in the West. Indulging in drugs, free sex and crime, the "Children" were expelled from the US and not allowed to settle down in Britain, West Germany and other countries. So India has become their home. They have group gatherings in Bombay and were headquartered in a commune near Kalyan. Their crudely written literature pretends to have religious exhortation, but suggests female sexual subservience to one man.

I was once taken to a "secret" gathering of theirs at "grave risk" by a friend. I used a fanciful name and pretended to be a "troubled soul". An attractive girl in a dress that left little room for imagination sat with me. Barely 18, she had left her home in the South and lived and moved with the group. She hoped to marry one of the guitar-strumming foreigners.

Such a group was once charged with kidnapping a Bangalore teenager, whose father secured her custody after a court wrangle.

The imported Hare Krishna movement has gained some following in our country and people visit the impressive "Krishnaland" temple at Juhu (Bombay). The residential colony has a strict security and intelligence system. Few, if any, know what happens there. Foreigners, their heads shaven clean, wield a powerful control on the tiny commune.

They Laughed At Her Death

They are the same type of people whose behaviour caused consternation in London recently. A female follower in a Hare Krishna *rath yatra* was crushed under the giant wheels of the chariot and, while she lay dying in a mess of blood and bones, they laughed: "How lucky to die like this!"

Closer at home, many strange doings, violence and deals said to be shady, were tolerated in Pune when hordes of the *bhagwa*-cloth-clad used to congregate here.

Welcome genuine seekers, certainly, but why the dregs of society? Many individuals who seek "an inner peace" or "beauty of the soul" are only drug-imbibing drifters and dropouts.

Tourism is welcome, but not at the cost of our self-respect and dignity. Many who come as tourists treat our laws with contempt and denigrate our beliefs. More than the foreign exchange they can bring in—which is not always enough even to sniff at—there is the need to promote understanding and goodwill, which do not always result.

Warped Thinking

Our fondness for foreigners sometimes gets translated into ridiculous rites. Warmth, hospitality and informality are replaced by ceremonies where there are garlands for every visitor given by VIPs, presentation of gifts and lengthy speeches.

This indicates a warped way of thinking. It can be traced to the status symbol gained when one can be seen with a foreigner in tow, paraded almost as an authentic rarity, as if he were an antique. That explains why all those Yul Bryner-type "Children of God have been so easily accepted. So much so that even the so-called religious leaders take pride in displaying foreign disciples. As if god is closer that way!

International gangs find this attitude convenient. This is clear from a few stray arrests. A Frenchman with many aliases was recently nabbed in a Bombay suburb. He was using a stolen Italian passport and was said to be a member of an international gang dealing in forged passports and travellers' cheques.

Two alleged members of a terrorist group, Werner Voigt, and a woman, Anna Weise, were nabbed in Bombay early this year. Both were West German nationals. Voigt had no passport and had entered India illegally. Interpol had launched a worldwide search for him.

CREATING TROUBLE. Some 15,000 Iranian students are living in India. There is no reason to permit them to fight their pro or anti-Khomeini battles in our cities and endanger peace.

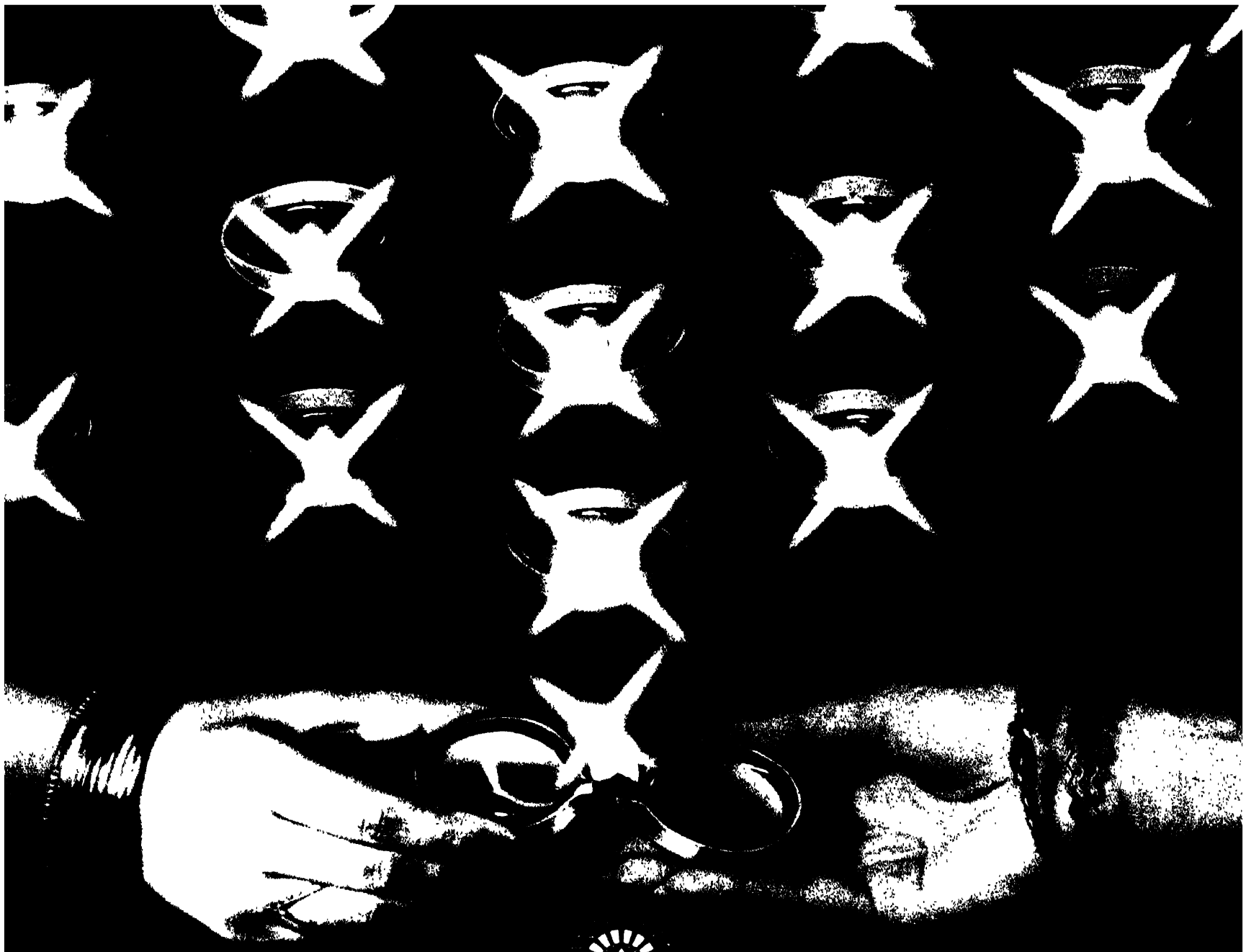
Foreigners have also been involved in violent activities. Naxalites held in a jungle on the West Bengal-Bihar-Orissa border had hand grenades, arms and ammunition. Among them was Mary Tyler, claiming to be a British schoolteacher.

It is a known fact that agents of some countries inimical to India visited the north-eastern region. This was easy for them as many foreigners live there. The agents went there to further their destabilisation game.

Goa: Favourite Haunt

Goa is a favourite place for gangs to lie low, plan moves, regroup themselves and to take rest. Charles Sobhraj and others have used the place. So have members of Baader Meinhoff, the Red Star and the PLO.

LAVISH SPENDERS. Some Arab tourists cause problems when they "overstay" and create inflation with their "free-spending" ways. Some "marry" young girls, only to use them later as maid servants.



Social action is a beginning without an end.

Canara Bank's founder Shri A. Subba Rao Pai believed that a good bank should be both the financial heart of the community and a catalyst to improve the common man's lot. Along side this philosophy was his love for education, also a social cause. Through 75 years **Canara Bank** has sought to fulfil its founder's vision.

Realising that welfare needs are too enormous to be surmounted at once, **Canara Bank** planned and reviewed its involvement in social action – step by step.

- The Golden Jubilee Education Fund established in 1956 to help students on means-cum-merit basis.
- Summer placement and Earn While You Learn schemes benefiting thousands of students every year all over.
- **Canara Bank** Relief and Welfare Society set up in 1962, to serve the needy and the handicapped.
- A Foundling Home 'Mathru Chaya' to bring up orphans and abandoned children.
- Community Service Complex 'Seva Kshetra' and the Elders Home for the aged.
- And now to mark the Platinum Jubilee, a Rural Development Trust to carry the philosophy of the founder, by dedicating it to the rural masses.

To co-ordinate all these pioneering welfare activities the Bank has a full-fledged Social Action Department.

For Canara Bank, indeed, Social Action is a beginning without an end.

CANARA BANK
1906–1981

Beyond interests, a concern.

Following a number of cold-blooded murders in Bombay over a few months during 1980-81, it was suggested that Mafia gangsters had come into the city, perhaps as foreign visitors. Joseph Fouad, an alleged Mafia killer, had a four-month asylum in Delhi before he was asked to leave. He stayed at the posh Vasant Vihar colony and was possibly planted in India. The purpose was not made clear. Union Minister Yogendra Makwana said that a constant watch had been kept on his activities and that his stay was terminated "at an appropirate time".

In this case, officials obviously knew about the Mafia killer. Yet he was allowed to stay for long.

Foreigners are known to have trespassed into the protected area of the Vikram Sarabhai Space Centre, were found skin-diving in the prohibited area of Bombay harbour, were involved in a prostitution racket at Visakhapatnam and in a number of other shady doings. They smuggle drugs, using India as a base.

Not all who come as tourists are that. In fact, genuine tourists *are* needed. It is the overstaying sort, the visaless types, who are not. Many of them come as supposed tourists, stay with impunity beyond the expiry of their visas and go about only to demonstrate their criminal bent of mind, a contempt for the country and its people.

All This And Hippies Too

Then there are the hippies. I have seen them from Manali to Madras. They are free-loving, free-living. The so-called spiritual freedom they seek is just drug addiction.

It is from among these that the notorious Charles Sobhraj recruited his first accomplices. Because India is a haven for such rejects from society, he made this country some sort of a headquarters for his nefarious activities.

Many hippies are drug smugglers. I have seen that, at some police stations in big cities, officers have to waste much of their time on such groups. When they are without visas, they go to remote places which have "true vibrations", like Goa. When their visas expire, they seek an Indian scapegoat to marry just to regularise their stay—like the German girl who married a Jaipur rickshaw-puller.

The Interpol notices are being looked into with care in Goa. (Till now, not much attention was paid to them.) During recent months, there have been numerous deaths of the so-called hippies on Goan beaches. In actual practice, they were said to be drug-pushers or otherwise connected with international crime. Their "death" could be an execution. The beaches were their hideouts and they had been traced. That Goa continues to be the centre, possibly temporary, of drug-runners is an accepted fact. The CID chief there has admitted that the deaths during the hippie season (October to March) are mostly of Western youths. A number of these deaths go unreported. There have been stories of executions and liquidation. After all, what is termed as drowning under the influence of drugs could easily be drowning of a victim after being drugged!

Better Prospects Indeed!

There is another aspect. Millions of refugees have lived on us for years. According to available information, less than a year ago, over 8 million displaced people and 140,000 families had settled in different parts of India since Independence. They come from the Chhamb area (near Jammu), Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Uganda, Zaire and Vietnam. There are Indians who abandoned their own country for what euphemistically are termed as "better prospects". When there was trouble in their adopted country, they returned, perhaps like bad coins. For years, it has been "free food and lodging" for many of them. Except for a few, they have refused to be rehabilitated, expecting the Government to do everything for them, feeling sore if their lot does not improve (owing to their own lethargy).

The other refugees are from Burma, Sri Lanka, East Pakistan and Uganda. Over 200,000 had come from Burma by the end of 1974. Thousands pour in annually from the other places. State Governments have various resettlement programmes. The Dandakaranya project was the earliest. There have been camps in the South, Punjab, Orissa and Madhya Pradesh. These are not enough for the tide of people who continue to come into India. Many more are necessary.

Besides these, infiltrating hordes in the north-east have upset the local population ratios,

THESE INFLILTRATING HORDES of people have upset local population ratios and created a problem for the local authorities.

destroying peace and creating chaos.

Over the years, an unregulated flow of East Bengalis and Nepalis into Assam and other north-eastern States has led to considerable violence. The irony is that a number of them have been included in the electoral list. Objections have been filed against this. The Assam Government did set up tribunals to issue deportation orders after summary trials.

Decision Brooks No Delay

Actually, many of those who are shouting themselves hoarse against them did not hesitate to seek their support during the elections. We ourselves allowed them into the country and gave them voting rights. Whatever the political considerations, a decision about lakhs of them who infiltrated into our country has to be prevented. The difficult terrain notwithstanding, the borders should be sealed.

Assam is not alone in bearing the burden of migrants from neighbouring countries. West Bengal, Punjab, Haryana and Rajasthan have also faced the onslaught.

The Arab tourists have been welcome both because of our declared political sympathy for the Arabs as also because they are lavish spenders. The problem arises when some of them remain here for long periods, create inflation, marry young girls (only to take them on as maid servants). Numerous cases have been reported of old Arabs arranging marriages with Hyderabadi girls who are young enough to be their granddaughters.

These tourists also have a reputation for being oversexed. A few have what is called "every-night-a-woman" attitude. Prostitution has received an impetus. Nurses hired by some during "illness" are targets of their lechery.

The top hospitals are used by them quite often "only to relax," thereby blocking much-needed bed space. Here, too, preferential treatment is given to them at the cost of an Indian.

Thanks largely to the "dollar-flashing" Arabs, the Indian becomes a second-class citizen in his own country. Flat prices in Bombay shot up some time ago largely because Arabs readily invested at inflated prices in them. Despite getting the best from here, some of them tend to think of Indians as inferior beings. And we tolerate all this without protest!

It would be unjust and dishonest to say that all Arabs do not know how to behave. There are decent, well-behaved ones, but the bad nuts cause plenty of trouble.

Paradise For Rejects

India places no bar on tourists. However, there is need to ensure that our hospitality is not abused. We must retain our self-respect, our national dignity. If other countries can have regulations and people cannot legally remain tourists there for as long as they desire, there is no reason why that cannot be done here.

We have also failed to set up a worthwhile intelligence machinery to keep unwelcome foreigners out. We can no longer allow our country to be converted into a paradise for rejects from other parts of the world. ■

Black Man's Search For A Face

If we misunderstand the Black Consciousness Movement because of some differing angles of vision, we will miss the cries of the Black Man against colonial exploitation and his search for a face.

PROPOUNDING A NEW THEORY? According to Enoch Powell, African culture is radically different from that of the industrialised West. Africans can contribute very little to Western civilisation; it would be better to preserve the beautiful unspoilt African culture as it is.

by Debabrata Ghosh

WE use palliatives like "Afro-Asian unity" when the Blacks and the Browns are all discriminated, even oppressed, in South Africa or Britain. We also use such expressions as "the Third-World people" (including those in Africa) when we are somewhat unhappy with the "over-developed" countries or the transnational companies. Of course, that does not deter us from rubbing shoulders with those countries for aid or new enterprises.

In diplomatic get-togethers, we may also call the Africans our brothers (and sisters). Unfortunately, there is very often an overtone of paternalism and pity. The educated Africans surely hate this attitude.

It is high time we looked at the Black Consciousness Movement in Sub-Saharan Africa. Just to understand Africans. Their aspirations and all that. Beyond the diplomatic palliatives, of course.

The Black Consciousness Movement is not spearheaded by organisations like the Skinheads or the Ku-Klux-Klan. The movement is rather a negative reaction to "pure-white supremacy". In that sense, it is "Black Racialism", but it is claimed to be non-racial, a positive bid to the discovery of black identity and African nationalism.

Baas Kap , or "pure-white-supremacy", is typical of the Boer perception of *swart gevaar* or Black Danger, although many Americans, Europeans or Australians, even some Indians, share their attitude.

"Settler Ideology"

Obviously, for their well-being, the Europeans—who are at the top of the civilised world—should patiently play the role of their guardian. This should not be taken as the "white man's burden", but as part of their noble duty to humanity. This attitude towards the Blacks is rather akin to what Duncan Clarke calls "Settler Ideology".

This ideology also finds support in the Bible. Africans (the Homitics including the Bantu) are the offspring of Ham—cursed by God, they are destined to be "slaves of the Slave". They are, like Biblical Ham, materialistic, sensuous, Godless, impulsive, crafty and irresponsible: condemned by God, they have crinky hair and dark skin. To all intents and purposes, they are not fit to be considered equals to the highly civilised white people.

Of late, this crude prejudice has given way to a subtler ideology. Its main propounder is Enoch Powell. If the "Settler Ideology" can be classified as Biological Theory, Powellism can be termed as "Cultural Theory". (Incidentally, Powellism is very much evident in our attitude to the "tribal and scheduled castes in India.")

Powellism

What does Powellism say? African culture is radically different from that of the industrialised West. Africans are tribal, agrarian and/or pastoral. Their thoughts, their value system, their behaviour pattern or motivation are all different from those in the West. Africans can contribute very little to this industrial civilisation. Industrialisation in Africa can only be effected through the leadership of the Europeans. In actual fact, there is no need for industrialisation in Africa beyond the marginal one. Even Western knowhow and sciences are irrelevant in Africa. Science tends to degenerate into science fiction or pseudo-science there. The more we preserve the beautiful unspoilt African culture, the better. The African elites are, however, fighting out this biological or cultural theory consistenly.

That the European civilisation is indebted to all civilisations and cultures in the world, that the British Industrial Revolution was possible primarily because of the capital formation through the use of the African slaves and the booties from the plunder of the Indian subcontinent may be conveniently forgotten by the Euro-American racists, but *not* by the African elite. They also appreciate the fact that the pigment of the skin had nothing to do with the commencement of the Industrial Revolution. The recent industrial and technological revolution in Japan testifies to this.

Tribal Character

The Black Consciousness people in Africa even dispute the "tribal character" of the Africans. To them, human beings everywhere are diverse and unique. It is true even in the same family, not to speak of any tribe. "Tribal character" can just be a phase in the ongoing process of development—the so-called character can never be final. If tribalism means "narrow-mindedness" or parochialism, it is there in every society, including the developed one.

Africa is going through the trauma common to all Third World nations. The ties of extended family and filial bond are very much strong. In that background, nepotism too. Then there are regional loyalities. In the context of the partition of Africa with no reference to linguistic divisions, loyalty to the state is rather weak.

Other typical Third (and African) World problems are: constraints in industrialisation and agricultural revolution; Big Power rivalry for the spheres of influence; providing market for old-model arms from the arsenal of the big nations; foreign aid and exchange; the rural-urban confrontation and migration, population, education and what-have-you.

In that sense, African problems are human or at most the Third World ones—and not of Black men alone. Black Consciousness is needed only to identify the African Personality.

Even Christ Is Black

Even Jesus Christ is blackened. The Black Christ Movement is part of the new colour consciousness. The song, "What colour is God's skin?" is quite popular.

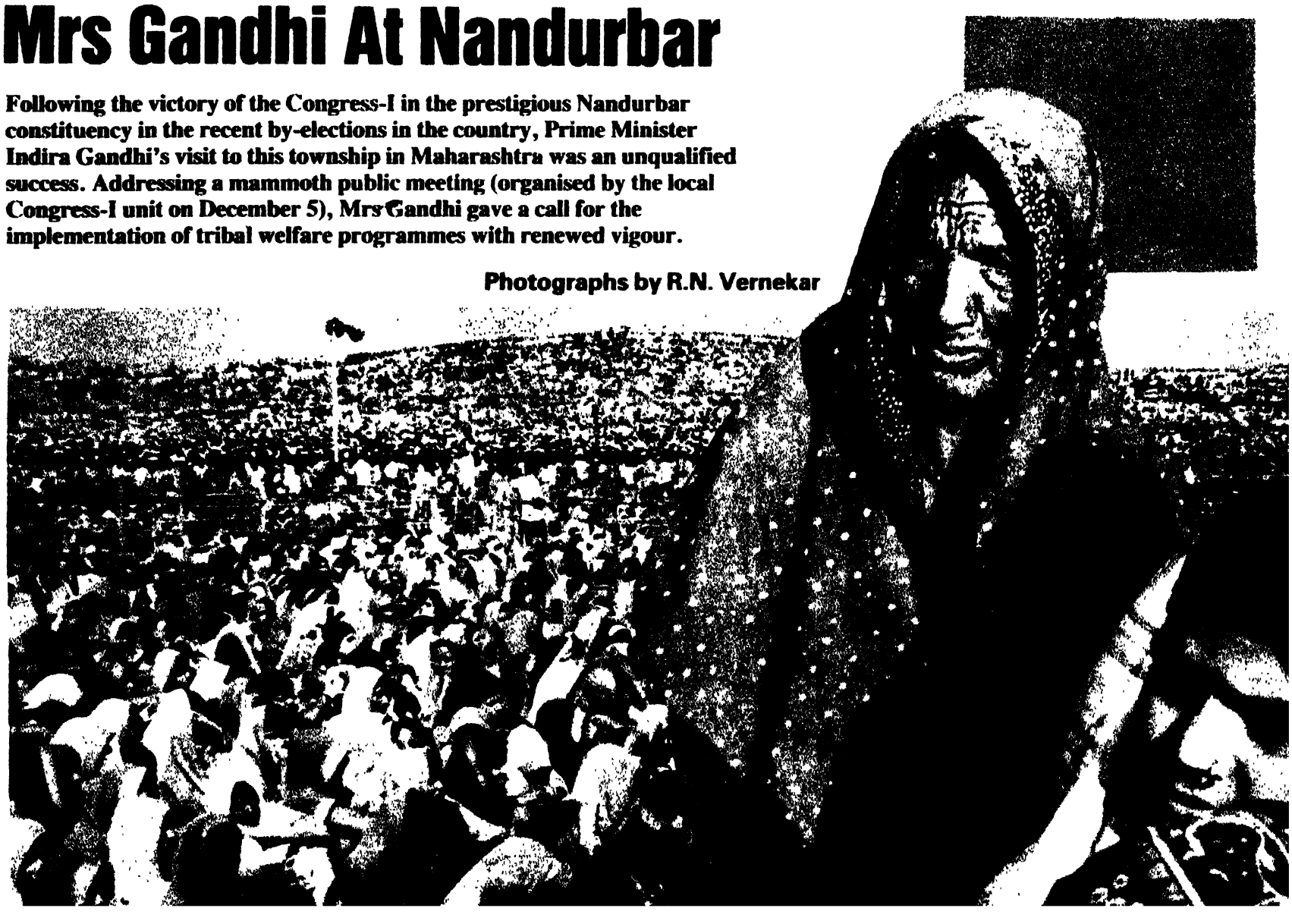
These people ask: *God created man in his own image. Is that image only the white man's? Why should Jesus look like a white man? Let Him be seen as an Asian in Asia, an African in Africa. Just as He was depicted like a native Ethiopian in the ancient Ge'ez Bible. People in every continent will be able to accept God as Divine Father only if Jesus is depicted as their kind.*

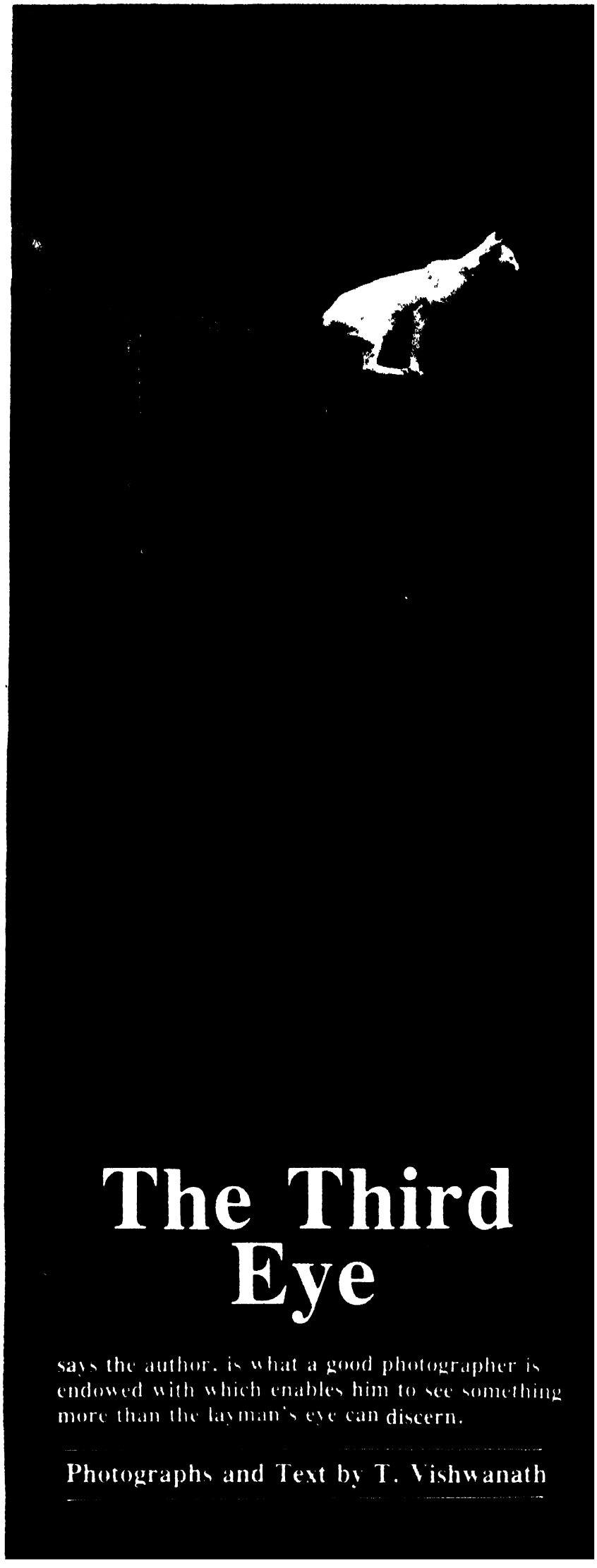
When Idi Amin forced four Englishmen to carry his litter, symbolically to demonstrate the White Man's Burden, all Black Africa was electrified with joy and inspiration. The joy was almost physical—much more intense than when one smoulders and burns the effigy of an otherwise uncatchable, but diehard enemy. Whatever the aftermath of the violent uprooting of the clinging Asian traders from Uganda, the action was acclaimed all over Africa. Steve Biko, the youth leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, who was beaten to death in South African police custody, drew genuine support from many White people, like Donald Wood, apart from fellow Black men. ■

Mrs Gandhi At Nandurbar

Following the victory of the Congress-I in the prestigious Nandurbar constituency in the recent by-elections in the country, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's visit to this township in Maharashtra was an unqualified success. Addressing a mammoth public meeting (organised by the local Congress-I unit on December 5), Mrs Gandhi gave a call for the implementation of tribal welfare programmes with renewed vigour.

Photographs by R.N. Vernekar





The Third Eye

says the author, is what a good photographer is endowed with which enables him to see something more than the layman's eye can discern.

Photographs and Text by T. Vishwanath

[redacted]

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I STARTED photography in a most unexpected manner. Following my graduation in 1971, I was convalescing after a minor operation when my father gave me his twin-lens Rollei Flex camera (which remains, to this day, my favourite camera and the one I used to take the photographs published here) and encouraged me to click anything I found interesting. In the very first roll I exposed, there was a picture which, to my delight, not only appeared in print in this magazine but also fetched me the second prize of Rs 50. Thereafter, it was an instinctive and abiding plunge into the world of photography.

I was fortunate in having good instructors at the outset—my father, T. Kasinath, Raghu Rai, T.S. Satyan and Jagananth Sharma at the Max Mueller Bhavan six-month course. For a while I joined the band of struggling freelance photographers until I landed an exciting contract with the Armed Forces Film and Photo Division, Ministry of Defence, as Photographic Officer for some post-war emergency work. But it was, essentially, my stint with *Dateline Delhi* which proved most beneficial in terms of experience, growth and opportunities.

I had an urge to do something different and useful. In 1976, an offer came my way and I found myself teaching photography to secondary school students at the Andhra School, New Delhi, for a year-and-a-half and at Modern School for another year. I also conducted a six-month evening course at the YWCA at this time. Discouraged by the general state of affairs and my vain efforts to make my work meaningful, I began to freelance again. Then in February 1980, I opted for a full-time job with the National School of Drama where I continue to be in charge of their photography department which I set up.

I do not consider myself to be an authority on the subject of photography. However, I do feel that good photographers are endowed with a third eye which helps them to see something more than the layman's eye can discern. It also gives him extraordinary reflexes so that he can freeze and capture a moment of beauty and truth for others to share. Materials, knowledge and technique are aids that help channelise this gift to greater effectiveness. Every artist thus differs only in his sensitivity to his surroundings.

As for my pictures, I would rather they spoke for themselves. ■

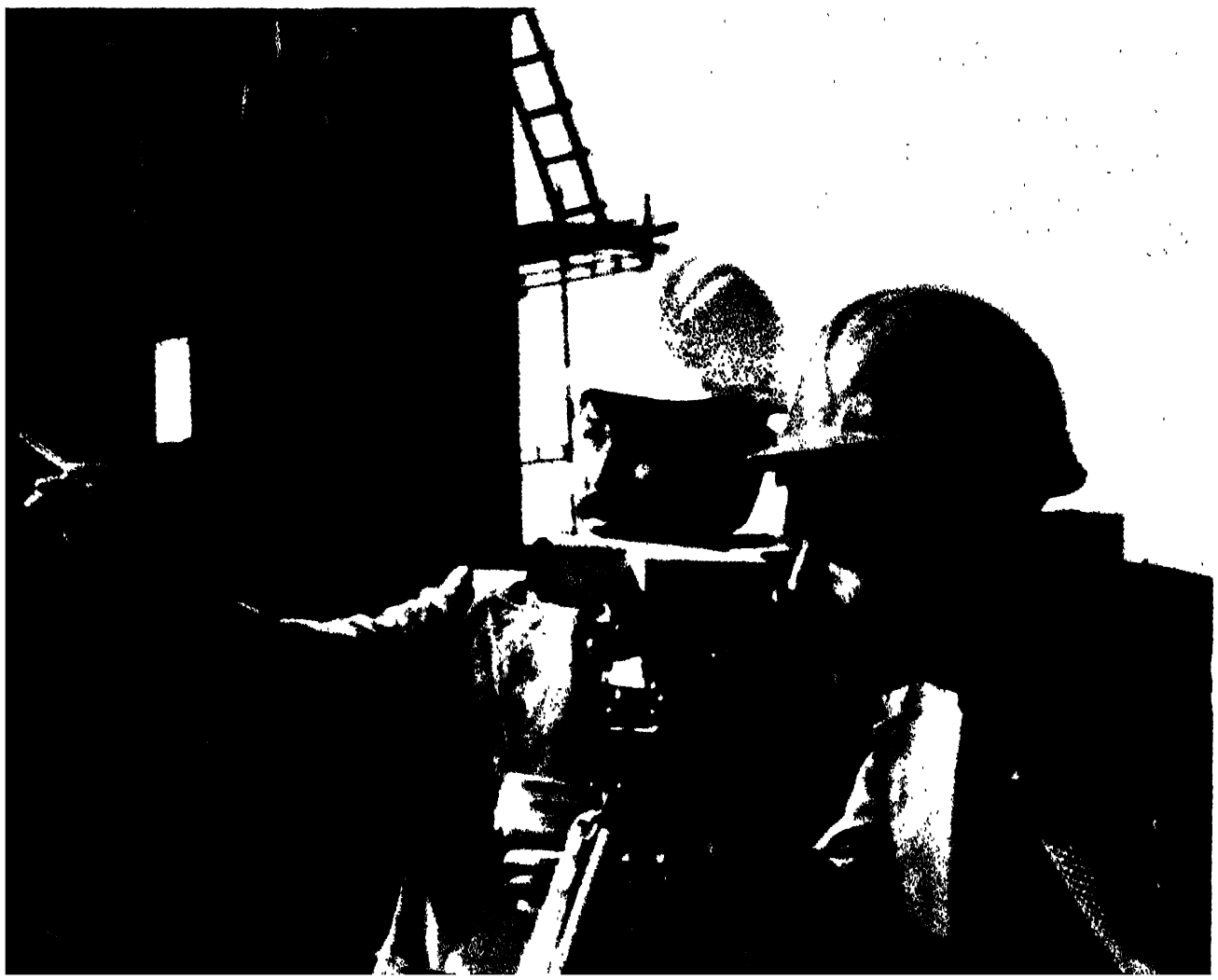
Dear Shutterbugs...

This photo-feature is the first of a new series we are starting. We invite photographers to send us outstanding pictures for our consideration. —EDITOR

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF ULEMAS, Muhammed Sayed Afghani (left) poses with Ziyautdin Babakhanov, Chairman of the Board of Muslims of Central Asia and Kazakhstan at the Kabul Airport.

"Keeping The Rebels At Bay"

BUILDING FOR BREAD. Engineers at the site of a bakery under construction in the northern province of Balkh.



Consolidation of the power of the Karmal regime is probably the only chance that Afghanistan has of regaining peace and political stability. But this cannot possibly happen so long as it remains the cockpit of East-West conflict.

Even the hawks in the Pentagon now admit that 85,000 Russian troops in Afghanistan can indefinitely hold the ring for President Karmal and that half a dozen motley groups of Afghan insurgents operating from safe sanctuaries in Pakistan do not have the remotest hope of winning. Yet the CIA continues cynically to send them to slaughter by organising arms aid for them from Egypt, Saudi Arabia, China, Pakistan and the US itself. The earlier American pretence that this flow of arms will turn Afghanistan into a "Soviet Vietnam" and thus checkmate a Russian thrust overland to the warm waters of the oil-rich Gulf has been all but given up; instead, it is now being overtly maintained to bolster up Pakistan's status as a "frontier state" and thus justify Washington's burgeoning military links with Islamabad. If the policy tends to destabilise not only Afghanistan but the whole of South Asia, the politico-military swashbucklers in the Reagan Administration care a fig.

For all that, Mr Karmal's government, unlike President Zia's in Pakistan, has had some

IN AFGHANISTAN TODAY

)SSIAN TANKS AND SOLDIERS patrolling the snow-bound countryside.

'Forcing The Pace Of Progress"

success in the last two years in gaining popularity and extending its power base at home. It has released most of them from jail. Many technocrats have been lured back to the country from exile and posted in key positions in different ministries. Doctrinaire land reforms have been moderated and land ceilings raised to make peace with the tribal leaders who still rule the roost in the countryside. The government has also extended an olive branch to the obscurantist mullahs: most official functions begin with an invocation to Allah and Communist ministers visit mosques to pray like ordinary Muslims. Education and irrigation are being rapidly extended; new industries are coming up; and foreign trade has been liberalised. Indeed, thanks to a more efficient management of the economy, Afghanistan has now accumulated a comfortable foreign exchange reserve. But the Afghans' love for independence is legendary and the insurgents will always command considerable support among the people so long as Mr Karmal is seen as a puppet of the Russians. To shed that image he must get the Soviet troops out. He cannot, however, even try to do so until his own army remains incapable of containing the rebels equipped with arms from abroad.

—K. C. K

ZN FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY DEFENCE UNITS which have been formed throughout Afghanistan to counter the guerillas.

Afghanistan In The Power Game

Winds Of Change

"The revolution in Afghanistan has for the first time created real opportunities for social change. However hamhanded the implementation of reforms introduced after the revolution in April 1978, nobody can fault the Karmal regime on grounds of equity and justice."

by S. P. Seth

AFGHANISTAN has become an important issue in the new cold war between the two superpowers and their respective allies. Indeed, President Jimmy Carter described the Soviet military intervention in Afghanistan in December 1979 as the greatest threat to world peace after the Second World War. He also propounded what has come to be known as the Carter Doctrine. In effect, he declared the Gulf region as an area of vital strategic importance to the United States and arrogated to himself the right to use all possible means for its protection, including military power.

The United States still regards the Soviet action in Afghanistan as part of a global masterplan with the oil-bearing Gulf region as its next target. At least that is the ostensible justification for the deployment of a large US naval force in this area and the Indian Ocean This is being further reinforced by raising a Rapid Deployment Force (RDF) to counter an alleged Soviet threat. Washington is also developing military bases in Egypt, Oman, Kenya and Somalia, apart from its key base in Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean. Simultaneously, it is forging a "strategic consensus" with pro-West governments of the region extending from Turkey to Pakistan.

Such interlocking relationships are designed to provide the US with facilities for pre-positioning military hardware and, where possible, even to station ground troops for an instant response to an alleged Soviet threat. The arms aid to Pakistan, the sale of AWACS planes (airborne warning and control system) to Saudi Arabia, the formal strategic relationship with Israel and other similar arrangements are all part of America's grand strategy to checkmate Soviet "aggression" further into the Gulf following its intervention in Afghanistan.

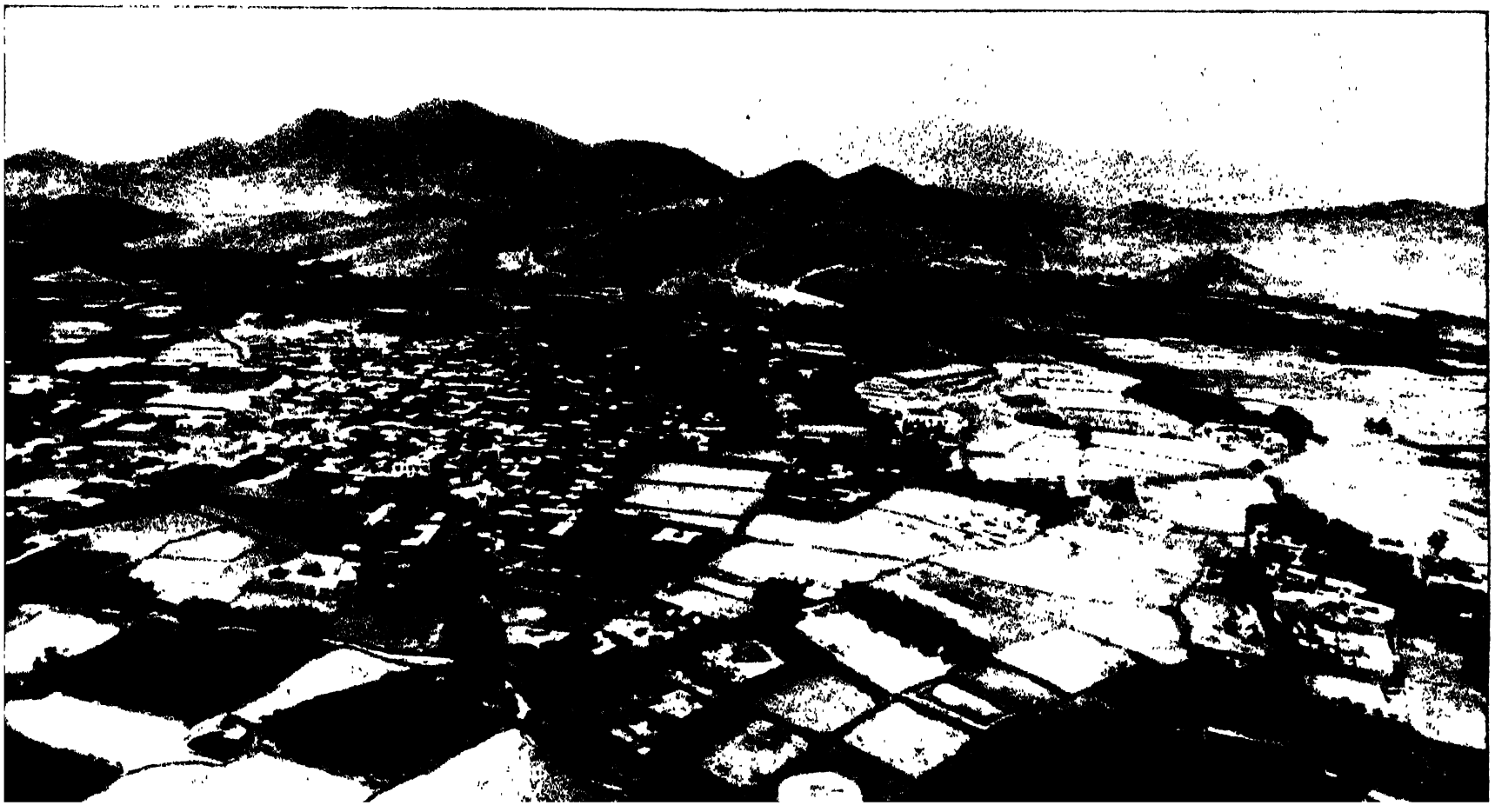
It is clear that by making Afghanistan a part of its cold war strategy, the United States and its regional surrogates are not really interested in a peaceful political solution of the problem. If the US were so interested, it would have responded positively to the Soviet President Brezhnev's offer early this year to negotiate on Afghanistan separately or as part of the overall security situation in the Persian Gulf. Similarly, Pakistan is impervious to all reasonable offers of the Afghan Government to seek a political solution.

Babrak Is Willing

In this connection, Kabul has already agreed to hold talks with Pakistan and Iran, bilaterally or trilaterally, with the active involvement of the UN Secretary-General or his appointed representative. During a recent visit to New Delhi, the Afghan Foreign Minister indicated that Kabul's proposals for talks were flexible. He even implied that his Government might agree to be represented as a political party at these talks. But Pakistan has not shown any desire to explore the new Afghan proposals.

And why should it? The Soviet military action in Afghanistan could not have come at a better time for General Zia's military regime. Mr Bhutto's execution had already weakened his position at home and abroad. Moreover, Washington had cut off all aid because of Pakistan's plans to develop atomic weapons. But, as the Soviets moved into Afghanistan, Pakistan overnight became the darling of the West as a frontline state facing the Soviet Union.

THE GOOD EARTH. Aerial view of agricultural fields in the Kunar Province. The Revolutionary Government has fixed ceiling over individual land ownership and started redistributing expropriated land among the landless peasants.



A BATCH OF POLITICAL PRISONERS being released in Kabul. They were opposed to the Amin regime which was overthrown by the "Revolution".

BABRAK KARMAL talking to the delegates of the Conference of the Ulemas.

General Zia has been more than willing since to play the American power game. Pakistan has become the convenient conduit for arms supplies to the Afghan rebels by the United States and other countries; and the Pakistani territory is now their one large sanctuary. Of course, for this General Zia wanted American arms and lots of them—not just the peanuts' offer of $400 million by the Carter administration—but the current Reaganite package of over $3 billion in arms and economic aid. And this would include nearly 40 F16 planes which will pose a serious threat to India's security.

Old Arms For New Hands

Despite General Zia's denials, it has now been clearly established on the late President Sadat's admission in an interview to an American TV network, that America was buying old Soviet-made weapons from Egypt and supplying them to the Afghan rebels through the Pakistani corridor. Earlier, the American correspondent, Carl Bernstein of Watergate fame, had written in the *New Republic* that "all the main features of the operation (concerning arms supplies to rebels) have been personally approved by Pakistan's President Zia".

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was, therefore, quite right when she said in a recent interview to the French newspaper *Le Figaro*: "I think that Pakistan does not want a solution... They are taking the fullest possible advantage of it in every way and I think that even the much bigger countries think that it is a good idea that the Soviet Union should be engaged at various points."

Afghani "Mincemeat"

The tragedy of the whole situation is that the Afghan people, about whom the West, Pakistan, China and some Islamic countries are making so much fuss, are the proverbial mincemeat in their unscrupulous power game. In a recent message to the Afghans on the *Voice of America*, President Reagan said. "We in the United States share →

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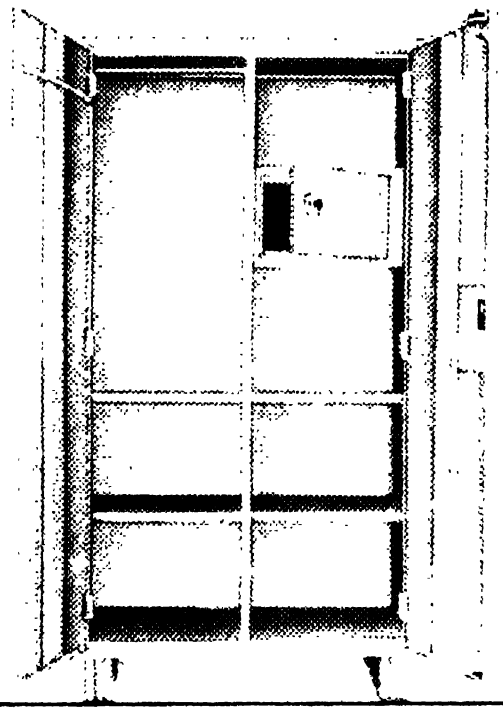

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ARMS AND THE MEN. Workers of the Jangalok Auto Repairs Plant at their anti-illiteracy courses carry guns along with their satchels.

with you a belief in God and in the blessings he gives us. We also share a common love of freedom and a desire to live our lives as we determine free of outside interference." This is sheer hypocrisy when one looks at the Reagan Administration's record in El Salvador, Guatemala, the Honduras, Nicaragua and Chile, not to speak of the decade-long American carnage in Vietnam. America knows as well as Pakistan, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and China—the countries which are rendering active assistance to the Afghan rebels—that the latter do not have an iota of a chance to dislodge the Russians through their guerrilla operations. They also know that Afghanistan is no Vietnam (even though they dearly wish it were so) because the Soviets are right on the border, and the rebels lack unity and ideological motivation of the Vietcong. If required, Moscow can maintain a permanent garrison, and this is what it might lead to if all reasonable proposals for a political settlement are spurned by Pakistan and the USA.

General Zia's talk of self-determination for the Afghans is cynical through and through. Having usurped power from an elected government in 1977 (and later executing the popularly-elected Prime Minister Bhutto), he has since repeatedly reneged from his promises to seek popular mandate for his military regime. As for the disparate Afghan rebel groups, they cannot even agree among themselves on conducting a unified insurgency operation.

This leaves us with the existing reality of the Babrak Karmal regime which has sensibly shed off the extreme radicalism of its predecessors. It is also making efforts to broaden its popular base by accomodating the traditional mores and religious sensitivities of a highly backward Afghan society. And if the United States, Pakistan and others were ever to become seriously interested in securing Soviet military withdrawal from Afghanistan—as they keep reminding the world—the only way is to put an end to the fratricidal war in Afghanistan by encouraging an internal political settlement and stopping arms supplies to the insurgents. Moscow is committed to withdraw its troops in that event and may find it difficult to go back on its pledge without alienating its few remaining friends in the comity of nations.

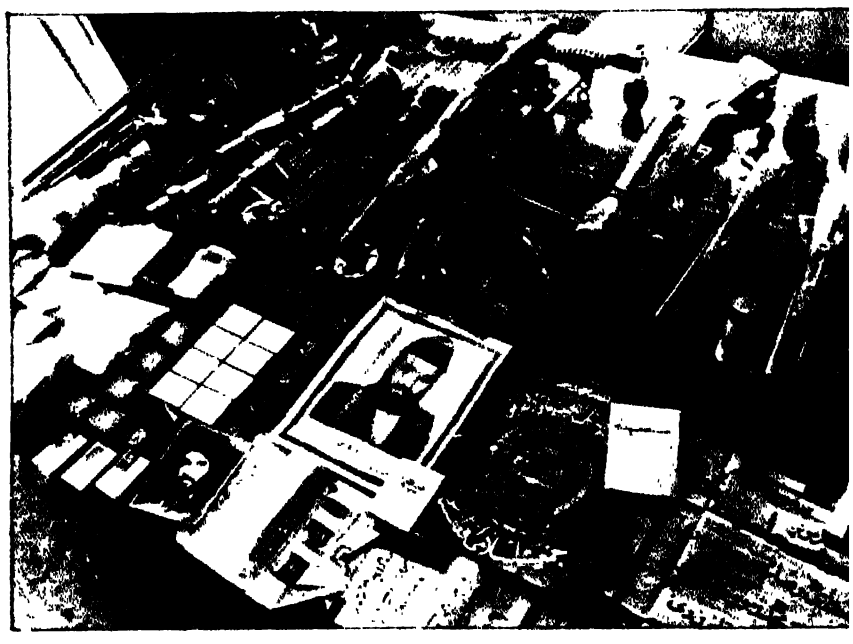
The Only Chance

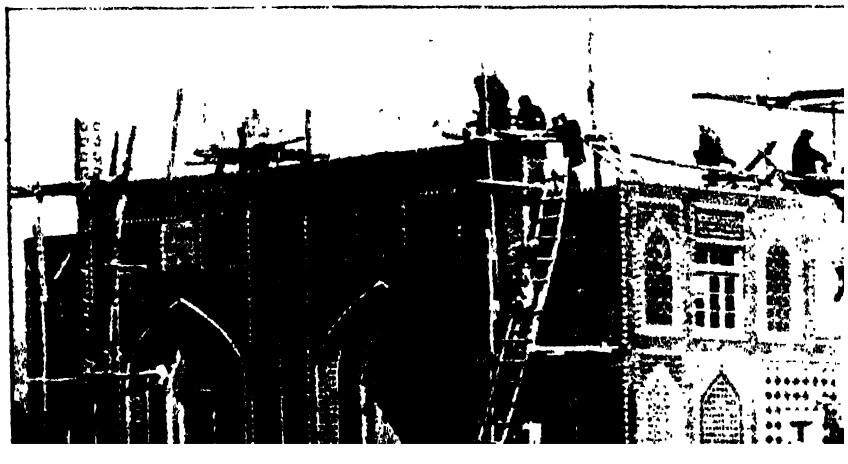
At any rate, that is the only chance that the Afghans have of regaining this sovereignty and making rapid progress towards modernisation of their tribal society. After King Amanullah's reformist decade (1919-29), which ended when the British inspired successful tribal rebellions against him, the revolution in Afghanistan has for the first time created real opportunities for social change. However hamhanded the implementation of reforms introduced after the revolution in April 1978, nobody can fault the Karmal regime on grounds of equity and justice. For instance, the Revolutionary Government has put an end to usury and cancelled all existing debts arising therefrom; guaranteed equal rights to women, fixed ceilings over individual land ownership; and it has redistributed the expropriated land among small and landless peasants. It is also attempting to root out illiteracy which stood at 90 per cent for men and 98 per cent for women before the revolution.

And what one might ask, have the rebels to offer? They want to turn the clock back in the name of Islamic fundamentalism. And even on this, there is no consensus among them regarding the composition of a government to replace the present regime.

Moscow is, therefore, understandably wary of possible anarchy on its southern border, which will undoubtedly provide ample scope for mischief-making by its enemies. On the other hand, so long as its troops remain in their country, it would be impossible for the Karmal regime to consolidate its hold over the freedom-loving Afghans. ■

WAR OF WORDS AND ARMS. Ammunition and subversive literature seized from guerrillas in the Nangarkhar Province.





THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW MOSQUE. The Karmal regime has been careful to leave the freedom of religion "untouched".

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SO HOT WAS THE PACE PAKISTAN SET that India were two down in next to no time. However, India fought back spiritedly and soon earned a penalty-push, from which wing-half Gurmail Singh is seen scoring here.

Even Test Of Indo-Pak Strength

by Raju Bharatan

India lost the four-Test series to Pakistan 2-1, but they were far from disgraced. The supervision of the first two Tests came in for a lot of criticism, but the contest was more even with the appointment of neutral umpires for the last two Tests.

A report on the first of these four Tests which revealed that there is still a place in the game for the traditional style of hockey that India and Pakistan play.

IT is not just a coincidence that we feature 'touch' artist Dhyan Chand in this issue, for the first of four Tests between India and Pakistan was a harkback to the time when hockey was queen.

It is the Dhyan Chand tradition both India and Pakistan have inherited. However, the emergence of 'direct' and 'power' hockey during the last two decades had created no end of confusion in the subcontinent about what our basic approach to the game should be. It was, therefore, a matter for both joy and relief that this goodwill series between India and Pakistan should have begun on the right note, with both teams demonstrating from the word go what this game, which they taught the world, is about.

For all the dust raised by certain curious decisions of Pak Umpire Shafaat Baghdadi, with Indian Umpire Satinderpal Walia contributing his share to the imbroglio, the fact remains that the two teams provided for the crowd a wonderful exhibition of the forgotten art in hockey. Pakistan were the better team on the run of play, with their wingers Kaleemullah and Khalid Hamid centring with a penchant and precision that their forwards skilfully exploited—especially inside-left Hanif Khan, who showed a fine flair for opportunism by notching a hat-trick.

This kind of opportunism is what Indian forwards Merwyn Fernandes, Surinder Singh Sodhi and Kaushik failed to display, though Shahid at inside-left turned in an exemplary display. A tendency to hold on to the ball a little longer than necessary instead of passing to a better-positioned colleague, a knack of 'lingering' rather than 'first-timing', is what ultimately cost India the match, though they might prefer to believe that it was the partisan approach of Umpire Baghdadi that tilted the scale 5-3 in Pakistan's favour

Photographs by Gopal Bhat

Neutral Umpires Needed

There was a 20-minute spell after the intermission when the Indian forwards ran rings round the Pak defence, which showed itself rather slow to recover. This was the spell during which Shafaat Baghdadi came whistling to Pakistan's rescue, though Pak supporters will argue that Satinderpal Walia of India did the same at the other end at critical moments. However, while Baghdadi may have contributed to cramping India's style when they were on top and looked all set to equalise, in reality it was the skill and anticipation of Pakistan's seasoned centre-half, Akhtar Rasool, that ultimately prevented us from drawing-level.

Akhtar Rasool certainly brings a most welcome leavening of experience to the Pak team at a time when they are rebuilding. Pak Hockey appeared to be on the way down after that country could finish only fourth in the Karachi Champions Trophy, which Holland won with such distinction. Subsequently, Pakistan went on a tour of the Continent, but could do nothing there to dispel the impression that they were no longer the gold-medal force they once were.

India on the other hand, after having missed the 1981 Champions Trophy, have been on the way up after a series of camps and a tour of Europe, which helped promote a sense of cohesion in their ranks. The popular view may be that too much was read into India's regaining the gold medal at Moscow last year, since the major hockey-playing countries did not take part in that Olympic Games for political reasons. However, those regularly on the hockey beat always contested this view and gave it as their assessment that India were slowly but surely on the way to regaining their lost touch in hockey.

This First Test against Pakistan certainly showed that Indian Hockey is beginning to pay its way as a result of a long-overdue injection of youth. Of course, by the time this sees the light of print, the four-Test series between India and Pakistan will have run its course. Whatever the outcome, it is to be hoped that Indian Hockey will not lose the vital spark lit by Dhyan Chand & Co. ■

PAK CENTRE-HALF AKHTAR RASOOL turned in a stand-out display, but this was one time he failed to intercept. A powerful penalty-corner drive by India's Rajinder Singh finds the boards in the First Test which we lost 5-3 to Pakistan. Goalkeeper Moinuddin, though beaten here, was an impressive performer for Pakistan, standing (with Akhtar Rasool) in the way of India drawing level.

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Forgotten Touch In Hockey

There has been no parallel to Dhyan Chand in hockey. His incredible stickwork and ball-control still remain unmatched.

by S. Rifaquat Ali

THE man who scored almost a century of goals was a master craftsman symbolic of a figure cut in ebony exuberant Dhyan Chand, a Sepoy from the first Brahmin Regiment which he joined in 1922

Hockey "Wizard"

Legend has it that in 1924 the final of the Punjab Indian Infantry hockey tournament was being played at Jhelum Dhyan Chand's team was losing by two goals and four minutes were left for the final whistle when his Commanding Officer cried out 'Come on Dhyan! We are two goals down do something about it!' In a flash, the mercurial Dhyan Chand scored three goals and led his side to a great victory Ever since he was called a "wizard"

From the Amsterdam Olympic Games in 1928 to those at Los Angeles (1932) and Berlin (1936) the hockey maestro dribbled the world with his artistic wizardry yet unmatched in the history of the game

Such was his stickwork on the playfield that the Europeans did not believe the way he used to sprint down with the ball glued to his stick Apparently they grew suspicious about his stickwork and when some people examined his stick to find out if a magnet was attached to it they were stupefied when they found nothing

On August 16, 1936, the Eleventh Olympic Games came to a close in Berlin Hitler the Reich Chancellor, and King Boris of Bulgaria were in the loges of honour Every member of the Indian field hockey team qualified for the Olympic gold medal by virtue of its magnificent 8-1 victory over the spirited Germans

Hitler's Offer

But for Dhyan Chand who had scored three beautiful field goals in the match there was something bigger in store than the glittering gold medal Hitler known for his apathy towards the blacks had spurned a suggestion to meet the American track and field star Jesse Owens to Dhyan Chand the Fuehrer offered the title of Field Marshal if he remained to Germany

The superstar's patriotic feelings overcame Hitler most generous offer and Dhyan Chand returned to India without even giving a moment's thought to it

For well over a quarter of a century the peerless gem of Indian hockey mesmerised the world with his incredible stickwork ball control feint and dazzling dribbling

During the 1936 Berlin Olympics the ruler of Baroda the Princess of Bhopal and a large number of Indians travelled from all over the Continent and England to witness the final tussle which India eventually won Dhyan Chand was superb in the match When the referee had blown the final whistle the blonde German girls resplendently attired approached him for an autograph some even went to his room later and hugged the hero of the match for the dazzle and brilliance he had displayed

Record In Olympics

In the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics Dhyan Chand scored eight goals and India won 24 - 1, which is still a record in Olympics His younger brother Rup Singh, the greatest inside left the world has produced, too scored ten goals A local newspaper of Los Angeles wrote 'All the colour, glamour and pageantry of Rudyard Kipling's India might well have found its incarnation in the personnel of the Indian team which is to represent the land of Mahatma Gandhi So agile are the members of the team that they can run the full length of the hockey field juggling a small wooden ball on the flat of the hockey stick

Another Los Angeles newspaper was more candid The All India field hockey team which G D Sondhi had brought to Los Angeles to defend their 1928 Olympic title was a typhoon out of the east as it trampled under its feet and all but shoved out of the Olympic stadium the eleven representing the United States

Once discussing informally about the centre forward position which was his forte Dhyan observed 'A good centre forward is one who gets the maximum effect out of his wing forwards He should distribute the passes equally but with judgement He must know which flank is creating a better impression on the opposite defence and adjust his play accordingly He must always have something up his sleeves

Awarded Padma Bhushan

It was through field hockey that Dhyan Chand rose to the rank of Captain and retained it till his retirement in 1956 the year the state honoured him with the Padma Bhushan the first of the thirteen recipients of the award to date

Dhyan Chand baffled the hockey world through his genius which blossomed in a country engulfed in political ferment When Nehru who was then in his professional capacity as a journalist asked Gandhiji for his consent to raise funds for India's participation in hockey at the Los Angeles Olympics the Mahatma in his own characteristic style asked him 'What is hockey?'

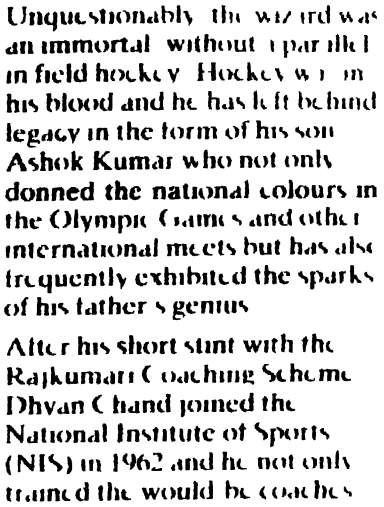
So poor was the patronage to Indian hockey! Yet the two brothers from Jhansi Dhyan Chand and Rup Singh together formed a team of world beaters anywhere under the sun They had placed India in an invincible position

Unquestionably the wizard was an immortal without a parallel in field hockey Hockey was in his blood and he has left behind legacy in the form of his son Ashok Kumar who not only donned the national colours in the Olympic Games and other international meets but has also frequently exhibited the sparks of his father's genius

After his short stint with the Rajkumari Coaching Scheme Dhyan Chand joined the National Institute of Sports (NIS) in 1962 and he not only trained the would be coaches and the national players but also passed on his knowledge to his successor Balkishen Singh an Olympian and coach of the victorious Indian team to the Moscow Olympic Games

In 1979 Dhyan Chand was admitted to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in New Delhi The doctors gloomily pronounced that the wizard had cancer and that his end was near However he fought death like a champion, as he had done on many occasions on the playfield But finally he yielded to God's will and the voice that was first heard on August 28, 1905 in Allahabad was silenced for ever on December 3rd 1979

Thus an era came to an end in field hockey!



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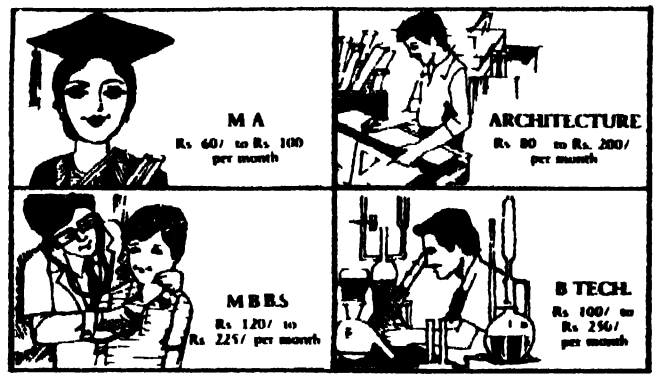

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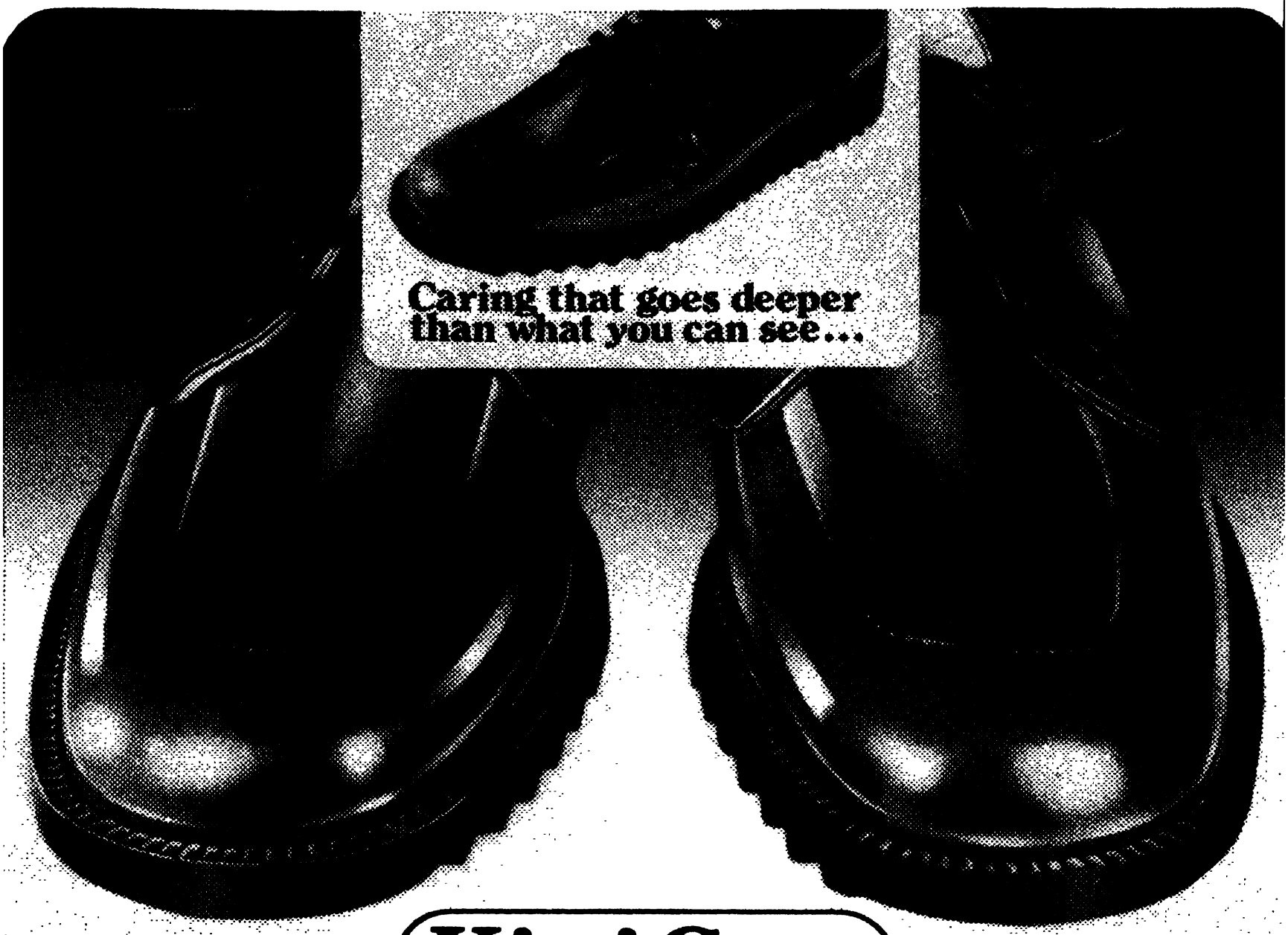

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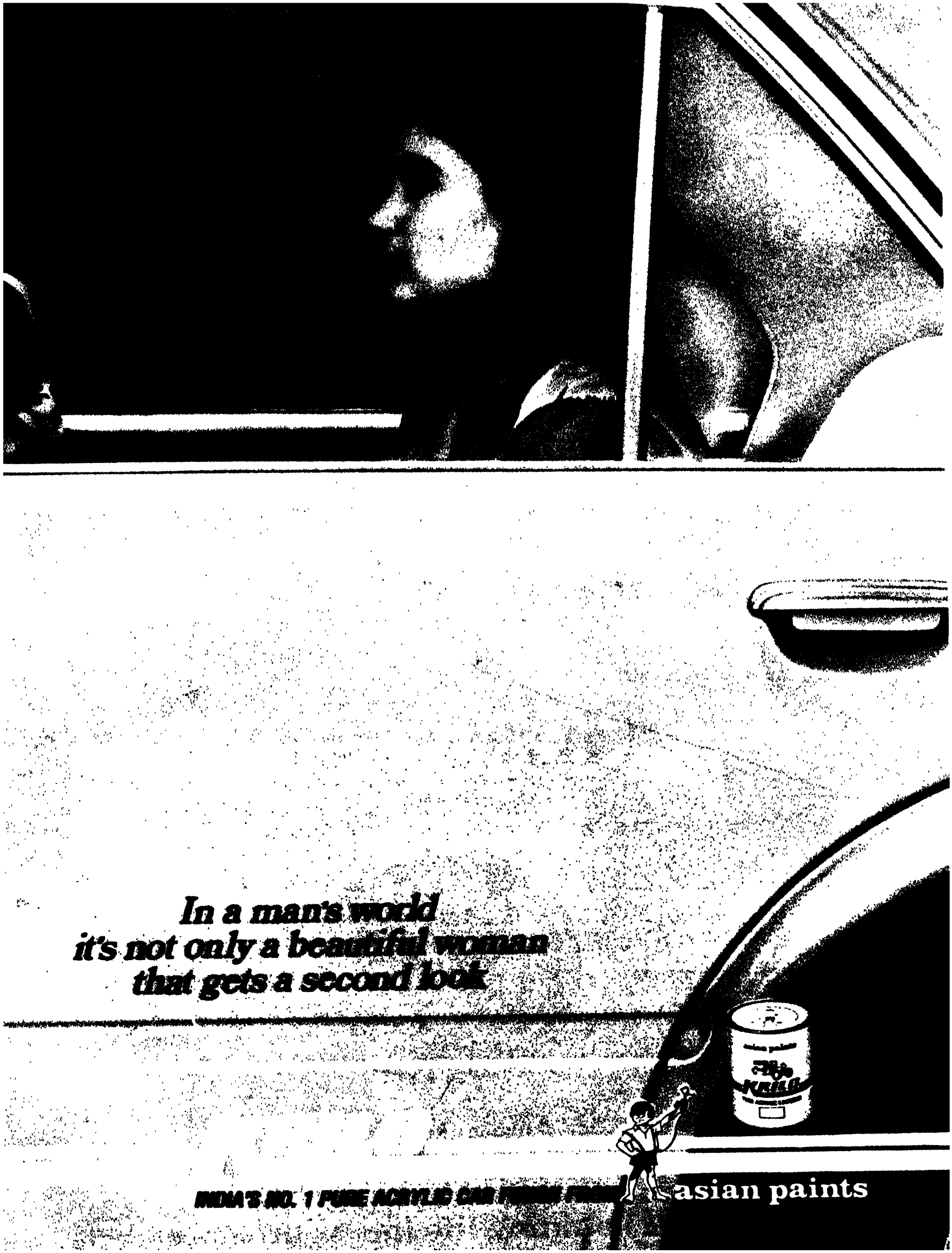
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The Failure of Samar Sen

by Raghava R. Menon

He believed he made a successful swimming coach. His students developed a peculiar intimacy with water and crowds that came to watch were reminded of a school of otters.

SAMAR Sen was the swimming coach of the New Central School and he was explaining to the boys of Standard II the first principles of swimming. He believed it was wrong to teach a child to swim till he was of an age to understand. So no boy below the second standard was ever allowed near the pool.

Samar Sen was old. Twenty years ago he had come to Central School looking for work. He had no special qualifications and no teaching experience. When the headmaster, Dr Narayana Iyer, had interviewed him, Samar Sen had offered to teach any subject to the lower school in whatever vacancy there was.

The headmaster was taken abac this offer and had enquired very tactfully (for there was an air of and authority about this man tha was difficult to ignore) how he proposed to teach a subject he h not studied himself. Samar Sen l replied with extraordinary brevi and firmness that he could prove him, in a month, that he would c less and better than most!

There was a vacancy in the lowe school that had to be filled and because Dr Iyer was curious to t this man who had so subtly impressed him, he put him down teach arithmetic in the lower sch

Samar Sen's classes in arithmeti were, to say the least, very odd. began by writing down on the blackboard all the numbers from to nine not in a row, but scattere over like drops of water. Then h said, "Children, do you see the numbers on the blackboard? We

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look at each of them carefully. Observe them, their shape... and while you look at them think of what they mean. Then close your eyes and visualise them in your mind's eye, putting them in a straight line one beneath the other. Continue to see them with your eyes closed. Resist the impulse to add or subtract, multiply or divide them in your mind. Simply learn to see the numbers with your eyes closed. Now begin all together."

The class had first sat with eyes shut, their brows knotted—in concentration. In the afternoon sun the landscape of green and tawny playing fields shimmered and danced in the fierce glare. Up in the sky the eagles were tiny specks resting motionless on invisible columns of vapour. The clamour of the market place was muted, like the notes of a distant organ. The class sat with closed eyes, utterly still.

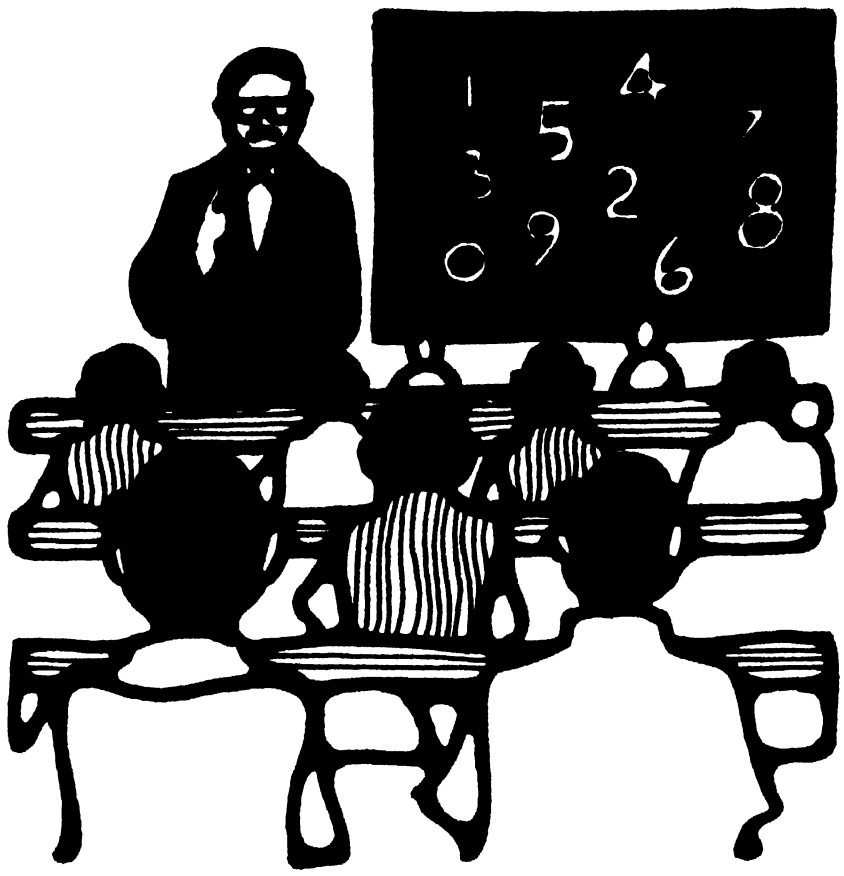
At the end of a month Dr Iyer gave them a test. The new teacher was not present that day. He claimed that he had done what he could and needed a rest. The boys solved the sums in their exercise books even before the headmaster had finished writing them on the blackboard. When he asked them to begin, the class answered in a chorus that they had finished, and were waiting for more.

The astonished headmaster had later summoned Samar Sen to his room and told him what had happened. Sen had smiled shyly and said, "Then I stay. Do I not?"

"Yes. Yes!" said the headmaster, "It is amazing, absolutely astonishing. Never seen a thing like this in my life. How did you do it?"

"Ah, well," said the teacher, "It is just a method of making them aware of numbers in a new way. I do not find this easy to explain." Samar Sen looked all over the room in an effort to simplify what he wanted to say. "Everything you do," he continued, "and the way you do it, is because of a certain kind of awareness you have of it. For instance, you are aware of me in a certain way, of your family in another way. The people whom you dislike you are aware of in yet another way. Your environment and everything that is happening in it you are aware in various ways and in various degrees. You see what I mean?" He paused and stood up and then sat down again.

"To a large extent everything you are and do is a result of this awareness," he continued after a brief pause in which he frowned. "The knowledge of arithmetic, like any other bit of understanding, is the same. An *awareness* of numbers. One kind of awareness gave rise to the system you and I were taught in our schools. I have changed the awareness of these boys. They don't any longer need the old methods." The headmaster made to interrupt, but Sen raised a hand and continued,



"You must not misunderstand. These boys are doing all the operations of arithmetic. Only, they do not do it our way. It is really very simple."

So Samar Sen joined the New Central School. First as an arithmetic teacher, then in the next ten years he taught the lower school various subjects of his choice. It was in the eleventh year of Samar Sen's career that a modern swimming pool was donated to the school by a wealthy patron.

It was a beautiful thing, this pool, the water a deep blue that made you think of the sky after the rains. It had lights within it which could be switched on at night. The spectators sat round it in tiers and watched the boys swim. It caused a great sensation in the neighbourhood and everyone admired the school for it. Very soon the pool became the venue for all aquatic sports in the region and once a year the national championships were conducted in it with great ceremony.

ONE mellow January morning Samar Sen met the first batch of swimmers that year at the edge of the pool. The second standard boys were a particularly slim and cleanboned lot and he admired their supple bodies. They were full of promise. Samar Sen rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Children," he began in his high fluting voice, "this morning you will be given your first lesson in swimming. The first thing you do is forget everything you've been told about it. It does not consist in moving your arms and legs as you have seen people do. No," he wagged a gentle finger. "You must learn to know the water, know it for what it is. Not up here," he tapped his forehead gravely, "like your history lessons, but with every part of your body. For it is with every part of your body that you eventually learn to swim. Learn to know the water with your arms and legs and your belly and your chest. Don't interfere with your body's knowledge of the water..." He cleared his throat, paused, looked up at the sky and stroking his Adam's apple continued. "Yes, you must not interfere. Let your body learn the water and then you will also know it. "This morning," he went on, "you will enter the pool at the shallow end and lie flat on your stomachs without moving a limb. You will go under the first few times but you must persist in lying still on the water without stirring. Like a lizard on a rock. Your limbs will love the water after some time. You will fear it no more. It will carry you softly without your knowing it, it will hold you aloft gently." He spread out his fingers and made an upward gesture. "That is all you will do for the rest of this term and when you return from your holidays I shall begin to tell you about moving in the water."

Every year, for as long as he could remember, this was the way he started off his first class of the year. And he believed he made a successful swimming coach. He knew his students developed a peculiar intimacy with water and the crowds that came to watch the New Central School boys at the Championships were reminded of a school of otters. They sped through the water with uncanny speed and a wierd abandon and gleamed and flashed in the blue depths like knives. No one could say whether they observed any special style or employed a particular stroke, for they were too swift and swam a little below the surface. Opinions about the technical skill of the New Central School swimmers were always conflicting, but the distinguishing feature of a Samar Sen student's performance in the pool was that he seemed fearfully happy as he swam—almost reckless with joy—and when he won a prize and the crowd cheered and clapped, he always seemed slightly surprised and behaved with a peculiar courtliness.

All these characteristics of the school swimmers endeared them to the people and when student after student excelled himself and astonished the swimming world, Samar Sen would smile shyly through his spectacles, wave his hands deprecatingly and exclaim, "It is all because of *the system.*"

"What is this system?" they would ask and Samar Sen would explain in his patient fluting voice. He would begin always by saying, "We really belong to the water, you know. Our history on land is pitifully recent. Biological evolution brought us to the land. The ten avatars begin with the fish after all."

What the Samar Sen system did was to remind the body of its ancestral environment. This had nothing to do with the mind in particular, although the mind come into it in certain obscure ways. So there was nothing in it that could be explained in words. It was something, he would say, that required awareness. His students never learned to swim, they were merely taught to remember. They forgot the land. Forgot they ever belonged to it. When they forgot this truthfully and believed in the water as people believe in the air and take it for granted when they breathe, then it was time to pronounce them swimmers. The result was that his students acquired the mobility of fish and also the contentment and abandon of fish in the water.

The annual sports of the New Central School was always a gay and noisy affair and all the town came to see it. The chief spectacle was, of course, the aquatic event, for it gave everyone a great thrill to see the lads in the water with their blinding speed and nonchalance, and also their curious stillness. Ever since Samar Sen's students began to compete publicly everyone came from far and near to see them.

The programme usually started in the forenoon with track events and the boys jumped and ran all day. The starter's pistol popped and the jumpers jumped, others putted shots or ran in relays. The little boys from the kindergarten would crowd round the bend of the lanes to watch the runners. From the National Girls' School on the hill above the city, the girls would come dressed in vivid ankle length skirts and coloured blouses, their eyes outlined in

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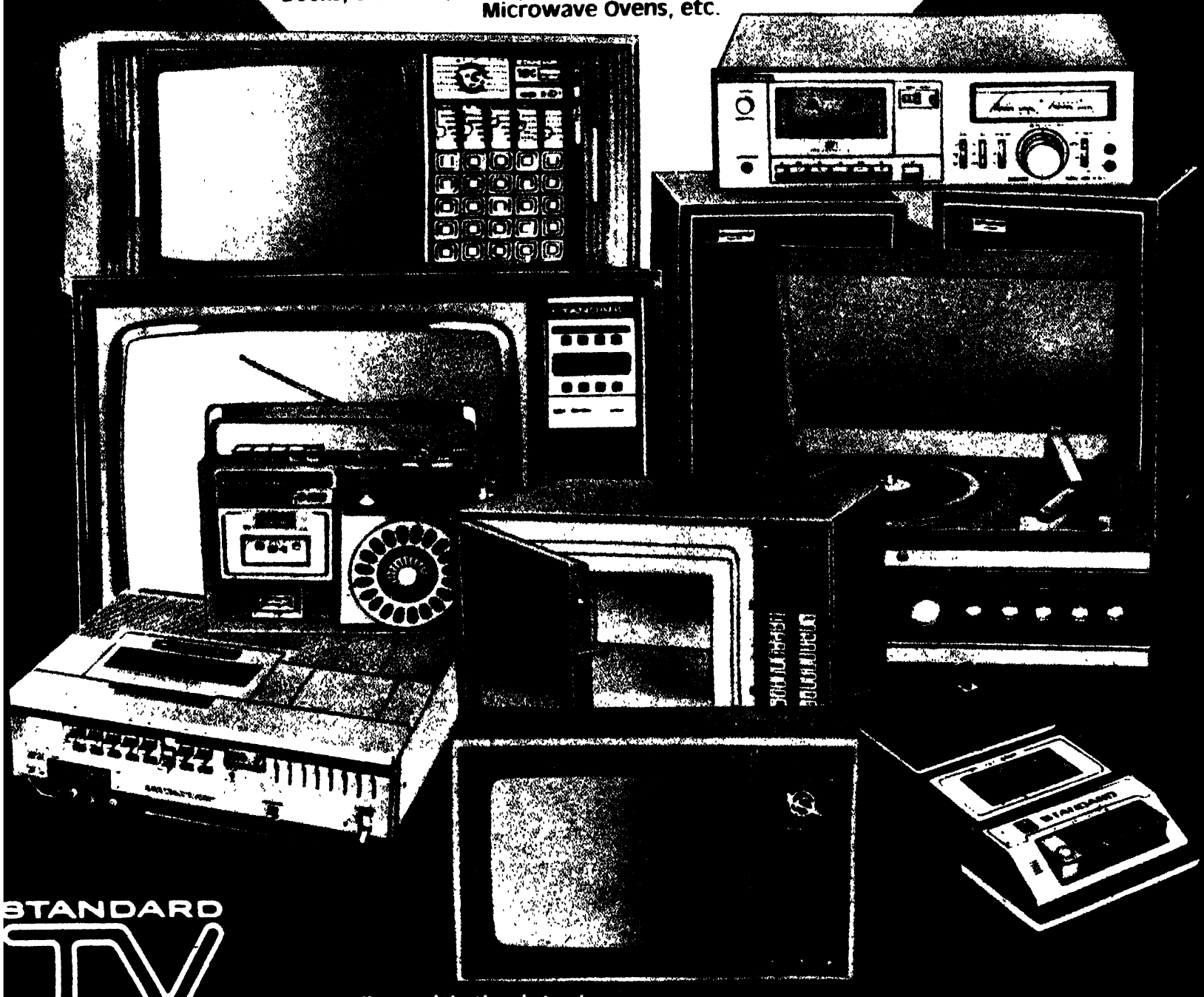

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collyrium, their hair oiled and slapped flat and plaited and tied together with flaming ribbons.

It was always sunny on Sports Day. There was no record of rain ever spoiling the fun. The aquatic events were held an hour or so before tea was served and after every one had eaten, there was usually a speech from the headmaster who rambled on for a few minutes. After that it was dark and late enough to go home.

IN this particular year the track events had come to a close. The great crowd, bemused and tired by the day's exposure to the sun and wind and glare, moved in a solid phalanx over the green of the playing field on which little flags and chalk lanes still glimmered in the level light of the dying day. They assembled in the tiered stadium around the pool. The mercury vapour lamps had been lit and the pool looked like living jade in the mysterious pallor cast by their light.

Samar Sen was walking round the pool dressed in his usual *dhoti* and black coat and his spectacles drooped low over his nose. The house master, Mr Ramanathan, began making his announcements of the various races of the evening. His voice ricocheted and bounced between the loudspeakers.

"This afternoon," he began.

"noon," the loudspeakers mimicked.

"We are all assembled," he went on.

"sembled," the loudspeakers repeated.

"to witness the 8th Aquatic meet of the New Central School."

"hool," said the loudspeakers.

"I have greet pleasure in announcing the names of the contestants."

"stunts," said the mocking voices.

Samar Sen stood with a bandana and a starting pistol at one end of the pool and at the other end crouched the boys under the glare of the lamps. The bandana made a downward gesture and a dull pop followed a puff of smoke.. A soundless splash and the shadows of the swimmers streaked across the floor of the pool like arrows. A little later came the sound of wild clapping as the winning boys climbed out of the water looking slightly bemused and surprised.

The New Central School swimmers were in amazing form that evening and the races broke many records. Then Mr Ramanathan, echoed by mocking voices, announced the hundred metres underwater event. It was after the boys had finished two lengths of the pool that someone noticed a black smudge struggling and gurgling at the deep end. The smudge went under a few times and came up again while the boys swam placidly under it.

The realisation that it was Samar Sen quietly drowning at the deep end of the pool while the race was being run came as a shock and many rejected the thought even while they feared it. And when at last there began a stampede to the water's edge, time had already passed and the soaking body of the swimming master with his spectacles still hanging by one ear was pulled out by anxious, horrified men from the crowd.

He lay there, a pitiful rag doll on the grass under the lamps, while the boys swam undisturbed by any knowledge of the tragedy. The men tried to revive him. At midnight he was alive but in high fever and delirium. Half the night he raved, sitting up at times and shouting, "My students, my students. They are fish. They don't recognise drowning. I have failed.... failed..." His voice would then trail off till he began raving all over again.

By the dawn's first light he died quietly in his sleep. His students were sheepish and evasive. They had known nothing.

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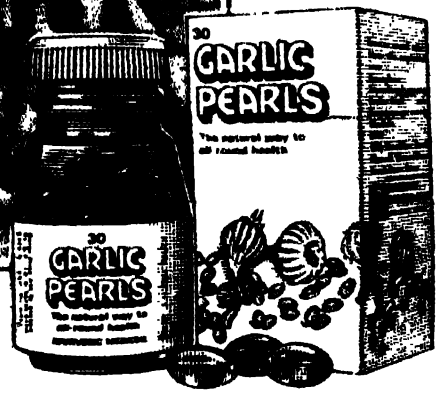

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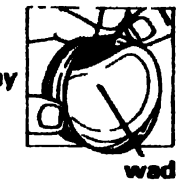

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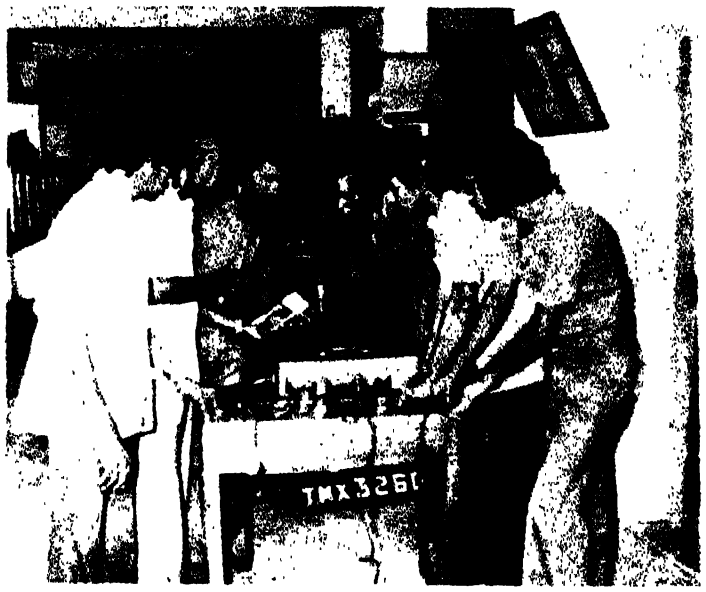

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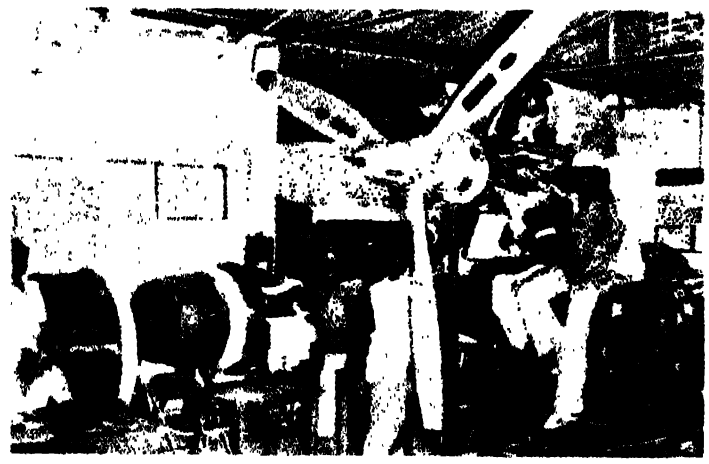

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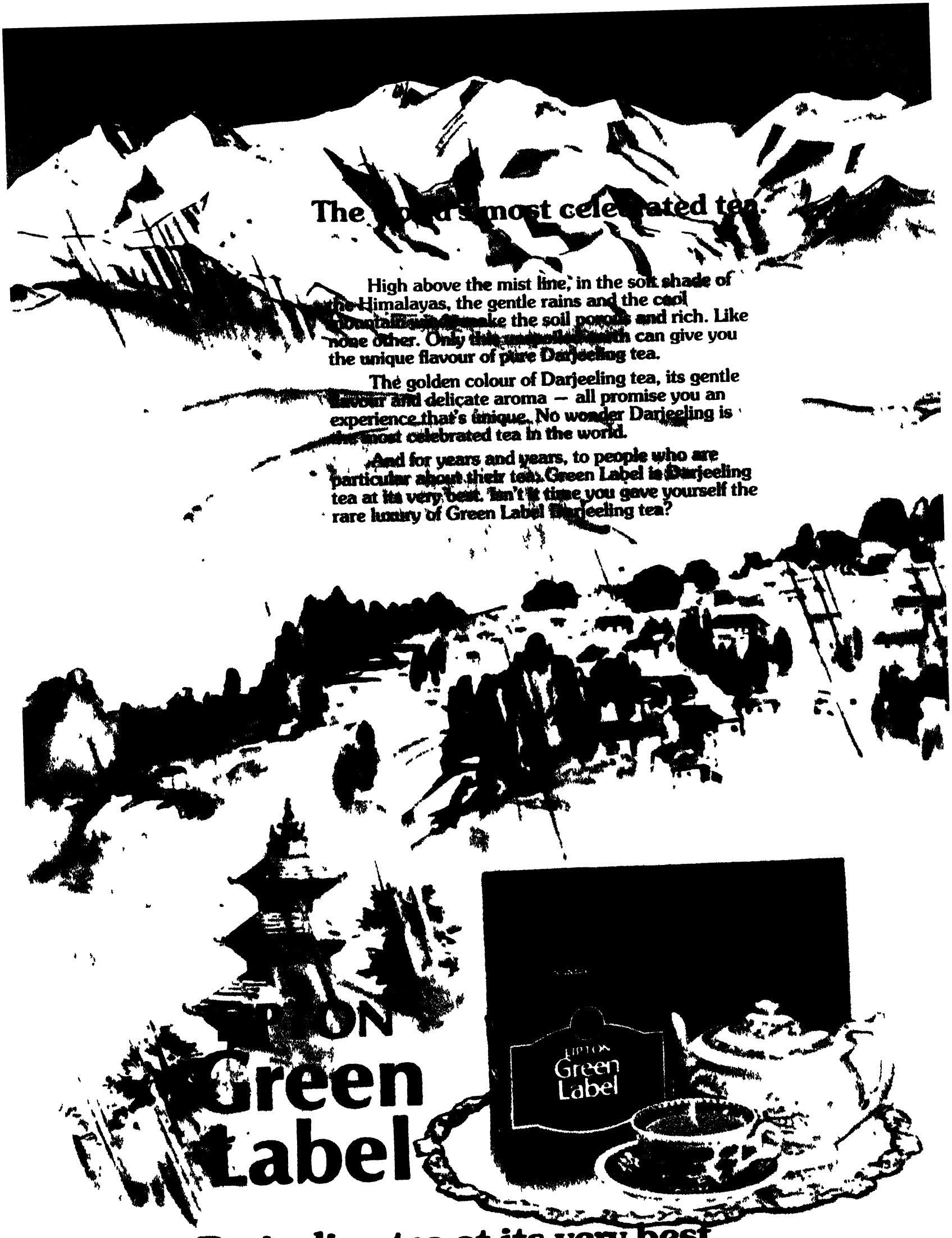
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THE misprint of the year appeared in the sports page of a local newspaper. It read: "At this point the gallery deserted the defending champion to watch Miss Jones, whose shorts were dropping on the green with astonishing regularity."

WIFE: "Didn't like the looks of the girl you hired to clean the house, so I fired her this afternoon!"

Husband: "Without giving her a chance?"

Wife: "No, before giving you one."

This week, it's fourpence off and fivepence up!

TWO hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food merchant came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one man bit into his, the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness:

"Jed, have you eaten yours yet?"

"Not yet," answered Jed. "Why?"

"Well, don't touch it. I've taken one bite and gone blind!"

HOME is a place where a man is free to say anything he pleases, because no one will pay the slightest attention to him anyway.

"Did you follow my advice about kissing women when they least expect it?"

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye. "I thought you said where."

AN old and privileged friend asked Bill why he married a woman with the face of a mournful cow, the brains of an addled sheep, and the disposition of a setting hen.

"Well, Joe," he sighed, "it was a truly perfect June night. I'll never forget the scent of honeysuckle wafting across the porch, the softness of the breeze that played with tendrils of her hair, or the sleepy notes of a mocking bird in a nearby bush. But even more unforgettable were the rays of a yellow moon glinting on the barrel of her father's shotgun."

THE Personnel Officer had called the clerical force together and was laying down the law. "There's going to be a new regime around here—all work. And," he concluded, "from now on, I want you out of here and calling on the factory workers at the stroke of 9."

One boy piped up, "The first stroke of 9 or the last stroke, sir?"

A BISHOP was speaking to a class of boys on the merits of moral courage. "Ten boys were sleeping in a dormitory," he said, by way of illustration, "and only one knelt to say his prayers—that is moral courage." When he had finished his talk he asked one of the boys to give him an example of moral courage.

"Well, sir," said the lad, "ten bishops were sleeping in a dormitory, and only one jumped into bed without saying his prayers!"

"AREN'T people funny?"

"Yes, if you tell a man that there are 270, 678, 934, 341 stars in the universe he'll believe you—but if a sign says *Fresh Paint*, that same man has to make a personal investigation."

THEN there was the magician who forgot himself during his sawing-a-woman-in-half-routine. "I'm heartbroken," he said. "I'm visiting her at the hospital. She's in Rooms 205 and 206."

THE difference between war and peace is that there never has been war, a really good war.

TENANT: "It's outrageous. I saw two rats fighting in my room last night."

Landlord: "So, what do you want for fifty quids, as monthly rent? Bullfights?"

HERE'S one about the twins who meet after not seeing each other for some months. "You remember me," says one to the other, "I used to be your womb-mate."

LIFE is so complicated that by the time a man finds out what it's all about he has forgotten why he wanted to know.

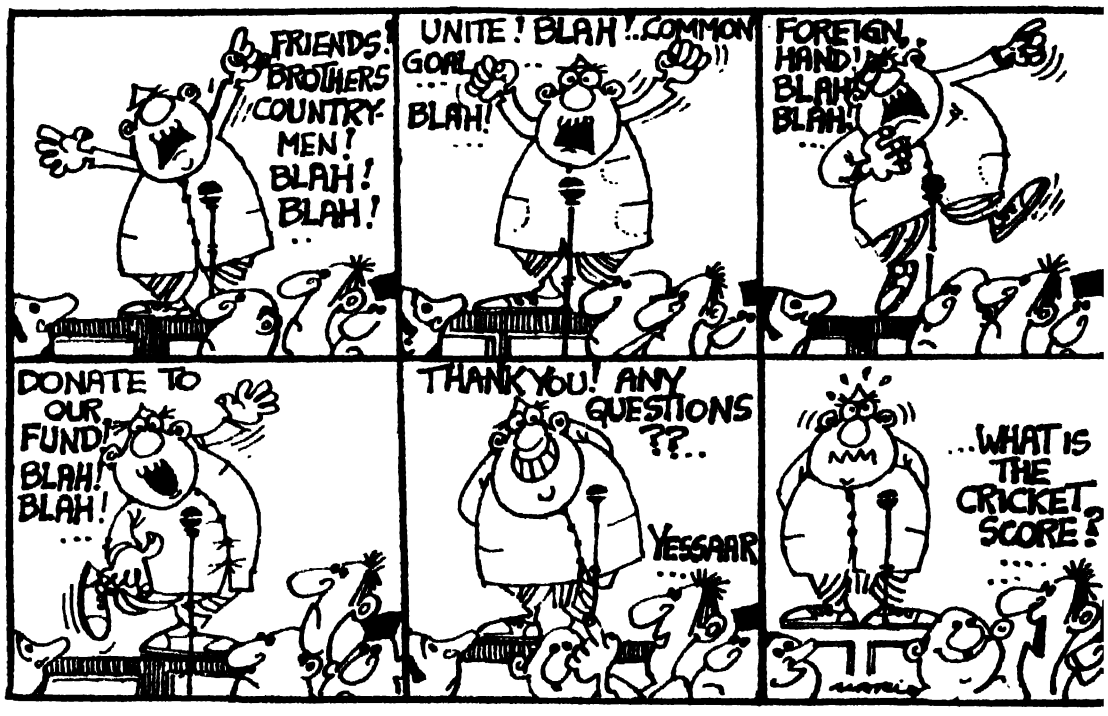
I always throw the laundry in as well!

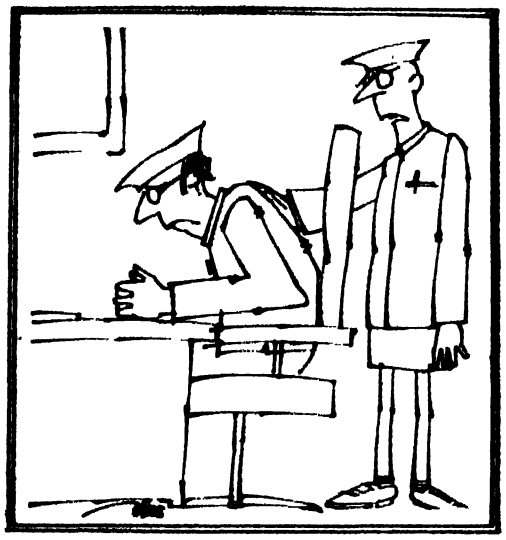
THE doctor was peeved at the young man in the examination room. "Wait a minute. I didn't tell you to open your mouth and say 'Ah'."

"I know you didn't, Doc, but your nurse just walked in."

"WHAT makes you so sure your wife doesn't like you any more?"

"She bought me a deer-skin coat to wear when I go hunting."





Don't worry, Sir, if you've not had a helicopter ride, we hope there will be floods before your term ends.

THE census-taker knocked on Miss Matilda's door. She answered all his questions, until he asked her age. That she refused to tell.

"But they all tells their age to the census-taker," he said.

"Do you mean," Matilda enquired, that Miss Grace and Miss Irene Hill down at the corner told *their* ages?"

"Yes indeed."

"Well," snapped Miss Matilda. "I'm the same."

On the report the census-taker wrote: *One more who is as old as the Hills.*

FIRST Drunk: "We are getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

SAID the wife to her husband:

"Mind escorting me out with garbage so I can say we go out together once in a while?"

THE warden was apologetic "I'm terribly sorry, Larry," he said to the prisoner about to be released, "but we've kept you here a week longer than we should have. Purely accident—our records were confused...and...

"Oh, that's okay, warden," said Larry. "Just add it to my account."

A PREACHER here says that the day will come when kissing will be prohibited."

"Well thank goodness we have our nights."

WHEN your wife gets burned at the seashore, it may be due to the bathing suit another woman is wearing.

I WILL take this case to a higher court," Jeeter's wife told the judge who had just decided in her husband's favour."

"But this is the highest court," the judge said.

"Wrong, Judge," said Jeeter. "You have not met her mother."

MOTHER firefly was talking to her children. "Now be careful," said Mom, "when you're flying indoors. Remember what happened to little Irving, the most brilliant firefly of them all—he backed into a fan and was de-lighted!"

THE husband and wife were arguing as husbands and wives will. "I'm going home to Mom," the wife wailed. "I should have listened to her twenty years ago."

He answered, "Go ahead—she's still talking!"

DICK, aged three did not like soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him. "Surely, you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?"

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but can't you just dust me?"

POLITE railway commuter (during usual rush hour): "Excuse me, sir, but I fear I am standing under your foot."

(Selected by Dattaraya Narayan)

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What will my son be? What about my daughter's future? Every plan for their future will cost money. Large sums of money!

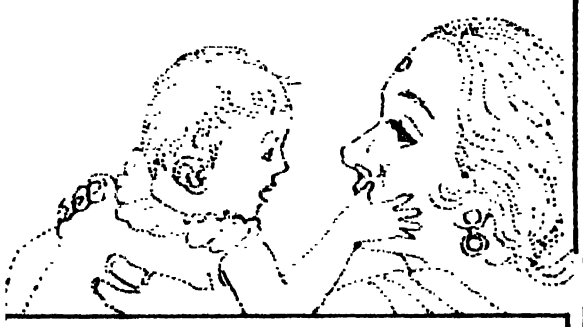
Under our Three-in-One Plan, by saving just for 5 years, you can provide higher education and a good start in life to your children.

THE THREE-TIER PLAN

Step 1

CUMULATIVE DEPOSIT

Start a Cumulative Deposit in Syndicate Bank in the name of your child on his first birthday by saving Rs. 100 per month for 60 months. When the child is six, the Cumulative Deposit would have swelled to Rs. 7791.



CUMULATIVE DEPOSIT

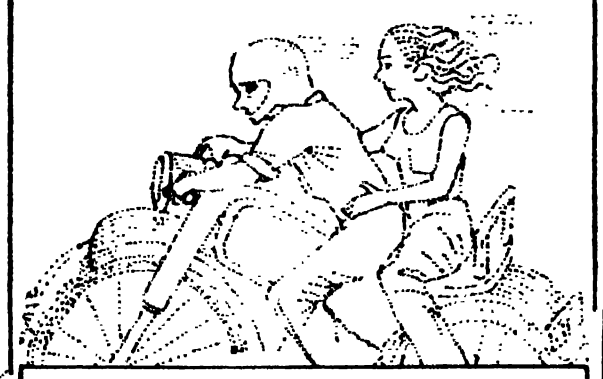
Where the Monthly Deposit is Rs. 100/-

Stipulated Period	Amount paid	Maturity Value
12 Months	Rs. 1200	Rs. 1250.00
36 Months	Rs. 3600	Rs. 4206.00
48 Months	Rs. 4800	Rs. 5911.00
60 Months	Rs. 6000	Rs. 7791.00

Step 2

PRAGATHI CASH CERTIFICATE

You reinvest a sum of Rs. 7440 in a Syndicate Bank Pragathi Cash Certificate for 120 months in your child's name. When your son/ daughter is 16, the value of this certificate would be Rs. 20,000.



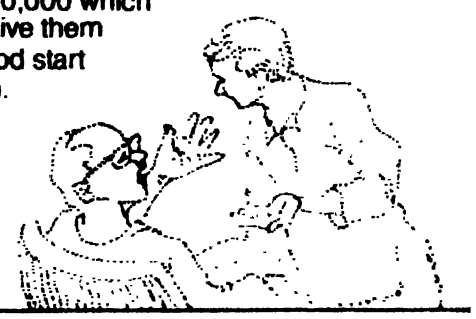
PRAGATHI CASH CERTIFICATE

Deposit of	Period	Value of Pragathi Cash Certificate
Rs. 372.00 ...	120 Months ...	Rs. 1,000
Rs. 7440.00 ...	120 Months ...	Rs. 20,000
Rs. 610.00 ...	60 Months ...	Rs. 1,000
Rs. 6100.00 ...	60 Months ...	Rs. 10,000

Step 3

SOCIAL SECURITY DEPOSIT

You can further reinvest this amount of Rs. 20,000 in a Syndicate Bank Social Security Deposit for 60 months. Your children can get interest income of Rs 165 every month to meet expenses. When they are 21, they will also have a capital of Rs. 20,000 which will give them a good start in life.



SOCIAL SECURITY DEPOSIT

Deposit	Period	Monthly income
Rs. 5,000 ...	60 Months ...	Rs. 41.32
Rs. 10,000 ...	60 Months ...	Rs. 82.64
Rs. 20,000 ...	60 Months ...	Rs. 165.28

If you are a monthly saver, the three-tier plan is practical. If you save in lumpsum, you can opt for Step 2 and 3 to fulfil your ambition of going abroad, owning a vehicle, owning a house.

mea SB 180

Saving for only 5 years makes a world of difference to your children's future.

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SYNDICATE BANK
The Bank that cares for people.

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

A hectic though profitable phase in your career will commence, now. Group and social activities will be pleasing. Finances will improve steadily. Vocation and business will progress smoothly. Business deals of Tuesday will fetch higher than usual returns on Wednesday. Reorganise your affairs on Thursday.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

The week offers splendid opportunities for making a headway in your career. Curb your involvement in group activities as much as possible. Involvements with members of the opposite sex may lead to criticism from your social circle. News from abroad brings excitement on Sunday.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar. 20

You will have a luxurious and carefree time. Writers, actors and industrialists will come into the limelight on Monday. New offers or fresh contracts are likely on Tuesday. Wednesday promises inspiration to artists. All pending issues should be cleared by the midweek. Reserve the weekend for business deals.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

You will be at the peak of your performance, careerwise. Concentrate on establishing your superiority rather than on financial matters. Remember, discretion is the better part of valour. Spend Sunday on sports and entertainment. Secret information of Monday can be utilised on Thursday.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

A dull and inactive week. You may feel fed up with what you are doing at the moment and will want a major change. Curb these temptations for the present. A short trip will be pleasing on Monday and will get you a new acquaintance. You will probably feel homesick.

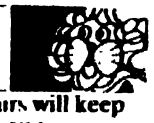
GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

A week of bitter-sweet experiences. New acquaintances are likely to develop and flourish in the near future, but your family may doubt your sincerity. Sunday is excellent for entertainment. Relatives may demand your time and money. Avoid whimsical and eccentric behaviour on Thursday-Friday.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

You will be very sensitive about family matters. Your spouse may suddenly have to go out of station and you may feel dejected and lonely. Job activities may prove tiresome. Clear property matters on Sunday. A minor windfall is likely on Monday. Employer employee relations may be strained.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21



Domestic affairs will keep you occupied. Elders may put you in an awkward position by insisting on finalising deals which you may not be able to accept or reject. Sunday is suitable for negotiations. Entertain even unwanted guests on Monday. Property matters may lead to tension on Tuesday.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

There will be overall improvement in your immediate environment. You can divert your attention to business. Try to secure additional finance for immediate use. A bit of good news on Monday will lead to a good business deal on Wednesday. Meet family demands on Friday. Financial gains are likely.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

Don't let yourself be upset by flimsy provocations. Be patient and deal calmly with all issues. You will incur heavy expenses on the domestic front and on guests. A picnic on Thursday is likely to prove expensive. Reserve Friday for taking stock of finances. Do not clash with elders on Saturday.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov 22

Although you will prosper in business, or service, you must not become slipshod for the next couple of months. No financial problems as you will make timely gains on Thrusday-Friday. Monday-Tuesday are the lucky days of the week when you can push up your interests.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

This week the accent is on group activities. Do take the chance to lead a delegation or a team, and prove your merit. Financial gains are likely on Sunday. Make the best use of secret information of Monday for boosting up business activities on Thursday. Friday will be good for speculation

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, December 20

A favourable year for journalists, engineers and sportsmen. Your expertise will be appreciated and you may go abroad in early 1982.
November-December are excellent for finances.

Monday, December 21

Vocationally you will do well this year. Some of you may get positions of distinction by your next birthday. Travel is indicated for teachers and missionaries.

Tuesday, December 22

Despite numerous difficulties you can make rapid strides in your career. Social workers and politicians may face opposition between May-July. The last quarter of 1982 is excellent for all-round activities.

Wednesday, December 23

You will display tremendous initiative and enterprise. You will also add substantially to your existing assets, and overcome opposition. Youngsters will flourish in personal and career affairs.

Thursday, December 24

Handle seniors and elders tactfully to secure their assistance and goodwill. You will enjoy domestic harmony and unity.

Friday, Decembr 25

Despite your practical outlook, you will be attracted to the mystic and mysterious. Your intuition will help you tremendously. Barring April-July, the rest of the year is extremely favourable.

Saturday, December 26

This year you will be extremely progressive and will absorb new thoughts and ideas. You can undertake new ventures on an experimental basis. Heart patients should avoid exertion between July and October.

1.e4, e5, 2.Nc3, Nc6 3.g3, f5 4.d3, Nf6 5.Bg2, Bb4 6.Nge2, 00 7.00, d6 8.Nd5!, Ba5 9.Bg5, Ne7? 10.Bxf6, gxf6 11.Nxe7+, Qxe7 12.exf5, c6 13.g4, h5 14.Ng3, hxg4 15.Qxg4+, Qg7 16.Qc4+, Rf7 17.Kh1!, Bd7 18.Bf3, d5 19.Qa4, Bb6 20.Bh5, Re7 21.Bg6, Qh6 22.Qg4, Kh8 23.Nh5, Rf8 24.Rg1!, Rh7 25.Bxh7, Qxh7 26.Qh4!, Bxf5 27.Rg7, Qh6 28.Rag1, e4.

Position No. 193: 29.Nxf6!!!, 1-0.

2.Nc3) The Vienna Game. The main lines are: 2...Nf6 3.Bc4, Nxe4 4.Qh5, Nd6; 2...Nf6 3.f4, d5; 2...Nf6 3.g3, d5; 2...Nc6 3.Bc4, Bc5; 2...Nc6 3.f4, exf4 (Vienna Gambit).

rawn.

12...c6) Preferable was 12...Bxf5 13.Bxb7, Rb8 14.Bd5+, Kh8 15.b3, Bg4.

16...Rf7) 16...d5? would lose two Pawns to 17.Bxd5+ etc., and if 16...Qf7 17.Qa4, Bb6 18.Bf3 as in the game.

24.Rg1!) Threat Rg3-h3 which is even more effective after 24...Bxf2? 25.Rg2.

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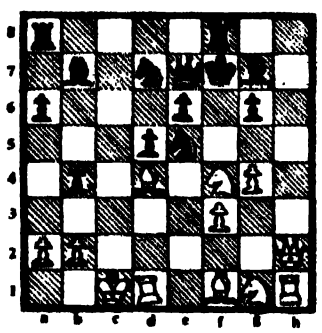
Exchange Variation. The Panov Attack 4.c4 is more fashionable.

5...g6) The main alternative is



No 197 White to play

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• FIRST with built-in pressure release valve and patented semi-return device • FIRST to get ISI mark... and yet the price is not high.

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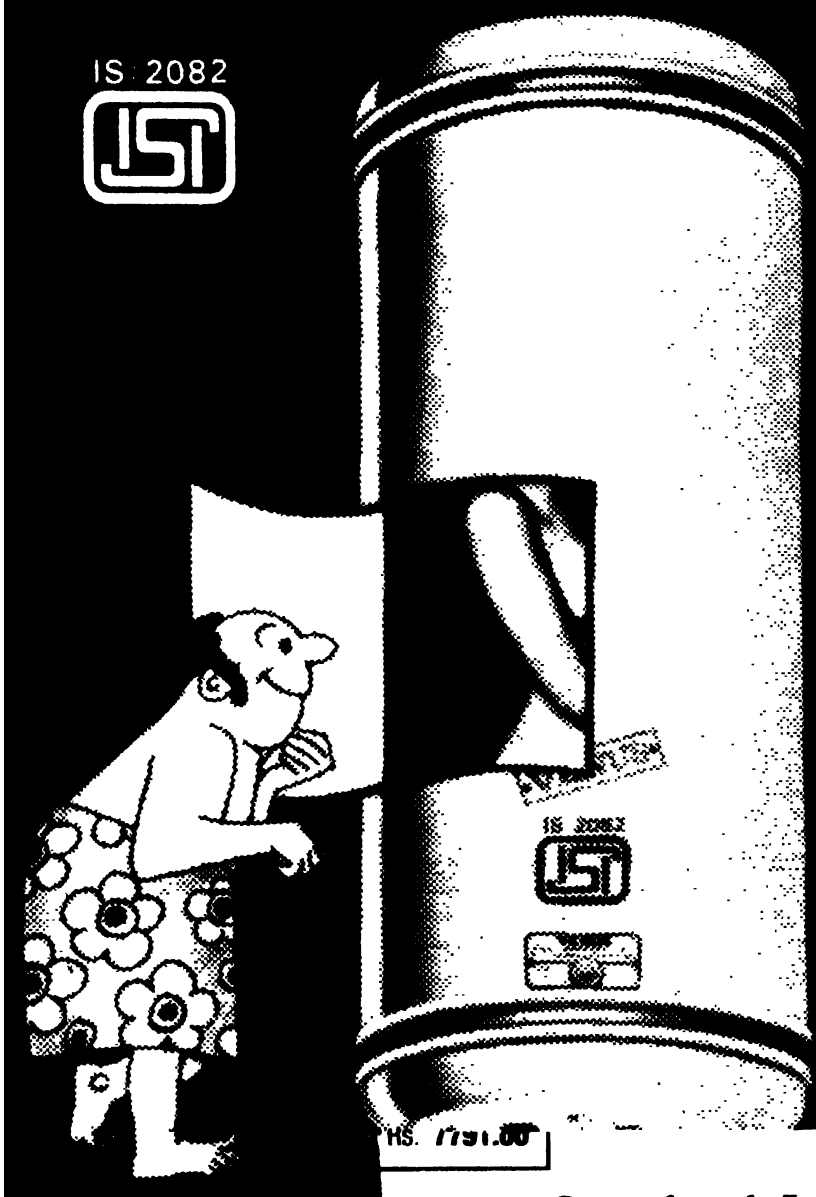

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Step 2 and 3 to fall your ambition of going abroad, owning a vehicle, owning a house.

Saving for only 5 years makes a world of difference to your children's future.

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mas SB 180

THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

BEGINNERS IMPRESSIVE PLAY

ATUL CHATURVEDI of Lucknow, a regular reader of this column, sent me this remarkable deal. His wife, a self-confessed beginner, and he were East and West, playing Rubber Bridge at home.

	♠ Q732 ♥ J64 ♦ Q1098 ♣ Q9	
♠ K1085 ♥ AKQ ♦ K5 ♣ AK75	N W E S	♠ A4 ♥ 9532 ♦ AJ74 ♣ 643
	♠ J96 ♥ 1087 ♦ 632 ♣ J1082	

The Chaturvedis were playing a system of their own, and the auction proceeded:

West	North	East	South
1NT	P	2D	P
3C	P	3S	P
4H	P	6D	P
P	D'ble	All Pass.	

One No Trump apparently showed a very strong balanced hand, and the next four bids showed the Aces of the bid suit! Since all the Aces were found to be present, Mrs Chaturvedi decided they ought to be in slam, so she bid it. Atul passed, and presumably was surprised when North doubled. His final pass is a compliment to Mrs Chaturvedi's declarer play, a rarity in a mixed partnership. Well done, Atul.

How would you play Six Diamonds on the lead of the Jack of Clubs? Vague squeeze possibilities come immediately to mind, but as you can see, they are doomed - But Mrs Chaturvedi had no problems.

The Ace of Clubs won the first trick, three Hearts were cashed, the Ace of Spades, King and a Spade ruff in hand brought the total to seven tricks. A club to the King and a fourth Spade was ruffed in hand with the *seven* of Diamonds. When this held, declarer was home — the thirteenth Heart was ruffed with dummy's King of Diamonds while North helplessly under-ruffed, and the Ace and Jack of trumps were the eleventh and twelfth tricks!

Actually, I was wrong when I wrote that Mrs Chaturvedi is a "self-confessed beginner"—Atul says she is, but if her play on this hand is anything to go by, her declarer play technique is impressive indeed.

No doubt eagle-eyed readers will have spotted that six No Trumps makes in one of two ways - by ducking a Spade and then squeezing North in Spades and Diamonds, or by making use of the Spade pips to concede only one Spade trick to North. But six Diamonds is certainly the more challenging contract.

Weekly Quiz No 12

NORTH deals and non vulnerable against vulnerable opens 4 Hearts. Your partner, East, doubles, showing good defensive potential, but you are in no mood to exchange 1370 for only 500 or so. Your jump to six Clubs meets with a double from South. North leads the Ace of Hearts, and your partner puts down his dummy with a resigned air. It's now up to you to justify your bashing bidding with dashing play:

West (You)	East
♠ Q53	♠ A10
♥ Void	♥ KJ108
♦ Q64	♦ KJ82
♣ AQJ10432	♣ K76

Lead: Ace of hearts, South discards the six of Spades. You cash the Ace of Clubs, and both follow. Is it to be 1540 in your column, or 200 in theirs?

Weekly Quiz No 13

You are West, playing an apparently ordinary game contract. But against expert defenders, even an ordinary contract may prove awkward:

West	East
♠ 1072	♠ K95
♥ KQJ93	♥ 762
♦ KQ2	♦ AJ4
♣ 43	♣ AKJ8
West	East
	1NT
2C	2D
3H	4H

Yes, three No Trumps might have been better, but your partner prefers that *you* play as many contracts as possible. North leads the three of Spades; South wins the Jack when you play low from dummy, and returns the four Spades to North's Queen. Play on.

Any tie will be broken in favour of the better, complete analysis.

No Entry Fee.

Prize for the first two correct solutions that reach me:

First Prize: One Year's Free Subscription to *Bridge Digest.*

Second Prize: Parksons playing card set, with winner's name printed on the synthetic leather pouch.

Please send your solution to me at: BRIDGE DIGEST, 17, Deccan Gymkhana, Poona - 411 004.

Prize winners' names will be announced in this column.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

DOUBLE ROOK CHECKMATE

THE White Rooks on g7 and g8 deliver a typical mate when the Black King on h7 has no escape at h6. In position No. 195 Black resigns in the face of such a mate when White offers his Queen and Knight, with a Rook-Knight mate also thrown in. In Position No. 196 the possibility of a Black Queen sacrifice followed by a double Rook mate occurs in the notes.

Rastoja (Finland) - Hess (W. Germany)

Played in the II Telex Olympiad match, 1981.

1.e4, e5, 2.Nc3, Nc6 3.g3, f5 4.d3, Nf6 5.Bg2, Bb4 6.Nge2, 00 7.00, d6 8.Nd5!, Ba5 9.Bg5, Nc7? 10.Bxf6, gxf6 11.Nxe7+, Qxe7 12.exf5, c6 13.g4, h5 14.Ng3, hxg4 15.Qxg4+, Qg7 16.Qc4+, Rf7 17.Kh1!, Bd7 18.Bf3, d5 19.Qa4, Bb6 20.Bh5, Re7 21.Bg6, Qh6 22.Qg4, Kh8 23.Nh5, Rf8 24.Rg1!, Rh7 25.Bxh7, Qxh7 26.Qh4!, Bxf5 27.Rg7, Qh6 28.Rag1, e4.

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3...f5) A sort of Vienna Gambit Declined (Reversed).

Bulovchic-Knaak, Novi-Sad 1979, 3...Bc5 4.Bg2, a6 5.Nge2, d6 6.d3, Be6 7.Nd5, h5 8.h3, Qd7 9.Be3, 000 10.Qd2, Nge7 11.a3, Kb8 12.000, Nc8.

5...Bb4) Better seems the modest 5...Be7.

8.Nd5!) Now Black's King Bishop remains idle in the further course of the game. After 8...Nxd5 9.cxd5, Ne7 10.d4 White stands better.

9...Ne7?) This should have been preceded by 9...fxe4 to avoid loss of a Pawn.

12...c6) Preferable was 12...Bxf5 13.Bxb7, Rb8 14.Bd5+, Kh8 15.b3, Bg4.

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P. Thispsay - Mohanty:

Played in National "B", Kanpur 1981.

1.e4, c6 2.d4, d5 3.cxd5 4.Bd3, Nf6 5.c3, g6 6.Nf3, Bg7 7.Bf4, 00 8.00, Nc6 9.h3, Bf5 10.Bxf5, gxf5 11.Ne5, Nxe5 12.Bxe5, Nd7 13.Bxg7, Kxg7 14.Qf3?, e6 15.Re1, Qg5 16.Na3?, Nf6 17.Qc2?, Rg8 18.Qe3, f4 19.Qe5, Qh4 20.c4, Kh6! 21.Kh1, Rg6 22.Re2, Rag8 23.f3, Nh5? 24.Kh2, Rg3 25.Rg1, R3g5 26.Qc7, R8g7 27.cxd5, Ng3 28.Rd2, Nf5 29.dxe6...

Position No. 196: 29...Nxd4!! 30.Qc3, Qg3+ 31.Kh1, Nxf3! 32.Qxf3, Qxf3 33.gxf3, Rxg1+ 34.Kh2, fxe6 35.Nc4, Rc1 36.Ne5, Rgc7 37.Rg2, R7c2; 0-1.

4.Bd3) Caro Kann Defence, Exchange Variation. The Panov Attack 4.c4 is more fashionable.

5...g6) The main alternative is 5...Nc6 6.Bf4, Bg4 7.Nf3, e6.

7.00) The MCO column (by transposition) is: 7...Nc6 8.h3, Bf4 9.00, Bxd3 10.Qxd3, 00.

14.Qf3?) Nd2-f3 would offer a better future for the Knight.

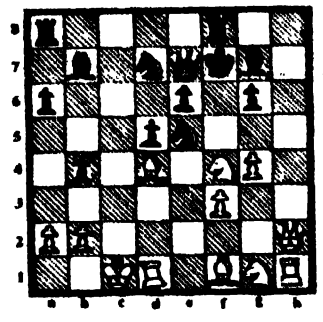
17.Qe2?) Gives Black a vital tempo. Correct is 17.Qe3, f4 18.Qe5, when 18...Qh6 (18...Qh4 19.g3!) avoiding exchange of Queens deprives the Black King of the square h6.

21...Rg6!) If 21...Qxf2 22.Re2 (not 22.Qxf6 ?, Rg6), Qh4 23.Rf1.

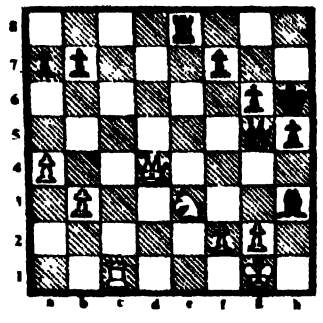
23...Nh5?) Black missies here 23...Rxg2! 24.Rxg2, (or he must give up the Queen by 24.Qxf6+) Qxh3 25.Rh2, Qxf3+ and mates.

29...Nxd4!!) If 30.Rxd4?, Qg6+ 31.Kh1, Qxh6+ !! 32.gxh3, Rxg1+ 33.Kh2, R7g2 mate.

R.B. SAPRE



No 197 White to play



No 198 White to play.

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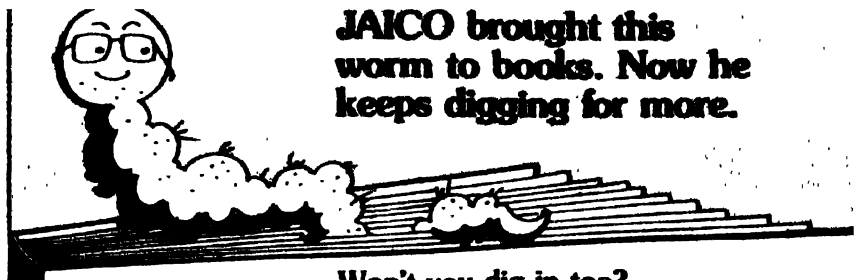

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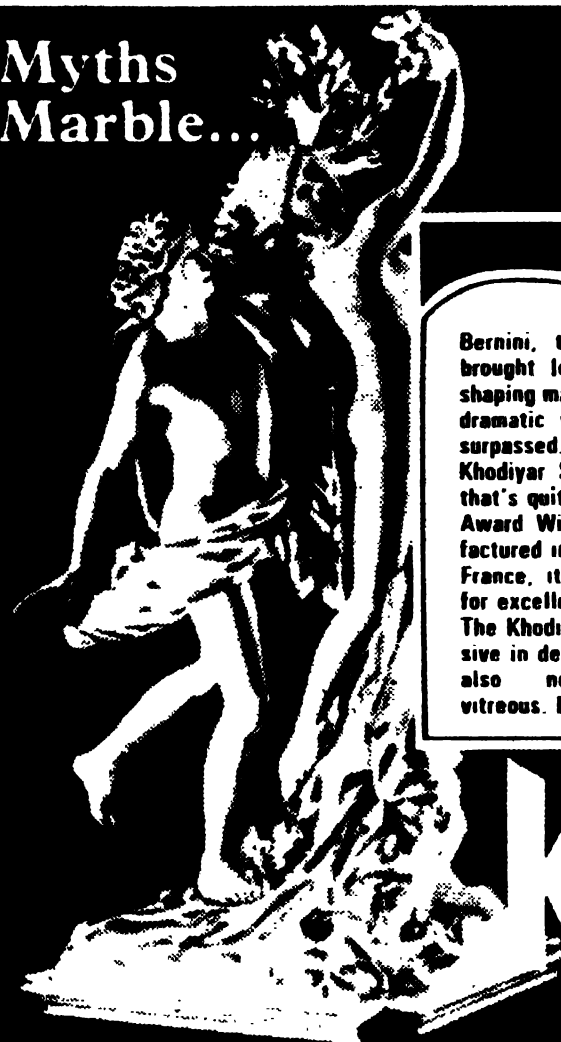

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Weekly Fun Time

A NUMBER PUZZLE

E	■	A	G
B	F		
■	C		
D			

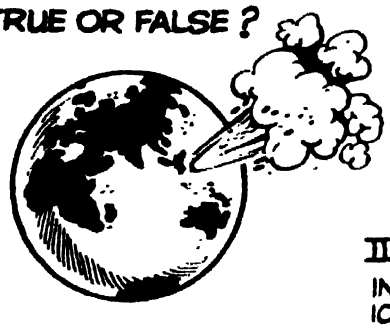
CLUES ACROSS:

A) THE ARTICLE OF THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION, WHICH FORBIDS THE PRACTICE OF UNTOUCHABILITY IN ANY FORM.
B) THE YEAR IN WHICH SWAMI VIVEKANANDA WAS BORN.
C) THE YEAR B.C., IN WHICH SOCRATES (OF GREECE) WAS BORN.
D) THE YEAR IN WHICH RAJARAJA CHOLA DIED.

CLUES DOWN:

E) THE NUMBER OF PLAYERS IN EACH TEAM IN A GAME OF CRICKET. F) THE YEAR IN WHICH KING BHOJA PRATIHARA ASCENDED THE THRONE. A) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE TOWN OF BOMBAY WAS GIVEN TO THE BRITISH BY THE PORTUGUESE, AS PART OF THE DOWRY OF CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA. G) THE SQUARE ROOT GIVES THE ATOMIC NUMBER OF THE ELEMENT RADON.

B TRUE OR FALSE ?



I

THE DEEPER YOU GO BELOW THE EARTH'S CRUST, THE HIGHER IS THE TEMPERATURE.

II

IN REYKJAVIK, THE CAPITAL OF ICELAND, IN THE ARCTIC REGION, 99% OF THE HOUSES ARE KEPT WARM WITH THE HELP OF HEAT, FROM UNDERGROUND HOT WATER SPRINGS.

III

THEORETICALLY IT IS POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN STEAM FOR GENERATING ELECTRIC POWER, WITH THE HELP OF THE HEAT, BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

C

WHAT IS THE MAJOR MISTAKE IN THIS PICTURE WHICH SHOWS SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE ON HIS WAY BACK TO INDIA, AFTER COMPLETING HIS STUDIES IN ENGLAND ?

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D

CAN YOU CONTINUE THE SEQUENCE ?

E

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE QUEENS FROM THE CROWNS ?

SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES :

A

1	9	1	1
8	0	■	3
5	■	3	2
7	2	2	5

B STATEMENT III WAS FALSE. THE GROWING OF EXTREMELY LONG NAILS WAS A SIGN OF AFFLUENCE. IT PROVED THAT THE NOBLES NEVER USED THEIR HANDS TO WORK !

C THE ORDER SHOULD BE AS GIVEN BELOW. IT SHOWS THE DEVELOPMENT OF A FROG FROM FROG EGG. THE CORRECT ORDER IS 3 5 2 4 6 1

D ANS: 6 KM. ($6^2 + 8^2 = 10^2$)

E
1. SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.
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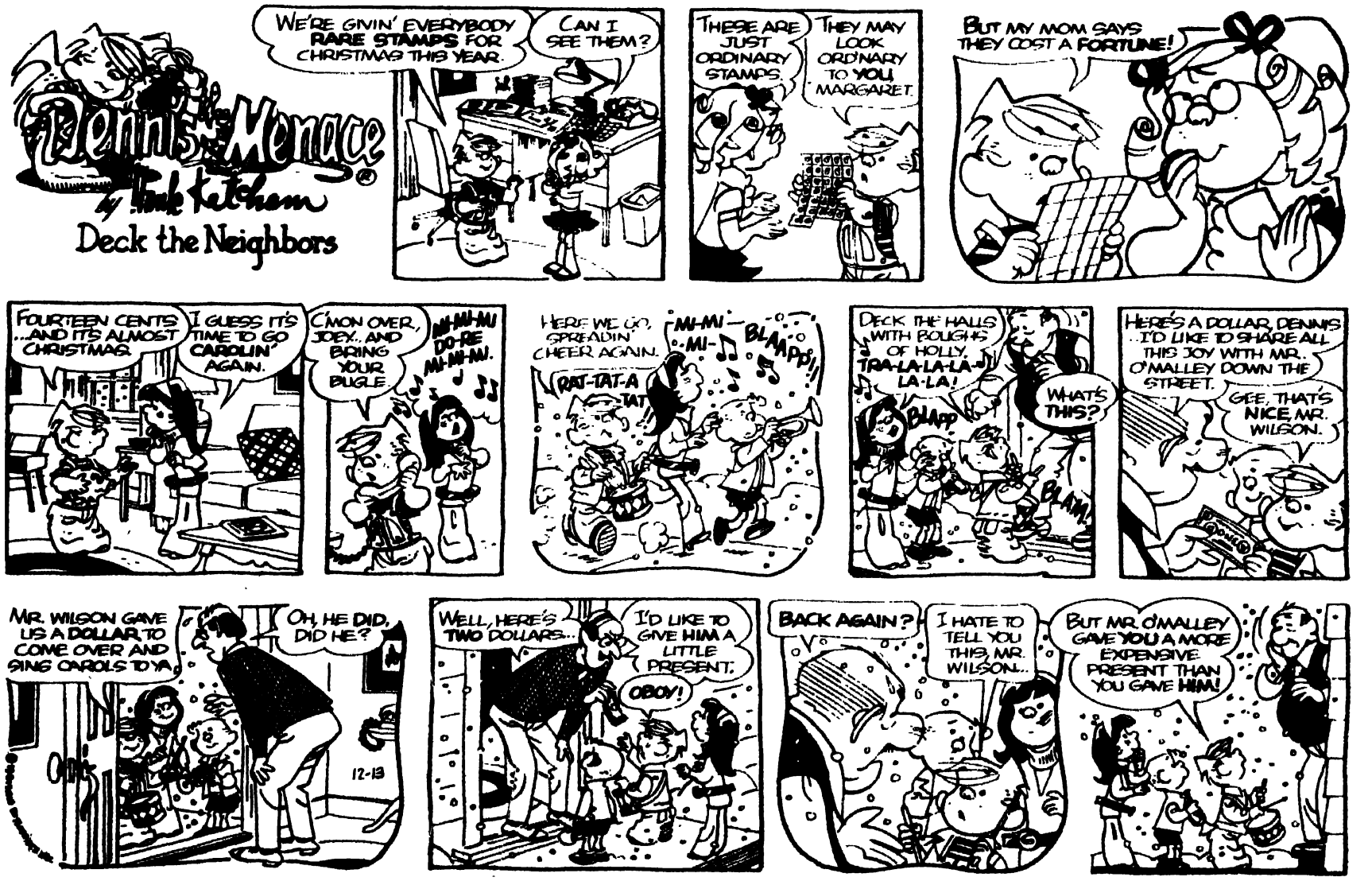

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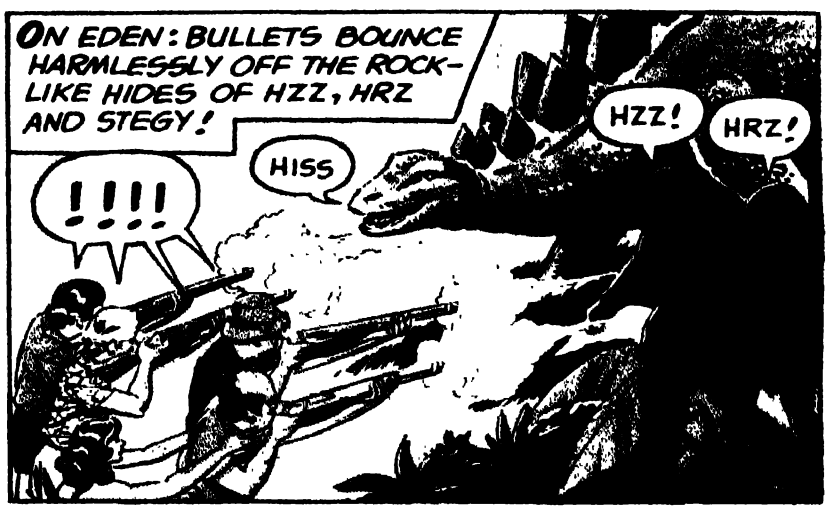
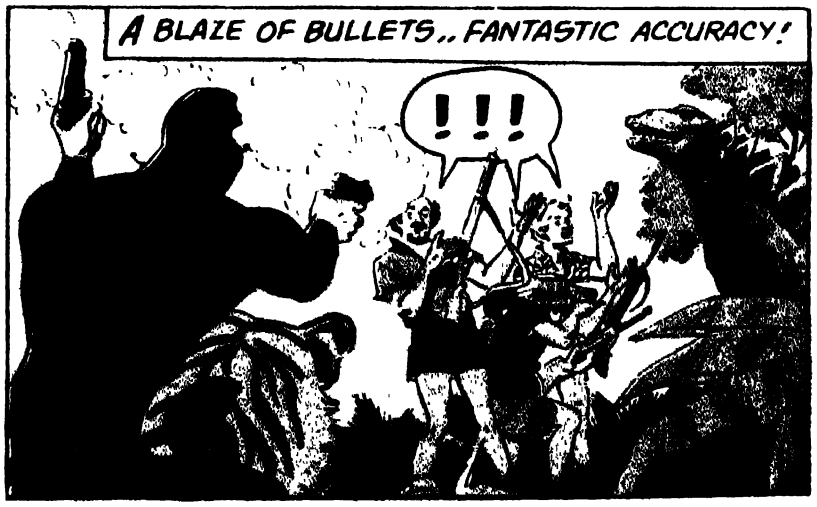
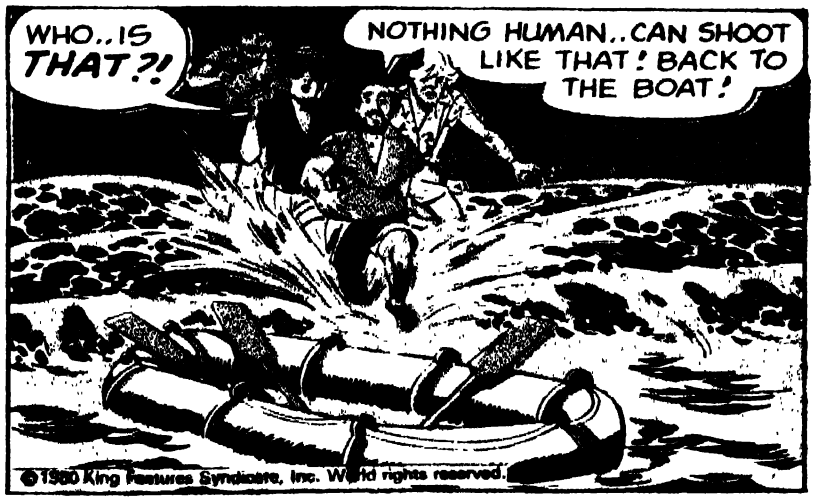


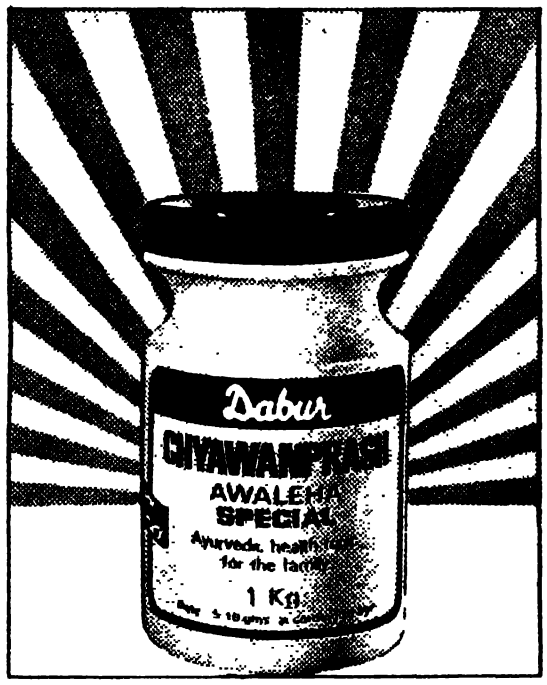




Do you need a health tonic...if you're in good health?
What is the secret of amla ?
What was the "elixir of life" ?

Startling facts about the world's best known ayurvedic tonic

Dabur Chyawanprash



The elixir of life

Chyawanprash literally means "food for Chyawan Rishi". The legend goes that Chyawanprash was first created 3,000 years ago as a health food by the physicians of the Gods.

So amazing were its powers, that the rishis often called it "Jeevan" or "the elixir of life"

The rishis believed that it not only built up resistance and kept body tissues young...it also kept the mind alert and active.

3,000 years later... Dabur Chyawanprash

For centuries, Chyawanprash remained a secret of the rishis and a few remote ashrams.

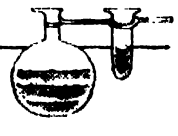
It was only in 1884, when Dabur set up their first ayurvedic plant, that Chyawanprash became easily available to everyone.

Dabur Chyawanprash is made from over 40 carefully selected herbs and ingredients. The most important of these is fresh amla. It also contains Dashmool (10 roots), Ashtawarg (8 herbs), til oil, ghee, sugar and spices.

THE SECRET OF AMLA

It was the early ayurveds who first discovered that amla is nature's best defence against illness. It is the richest known source of natural Vitamin C. In fact, amla juice contains 20 times more Vitamin C than orange juice!

An amazing medical discovery



For years people felt that all Vitamin C did was prevent colds.

It was Dr. Linus Pauling, two-time winner of the Nobel Prize, who found that Vitamin C revitalizes body tissues and slows down the ageing process. It also builds up your natural resistance against coughs and other common ailments.

DR. ASHOK MAJUMDAR, RENOWNED AYURVEDIC EXPERT SAYS :

"I strongly recommend Dabur Chyawanprash to all my patients. It has a wide range of long-term benefits for both young and old."

The complete health food for your family

Dabur Chyawanprash is more than just a health tonic—it's a complete health food for everyone in your family.

It builds up the resistance of the body and protects it from infections; it tones up the muscles and helps in the growth of tissues; it helps to fully utilise the proteins in the body; it keeps you active and full of energy.

Dabur Chyawanprash is manufactured in fully-automated plants by the world's largest manufacturers of ayurvedic products.

Dabur Chyawanprash—your daily ounce of prevention

Ayurveda has always believed that prevention is better than cure. By building up the body's natural resistance to infection, Dabur Chyawanprash helps to keep your family healthy.

Make Dabur Chyawanprash a daily health habit for everyone in your family.

Does a healthy person need a health tonic ?

Far too many people believe that a health tonic is meant only for those who are sick.

The fact is, that a good health tonic acts as a preventive. It can actually build up the body's resistance and keep you from falling ill easily.

A health tonic therefore, should be taken by everyone in the family.

Why is a natural health tonic better ?

When you take vitamins and minerals in their natural form, they are more easily absorbed by the body.

Because there are absolutely no chemicals or artificial additives, a natural health tonic is completely free from side effects and is safer for children.

Dabur CHYAWANPRASH

Your family's natural health tonic

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Periods	Bonus Rates per year per thousand	
	Previous	Increased (from 1-10-81)
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25 years	Rs. 30.00	Rs. 37.00
30 years	Rs. 32.00	Rs. 39.00

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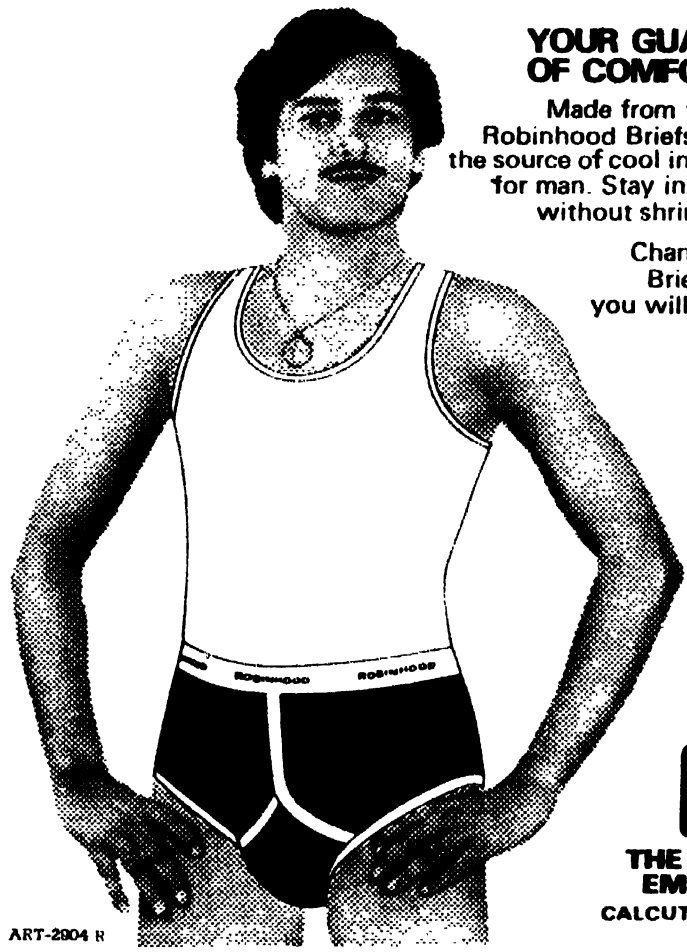

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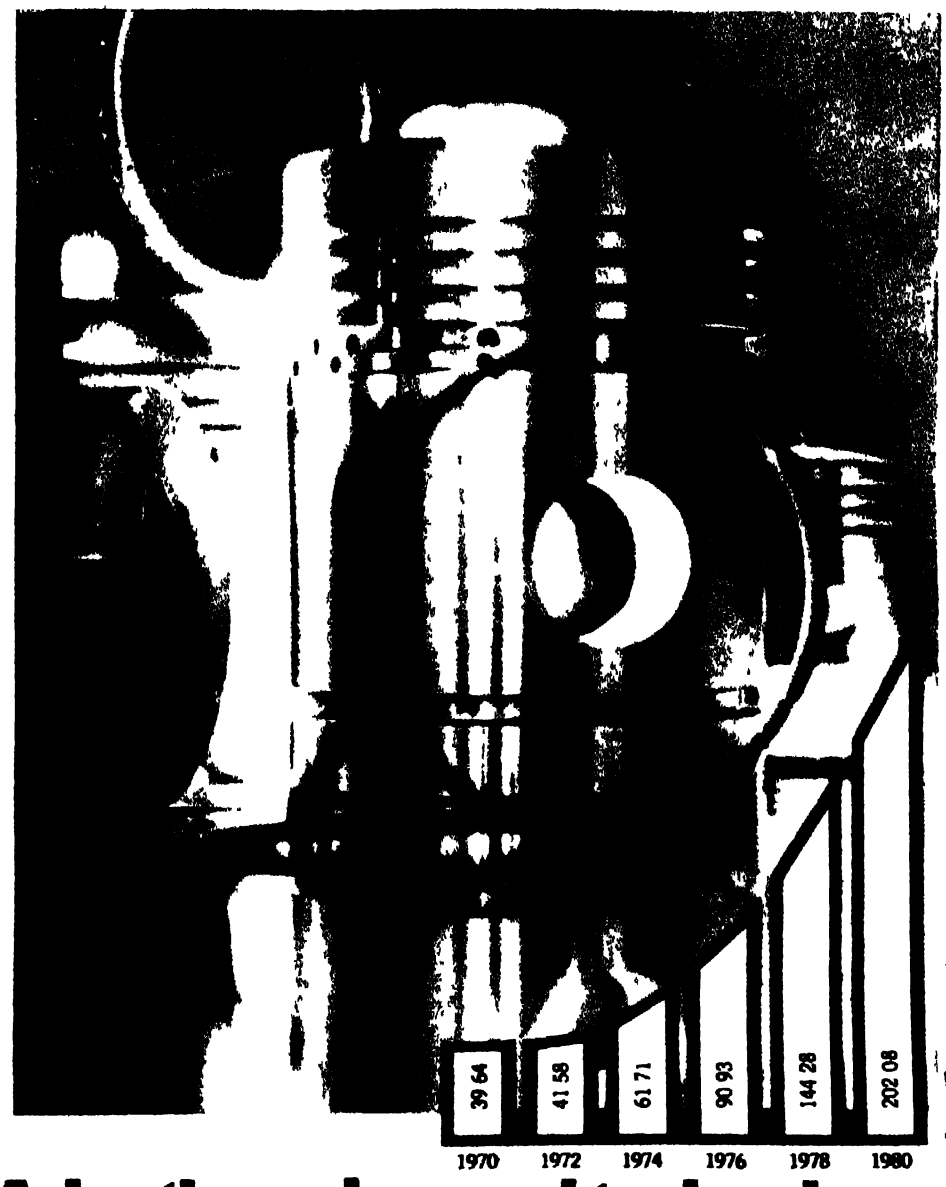

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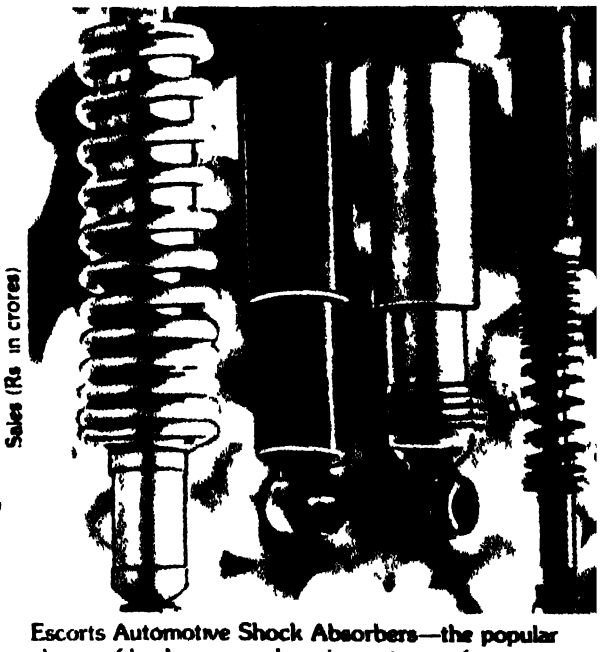

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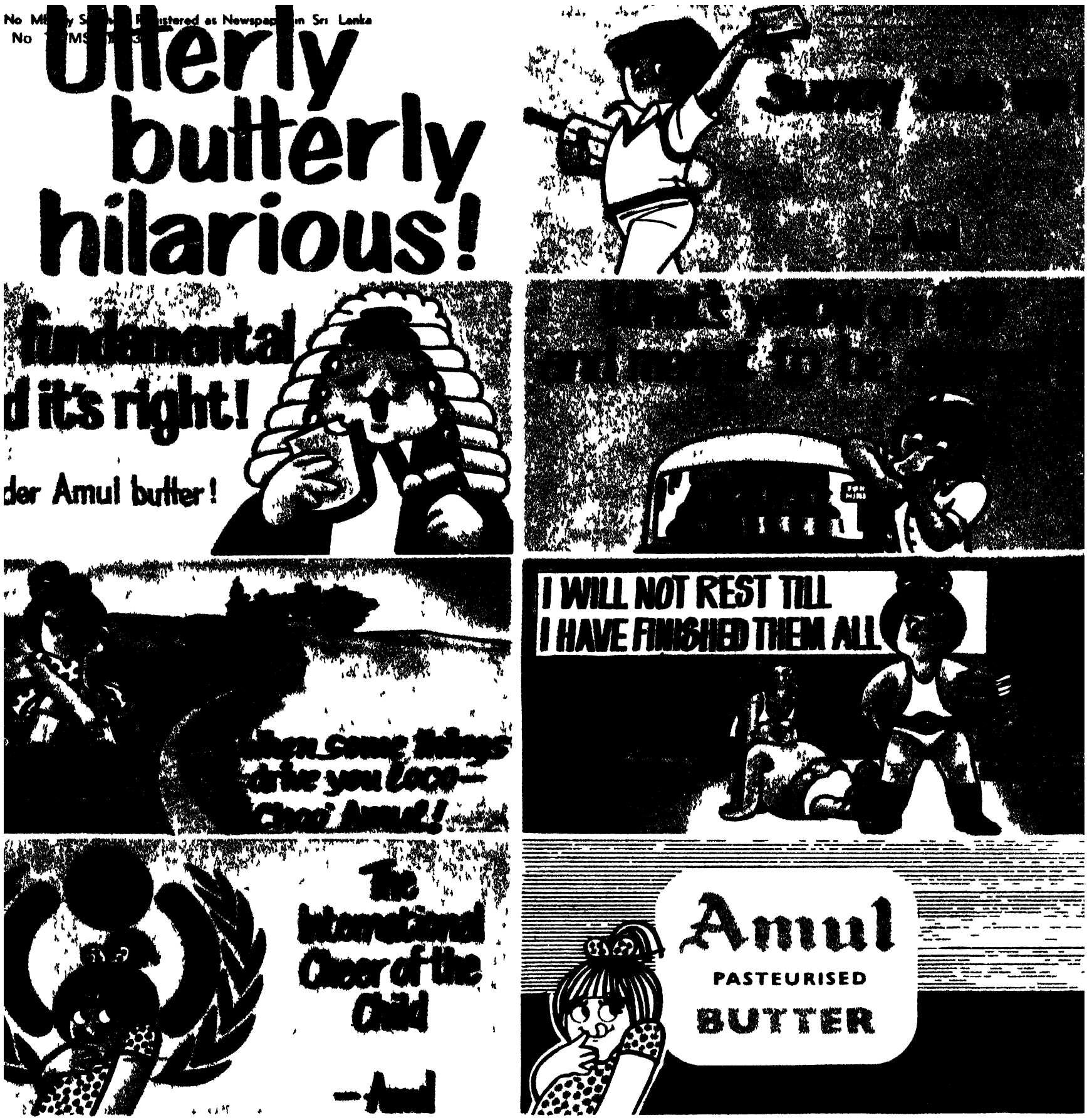
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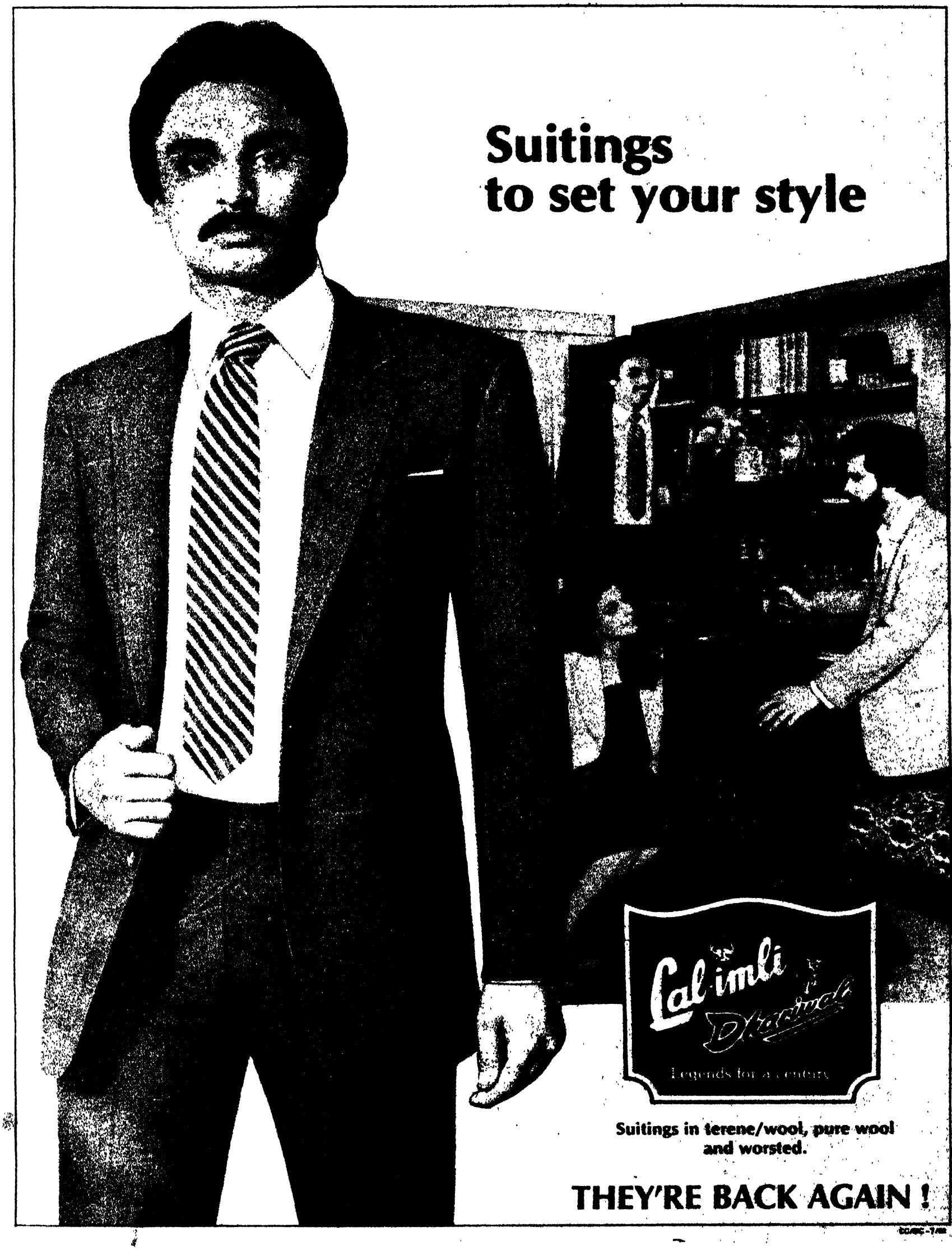

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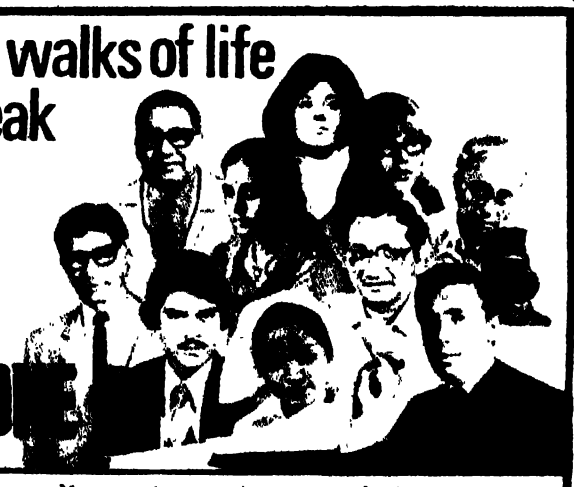

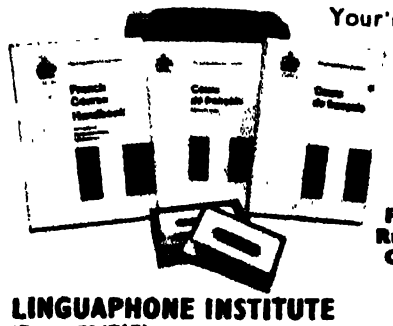

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bull's Eye

Sir—May I congratulate you? I fully agree with your assessment of the Andhra scene (November 28). The WEEKLY for once came right on the dot! Do keep it up!

S. Somaskandan
Hyderabad

Sir—The article "Poll Prospects In Andhra Pradesh" by K. C. Khanna is one-sided—favouring the Cong (I). The Editor's claim that the former Chief Ministers, Anjiah and Venkataram, are not going to commit political harakiri is the Best Joke of 1982. Both of them showed scant self-respect when one was publicly scolded by Rajeev Gandhi and the other's attempt to get an interview to talk to Madam during his last days as CM was curtly rebuffed. The top man in Telugu cinema, I think, will be able to wrest the No 1 position in state politics.

P. Rahul
Hyderabad

Sir—After seeing the excellent paintings of Maneka charming Vishwamitra in two successive issues of the WEEKLY (November 21 and 28), may I ask, will Maneka (Gandhi) charm the voters of Andhra and Karnataka too?

Malcolm J. Reeves
Gwalior

Winsome Vinya

Sir—"Homage to Vinya" by R. G. K. (November 28) was a classic evocation of the dedicated saint. Let us work for the ideals preached and propounded by him.

Indrasen Chaturvedi
Gangapur City

Sir—Vinoba's tragedy was that he was dealing with people who were not averse to cheating him. My own uncle donated him some lands which were either barren or locked in litigation. One cannot blame saints like "Vinya" who are like lotuses born, once in a blue moon, in stagnant pools of corruption!

U. S. Iyer
Madras

From Rut To Riot

Sir—After reading Sheela Barse's article, "The Agony Of Meerut" (November 28), I feel the name of the town should be changed to Meeriot!

Manoj Chadha
Gurgaon

Sir—Sheela Barse does not make herself quite clear when she writes that... "the police had arrested 108 men for a murderous assault on one man". Does she mean that for the murder of one person, only one man must be arrested? Even in the Gandhi murder case, when the assailant had testified that he alone had murdered Gandhi, thousands were arrested.

How do the police know who actually murdered the pujari Rambhool? Careless statements such as these make the job of the authorities much more difficult.

Arvind Ghosh
Hyderabad

Sir—Is it not the hidden hand of Godse's ghost which is operating against the Muslim minority in the land of Gandhi?

S. Ibrahim
Pune

The Gordian Knot

Sir—Nani Palkhivala's article ("The State Of The Nation", November 21) places our national character in due perspective. We are to blame for the rot. But if nearly all Indians are dishonest, how can we save the country? Still more, how can the honest minority beat the unscrupulous majority which holds most of the trumpcards?

Umesh Chandra Pande
Nainital

Sir—With selfish politicians at the helm of affairs and ignorant, indifferent, passive and pessimistic citizens, the state of the nation is indeed dismal.

Nazir Ahmed
Bangalore

Sir—In my opinion, the root cause of all our problems can be traced back to two fundamental errors made by our planners: one, putting excessive faith in Karl Marx and second totally neglecting Thomas Malthus.

We have undoubtedly made considerable progress in the last thirty years but the growth of the population has made a near-nonsense of it all. This is a sign of national ignorance and poverty, not vitality and progress. In 1950, our population was 340 million and was increasing annually by 7 million net. Today there are 700 million Indians (increasing by 15 million every year)! This can frighten even the most optimistic among us. There is neither Democracy, nor Socialism in the country but only mass hunger, misery and frustration.

H. S. Desai
Bombay

Ra! Ra!

Sir—The story "The Marathon At New Delhi" (November 14) was a brilliant piece of narrative which made us feel as if we were running the race.

The portrayal of Sudesh epitomises the agony sportsmen go through while competing and their trials and tribulations. Please congratulate the author on my behalf.

Lokesh Dixit
Hyderabad

Of Zia And Xenophobia

Sir—Sitanshu Das has been irrational in criticising Gen Zia and his martial law in "Why Zia's Stop-Over?" (November 21). Although the continuance of the martial law in Pakistan might seem unpleasant to some of us here in India, we have no *locus standi* in the matter. India is a democracy but it is not in the business of promoting democracy elsewhere.

K.N. Tyagi
Meerut

Constitutional Conundrum

Sir—In his strenuous attempt to portray Nehru as the godfather of the Indian Constitution (November 28) Subhash Kashyap conveniently forgets that Nehru was the professor and promoter of values that he held in high esteem and that were good for his time. For example, let us consider Nehru's interests in Fundamental Rights. Having been denied his political rights in the British reign and having always fought for them, Nehru thought it fit that the people enjoy political rights. Consequently, Nehru's fundamental rights are essentially political rights which lack even the slightest vestige of socio-economic rights. The latter, embodied in the Directive Principles of State Policy, are only pious sentiments today—non-enforceable and non-justiciable. Similarly, in the area of minority rights and social reform, Nehru entertained high ideals that could not be sustained by his mediocre successors. Whether, in this context, Nehru misjudged the calibre of his successors is a moot question.

Nehru, of course, was wrong in imagining that parliamentary democracy would take the form of an economic democracy, more so, since he had deprived the people of the most elementary of economic rights. And, parliamentary democracy has survived very much in an era of perverted politics in which politicians look after their own pockets rather than the economy of the nation.

Simanta Mohanty
Bhubaneshwar

Conned Consumers

Sir—The article "Consumers Of India Unite!" (November 21) is timely. It is hardly surprising that the consumers are being cheated to the tune of Rs 2,000 crores annually by the traders, despite the Essential Commodities Act and other laws, because the politicians are busy feathering their own nests. Governmental machinery remains inert for obvious reasons. What India needs is a Ralph Nader.

N.A.
Bangalore

Andropov's Arm

Sir—"Leonid Brezhnev And After" (November 21) was impressive. Mr Andropov can probably afford to rock the boat violently because he has the support of the Politbureau. After assuming the office of General Secretary of the Communist Party, he said: "It is useless to beg for peace from the imperialists. Peace can only be upheld if we rely on the invincible might of the Soviet Armed Forces."

R. C. Sinha
Bihar

The "Unknown" Indian

Sir—K. Natwar Singh's profile of Nirad C. Choudhuri was more than a "darshan". Choudhuri's frank and logical answers were illuminating. It was painful to read that he could not afford a livelihood in India.

Tirumal Mundargi
Shorapur

Excellent Eye

Sir—The WEEKLY has begun a welcome trend by featuring non-professional photographers in its columns ("The Third Eye"). Ajai Kumar Reddy's brief biography (December 14) was particularly exciting and his photographs even more so. I wish we could know more about Reddy's "wild" adventures.

M.G. Menon
Bombay

Secular Hindus

Sir—The statement that Nehru "made it a fashion for the Hindus to be secular" ("Ethos Of Power," November 21) is patently mischievous.

Hindu kings not only welcomed the followers of other faiths, persecuted or otherwise, to settle in India but even constructed synagogues, mosques and churches for them. Nehru was secular *because* he was a Hindu. Only a microscopic minority among the Hindus are fanatical and that, too, as a result of reaction.

L. Jaggi
Nagpur

Sir—In his panegyric on Nehru and his daughter, Mr P. Ramaswamy turns a blind eye to the plight of the

vast majority of the people in this hapless country.

Nehru's concern for the suffering masses was at least genuine, though even he failed to translate it into action. As for his daughter, she is so egotistic that she has thought for none other than herself, and so vain is she that it is only her own image that she has been trying to project. In the process, she has helped to build up "a power elite that has developed a vested interest in the creation of destitutes" (J.D. Sethi). They constitute her vote banks.

Ms Vimala Rao
Udupi

Mirage In Mizoram

Sir—Anthony Mascarenhas has graphically depicted the hopeless plight of Laldenga and his "liberation" movement ("A Mizo Among The Marigolds", November 28). Laldenga's diminishing charisma and dwindling following is evident from the mass desertions and the poor influx to the MNA. Those stragglers who are still in their jungle hide-outs, have no other alternative. If they emerge, their heads will roll. Many criminal cases are pending against them.

R. N. Shanbhag
Bombay

Trim The Fat

Sir—Dr Hannan Ezekiel has rightly laid stress on the urgency of India's economic condition ("Is India Going Bankrupt?", November 21).

There is but one way out, as suggested by Ezekiel: to cut down grand projects. Simultaneously, we should go all out to increase food production by improving minor irrigation and by encouraging people into profitable and productive ventures such as dairy and poultry farming. We should also improve the law-and-order situation to enable educated people or people with small capital to venture into rural areas.

Above all, we must rid ourselves of our penchant for the Soviet-type socialism which creats a giant bureaucracy.

J Mitra
Calcutta

Khayal Kya Cheez?

Sir—Reeta Sondhi's article ("Modernising the Mehfil", November 21) was a sensitive piece on Rita Ganguly's effort to keep alive the traditions of *thumri*, *dadra* and *gazal*.

Two singers who were the leading lights in their respective fields—Siddheswari Devi and Begum Akhtar — were mentioned. Now would you please give us a piece on the true exponents of the *khayal* explaining its characteristics which entitle it to be called "classical music"?

N. Keshavram
Bangalore

The Illustrated Weekly of India
DECEMBER 26, 1982 ESTD 1880
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COVER STORY

8 Power-Mad Generals of Pakistan
The *Weekly* has secured exclusive publication rights to a remarkable book whose manuscript was smuggled out to the USA and from there obtained by Vikas Publishing House through friends. The book,by Air Marshal Asghar Khan, is *Generals In Politics* and we begin its exciting serialisation this week

12 ECONOMICS We Are Living Beyond Our Means
The oil import bill, a none-too-pragmatic foreign trade and investment policy, could well drive India towards bankruptcy By A Special Correspondent

16 SOCIETY Year of Aged Has No Meaning In India
Our old people are looked after well because they *belong*, says Patanjali Sethi

35 RELIGION Hinduism In Crisis
P.K. Nijhawan agonises over the persecution of Hindus in the land of their birth.

20 DEFENCE Naked In The Seas
K C Khanna makes out a case for modernisation of the Indian Navy, particularly of the submarine arm

IMA: A Struggle To Lead
A golden jubilee tribute to the *alma mater* of the Officers Corps of the Indian Army

22 IN THE STATES Fissures in Telugu Desam
Even before it can be elected to the Assembly, the Telugu Desam is facing dissidence. By G.S. Reddy.

21 HAPPENINGS Letter From Calcutta
The Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation is playing havoc, accuses Sumita Sandilya.

30 INVESTIGATION Bon(n)y Business
The export of human skeletons from India is a flourishing business, says Savia Viegas.

26 EDUCATION Scramble For "Phoren" Degrees
Despite innumerable hurdles a large number of Indian students *do* go abroad, says Minnie Vaid

25 HORTICULTURE Small is Beautiful
Lata Jhaveri, an ardent Bonsai fan, on how to grow these wonderful plants

41 WILD LIFE Crocodile Bank
Sabita Radhakrishnan on the unique crocodile bank nurtured and nourished by Rom and Zai Whitaker Also *A Dying Breed* by T S N. Murthy.

38 HEALTH Press And Cure
Pressure at nodal points can cure several ills, says Meera Pandya Plus tips on honey by Bijalpita Chatterjee

32 ENTERTAINMENT Great Shakes, Cabaret Is Back!
Pradeep Shinde takes you on a round of the high spots of cabaret in Bombay

36 PHOTO FEATURE By Photographic Design
A collection from the album of Kirti Trivedi.

39 SPORTS Brahmananda: His Goal Is Perfection
Profile of one who is perhaps India's best goalkeeper today. By Ajit K Moye

45 FICTION Hindsight
Short Story by Sudha Rai

Plus *The World Around Us* 15, *The Weekly Pick* 29; *Poetry* 28, *Hal* 50, *Stars* 53, *Bridge & Chess* 59, *Comics* 54.

Showbiz Showdown

We seem to have reached a very important point in Hindi cinema, reached the crossroads as it were. The commercial cinema has had a bad shock this year with some of the biggest flops in recent times. Audience tastes seem to be changing at last, an impression reinforced by the success of the middle-of-the-road cinema. And now with the National Film Development Corporation threatening to withdraw its support of the art cinema, the atmosphere in the Bombay film industry is electric. Anjali Ewing writes about the impending showdown.

For Our Eyes Only

India is getting films from the rubbish heap of world cinema. At any given time there is a plethora of films about the martial arts, vulgar sex comedies, spy and crime thrillers and B-grade adventures. The few good movies that do enter the country are not given a chance. Besides the Indian audiences who are responsible for the popularity of such pulp, the exhibitors are also responsible to a very large extent. Lalitha Krishna makes a case for getting better films into the country.

The Business Of Films

Vir Sanghvi reveals how Hindi cinema has become a money-making racket and how this important artistic medium has been overrun by shrewd businessmen

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS, RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR· VITHAL C NADKARNI SUB-EDITORS· PREETI CHATURVEDI, RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR ART DIRECTOR RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE)· PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT K.A NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS J S JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS JITENDRA ARYA, S.N KULKARNI

In Pakistan Today

The Power-Mad Generals

by Air Marshal Asghar Khan

No Pakistani leader has campaigned with greater zeal, consistency and dedication for the restoration of democratic rights in his country than Air Marshal Asghar Khan. As Chief of the Pakistan Air Force and later as President of Pakistan International Airlines, he watched the working of Gen Ayub Khan's dictatorship at close quarters and repeatedly warned the Government against excesses. In 1970, he founded the Tehrik-i-Istiqlal to crusade against Yahya Khan's suicidal authoritarianism. He recognised Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's right as the elected representative of the people to form the government and keep the Generals at bay but refused to join Bhutto's Ministry because he felt, with more than ample justification, that Bhutto was both autocratic and unprincipled. Later, he spurned similar blandishments from Gen Zia ul Haq and was once again incarcerated for his pains. He is not only a vigorous political activist; he is also a sensitive observer of Pakistan's political scene and a perceptive thinker. His credo—reduction of the prevailing social and economic disparities at home within a democratic framework, rapid modernisation, sturdy independence from the two Super Powers and a halt to the arms race in the subcontinent—represents the best hope for the unity, integrity and progress of Pakistan. If he lives—and is allowed to live by the unholy combine of obscurantist mullahs in long robes and the selfish mullahs in khaki—he may well be called upon to hold the reins of power in Islamabad once Pakistan comes to terms with its social compulsions and geopolitical realities. Be that as it may, in a seminal book, *Generals in Politics*, he dwells in depth and without blinkers on Pakistan's recent past, unenviable present and uncertain future. His analysis adds up to a stirring indictment of the military raj in Pakistan. It is also perhaps the best assessment by a Pakistani of the forces at work in that hapless country since Partition. The manuscript was smuggled out to the US and it will soon be published by Vikas. It is essential reading for a true understanding of a nation with which we have fought three wars. The *Weekly* begins on this page the first of a series of selected excerpts from the book.

K.C.K.

WHILE announcing the indefinite postponement of the November 1979 elections, Zia ul Haq said that, from then on, "real martial law" would operate in the country. Pakistan had therefore, reached the ultimate in military rule. There was nothing more that the people had to fear. Along with this new terminology, Zia ul Haq announced that the aims of his regime were the establishment of law and order rehabilitation of the economy curbing of social evils and the ushering in of an Islamic order.

The real martial law of Zia ul Haq started as most martial laws do—with a show of strength and efficiency but since this one was 'real' people were subject to more than ordinary inconveniences. Lime was sprinkled in the drains incidentally this is almost the first thing that is done when martial law comes to Pakistan—and there was insistence on price-lists in shops cleanliness in restaurants and gauze netting on meat in butchers' shops. Checking of vehicles and driving licences and punishments for traffic offences were more conscientiously carried out and young army officers were to be seen throwing their weight around. Even if they did their job courteously stories began to circulate about their excesses. One such story was of a Major who when he found that a vehicle's registration had expired ordered the chauffeur to slap the owner of the car sitting in the rear.

Apart from such relatively harmless pursuits the army tried to control the prices of commodities. This exercise proved to be rather complicated for the military mind. The results were obvious. Goods disappeared from the market. The next step was as expected. Raids were started on hoarders and blackmarketeers and with it began the flogging of culprits. Because of the peculiar conditions obtaining in different areas, prices of many commodities, particularly of items of daily consumption, had to be fixed districtwise. When, therefore the prices of poultry and eggs, or of vegetables and meat, in one district were fixed higher than those in an adjoining district, these items found their way to the district with the higher prices, causing shortages where the the prices were lower. No amount of flogging could put this right and the public suffered as a consequence. Shortages, therefore, became the norm and, as a result, prices rose steeply.

Improvements in the law-and-order situation and eradication of social evils proved to be equally complicated. Since most of these problems are created as a consequence of the economic conditions and the social environment, their eradication could not be accomplished without a fundamental change in the approach of the Government towards these issues. With the increased severity in the censorship of the press and with the martial law authorities exercising the

ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO

powers of flogging, search of houses confiscation of property and imprisonment without having to give reasons it would be a brave person who would criticise the administration of corruption or misconduct.

Social Ills

In the absence of Assemblies and elected representatives of the people and with a muzzled press there was no check on the Government's expenditure. Non-productive Government expenditure which was Rs 9.8 billion in 1976-77 exceeded Rs 25 billion in 1981-82 and the economy showed rapid deterioration. With the martial law authorities the police and the bureaucracy virtually above the law social ills, instead of decreasing began to increase. Bribery and corruption became more rampant and the law-and-order situation became worse. With overcensorship of films, VCRs and blue films became more common and when dancing in films was banned people found their way to hideouts and disreputable houses where everything was done secretly. Zia ul Haq's real martial law had therefore, far from improving the economy, dealt a blow to it, which was reflected in an unprecedented rise in prices.

By keeping the vocal elements behind the bars for most of this period, Zia ul Haq was able to suppress the public sufficiently to give the appearance of relative peace and tranquility. One did not, however, have to scratch too far below the surface to see the reality.

Having seen the strength of the Pakistan National Alliance's movement against Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and being convinced that this was the result of the people's attachment to Islam, Zia ul Haq exploited religion to the full to impress the people with his love for and devotion to Islam. This found expression in a greater use of the media for religious programmes, introduction of *Zakat* and *Ushr** and opening of profit-and-loss counters in

YAHYA KHAN

banks. Greater emphasis was also laid on the ritualistic aspects of religion. Severer punishments were ordered for those not observing the sanctity of the holy month of Ramazan.

These measures undoubtedly provided an Islamic veneer to an otherwise unIslamic military regime. For no regime that is repressive in character and fails to guarantee human rights and liberty can even be remotely Islamic. No society which is based on the exploitation of man, in which the rich are encouraged to get richer and the poor are daily becoming poorer, can be Islamic. A system that allows the rulers to spend the people's hard-earned wealth without giving them or their chosen representatives an opportunity to question the ruler's actions cannot be considered to be in keeping with the teachings of this great religion. In a country, where the majority are living below subsistence level, where 85% of the people cannot get clean water to drink*, the lavish expenditure of the rulers on themselves is a far cry from the Islamic concept of equality.

Since this biased and reactionary interpretation of an Islamic economic order suited the exploiting class, it lined up behind the military regime of Zia ul Haq. Pakistan was going back to the early 1960s, when 22 families had captured its business and industry and the gap between the rich and the poor had widened. With relatively small investments of Rs 200,000 to 300,000, loans of over Rs 100 million of the public money from nationalised banks were being advanced to enable the relatives of the ruling oligarchy to set up industries in the private sector. Overinvoicing was rampant whereby importers, who were given foreign exchange by the Government for the import of machinery, showed higher prices of equipment than what they had actually paid: they were thus able to keep large sums in foreign countries. The profits they made in business and industry were also siphoned off abroad. The experience of what this class called the "Golden Days" of Ayub Khan was being repeated.

Islamic Order Indeed!

Once Ayub Khan described his 1962 Constitution as an ideal combination of the virtues of both the Presidential and the Parliamentary system of government. In actual fact, it was just the reverse. The situation today is analogous. People are being made to believe that the introduction of the so-called Islamic order by the present Government would bring them political rights and economic benefits. In actual practice, what we have seen after the enforcement of the present order in the name of Islam has deprived the people of the good points of both the tree and the authoritarian regime. The people have been left neither with fundamental rights nor an order free of economic exploitation. Today, they have the worst of both the worlds.

As in Ayub Khan's days, the outside world, motivated by its narrow selfish interests, is not concerned with the plight of the people of Pakistan. With the backing of rich Muslim countries and by exploiting the Afghan situation to its advantage, the regime has been assured of economic support from the international aid-giving agencies. In the US, President Reagan's Republican Administration, on the lookout for dictators who fitted into their global plans, has found in Zia ul Haq and his junta people deserving of their support. Zia ul Haq, therefore, entered the 6th year of his rule with the backing of regimes in the Middle East similarly placed as his regime and with the certainty that the Western world led by the United States would support him with economic and military assistance. He knew that they would do this so long as he continued to stand up as a self-styled crusader of Islam against the forces of progress within and the threat, as they saw it, to their interests in the area.

The traditions which the courts in Pakistan had inherited had eroded with time but they had never been reduced to the level of complete subservience to the dictates of a military ruler as they were by Zia ul Haq on March 25, 1981. A petition had been filed on my behalf in the Lahore High Court, questioning the legality of Zia ul Haq's martial law. I had also filed a statement on February 2, 1980, praying that, since Zia ul Haq had not fulfilled the conditions prescribed by the Supreme Court of Pakistan in its judgment of November 10, 1977—in which only conditional validation was granted to him—his mandate to rule should be deemed to have ended. I had asked that all action taken by him to curtail basic human rights and freedom, restrict the powers of the courts, ban political parties, seal their offices, freeze their funds and restrain political activity should be declared void and of no legal effect. I had also requested the court that arrangements should be ordered for holding elections in accordance with the 1973 Constitution. Similar petitions were filed by me in the High Courts of Sind, NWFP and Baluchistan.

The hearing of the case in the Lahore High Court was completed by the third week of May 1980, when the court reserved its judgment. Since the case was of considerable constitutional importance, it attracted a great deal of public interest. The verdict was, therefore, eagerly awaited by the public when, on May 26, 1980, Zia ul Haq transferred the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court to the Supreme Court, broke up the Bench that had heard my petition and forbade the Lahore High Court from publishing their judgment. The inference was obvious: the decision that the Lahore Court was about to announce was not favourable to the martial law regime. The petitions in the High Courts of Sind, NWFP and Baluchistan, which were pending, were never heard.

Along with this serious blow to the Judiciary, Zia ul Haq forbade anyone from addressing Bar Associations in the country. And the Bar Associations were forbidden from inviting anyone to address them. Anyone who addressed lawyers or members of a Bar Association, who invited someone to speak to them, was liable to 14 years' rigorous imprisonment, 25 lashes and confiscation of property.

Having been released 5 weeks earlier, I was at the time on a tour of Sind to address the Bar Associations of the province. I decided to disregard this latest draconian order, so did the lawyers of Hyderabad, who had invited me to address them the following day. As a consequence of my decision to exercise the right to speak in Zia ul Haq's "Islamic" society, I was rearrested on May 29, 1980, and moved back from the larger prison that Pakistan had become to the smaller prison at Abbottabad. →

AYUB KHAN

ISKANDER MIRZA (left) *and his wife* (right) *descend the steps of Sadabad Palace in Tehran, along with the Shah of Iran* (in uniform) *and Empress Soraiya, during a stopover on Gen Mirza's flight from Karachi to Ankara. Following the Shah is the Iranian Court Minister, Dr Menuchehr Eghbal* (in morning suit).

*Zakat in Pakistan is a 2½% annual tax on financial assets held by non-Shia Muslims. The amount so collected is meant to be used on the destitute.

*Ushr is a 5% tax on gross agricultural produce.

*Minister for Local Government and Rural Development, *Muslim*, March 18, 1982, Page 8.

The courts, subdued and frightened, continued to stretch the by now famous law of necessity to perform their dubious role under a military regime that had now shed all pretence of legality. Their nemesis was, however, yet to come On March 25, 1981, the judges of the Supreme Court of Pakistan and the High Courts were asked to take a new oath of office. This oath took away from the courts what little freedom they still had: they could not question the legality of any martial law order nor could they interpret it. Hitherto, they had been under oath to perform their functions under the 1973 Constitution, as amended by martial law orders from time to time.

This measure of recognising the martial law amendments to the Constitution had been permitted by the Supreme Court ruling, on the law of necessity, passed on October 27, 1958, by a Bench of the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Mohammad Munir in the State vs Dosso Case. It had been upheld by the Supreme Court in the Nusrat Bhutto Case in November 1977 by a Bench presided over by Chief Justice Sheikh Anwar ul Haq. The new oath required them to swear loyalty to the Chief Martial Law Administrator or, in effect, to the Chief of the Army Staff.

Policy Of 'Pick And Choose'

Although the conscience of the courts had been dulled and they had begun to rationalise things, this latest development was too much for some of them to swallow. The Chief Justice and three judges of the Supreme Court declined to take the new oath and were automatically relieved of their jobs. Two of the three judges of the Baluchistan High Court (including the Chief Justice, Khuda Bakhsh Marri) also declined to take the oath. Similarly, two judges of the Lahore High Court did not take the oath of loyalty to the martial law regime. In the NWFP and Sind, however, except for one judge who was not invited to take the oath, all other judges decided to serve on. Significantly, not only that some of the judges of the superior courts declined to take the oath, the Government itself chose not to invite some others to the oath-taking ceremony. This practice of "picking and choosing" was unprecedented.

Under the 1973 Constitution, no per-

Background

The Great Betrayal

Iskander Mirza

ISKANDER MIRZA became President in March 1956 as the promulgation of the Constitution was not to his liking. He, therefore, chose to make an excessive and arbitrary use of his powers. During the 30 months of his Presidential office, he manipulated party positions, tried every permutation and combination to create situations under which as many as 4 Ministries fell like pins, the most short lived of them being the one headed by Chundrigar which lasted barely 7 weeks. Iskander Mirza was conscious of the fact that he had annoyed the political forces of the day, particularly the Muslim League led by Qayyum Khan and the Awami League headed by Suhrawardhy. He knew that, in the event of General Elections (scheduled for the spring of 1959), party positions in the next Parliament would change in such a manner that he could not hope to be re-elected President. He, therefore, decided to abrogate the Constitution, dissolve the Ministries and Assemblies, abolish political parties and impose martial law. This was done on the evening of October 7, 1958, when Ayub Khan became Prime Minister.

I was at that time Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Air Force, a post to which I had been appointed in 1957 by Suhrawardhy—at that time the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence. I was summoned by the President at about 9.00 pm on October 7. When I arrived at the President's House, I found Ayub Khan and a number of other Army officers (amongst them Brig Yahya Khan) present there. I was told by Iskander Mirza that he had decided to abrogate the Constitution; martial law had been declared and the Army was moving in to take over the Government. I had no prior knowledge of such a plan and was told that I should stay there for the next couple of hours, presumably until all moves had been completed.

The following day, or the day after, I attended a meeting presided over by Iskander Mirza at which Ayub Khan, the Chief Justice of Pakistan and the newly appointed members of Ayub Khan's Cabinet were present. At this meeting, the Chief Justice, Mohammad Munir, was asked by Ayub Khan as to how he should go about getting a new constitution approved by the people. Justice Munir's reply was both original and astonishing. He said that this was a simple matter In olden times, in the Greek states, he said, constitutions were approved by "public acclaim" and this could be done in Pakistan as well. Ayub Khan asked as to what was meant by "public acclaim", to which Justice Munir replied that a Draft of the Constitution, when prepared, should be published in the national newspapers. This was to be followed by Ayub Khan addressing public meetings at Nishtar Park (in Karachi), Paltan Maidan (in Dacca), Mochi Gate (in Lahore) and Chowk Yadgar (in Peshawar) at which he was to hold up the Draft of the Constitution that had been published in the newspapers a few days earlier and seek the public's approval. The answer, the Chief Justice said, would definitely be in the affirmative This, he said, was approval by "public acclaim".

Most of those present laughed and Ayub Khan laughed the loudest Although this advice was not followed by Ayub Khan for the approval of his Constitution, this is what the Chief Justice of Pakistan had suggested in all seriousness. No wonder Pakistan has found it difficult to shake off martial law ever since.

Ayub Khan & Yahya Khan

WHEN the Round Table Conference ended on a successful note, Yahya Khan put his own plan into action. Military Intelligence (which he controlled directly) and Civil Intelligence (which he also was able to control effectively) fed Ayub Khan with the kind of information that Yahya Khan *wanted* him to have. Ayub Khan, who had implicit faith in these sources of information, was soon convinced that the law-and-order situation in the country, particularly in East Pakistan, had deteriorated to an extent that the holding of elections and transfer of power to civilians was no longer practicable. When in response to these misleading intelligence reports Ayub Khan tried to impose martial law in certain areas, Yahya Khan concluded that the hour to strike had come.

At the end of a meeting with his close advisers, in which Ayub Khan made his intention known to impose martial law in parts of the Punjab and in East Pakistan, Yahya Khan asked to see the President in privacy When others had withdrawn, he told Ayub Khan that the step he was contemplating was not only inadequate but also unworkable. He told him that, if the Army was to be used and martial law imposed, he, the Head of the Army, must be in effective control of national affairs. As Chief Martial Law Administrator he must, he argued, direct and control the entire Government machinery.

It did not take long for Ayub Khan to get the message. The ageing Field Marshal who was so fond of quoting from history, albeit to promote his political philosophy and interests, could see history being repeated. Of course, the roles had changed and this time he was at the receiving end. By virtue of his office, Yahya Khan was dictating, in a polite but firm tone, what Ayub Khan himself had conveyed to Iskander Mirza a decade earlier. After 10 consuming years in the saddle, accompanied by his recent illness and the psychological effect of a countrywide popular movement—which had broken his spirit to fight back—Ayub Khan readily agreed to Yahya Khan's suggestion to step down. Yahya Khan became Chief Martial Law Administrator on March 25, 1969, and assumed control of the country's affairs. The wheels of fortune had turned full circle.

When this betrayal of democracy took place, mine was the lone voice of protest. The following day I made a public statement condemning the action that Yahya Khan had taken and said that there was no justification for martial law. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was, on the other hand, the only political leader to welcome publicly the imposition of martial law. For Bhutto, the end justified the means: the end being the capture of power, he was willing to use every stratagem to achieve this. He had maintained good personal relations with important Generals throughout his tenure as a Minister in Ayub Khan's Cabinet and had done his utmost to retain these links even after his exit from the Government. He was shrewd enough to know that Yahya Khan was the likely successor to Ayub Khan and had maintained good personal relations with him. His statement welcoming Yahya Khan's martial law on his assumption of power as President and Chief Martial Law Administrator was meant to start his dealings with him on the right note. All his subsequent moves were to follow this consistent approach and, throughout almost 3 years of Yahya Khan's rule, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto maintained the closest links with him, largely through Maj-Gen Pirzada, Military Secretary to the President.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto

AS the Indian Army closed in on Dacca, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who by then had been sworn in as Yahya Khan's Foreign Minister, was despatched to New York to attend the meeting of the Security Council, which had been convened to discuss the situation arising out of the Indo-Pakistan conflict. Bhutto arrived there on December 6, 1971. All the members of the United Nations were unanimous on an immediate cease-fire. Since Dacca had not fallen, an opportunity existed to salvage a hopeless situation by binding India to a cease-fire which could at least permit the orderly evacuation of the Pakistan Army and civilian Pakistani personnel and their families out of East Pakistan. Poland, with Soviet support, had introduced a resolution in the Security Council on December 10, 1971, which would have prevented the surrender of the Pakistan Army 6 days later. However, whilst the Security Council awaited the appearance of Pakistan's Foreign Minister, the world was told that Bhutto was indisposed in a New York hotel; and it was only when the Indian Army had entered Dacca and capitulation appeared imminent that he was well enough to attend the meeting of the Security Council on December 15, 1971. By then, valuable time had been lost but, even at that late hour, an outright capitulation might have been prevented. Bhutto however made an oration more befitting an election meeting in Mochi Gate than a speech in the Security Council for the survival of his country. He rejected the Polish Resolution for a cease-fire and said that Pakistan would fight for "a thousand years".

As he strode out of the Security Council, he tore up the Polish Resolution and threw it in the air. It is a poor commentary on our political sense that this performance was applauded by a large section of our people. So completely had the nation been misled over the years and so poor was our sense of understanding that the behaviour of Pakistan's Foreign Minister was thought to be the need of the hour.

Humiliating Spectacle

Dacca fell the next day and the world was entertained to a humiliating spectacle of a Ceremony of Surrender on the Racecourse at Dacca. As the Pakistani General was stripped of his badges in front of hundreds of foreign TV cameramen representing almost

son could be kept continuously under detention without a trial for more than 12 months. When, therefore, my one year in continuous detention was completed on May 29, 1981, a writ was filed on my behalf in the Peshawar High Court. The verdict was a foregone conclusion, but the helplessness of the courts had not been *publicly* announced by the oath-taking judges. When the case came up for hearing, it was ruled that the High Courts had no jurisdiction in martial law cases. The seal was, therefore, set on the "legality" of Zia ul Haq's illegal regime. Martial law was now supreme and there was no redress against its tyranny.

So ended the three decades of the partial independence of the courts and, as Zia ul Haq started recruiting Qazis and creating Shariat Courts, one wondered who they would owe allegiance to and whether they would interpret the Shariat as Zia ul Haq would wish them to do. The fear was not unfounded because many of those on the Islamic Advisory Council and other Islamic bodies are religious nonentities who have no particular qualifications to interpret Islamic law. Moreover, this has happened frequently in Islamic history. Rulers, under the garb of Islam, have terrorised people and used the so-called religious scholars and divines to keep themselves in power. The monarch-mullah combination has been in force for centuries, bestowing upon the monarch divine rights to rule ruthlessly whilst dishing out a few crumbs to the junior partner, the mullah. There was no dearth of such people in Pakistan and they flocked to support Zia ul Haq. It was not for the first time that Islam was being misrepresented and the law stretched to serve the interests of the person in power.

However, even after emasculating the Judiciary, Zia ul Haq was not prepared to take any chances. Even though the judges were under oath of loyalty to the military regime, he thought it prudent to keep them in a state of suspense and insecurity. All the superior courts—that is, the Supreme Court and the four High Courts—therefore continued to be headed by Acting Chief Justices and, despite the passage of time, Zia ul Haq thought it fit not to appoint permanent Chief Justices.

(To Be Continued)

FLOGGING REVIVED, BHUTTO HANGED. "Having seen," says the author, "the strength of the Pakistan National Alliance's movement against Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and being convinced that this was the result of the people's attachment to Islam, Zia ul Haq exploited religion to the full to impress the people with his love for and devotion to Islam... It is unprecedented that, in spite of all the appeals of almost every Head of State of a Muslim country, Zia ul Haq should have hanged the current Chairman of the Islamic Conference," Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

all the top news agencies of the world, our officers and men in other parts of East Pakistan were being subjected to indescribable humiliation. About 93,000 servicemen surrendered and they as well as civilians (amongst them women and children) were sent to prison camps. In the flush of victory, the Mukti Bahini and others settled old scores and many innocent people were slaughtered.

Perhaps the greatest sufferers were the "Biharis". These people, who had migrated to East Pakistan from the Eastern United Provinces and Bihar in India in 1947, had never been assimilated in Bengali society. They had been the victims of race and language riots that had been erupting in East Pakistan over the years. Unfortunately, these "Biharis", who suffered from linguistic and ethnic chauvinism and a superiority complex, made no genuine attempt to assimilate themselves in Bengali society, describing the Bengalis and their language as "Hindu-ridden". Their blind support to the military in the action against the Bengalis, therefore, incurred the latter's wrath. Their plight after the surrender of the Pakistan Army was pitiable and no mercy was shown to them. In the days immediately following the surrender, a large number of "Biharis" were killed. Even now, a large number of them rot in Red Cross camps in Dacca, as we have not been able to accept those whose patriotism and courage we once admired when we needed their support.

However, it was not only the "Biharis" and the West Pakistani public that had been misled, the Armed Forces had also been led to believe that the United States' Seventh Fleet and the Chinese would come to their rescue. They had been assured that Pakistan had staunch allies who would see her through this mad adventure; that so important was Pakistan to these allies' existence that they could not possibly see her go under. So, when what they believed could never happen actually took place, there was widespread dismay.

Inside the Armed Forces the reaction to the surrender at Dacca was sharp and a sense of humiliation pervaded the atmosphere in all military formations. The Officers Corps, which represented the mood of the Armed Forces, for the first time gave expression to their disgust at the handling of the whole affair by making their views known to General Headquarters. It was all done in a reasonably disciplined manner—through proper channels. A couple of days after the surrender, Gul Hassan Khan, Chief of the General Staff, went round the key army formations to gauge the mood and came back convinced that there was great resentment against Yahya Khan who must be persuaded to leave. He and Rahim Khan, Chief of the Air Staff, spoke with Yahya Khan, who agreed reluctantly to step down from the office of President, but insisted that he should retain the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It was decided that Lt-Gen Hamid Khan, Chief of Staff of the Army, should address the officers of General Headquarters and all GHQ officers above the rank of Major were assembled for a talk. The meeting ended in confusion because the officers were not prepared to listen to Gen Hamid Khan, who appeared to be lobbying for his own takeover from Yahya Khan.

Meanwhile, Bhutto was carefully monitoring the situation in New York and it was only when he was given the green light from Rawalpindi that he left for Pakistan. Gul Hassan Khan and Rahim Khan were in touch with him and, when it was finally confirmed that all was clear, Bhutto left on the final leg of his journey from Rome

Unaware at the time of these behind-the-scene manoeuvres, I addressed a press conference and a large public meeting at Rawalpindi on December 19, 1971, and called upon Yahya Khan to resign. I said that, much as I had disagreed with Bhutto's role during the past few months, there was no other alternative now, except for power to be handed to him and his party (albeit as a Caretaker Government) for a brief period, so that fresh elections could be held. Bhutto commanded a majority in the National Assembly of West Pakistan and had the right to form a government.

The People's Party stalwarts, however, had worked themselves into a state of hysteria Their leader was still abroad and they did not relish the idea of any slip that might deprive them of reaching their goal of securing power. Perhaps conscious of my past association with the Armed Forces, they were terrified of the possibility of an attempt on my part to block their way. So ruthless had they been in pursuit of power that they could not visualise anyone playing the game according to its rules. Even as I spoke before the large crowd at Liaquat Bagh in Rawalpindi and said that Bhutto and his People's Party, rather than Yahya Khan, had the right to rule, I was fired upon by local People's Party leaders. They yelled that no one except the "Chairman", Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, had the right to speak in Pakistan. It was in the face of strong and violent opposition from the People's Party that I continued my speech, that I vowed I would continue my fight for the rights of the people to express their views freely in the future, as I had done in the past.

I have kept this vow in the long years since.

Bhutto arrived in Rawalpindi on December 20, 1971, and was sworn in as President and Chief Martial Law Administrator. Yahya Khan was retired from the Army "honourably". So ended the ignominious 33 months of Yahya Khan's rule and thus began the rule of a popularly elected government in what was left of Pakistan.

Zia Ul Haq

BHUTTO selected Gen Mohammad Zia ul Haq for the post of Chief of the Army Staff when Gen Tikka Khan had completed his term of duty in this appointment on March 1, 1976. On assuming this post, Zia ul Haq superseded a number of officers senior to him in service. Zia ul Haq had attracted Bhutto's attention when, as a Divisional Commander, the General invited him to various functions. Zia ul Haq was lavish in his praise of the Prime Minister and, at one of these functions, presented him with a sword in recognition of "his services" to the country and its Armed Forces.

It was as a result of Zia ul Haq's persuasion that Bhutto agreed to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Armoured Corps—an honour normally bestowed on a senior Army officer of a General's rank. I gather that Zia ul Haq had even tried to persuade Bhutto to don the uniform of the Colonel-in-Chief of the Armoured Corps, which he wanted him to wear at a military parade.

Zia ul Haq was selected to preside at a General Court Martial convened at Attock in 1973 to try a number of officers charged with a conspiracy to overthrow Bhutto's Government. In view of the nature of the trial, the Prime Minister kept himself informed about its progress and, therefore, with Zia ul Haq's conduct of the proceedings. What Bhutto saw of Zia ul Haq during this lengthy trial confirmed him in his opinion that he was a trustworthy officer.

HOWEVER, in later years, what happened between September 1977 and March 1979 strengthened Zia ul Haq's resolve to remove from the scene the one man who, he knew, would not pardon him for what he had done on the early morning of July 5, 1977... Had the original Bench of 9 judges been maintained, the verdict could well have been 5-4 in Bhutto's favour. Moreover, when there was so much talk of bringing in Islamic laws, care was taken not to amend the Criminal Penal Code to allow the next of kin in a murder case to forgive the accused on receipt of blood money if he chose to do so—an action which is permitted in Islam.

There is, of course, the larger issue of the right of a military dictator who, according to his own solemn undertaking, had assumed control for an interim period—pending the transfer of power of the elected representatives of the people—to hang an elected Prime Minister of the country. It was also odd that a Chief of the Army Staff, himself an Armoured Corps officer, should have hanged the Colonel-in-Chief of the Armoured Corps. Moreover, it was unprecedented that, in spite of the appeals of almost every Head of State of a Muslim country, Zia ul Haq should have hanged the current Chairman of the Islamic Conference.

There must have obviously been some overriding compulsion that led Zia ul Haq to take this unprecedented step. It could only be his determination to hang on to power.

Asghar Khan

We Are Living Beyond Our Means

by A Special Correspondent

Is India going to go insolvent under the cumulative impact of increasing defence and oil expenditure coupled with a decline in our trade balance owing to a lopsided foreign trade and investment policy?

Our defence budget has more than quadrupled over the last decade and now stands at Rs 5,100 crores. Our purchase of the Jaguar proved controversial because of their high cost.

JUST like individuals, nations also go broke. Mexico is broke, while countries like Brazil, Argentina and Poland are teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. Is India in danger of sliding into a similar situation?

India has not indulged in the sort of profligacy that some Latin American countries are guilty of. Mexico owes American and European banks alone over Rs 70,000 crores, a sum that exceeds half of India's national income! Not far behind is Brazil with a debt of Rs 64,000 crores. Nor is India, like Poland, in the throes of a labour-induced economic cataclysm. And yet the situation facing India calls for constant vigilance, for though the danger of bankruptcy is not imminent, it looms menacingly on the horizon.

That this is not just the cry of a Cassandra should be evident from the worrisome erosion in the country's foreign exchange reserves. Excluding gold and SDRs (special drawing rights), the reserves have fallen thus: 1979-80 Rs 5,163 crores; 1980-81 Rs 4,822 crores; and 1981-82 Rs 3,864 crores. The figure on October 30 was only Rs 3,153 crores.

The draw-down of the reserves would appear to be still more ominous when the fact that India has already begun to avail of the huge Rs 5,500-crore loan from the International Monetary Fund is taken into account. Already drawals against this loan total Rs 1,575 crores—Rs 950 crores in the first year ended June 1982 and Rs 625 crores as the first instalment for the second year (in July 1982). Two further instalments of Rs 625 crores each are due before the end of December. This means that at the end of this year an amount of Rs 3,450 crores will already have been taken against the IMF loan, leaving a balance of about Rs 2,000 crores. When this balance is also exhausted, what happens?

The scenario is disconcerting. According to *The Economic Times*, India's current account deficit for the period 1981-84 is projected at around $19 billion. The IMF loan takes care of $5.7 billion. Concessional aid is expected to cover $6.9 billion. This leaves a deficit of $6.4 billion which has already been covered to the extent of $2.4 billion by drawals from reserves in 1981-82. Thus an uncovered deficit of $4 billion would remain by the end of 1984-85 with barely $3.5 billion in the kitty! How can we avoid such a catastrophe?

No Sacred Cows

Ultimately, the question boils down to increasing the inflow and decreasing the outflow of foreign exchange. A major cause of the outflow is the arms purchases being made by the Government. Such expenditure is always treated like a sacred cow and is never publicly discussed, let alone justified. This is wrong in a country where it is well known that the money avoidably spent on acquiring an expensive fighter plane can be better invested in providing food, drinking water, electricity and shelter to those who subsist in sub-human conditions.

The country's defence expenditure has been increasing as follows:

	(Rupees Crore)
1970-71	1,199
1980-81	3,600
1981-82	4,670
1982-83	5,100

India's arms purchases abroad have by no means been insignificant. Military equipment being received under the Indo-Soviet arms deal of March 1980 will cost about $1.6 billion. The Jaguar deal with British Aerospace involves an expenditure of about $1.5 billion. The purchase of 40 sophisticated Mirage-2000 planes—perhaps the most expensive fighter plane in the world—is estimated to cost a fortune, not to speak of the Exocet missile deal, which is in the pipeline. Recently an order for an advanced submarine was placed with West Germany. Some time ago, New Delhi asked Washington for some advanced missiles, but the request was refused.

During Mrs Gandhi's recent visit to the United States *The New York Times* reported that India was negotiationg arms purchases with that country worth $1 billion. All this is only for the induction of new equipment. In addition, India is to import military hardware to the tune of about Rs 750 crores under its programme to service, replace and modernise the existing equipment of its armed forces.

Are we succumbing to the blandishments of international arms salesmen? Or, are we deliberately overdoing the defence bit? The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute points out that in the '70s India's defence expenditure was 1.2 to 3.8 per cent of its GNP. Now the percentage is slightly above 4 and equal to that of 34 other countries. But our neighbours, Pakistan and China, have much higher percentages, the latter's being 7.

There can be no two opinions that the need to protect our frontiers and ensure the nation's sovereignty cannot be compromised. At the same time, however, the quest for satisfying defence requirements should not be allowed to overshoot the mark and degenerate into militaristic jingoism. This is a trap into which governments in many countries fall in the face of domestic non-performance.

Since those who run the present Government have shown a tendency to cry wolf in the past several months, it may be said, without prejudging the issue, that there is a case for a thorough and threadbare discussion on the country's defence expenditure. Apart from the fact that each arms deal involves huge amounts of foreign exchange, let it not be forgotten that India is among the poorest countries of the world, the poorest per capital income of $240. Massive

Adverse Balance Sheet

Central to the issue of inflow and outflow of foreign exchange is, of course, the country's adverse balance of trade. The gap, as the following table shows, has been growing steadily since 1976-77:

	(Rupees crore)
1976-77	72
1977-78	621
1978-79	1,088
1979-80	2,449
1980-81	5,813
1981-82	5,886

Although it has by now become a cliche that the adverse balance is largely because of the oil import bill, the Government is moving at a snail's pace in regard to oil exploration. In the two years since the policy decision was taken to invite high technology foreign companies to undertake offshore oil explorations, only one company, Chevron Corporation of California, has been given a contract for a single block off Saurashtra.

The main reason for the tardy progress is the blinkered tendency to imitate China, which is imposing stringent conditions on foreign companies. But while China is supposed to have the world's largest oil reserves next to Saudi Arabia, prospecting for oil in Indian waters is regarded a much less attractive proposition. The Ministry of Petroleum should, therefore, re-evaluate its conditions and make them realistic if it does not want foreign firms to shy away.

Neither is there any evidence of businesslike efforts to conserve fuel. The Working Group on Energy Policy had pointed out that a good deal of diesel is wasted in the agriculture sector because of the mismatching of irrigation pump-sets and indiscrimin-

ate use of tractors. The Petroleum Conservation Action Group has likewise opined that there is scope for saving industrial fuel up to 33 per cent. Again, it is estimated that tapping alternative sources of energy can result in reduction of oil imports to the extent of 20 per cent.

Another reason for the country's adverse trade balance is the lopsided foreign trade policy. The accent is almost entirely on export promotion. It needs to be realised that stiff international competition, growing protectionism and worldwide recessionary tendencies severely limit the effectiveness of export promotion in bridging our trade gap, which is so large that it is actually a manifestation of the economy's structural imbalance.

We are spending colossal amounts of foreign exchange on such items which can be produced indigenously and at much less cost than overseas—cement, fertilisers, aluminium, steel, paper, edible oils and coal. Infrastructural deficiencies and bureaucratic bottlenecks are mainly to blame. A note of dissent to the Tandon Committee's report on export policy says, for instance, that India could annually save foreign exchange worth Rs 1,000 crores by just improving capacity utilisation in respect of these items.

Despite the various incentives and concessions, export growth remains unsatisfactory. According to "International Financial Statistics", India's share of world exports dropped from 0.6 per cent in 1977 to 0.4 per cent in 1980. Pakistan during this period increased its exports by 42 per cent! In 1981-82 India's exports are supposed to have boomed by 13 per cent, but there is a bogus element in this claim. For instance, we exported $750 crores worth of cut and polished diamonds, but against this must be set off Rs 500 crores worth of rough diamonds that were imported.

Again, there have been exports which really represent repayments of capital. The Soviet Union had accumulated large rupee balances totalling over Rs 1,000 crores and has now started liquidating these through an orgy of buying. Further, export of jewellery rose from Rs 15 crores to Rs 37 crores, but for this purpose gold had to be imported, which means that four-fifths of the export figure is illusory. Thus the real export growth in 1981-82 was nowhere near 13 per cent.

Deteriorating terms of trade have exacerbated the problem. According to a study by the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, India's terms of trade deteriorated by five per cent in 1980-81. Provisional calculations for 1981-82 indicate that import unit value rose by eight per cent and export unit value by only four per cent, which means that there was a further deterioration.

Liberalised Imports Controversy

The policy of liberalised imports has generated some controversy. Those who feign surprise over it in the face of a widening trade gap need to be told that last year, out of a total import bill of about Rs 13,000 crores, imports under the open General Licence amount to only Rs 300 crores. So, there is no such thing as the policy having caused an inward avalanche. On the contrary, the policy is well-conceived, showing an appreciation of the need to ensure inputs for industry and to upgrade technology. Some complaints about dumping have been audible, especially in regard to soda ash, PVC, polyester and viscose fibre. To the extent indigenous industry is being genuinely harmed, this question requires examination. But three points need to be mentioned.

First, most of the so-called dumped goods attract heavy duties, making one wonder whether an industry that cannot survive despite a high tariff barrier deserves to exist at all. *Second*, the goods that are being dumped are not garbage but important raw materials, which means that their Indian users are benefitting. *Third*, many compalints about dumping, as conceded privately by FICCI officials, are in the nature of unjustified breast-beating by industrialists who have for long been inured by protection. Indian industry should cease to be treated like a suckling child, weaned away from breast-feeding and exposed in measured doses to the bracing winds of foreign competition.

But for a few favourable factors, our foreign exchange reserves would have vanished long ago. Inward remittances by overseas Indians have increased from Rs 1,908 crores in 1977 to Rs 4,621 crores in 1981. Largely because of these remittances, the gross non-export receipts, which also include other invisibles, have been making an increasing contribution to the balance of payments, as follows: 1979—Rs 2,275 crores, 1980—Rs 4,467 crores and 1981—Rs 5,000 crores.

The potential indicated by inward remittances has at last induced the Government consciously to take steps to encourage inflow of funds held abroad by non-resident Indians for the purpose of investment in the country. The Central Budget for 1982-83 included some fiscal incentives to draw non-resident funds. This has been followed by four announcements of the Reserve Bank (on April 21, July 9, August 19 and in December) which have progressively relaxed in some respects the limits on equity participation by non-resident Indians in portfolio shares and new issues.

The outcome at Toronto, where an agreement was reached to assure funds for the IDA, shows that India could look forward to the current level of multilateral aid being maintained in the short run. But in the long run, with IDA funds not assured and China emerging as a competitor from 1985 onwards, the prospects of multilateral aid on soft terms are not bright. Nor can much store be laid by bilateral aid as the developed nations grapple with their own economic problems.

Recourse will have to be taken increasingly to commercial loans, of which the country has already taken over $2.2 billion in the last five years. While this is nowhere near the extravagance of the Latin American spendthrifts, forays into this area should be confined to manageable limits.

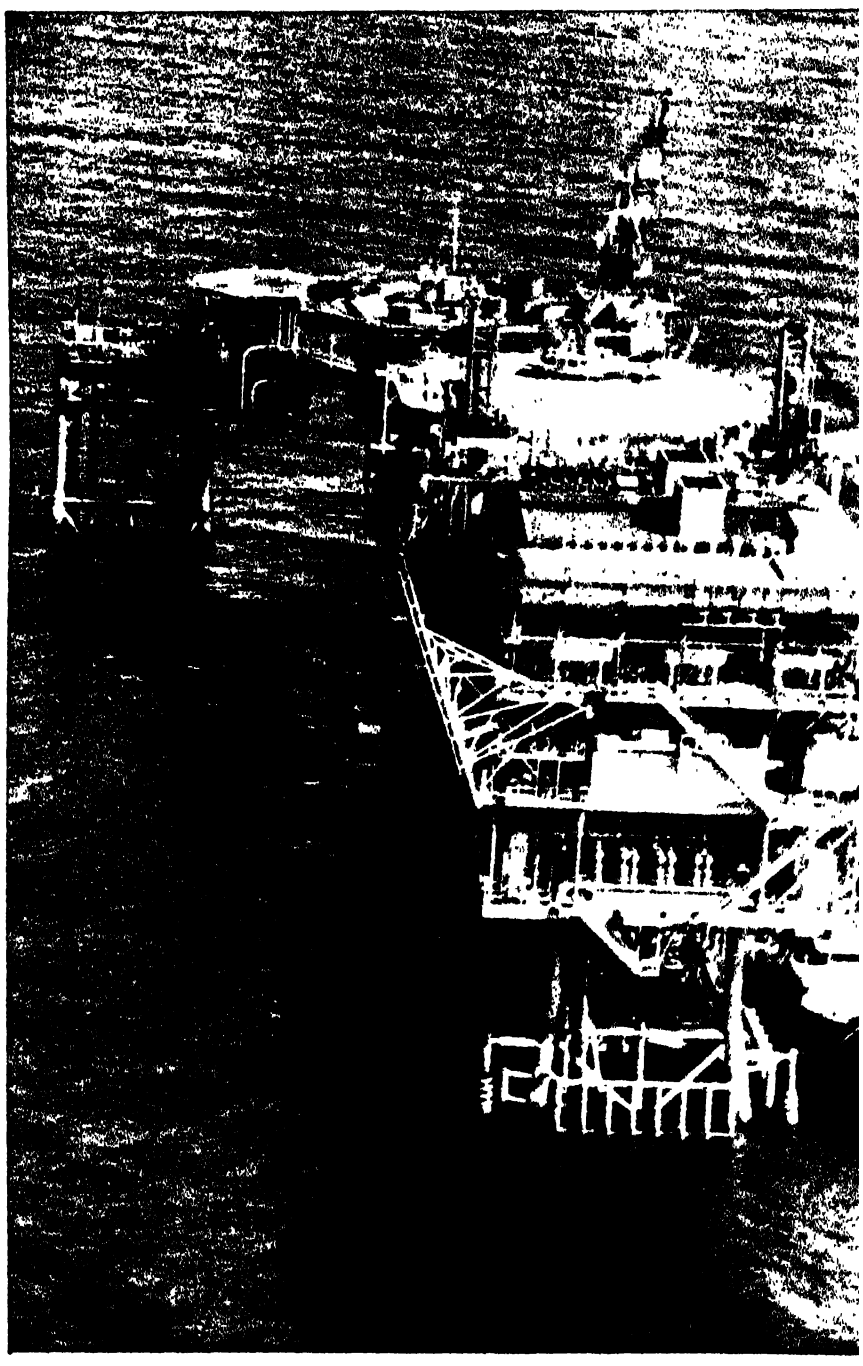
The policy on foreign investment requires re-examination. On her tours in the West, the Prime Minister never fails to invite foreign investors to India. But such ritualistic invitations have a hollow ring. The recent changes in the Foreign Exchange Regulation Act are marginal and the door is still more shut than open. In the last three years, 131 applications were received under FERA, 42 were approved, 56 were rejected (because these pertained to areas in which foreigners are not allowed to operate) and 33 are still under consideration.

Tourism can be a big foreign exchange earner, but in this country the industry is in a shambles. Our tourist traffic is among the poorest in the world. The Government bends over backwards to make the country as boring and as dull for a visitor as possible in the mistaken belief that all he comes for is to gape at the Taj Mahal. The "kicks" are conspicuous by their absence. The India Tourism Development Corporation is setting up a chain of duty-free shops to help the visitor disgorge his foreign exchange. But more than this will have to be done if even the limited boost that tourism has received from the Asian Games is to be consolidated into lasting gain.

The behaviour of Government functionaries at a time when the country's foreign exchange coffers are in danger of disappearing calls for comment because example, like charity must begin at home. The craze of Ministers and officials for globe-girdling jaunts has increased during Mrs Gandhi's regime, costing the public exchequer about Rs 10 crores annually. In the first 10 months of 1981 over 30 ministers and 1975 officials went on foreign tours.

Those eager for global joyrides should pause to reflect that a part of the foreign exchange they squander is earned by exporting foodgrains, vegetables, fruits and other food products. In other words, it is earned by further tightening the belt around emaciated bellies. The sceptic may, of course, sneer at such a fuss over the trifling amount of Rs 10 crores. But the issue goes beyong that, affecting as it does the public morale.

India is not yet broke, but it could very well become, unless the powers-that-be initiate a multi-pronged national endeavour to ward off such a catastrophe. ■



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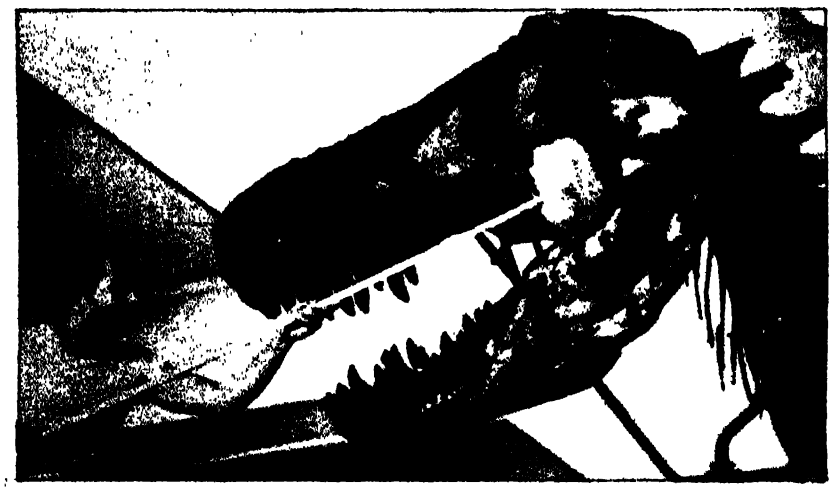
OUT OF THIS WORLD. The Extra Terrestrial (E.T.) and comedian Robin Williams are surrounded by friends from beyond. Together, they will appear in the CBS-TV special, E.T. And Friends: Magical Movie Visitors, *which Williams will host.* Inset: *E.T. star Drew Barrymore.*

CHANGE OF HEART. Dr William DeVries headed the team of surgeons who implanted an artificial heart, (above), *in Barney B. Clark.* Below: *Tyrannosaurus Rex, of the New York Museum of Natural History, receives a dusting during his annual dental checkup.*

MR GANDHI, I PRESUME. Ben Kingsley who played Gandhi and Rohini Hattangadi who played Kasturba meet The Prince and The Princess of Wales, at the film's London premiere. Gandhi *was well received on both sides of the Atlantic.*



THE WORLD AROUND US

"MISS LOVELY LEGS OF GREAT BRITAIN" Michelle Jenkinson, a dolphin trainer at Scarborough Zoo, with her trophy.

—S.N Kulkarni—

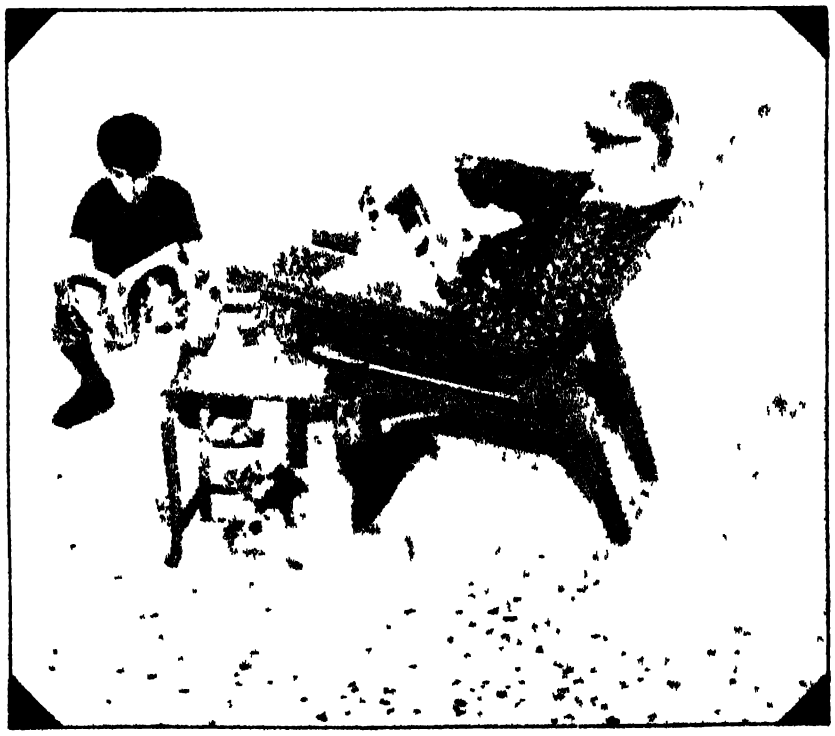
"Year Of The Aged"

It Has No Meaning In India

Participation in family life and a sense of belonging are the secrets of long life in India.

by Patanjali Sethi

THE declaration of 1982 as the "International Year Of The Aged" by the UN has no meaning for us in India It is a response to the prevailing mores and ideas in the West where the aged are treated worse than pet animals even if they are not exiled to old people's homes It presumes that the aged are a lower species of human beings and, at any rate, they need to have a special year to draw attention to their plight just like refugees or the so-called children of disaster



In India, the aged are respected and considered embodiments of wisdom There are aberrations from this general rule, particularly in metropolitan cities, where the desire to ape the West has warped some of the younger minds. But attempts of such mavericks to rationalise their attitude are simply ludicrous

It has been said that the joint family system alone can nourish respect for the old. Since the joint family has vanished, the argument goes, the aged too must accept a changed value system. There can be nothing further from the truth.
First, India lives in its villages where the joint family is still the bedrock of the social structure.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS ,shared with the grandchildren adds a sense of fulfilment in the autumn years.

AT HARMONY WITH NATURE and himself, this armchair reader enjoys the company of his grandchild and his dogs.

Secondly, in most urban homes, too, it continues to flourish. Even when sons live separately, they often invite their aged parents to live with them by turns. It is only in rare cases that the aged wish to live alone to ensure their own freedom. The very idea of going into an old people's home is repugnant to most Indians It is regarded as a sentence of rigorous imprisonment in a jail from which there is no return.

The reasons are simple. Whether the aged live separately or not, they are confident of the lasting love and affection of their children. They continue to be needed in hours of crisis when their mature guidance and filial love help overcome the troubles which are natural concomitants of the young people's living styles and value system.

Living an active life and continuing as head of the family at older than the so-called ripe old age are quite common in India. Meethiyan of Cochin, for

instance, continued as the much-beloved and revered head of a 200-member family of four generations till he died at the age of 127 Likewise, Sitabai Mona Mungekar is reported to have lived up to the age of 149 years as head of a family of three sons, 14 grandsons, 18 granddaughters and 21 great grandchildren
Gullu was about 19 years old at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857 In late 1980, he was reported to be the oldest resident of Rae Bareli district, living in the village of Thakori Grandfather of 42 children, Gullu occasionally walked two kilometres to meet his daughter in Rae Bareli

Dehumanisation Of Westerners

All this is possible because we Indians take an integrated view of life in this world and hereafter our attitudes are free of the dichotomy that prevails in the West A certain dehumanisation makes the Westerner condemn the old to a lonely existence At the same time, medical scientists seek to find formulae to increase the life-span Is there any point in trying to seek longevity when old age implies loneliness and rejection?

Two universities in Britain are trying to find out why people grow old Tentatively, they have come up with two theories a) aging is caused by wear and tear leading to changes in body cells and tissues, and b) our bodies inherit some kind of a programmed life-span leading to death at a genetically predetermined age (Shades of *Karma!*)

Be that as it may, there can be no question that the march of medical science has extended life expectancy dramatically and the number of older people in the world is increasing Indeed, one of the British researchers seemed to lament that more older people would be an extra burden on society with their disabilities and frailties!

His views are quite contrary to the findings of a West German team According to it, there need not be frailties and healthy longevity is possible through a life of hard work without strain or stress The team interviewed centenarians, had some of them examined in hospitals and conducted post-mortems on those who died at the age of 100 years or above
Among its findings Those aged 100 and above usually died of infections not of old age Special diets played no decisive role though moderation in eating did

In any event there is a powerful backlash even in the West to condemning the aged to destitution An American organisation Grey Panthers announced some time ago its aims to coax the elderly to resist being forcibly retired and pushed into homes for 'senior citizens" It offered to fight against the phobia against the old which it describes graphically as gerontophobia

But age is not an absolute concept In many cases it is really a state of mind The 80 year-old French Prime Minister Clemenceau, saw a beautiful woman and sighed "If only I were seventy! His 70 year-old friend who looked his age never understood that but Clemenceau felt young at 70

Narendra N Shah

HIS WIZENED OLD FACE all aglow, this man certainly does not show his age

Helpage In India

Few, in India realise that their life expectancy has increased from 46 to 54 within the last ten years Nor, that an ever-increasing proportion of the population will be elderly, with manifold socio-economic implications for the future.

So, a secular society "Helpage India" dedicated to creating public awareness about the problems faced by elderly people, was set up in 1978 and registered as an all-India Society in association with Helpage International U.K. In addition, it raises funds in India, for projects in India. It has its head-office in Delhi, with specially trained staff working out of 14 major centres around India. It does not (apart from two exceptions) run projects on its own, neither does it support individual cases . Instead it encourages existing organisations to start or enlarge their own facilities for caring for the elderly, providing help by using modern methods to raise funds efficiently. In India, the idea of employing full-time staff to raise funds (as opposed to relying solely on the voluntary efforts of committee members) has been introduced uniquely by Helpage India and has been described as one of the most interesting developments in social work of recent years. But Helpage India welcome voluntary assistance, in the fields of fund-raising, in direct care of the elderly, and in research, for the assessment of data, available is scarce.

Donations to Helpage India in 1982 totalled Rs 49.63 lakhs (as compared with Rs 33.10 lakhs in 1979 and Rs 42.89 lakhs in 1980). Audited accounts and reports for 1982 show that more than three-quarters of this went directly to more than 100 selected projects, scattered throughout the country, as well as to the creation of several new ones. Many more are in the pipeline.

A growing portion, of this income came not in big donations from big unions or companies, but in paise and rupees from the efforts of many thousands of school children who were motivated to help the old through educational programmes introduced into schools by Helpage staff. A pack containing teaching materials on old age is now in the process of being revised and up-dated, but, meanwhile, Helpage India staff are helping school teachers to put children in touch with projects as part of the Government's "Socially useful productive work programme"

Last July, Helpage India's senior Project Adviser was called in to contribute grassroots experience to the Indian delegation before they attended the United Nations World Assembly on aging in Vienna. A recent research programme funded by Helpage India to identify the different types of non-governmental services available for the aged has shown that throughout India there are only 353 agencies working to help meet the needs of the less fortunate of the 40 million aged 60 and above These figures would seem to bear out a recent charge levelled by Jaya Thadani in 'The Tribune', Washington,that, lulled by the thought that "we in India traditionally look after our aged" and blind to the changing realities of the situation, voluntary work for the old in India is pathetic. Donations from the privileged are paltry and individual concern or compassion for the general cause is sadly lacking.

Greater emphasis, says Helpage India, must be laid on the development of non-institutional care, such as "support services, designed to help families to care for the aged within their own families and environment". These are not only more in keeping with Indian tradition, but allow a limited amount of money to benefit a greater number of people. Smaller family units, with smaller living space and smaller incomes sometimes find it impossible to look after their elderly. Support services such as day centres, mobile medical units and home visiting could help them to do so. It seems that a preconceived attitude exists among many planners and those responsible for social services for the aged, that any person who has stopped full-time work, and is advanced in years is thereby "feeble, frail and useless". Helpage India maintain that this attitude must be changed. "It is wrong to assume (though this is often done) that simply because a person is old he or she is incapable of taking decisions or unwilling to take on responsibilities or do some light work. Old people should be actively involved in decisions relating to their future and welfare, and not treated simply as objects." These and other challenges are contained in an 'Agenda for Action'.

Tigger Stach

HARD FACTS ABOUT POLYESTER TEXTURISING AND FILAMENT YARN SPINNING INDUSTRIES

1) The Spinners of Polyester Partially Oriented Yarn (POY) and Polyester Filament Yarn (PFY) have matching captive texturising capacities. Hence Independant texturisers (about 150) are dependant on the continuance of the Open General Licence Policy with reasonable rates of protective customs duties for their very survival. **The 305.18% average protective duty (Rs. 15,000 per tonne was increased effective 23-11-1982) levied on POY/PFY is the highest protective duty ever levied on any commodity in India.**

2) The average aggregate customs duties on 150D and 75D POY works out to 750% advalorem, *making POY the highest taxed industrial raw material in the world.*

3) The total incidence of taxation (including texturising duty and sales tax) as a percentage of the CIF price of 75D and 150D POY works out to 822.62% and 826.28% respectively, **making smuggling of texturised yarns several times more lucrative than gold, watches, electronic items. The only industrial raw material being smuggled in container-loads, and setting at nought the implementation of Point number 19 of the 20-Point progamme.**

4) On the imports of POY/PFY yarns which cost around Rs. 32 crores per annum on imports of 20,000 tonnes, the texturisers contributed Rs 225 crores as import duties alone. *Now the texturisers' already-low production would decline by 50% as a result of the recent hike whereas the customs revenue will fall by Rs. 112 crores whilst seriously injuring texturisers, weavers, knitters and the common man-the ultimate consumer*

5) Out of 10 POY/PFY Spinners, 8 are MRTP Houses. Their 1981 capacity utilisation was 160% as against only 60% of the texturising industry which is in the small/medium scale sector **A glaring fact totally ignored by the government while hiking the obnoxious duty.**

6) The import cost of POY/PFY becoming more prohibitive for texturisers, the Spinner-texturisers will have a complete monopoly on the sale of all texturised yarns in the country. *A unique case of the weaker section subsidising the rich.*

7) The recent hike in import duty will distort competition between Spinner-texturisers and independant texturisers, thereby imposing on all consumers unjustified costs or restrictions. **This tantamounts to a restrictive Trade Practice under the MRTP Act - unwittingly encouraged by the government.**

8) The Spinning Industry registered, during 1981-82, growth in PAT (Profit after tax) as high as 41% compared to 1980-81 whereas cotton textiles industry had a negative PAT of 24%. *The cotton Textile Industry is a bulk consumer of texturised yarns whereas protective duty is enhanced to further protect the over-protected*

9) The Retained Profits of the Spinners increased by 59 6% and the rate of growth of the cash flow was 41 1% A higher customs duty was highly irrational by all norms **Effective 23-11-1982 their current fantastic profits will further soar by Rs. 52.50 crores per annum.**

10) Thanks to a restrictive industrial licensing policy coupled with highest tariff barriers being followed by the government, at the behest of a handful of Spinners — the rate of return to the Spinners is highest in the world when India's production of POY/PFY is 0.67% of the world's production *The small - medium scale texturising industry will, however, be added to the list of sick industries resulting in locking up of the finances advanced by Banks /Financial Institutions.*

11) The incidences of import duties on the basic raw materials of the spinners did not warrant a corresponding protective duty on POY/-PFY higher than 89.3% against prevalent rate of 305 18% **Government has fallen prey to the evil designs of the Spinners and unwittingly to the smugglers.**

12) A logical and rational case exists not only to withdraw the hike in customs duty of Rs. 15 per kg but to reduce the protective duty to a maximum of 110% advalorem. **Please help us and not kill us.**

ALL INDIA CRIMPERS' ASSOCIATION
515, Churchgate Chambers, 5, New Marine Lines, Bombay- 400 020.

In fact, in some cases youth "returns". A 105-year-old woman in south-eastern Nepal, Mrs Harimaya Chandragarhi, was reported some years ago to have grown two new teeth and dark hair once again. I met a man near Manali who has his grandson's grandson living with him. He grew a new set of teeth when he was a hundred years old. He did a young man's job in his household where five generations lived.

'Second Adolescence'

Bearing all this in mind, there is to me an implied irony in Western mores. At 40 (or so) many Westerners feel that they have moved not into middle age but into a sort of "second adolescence". They recast their whole lifestyle at that age, take to a new career, even a new life-partner.

Yet it is in the West where longevity is not related to essential values like respect for elders and taking advice from them (as they are more experienced). If the age of 40 is adolescence, why should those who are 70 or above become rejects?

All schools of medicine have concerned themselves with old age. Gerotology has become a specialised subject of study. Allopathy, Ayurveda and the Unani systems offer several remedies.

Kayakalpa has become almost synonymous with magical rejuvenation. According to Susruta and Dhanvantri, the great teachers of Ayurveda, it can restore vitality and vigour. The treatment is carried out either while the patient continues to lead a normal life or in isolation in a closed room, away from light and sound, to lower his metabolism to the minimum. His diet is controlled so that there is no strain on his digestive system. It consists largely of liquids. Thus the body cells, tissues, organs and systems are gradually revived and a youthful man emerges from the treatment.

Countries without access to the wisdom of the Atharvaveda—and the ignorant even in our own—are truly unfortunate. As life expectancy grows, it puts an artificial pressure on certain industrialised societies by creating a large pensionable population.

Numbers Not Worrisome

In mid-1979, it was estimated that there were 300 million old people in the world. The exact figure is not known as the concept of "old age" is not uniform. Considering 60 as the age for being termed old, in 1970 there were an estimated 304 million old. In 1990, the number is expected to double.

But numbers need not worry Indians. Unlike in the West, the Indian ideal, as propounded in religious and secular literature, underscores respect for age. Such an ideal needs to be spread all over the world. It certainly needs to be restored among those who are influenced by Western thinking. In fact, apathy towards the old only reflects an erosion of spiritual values, which is a major cause for social unrest in the West.

Putting the old "to bed" is as good as putting them in a coffin. An Indian medical expert at King's College Hospital in the UK has said that loneliness burns the living alive. They are no different from the so-called younger people. Their bodies and minds should be allowed to function to add meaning not only to their lives but also to their children's lives.

Growing Old Gracefully

Growing old gracefully really means having a place in the household, retaining dignity and continuing to set the respect that experience and wisdom merit. If this is allowed, the old will not become anxious about themselves and worry unnecessarily. Depriving the so-called old of activity and active participation makes them aged. Being old (in chronological terms) and being aged (in terms of frailty and ill health) are two different things.

As Mr I.K. Gujral, former Union Minister for Information, said, one of the cardinal principles of the Indian heritage is respect for the old. It is a recognition of the fact that in honouring them we are acknowledging the wisdom that the aged embody.

The Indian way of caring for and respecting elders has impressed Western social workers. In fact, when the Vridha Jan Sanman Samiti of Agra sponsored a "Senior Citizens World Congress" some years ago, some foreign delegates wondered why organisations like the Samiti existed in India. So the Samiti has ventured abroad. At a function in mid-1974 at Amanase in Ghana, for instance, it honoured the oldest woman in the world, Mrs Aba Odekye, said to be over 150 years old. Present on the occasion were her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great-great grandchildren, numbering 204.

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CREATIVE CIRCLE PWSI-01

Navy Day In Low Key

Naked In The Sea

by K.C. Khanna

THE Indian Navy celebrated its annual day this month in a low key. It has reason to be circumspect. The two Super-Powers have brought the Cold War too close to India's shores for comfort. The Pakistanis have acquired during the last 12 months the capability to hit and sink any object on the surface of the sea or below it across a wide arc stretching from their brand new naval base at Gawadar on the Makran Coast to Goa.

Towards the end of last month as many as 95 combat ships and 71 support vessels of Super and major powers were prowling in the Indian Ocean. The US alone had deployed 49 warships, including two aircraft carriers, five guided missile cruisers and 19 destroyers or frigates, along with 29 auxiliaries. And the Russians were not far behind. They had 25 war vessels and 47 support ships in the Indian Ocean. Even the French presence was not negligible, consisting as it did of 19 combat ships and five auxiliaries. Equally to the point, the range and offensive capability of Pakistan's Navy has increased manifold even as India's stakes in offshore oil all along its west coast are growing rapidly. It is reported to have strengthened its submarine arm by acquiring two more Agosta class subs from France on top of the four it already has. And, it is planning to buy three more.

In time these are all likely to be equipped with the submarine-launched version of the deadly Exocet missile (SM-39) now undergoing trials in France. Significantly, Pakistan's Admiral Niazi was present at the recent exhibition of French naval hardware at Toulon. The Pakistanis have, in addition six midget submarines. These can carry two-man vehicles that are ideal for putting a limpet mine with a time device to blow up an offshore oil installation or to block a seaport channel. Being small and slow-moving, they are extremely difficult to detect.

Simultaneously, the sea-surface capability of the Pakistanis has shot up with the reported addition of two Gearing class destroyers to their five-ship flotilla. Finally, in the air they can now pose a much greater threat. Their Mirage-5 fighters are equipped with 30 Exocet missiles and their Sea King helicopters with an equal number of the same. India's oil platforms in Bombay High are well within their range. What is more, they have acquired three Atlantic long-range maritime patrol and anti-submarine aircraft and are negotiating with the Americans to purchase three P3C Orion planes for similar missions. Superior to both Atlantics and Nimrods, the Orions will enable them to detect and hit any surface or subsurface vessel right up to Goa.

In contrast, the Indian Navy, despite its formidable array of surface war vessels, is virtually naked in the sea. For, its capability to meet a threat from the air or under water is severely constricted by lack of modern hardware. Its two squadrons of maritime reconnaissance aircraft—Super Constellations and Ilyushin-38s—are obsolete. The eight ski jump Harriers that the Government has contracted to buy from Britain to operate off the aircraft carrier *INS Vikrant* will not be in service before the end of 1983. The Indian Navy's submarine arm is weaker still. The eight F-class Soviet submarines it now has are slow, noisy, old and outdated. Most of the time at least half of them are confined to the dockyards undergoing maintenance or repairs. Indeed, no arm of the country's forces has been so sadly neglected since independence as the submarine arm even though a solitary enemy sub, the *Ghazi*, had tied up the entire Indian Navy to home ports all through the Indo-Pakistan conflict in 1965.

OLD, NOISY AND OBSOLETE: Submarines like the Kalvari (above), acquired in 1967 form the weakest link in India's defences against water-borne threats.

The need to make up for lost time is self-evident. The first of the four HDW-1500 subs that the Government has decided to acquire from West Germany will not be available till 1986; even so, they will be barely adequate for coastal defence. In a well-researched monogram, Admiral A.K. Chatterji, a former Chief of the Naval Staff, has suggested how the Navy's submarine arm can be strengthened within the ambit of overall efforts to deploy a balanced naval force to protect the nation's maritime interests in the Indian Ocean and beyond. He argues for the augmentation of the submarine fleet, including the acquistion of nuclear subs, at an additional annual cost of Rs 400 crores during the next 14 years. The Government will do well to examine his proposals seriously. ■

IMA : The Struggle To Lead

by Mohan Rao

THOUGH the Indian Army is about 250 years old, the Indian Military Academy, the nursery of its officer corps, was established only in 1932. Until the early 20s, the highest rank that an Indian could rise to was that of a Subedar-Major. Called the "Block Colonel" of the Indian Battalion, he was the link between the British officers and the Indian sepoys.

It was only after a sustained campaign by national leaders like Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Tej Bahadur Sapru, M.A. Jinnah and P.S. Sivaswamy Aiyer in the Legislative Council and in England that ten seats were first reserved for Indians at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and the demand for setting up a college on similar lines in India was conceded a decade later.

Located between the Shivalik and Himalayan foothills in the Doon Valley, the campus of the Academy covers an area of over 1,000 acres. It was formally inaugurated on December 12, 1932. Gen Chetwode, who inaugurated it, gave the following credo to the future officers of the Indian Army: "The Safety, Honour and Welfare of Your Country come first, always and every time. The Honour, Welfare and Comfort of the men you command, come next. Your own Ease, Comfort and Safety come last, always and every time".

The Indian officers who have passed out of the portals of the Academy have lived upto this motto.

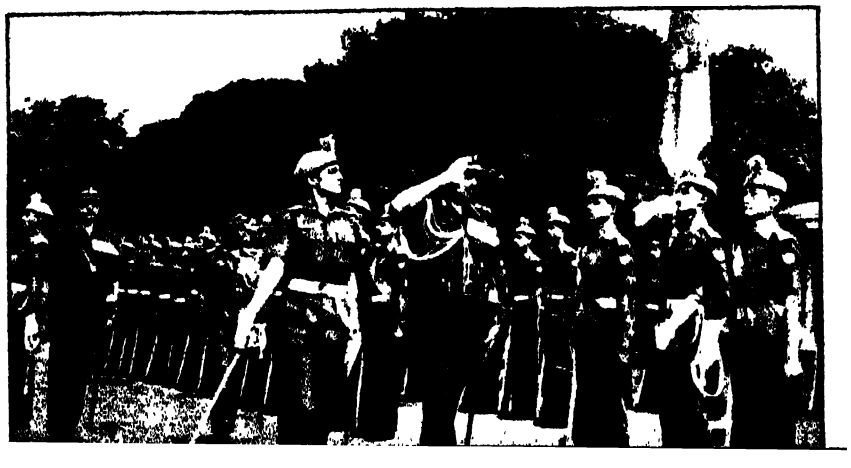
When the Second World War started in 1939 the Indian Army had 150 King's Commissioned Indian Officers and about 400 Indian Commissioned Officers from the IMA; the seniormost among them being a Major. When the war ended, more than 220 Indian officers held the rank of Lietenant Colonel and above. An Indian, Lt Col K.S. Thimayya, led the Indian Brigade with distinction during the battle of Kangaw in the Arakans in Burma. The other two Lt Colonels in the Brigade were Lt Col L.P. Sen and Lt Col S.P.P. Thorat. Many officers who passed out of the IMA won gallantry awards. The highest award, the Victoria Cross, was won by Lt (later Lt Gen) P.S. Bhagat.

The Indian Army Officers, be they trained at Sandhurst or at the IMA, have proved second to none. They did the country proud when they consolidated the Army in the wake of partition. They led the Army in Jammu and Kashmir in 1948-49, against China in 1962 and against Pakistan in 1965 and 1971.

However, in all the operations till 1965 the Army was led at the apex by an officer trained at Sandhurst. It was only in 1969 that an officer who passed from the IMA came to head the Indian Army. Belonging to the first batch which passed out of the IMA in 1934. Gen S.H.F.J. Manekshaw, headed the Army during the war for the liberation of Bangladesh in 1971. In a brief war which lasted only 14 days, the Indian Army achieved its objectives and captured over 93,000 Pakistani troops as prisoners-of-war. December 17, 1971, when the guns fell silent on the Indo-Pak front, was perhaps the finest hour in the annals of the Indian Military Academy.

Earlier this month another batch of Indian officers trained at the IMA passed out through the "Dron Dwar", named after Dronacharya who, according to legend, had his ashram nearby. Trained to display valour and wisdom, they will be walking in the footsteps of their predecessors, who have done India proud for the last five decades. ■

GEN. K.V. KRISHNA RAO, PVSM, Chief of Army Staff, salutes the Academy's colours during the passing out parade in June. The Indian Military Academy, which is celebrating its Golden jubilee this year, has trained officers who are easily on a par with their counterparts from Sandhurst or West Point.



Letter From Calcutta

What Is The CESC Up To?

ADDING INSULT to injury is how most people here describe the New Year's Day increase in the cost of electricity which has been raised by five paise to 45.85 paise per unit. This additional burden—the fifth imposition in five years—was by the Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation because the West Bengal State Electricity Board, which provides it with power in bulk, decided to increase its own charges by 4.5 paise per unit. The Board's inefficiency and callousness should have been cited to refuse permission for the higher rate, but the Left Front is never anxious to take unfavourable decisions on any branch of the government. Even so, it is more than a little curious that the CESC should buy electricity at 20.88 paise per unit and sell it to domestic consumers for 45.85. The Minister of State for Power, Mr Sankar Gupta, who was rewarded with his present appointment for having been a faithful and diligent Political Secretary to Mr Jyoti Basu during the Left Front's first tenure, says that the profit margin is "far too big"

As a good party man, Mr Gupta naturally has little time for the CESC which was a sterling company with shares quoted on the London stock exchange and a British Agent here until only the other day, and whose stately headquarters, Victoria House, in Chowringhee Square, still reeks of colonial enterprise But high though its overheads might be, the CESC still performs its tasks, if it were to be taken over, and if Calcutta is left to the Board's tender mercies, West Bengal would be a State plunged in everlasting night

For power cuts are, if anything, worse than they were in 1977 when the Left Front first took over, complaining of Congress neglect, mismanagement and inefficiency The unions are more turbulent now than before. Managerial cadres are even less mindful of their duties than in the past. And maintenance of equipment is just as poor as ever After five years in office, and glowing with pride at their mandate for a second term, the Left Front has effected no improvements whatsoever. It does not even seem to understand that the loss of so many Marxist seats in Calcutta to the Congress (I) in the last elections may have been directly linked to the intense suffering caused by prolonged power cuts, the crippling blows dealt to small-scale industry and the consequent effect on earnings.

Death Be Not Proud

NOTHING so readily brings together men of different persuasions than the Great Leveller. When Promode Dasgupta's body arrived in a Chinese aircraft, Calcutta's roads were thronged with the grieving faithful, the humble Bengali multitudes. But when they declaimed in tribute to his memory from a high scarlet-draped rostrum emblazoned with the hammer and sickle, set up in the Brigade Parade Ground, the distinguished mourners were all people who had hated and feared him in life They were the men who had always maintained that while Mr Jyoti Basu was a gentleman, Promode Babu was a Communist.

FACTORY WORKERS AND EMPLOYER both enjoy chess during loadshedding.

STATUE OF MARX AND ENGELS which was unveiled at Calcutta. (top right)

P.C. SEN placing a wreath on CPI(M) leader Promode Das Gupta's portrait (right).

Mona Chowdhury

But there they were, gathered to honour the departed enemy's memory. The former Youth Congress leader and militant anti-Communist Mr Priya Ranjan Das Munshi, still in the Congress (S) though he would rather be in the Congress (I) if only an honourable admission can be arranged, read out touching verses of his own composing Mr Gopaldas Nag, the PCC (I) general secretary, took time off from trying to persuade Mrs Gandhi to dismiss the Left Front to announce that Promode Dasgupta's name would be written in letters of gold in the history of mankind. The former Chief Minister, Mr Prafulla Kanti Sen, whose Janata Party would not even forge an electoral alliance with the CPI (M) in 1977, publicly said that Promode Babu deserved not just the Lal Salaam but salaams of every hue, and privately admitted that he was there because he and the dead man were both Baidyas, the clannish doctor caste unique to middle-class Bengal. Even the Bharatiya Janata Party, for which Marxism means dangerous revolution, sent a delegate, while the CPI's Mr Rajeswara Rao forgot ideological battles and the struggle between Moscow and Beijing in the cause of post mortem unity of the left

It was all very moving and most spectacular But how many of the tributes were genuine? One imagines that the Congress (S), Congress (I), Janata, BJP and CPI all heaved sighs of relief at the death of their most formidable adversary Even the more successful Marxist ministers, anxious to become part of the Establishment, must be secretly relieved now that the harsh voice of conscience has been silenced. Mr Saroj Mukherjee, the CPI (M) state committee secretary, who succeeds as Left Front chairman, cannot possibly exercise Promode Dasgupta's influence. Now that the man is gone, he can be deified in memory—and ignored.

Memorabilia

THE United Front government pulled down memorials erected by the British, that was the only one of the avowed 32 points of its programme ever to be realised What it could not remove it camouflaged, and the Ochterlony Monument in the heart of Calcutta's maidan, recalling the British general who acquired the Terai for India, became the Shaheed Minar. It was an era of more zeal than wisdom, and the late Subodh Banerji, Labour Minister in the United Front, is said to have decided that classical figures representing virtues like Industry and Honesty atop the parapet of Writers' Buildings, to be torn down, in the mistaken belief that they were the starchy memsahibs of British governors But the United Front also had a sense of puckish humour: at the height of the Vietnam war, it placed the American Consulate in Ho Chi Minh Sarani, which address still continues

Witness the more constructive spirit that prevails in West Bengal today: the Left Front is busy setting up its own monuments to the departed. A massive Lenin already keeps vigil in the Chowringhee end of what used to be Curzon Park and is now called Surendranath Park, after the legendary "Surrender Not" Banerjee They have now been joined at the other fringe of the park, facing Raj Bhavan, by a two-in-one chunky bronze of Karl Marx and Friederich Engels, a gift from East Germany The unveiling was nicely fitted into the one day between Promode Dasgupta's cremation and the vast public meeting held in the CPI(M) chief's memory The timing permitted a whole collective of Communists, including not only Mr E M S Namboodripad and Mr Rajeswara Rao but also the East German ambassador, to be present at the ceremony when Surendranath Park was decked out with twinkling coloured fairy lights like a fete

Some might carp that each statue means a few more coloumn inches of newspaper reporting for the ebullient Public Works Minister, Mr Jatin Chakravarti, who is nothing if not publicity conscious Others claim that each erection means more money for contractors who bask in ministerial patronage But a more valid objection to Left Front notions of civic beautification would be on aesthetic grounds The Congress was no less unimaginative Subhas Chandra Bose's *Delhi Chalo* figure points firmly to Kanyakumari, marches with right hand and foot incongruously out at the same time, while only the sculptor's skill prevents the greatcoat draped over one shoulder from slipping off. An equestrian statue of Netaji at the Shyambazar five point crossing is equally ungainly

All the figures with which Calcutta has been blest in recent years suggest, in fact, that graceful and visually pleasing lifelike recreation does not come easily to Indians Sri Aurobindo outside the Victoria Memorial is stiff and emaciated, utterly without the sage's benignity, "Bagha" (Tiger) Jatin Mukherjee has been perched on an unfamiliar horse; and Pritilata Waddedar looks as if she is angrily protesting at some impertinence by Michael Madhusudan Dutt across Red Road. The only realistic statute is of Mahatma Gandhi. Its sculptor, the late Deviprasad Roy Chowdhury, though a Bengali, was truly honoured in Madras and Patna where his symbolic stone friezes add beauty to the civic environment. Calcutta's modern public statuary is, like Bengali calendar art, clumsy and obvious to the point of being gross.

Sumita Sandilya

In The States

Fissures In Telugu Desam

HYDERABAD: Factionalism, has infested Telegu Desam, too. There is widespread discontent among many regional party workers who feel neglected. The party's President, Mr N. T. Rama Rao, who vowed to keep out the corrupt Congressmen from his party, has had to finally eat his words. The list of contestants for the 289 seats contains 35 former Congressmen, including four former Ministers. To accommodate the rejected Congressmen, NTR released his list only after the ruling party announced its candidates. Worse, the list includes as many as 50 candidates who unsuccessfully contested the last Assembly elections on different party tickets.

The preference for defectors enraged many of the aspirants who were with the regional party since its inception. This ire is taking a dangerous shape in a few districts like Krishna and Kurnool. Some of the indignant workers are planning to convene a meeting of the 'real' Telugu Desam workers and hoist up the flag of revolt.

The ruling party, contesting all the 294 seats, has put up 90 new faces. Those denied tickets are now out to sabotage the chances of the official party candidates by contesting as Independents. The selection of the candidates was based on the whims and fancies of a few influential party members.

This is especially true of Nellore and Kurnool districts where N. Janardhana Reddy and K. Vijaya Bhaskara Reddy, succeeded in throwing out their opponents. The influential Anam family of Nellore has vowed to defeat all the official party candidates in the district by contesting as Independents.

One of the sitting members from Hyderabad, Ramdas, who was denied the party ticket to accommodate the PCC(I) President's relative, Nagam Krishna Rao, went on a rampage along with his followers and ransacked the PCC(I) Chief's house.

To check the activities of the rebel candidates, the High Command is deputing observers. Not to be publicly named, they will quickly watch the activities of the rebels and report to the High Command.

With the receipt of 3,908 nominations for the 294 seats, a new record has been set in the filing of the nominations, though many of the candidates would have withdrawn from the contest before the due date and some more would put up only a token fight at the hustings.

G.S. Reddy

JOINING FORCES AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY. Maneka Gandhi with N.T. Rama Rao on her recent tour of Andhra Pradesh.

The Saffron Breakthrough

SRINAGAR: Agronomists had been dreaming for long to grow saffron, highly valued all over the world, beyond the traditional saffron-yielding lands of Jammu and Kashmir. So far the crop has been confined to Pampore in Kashmir valley and Kishtwar in the Jammu region. Even adjoining fields in the valley were found totally infertile for saffron cultivation.

However, there has now been a breakthrough in saffron cultivation in Doda district of Jammu and Kashmir, of which Kishtwar forms a part. An agricultural research unit set up at Kishtwar under the Drought Prone Areas Programme has not only succeeded in increasing the yield of saffron in this area but also in extending its cultivation to new lands. Now full-fledged research units for saffron have been set up both at Pampore and Kishtwar.

The researchers are confident that saffron can be successfully cultivated wherever certain necessary agro-climatic and soil conditions are available. However, this could merely be over-optimism since the new areas of cultivation, discovered after a good deal of intensive research, still comprise very narrow strips. Saffron thrives on light clay soil having a good built-in drainage system with medium rainfall throughout the year.

AN EXPENSIVE COMMODITY. Saffron plants had so far been unable to thrive beyond the traditional areas of cultivation. The recent breakthrough holds out hope for commercial and trading circles.

Besides India, saffron is grown extensively in France, Italy, Turkey, England and Spain.

Suraj Saraf

The Suicidal Jatinga Birds

HAFLONG: Every year in the fog and drizzle on the moonless nights of mid-August and end-October, sometimes attended by a southerly wind of moderate velocity, hundreds of different species of daytime birds, flying over Jatinga village in the North Cachar Hills district of Assam, are attracted to the brilliant lamplights installed by the villagers.

At an opportune moment, the villagers employ a long bamboo pole to ground bagfuls of these birds. The killing and catching of these visiting Jatinga birds—some of them water birds—has been the usual practice of these villagers since 1905. No scientific study has so far been made of this almost suicidal tendency of the birds. However, in April 1981, the Assam Forest Department (AFD) started a systematic study of this phenomenon from a bird observatory tower at Jatinga.

"The killing of birds is on the decline following a Save-Jatinga-Bird drive by AFD," says H.P. Phukan, the Haflong-based District Forest Officer who is investigating this puzzling behaviour of Jatinga birds.

While some older villagers consider the catching of these Jatinga birds a seasonal sport, others have responded to an AFD appeal against such large-scale destruction of the winged creatures. However, AFD's main problem has been its failure to scientifically estimate the habitat, breeding habits and the destination of these visiting birds. The AFD's claim that these are native birds is, therefore, disputable.

Wherefrom and why do these birds visit Jatinga each year at nightfall and commit suicide by flocking round artificial lights still remains a mystery.

Rafique Z. Hazarika

A BIRD OBSERVATORY tower has been erected at Jatinga in Assam to study the suicidal tendency of birds.

100 Years Of Service

IN THE SERVICE OF THE POOR. A literary class for slumdwellers in progress. Inset: Pandita Ramabai.

BOMBAY: The Arya Mahila Samaj, founded by the renowned social reformer, Pandita Ramabai, to broaden the horizons of Indian women, bound by home and husband, completed a fruitful centenary last month. India's oldest women's-institution, it inspired women to step out and publicly question age-old traditions and supersitions which resulted in voluntary slavery. A hundred years ago this was no mean achievement!

Pandita Ramabai, better known for her work with the Seva Sadans, organised the Samaj to meet the recreational and other needs of lower middle class women who, she felt, needed help even more than the downtrodden.

Later in 1916, Dr Kashibai Navrange, one of India's earliest lady doctors took over as secretary and treasurer of the Samaj. Enterprising and broadminded, she established the Free Milk Distribution Fund which till today distributes free milk every day to children at the Social Service Centre, Naigaum, in Bombay and the W.B. Navrange Balak ashram, Pandharpur, through the social service league.

The samaj also offers scholarships to needy school girls, though the total sum—only about Rs 2,500 last year—is pitifully small.

Perhaps more to the point, the Samaj runs a girl's hostel in Bombay, appropriately housed in the Kashibai Navrange lane. Established in 1934 for the use of homeless medical students (girls only, of course) it now accommodates approximately 35 undergraduates of all faculties till such time as they graduate. A reasonable sum, Rs 250, is charged each month for rent and food. It started a Kalyan Kendra 8 years ago to run literacy classes for the slum-dwellers of Papanaswadi, near its premises and is now planning to improve and extend its existing welfare schemes, emulating the example set a hundred years ago by its illustrious founder-members.

M.V.

Killer Malaria

NEW DELHI: Judging from the figures obtained for the first five months of 1982 there has been a drop in the incidences of malaria in the country by 27 per cent. However, the more malignant form of malaria, known as *Plasmodium falciparum*—the killer malaria—is on the rise in certain areas including the Union Territory of Delhi.

Against only 26 cases during January-May last year, 101 cases have already been reported this year. The local authorities have been alerted and the anti-malaria operations have been intensified.

There have been claims that the incidence of this killer malaria was brought down from 6.9 million cases in 1976 to 2.6 million cases in 1981 with over 1,60,000 officials and three lakh voluntary workers engaged in the task.

The number of cases recorded in the first five months of 1981 was 4,81,397 which came down to 3,32,597 during the corresponding period in 1982. The reduction in the incidence of the killer malaria was 14.64 per cent. In absolute terms, malignant malaria cases were 1,10,521 in 1981 which were reduced to 94,342 in 1982.

Besides New Delhi, other areas where the killer malaria has struck are the Union Territory of Chandigarh, Tamil Nadu, Tripura, Mizoram, Himachal Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra and Manipur The incidence of this malaria is very high in Orissa—58,993 cases in the first four months of 1982.

The number of deaths from malaria in 1981 was 164 while the deaths reported upto April 1982 numbered 23.

Dipak B. R. Chaudhuri

Lecturers In English Lose Jobs

BOMBAY: If work hours can be used as a statistical measure, most colleges affiliated to Bombay University do not need more than one and a half lecturers for English Literature. This strange ratio has arisen not due to a lack of demand for the language amongst students but due to the vanishing of English language from the syllabus.

Today, about 33% of English lecturers in the 138 colleges affiliated to Bombay University have lost their jobs because English Literature has been whisked away from both the Commerce and Science faculties. Even the Arts student has, at the degree level, only one paper called "Communication Skills". English Literature which provides the best of material "for the proper study of mankind", the largest number of original works and translations from the best works in other languages, has been replaced by a few rules of grammar, comprehension and, of all things, the art of taking notes in a classroom. How a student can take notes without knowing the language is a riddle which only the University can solve.

More remarkable is that Commerce and Science students lack even this measly paper. Perhaps the feeling is that chemical formulae and mathematical equations are adequate enough for communication. Or maybe doctors and engineers do not need to communicate or speak or write a love letter.

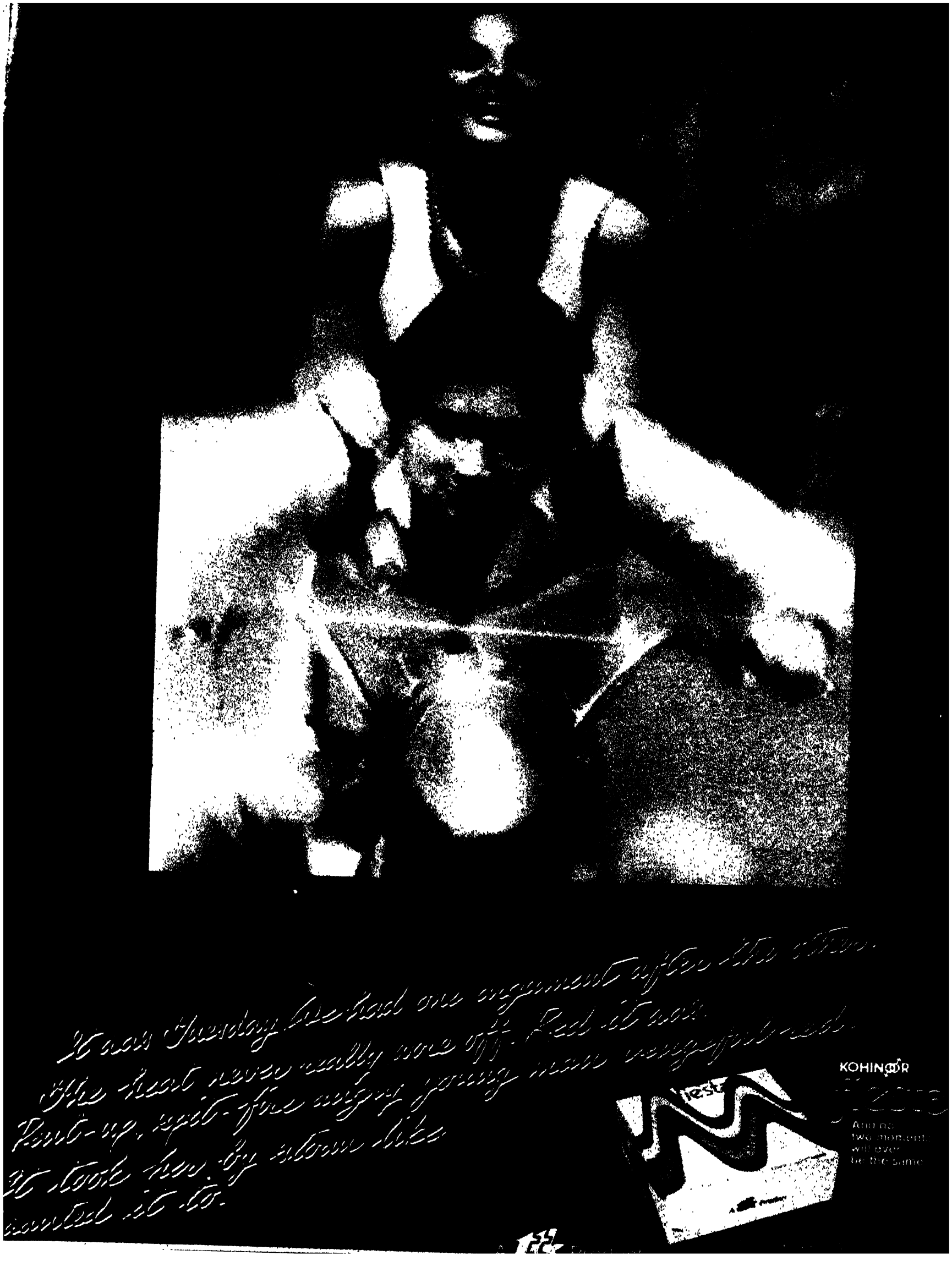
A looking back reveals without doubt that English is being systematically downgraded. A generation ago, every BA student appeared for three papers in English; by the time he had graduated, he had studied three plays of Shakespeare and some poets and prose writers of the 19th and 20th century. Gradually the number and the quality of these papers dwindled. "Higher" and "lower" levels were introduced as being progressive and then mysteriously disappeared after a couple of years. As a substitute, composition papers were ushered in and again inexplicably whisked out.

With the introduction of the 10+2+3 system in 1977, English was reduced to two language papers—one, a paper called "Communication Skills" and two, a paper in English Literature or an alternative Indian language paper. Inspite of 25 students opting for English, the subsequent year saw the subject disappear from the syllabus. When questioned by teachers, the Vice-Chancellor is reported to have said, "We have merely put the vernacular on par with English—is that wrong?"

FALLEN STANDARDS? A gradual replacement of English with regional languages by the Bombay University authorities has rendered lecturers in English totally redundant.

Nothing is wrong except that in 1982 about 33% of English language lecturers have been rendered redundant in Bombay. Students coming from English medium schools have been forced to lower their standards and learn the mechanics of grammar and letter writing. And colleges will now aim at creating technicians in English rather than artists in what is, for everyone the window to the world.

P.S.


KOHINOOR
test
And no two moments will ever be the same

Bonsai: Small Is Beautiful

In recent years, the art of Bonsai has been used commercially and exploited to make money. We often forget that a Bonsai tree is full of simple feelings and is as sentimental and emotional as a growing child. The upbringing of a child is basically what its mother gives it, so also a Bonsai's.

HAWTHORN by Pramila Wagle

JUNIPER ON STONE by Shreya Dalal

IXORA by Hansa Amersey

What the world knows of Bonsai now is what the Japanese have created with their fine understanding, training and subsequent care of these delicate trees. Bonsai to a Japanese Bonsai grower is an art dearer than his own life.

What is Bonsai? Bonsai are ordinary trees which have been trained in pots to grow into natural, beautiful shapes. Bonsai art aims at creating artificially perfect trees and since they are well cared for and protected, they may well outlive their counterparts in nature!

The chief beauty of Bonsai is its form and even when that form is beautiful and artistic, it must not be over-done. It is a reflection of nature and not a distortion of it. The important thing to remember is how to achieve harmony between size, shape, form and design of the tree and the container which carries it. To achieve satisfactory results, it is preferable to choose varieties of trees with small leaves and small flowers and fruits. The trunk and branches can be dwarfed and shaped by pruning and wiring, even the leaves can become smaller with years but the flowers and fruits will always remain proportionate to their species.

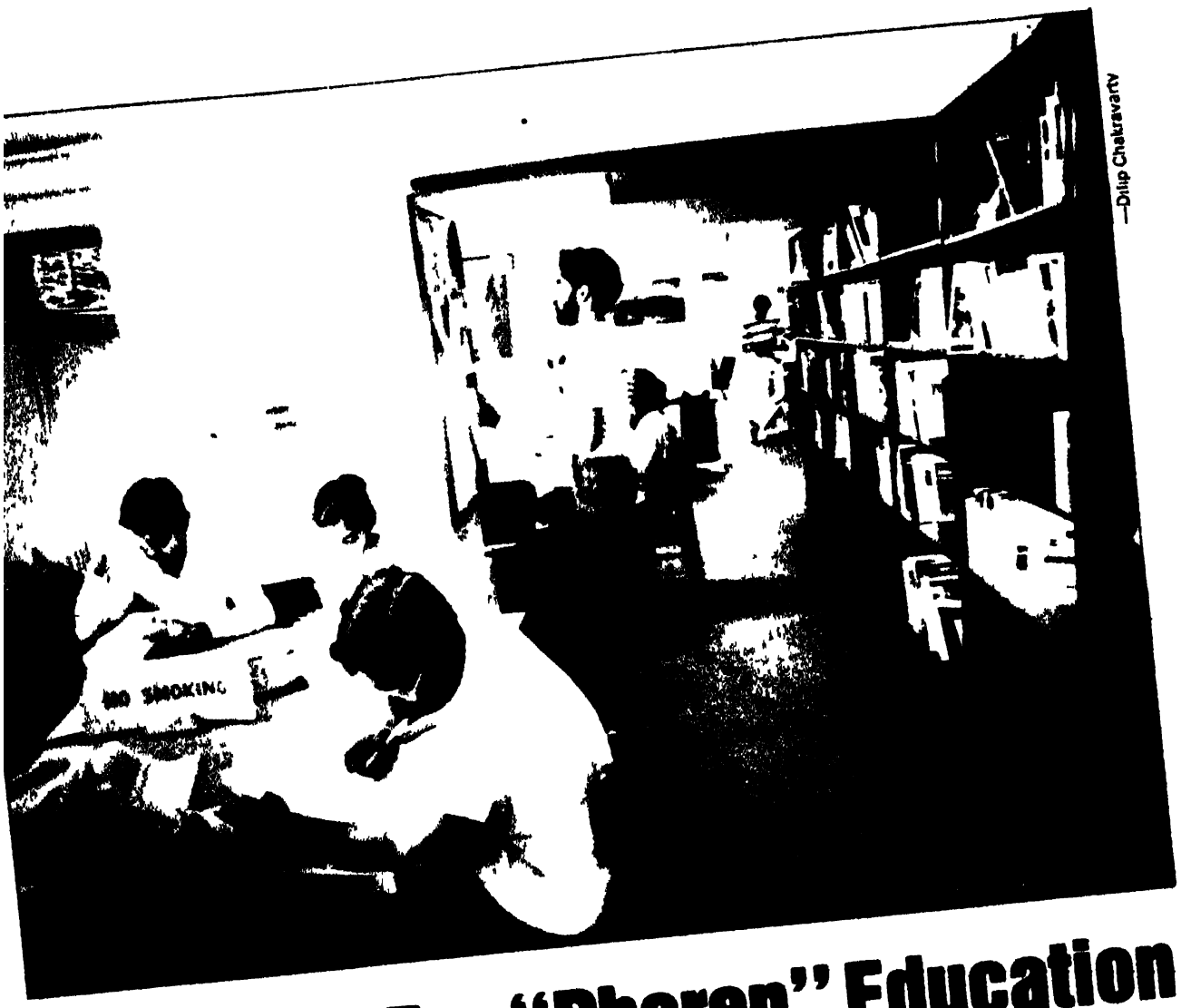
Most people are fascinated by Bonsai: miniature trees in small containers, with real flowers and fruits are so enchanting to possess!

The first instinct is to buy a plant like this and keep it in one's drawing room. It will certainly look very beautiful, but alas, unless one knows the proper care and training of these miniature wonders of nature, they will not last long. So the best thing to do is to learn the basics of Bonsai and then after that a little training, affection and care will do wonders.

BONSAI (commonly known as dwarfed miniature trees) is well known as one of the most fascinating arts of Japan. Strangely enough, though popularly known as Japanese art, Bonsai did not originate in Japan. History traces the origin of potted trees to Vedic India, when *rishis* and *munis* moved from one part of the country to another and found the need for carrying certain trees of medicinal value with them. From India, it is said, this practice of carrying potted plants travelled to China.

Lata Jhaveri

The author is President, Indian Bonsai Society



—Dilip Chakravarty

THE FIRST STEP: Filling up forms, studying brochures, scanning prospectuses. Picture shows Indian hopefuls at the United States Education Foundation in India, American Center, Bombay.

Scramble For "Phoren" Education

Despite innumerable hurdles, a surprisingly large number of Indian students *do* manage to go abroad for further studies each year. Moreover, a foreign education is not necessarily the exclusive preserve of the elite.

by Minnie Vaid

THERE seems to be today a veritable flood of Indian students either going abroad for further studies or wanting to go—the latter number of course being phenomenally greater than the former. Surprisingly, however, for every 100 frustrated youngsters who fail to make it, there is atleast one who manages to cross the attendant hurdles and carve a niche for himself or herself overseas.

An overwhelming majority of these plucky (or lucky) young people are "post-graduates", the Reserve Bank's clearance for undergraduate students being extremely difficult to obtain In fact, non-availability of the concerned undergraduate courses in India is a must before the RBI even looks at such applications. And, thanks to the cafetaria approach to higher education, some college, university or institute at home is equipped to offer any course under the sun that an undergraduate student can think of taking. Even so, there are notable exceptions. Full scholarships for lodging, boarding, tuition and travel are offered for instance, by the United World College, an organisation which has 5 international colleges—in Wales, Canada, Singapore, New Mexico and Italy—for undergraduates. Its cell in Delhi allots, on an average, 2-3 scholarships each year, the limited number further enhancing its prestige.

Among the first and the many hazards that a postgraduate student wishing to go abroad for higher studies encounters, apart from the all-important one of finance—is the inordinate delay the entire procedure involves. A lot of unnecessary tension can thus be avoided if he/she accepts that running through the whole gamut of securing forms, applying, taking tests, giving interviews, xeroxing documents, obtaining visas and so on usually takes the better part of a whole year.

However, the delay, the tedium, the disheartening encounters with stiff and indifferent consulate officials and the running around in circles to complete the formalities is often worth it. There are acknowledged advantages in studying and living in an advanced, though alien, land.

Admission

Time (or rather patience) and finances apart, admission to a foreign university is the most difficult part of it all. Admission procedures for French universities are relatively the quickest—an Indian student begins filling up inscription forms in February, the forms are forwarded by the office of the Cultural Counsellor, French Embassy, to the concerned university who further notifies the candidate by May. Selected candidates have then to furnish a financial bank guarantee of a minimum of 9,000 francs a year, for fees and maintenance.

This procedure is applicable to students of the First Cycle, which consists of two years of study after which the student is awarded the Diploma of General Universities Studies (DEUG). The Second Cycle also comprises two years of study while the Third Cycle which leads to the award of a doctorate, requires at least three years of work and research.

Among France's 68-odd universities, the ones that are in Paris and its outskirts are the most sought-after by Indian, as indeed other foreign, students—in fact, Parisian universities can boast of almost 10-20% of the total number of foreign students.

The FrenchGovernment awards 29 scholarships each year to Indians for higher studies in 14 subjects, prominent among them being mathematics, medical research, computer sciences, electronics, microbiology, French history and fine arts. The duration of these scholarships, which are mainly for post-doctoral research (Third Cycle), ranges from 12 months to 2-3-years. A monthly grant of 2,000 francs plus passage from India to France and back is provided by the French Government.The entire procedure from the application to the selection/rejection stage takes approximately 4 months.

The influx of Indian students into France—and Germany too, for that matter—is considerably lesser than that into the US or UK due to the language barrier,as all classes in these countries are, obviously, conducted in their own language In Germany, as in France, a foreign applicant has to pass a stiff language test at the chosen university before enrolment. The German Academic Exchange Service offers fellowships annually to the Indian Government for Indian nationals working as teachers in Indian universities or institutes of university standard, IndianInstitutes of Technology, and scientists working in research institutes of national importance. The fellowships are awarded only for advanced research and not for obtaining degrees

A remarkable feature of German education is the absence of tuition fees at their universities. Every student is, however, required to pay for health and accident insurance and subscription to the Students Union. All maintenance costs have to be borne by the foreign student due to paucity of scholarships. On an average, he is expected to spend approximately 800 marks each month for food, rent and other necessities.

Eligibility of foreign students for admission to German universities depends on whether their national school-leaving certificate is equivalent to the German one, the Abitur, or whether the applicant needs to pass the university entrance exam.

Information regarding admission procedures, courses of study and recognition of foreign certificates and diplomas can be obtained from the offices of the Foreign Students Service at all German universities.

Admission to British universities is relatively difficult, inasmuch as the education fees are steep and the number of scholarships provided by the British Council quite meagre. Only ten scholarships, for instance, were awarded to Indian students for post-graduate studies, under the auspices of the British Council during 1980-81.

Tuition fees for the same year ranged from £2,700 for the Arts to £3,600 for the Science faculty and £4,600 for the Medical faculty. Living expenses were further estimated at approximately £3,250 per annum. Thus a medical student wishing to pursue his studies in UK for a period of 5 years pays a minimum of £23,000 as tuition fees and £16,250 for keeping his body and soul together. And, thanks to inflation, these figures are rising inexorably all the while.

Select Few

The British Council does bear all expenses of fees and maintenance, of the select few who have been awarded scholarships, but a large majority of students, especially undergraduates, have to pay their own way. It evaluates applications for scholarships on the basis of the candidate's grades at the Indian university, his performance at his job (if it is a technical scholarship) and his proficiency in the English language.

Despite the financial difficulties, however, there were as many as 1,225 Indian students studying in Britain during the year 1980-81, out of which 370 were post-graduate students, 103 were undergraduates, 15 were students at polytechnics, 257 were students in industry and science etc.

As far as the United States of America is concerned, it seems to be the first and ultimate dream of a majority of Indian students wanting to study abroad. Phenomenally large numbers of enthusiastic youngsters can be found crowding the offices of the United States Educational Foundation in India (USEFI) at the American Center, Bombay. They scan endless lists of universities, and countless brochures, their faces as yet optimistic. But then, visiting the USEFI for initial information about American universities and courses is merely the first step!

Preliminary application forms, the Graduate Record Examinations, the Graduate Management Admission Tests, Test of English as a Foreign Language, applications for financial aid—the list goes on and on *ad infinitum*. Despite that, statistics reveal that there were 9,250 (extrapolated count) Indian students studying in American universities last year.

That the United States is the students' most popular choice is substantiated by the various "Trusts" that sponsor students' education abroad or just offer financial aid in some form. They operate quickly, possibly to avoid a large-scale invasion of their offices!

Most of them are Bombay-based and to get some money out of them is quite as difficult as admission to a foreign university. The J.N. Tata Endowment for the higher education of Indians, for example, calls 200 applicants for an interview after short-listing the 700-odd aspirants to the 70-80 scholarships it offers each year. The interview, held in mid-May, is conducted by a team of experts from Tata companies and outside. A consistent academic record of distinctions is a prerequisite to attaining the title of "Tata scholar" as well as the Rs 20,000 loan scholarship. Only post-graduate scholars are eligible.

The Endowment, established in 1892, also stands in "loco parentis" to its scholars, assisting them with their visas and equipment. It keeps tabs on their progress by corresponding with their tutors abroad. Admission to the universities abroad is, of course, entirely the students' own headache. The loan can be paid back within 7 years while an insurance policy of the amount of the loan is endorsed to the Trust (premium paid by the student).

Most educational Trust have similar terms of repayment. The K. C. Mahindra Education Trust, established in 1953, also accepts repayment after completion of studies, as well as the life insurance policy. Its interest-free loan scholarships are for advanced overseas education in engineering and natural sciences and tenable for a maximum period of three years. The amount offered is usually about Rs 12,000 per academic year. Seventeen scholarships were provided by the Trust this year.

Loan Scholarships

The R. D. Sethna Trust, founded in 1937, sanctions as many as 180-200 loan scholarships each year, the amount varying according to the needs of the student, but going as high as Rs 40,000, to be repaid within 4-5 years. Once again, 500-600 applications inundate the Trust's offices. Again only post-graduate scholars are considered. Students of law and the arts are not eligible.

The Shri Lalbhai Dalpatbhai Loan Scholarships scheme, Ahmedabad is similar. It, however, stipulates that the income of the applicant's parents should not exceed Rs 25,000 per year and that the student should guarantee his return to India within 5 years.

The India Foundation, formed by Dr N. B. Parulekar (also founder of Sakal Papers Pvt Ltd) in 1959, offers 15-20 travel grants (upto Rs 6,500 each) in the form of interest-free loans to Indian students who have obtained admission, assistantship or scholarship to any foreign university for academic study of not less than a year's duration.

The Aga Khan Foundation Geneva, is yet another prestigious organisation offering select and exclusive gift scholarships to highly meritorious post-graduate students, in varied disciplines such as medicine, management, social welfare, engineering, architecture etc.

The list (of such Trusts) is endless, auguring well for brilliant students whose only obstacle to furthering their academic excellence is financial insufficiency. This is not to say that the Trusts are convenient gold mines that can be tapped by academically brilliant but pecunious students. By virtue of their being entirely private organisations, with their own trustees and methods of selection, it is conceivable that they grant their loans in an arbitrary fashion. But, by and large, they operate with reasonable impartiality and their prestige is high. For, in many cases they do manage to make pipe-dreams come true! ■

PRESTIGIOUS PRINCETON rates high on the popularity list of students the world over.

D Kesava Rao

Poetry of the month

Selected by Nissim Ezekiel

Prayer

Vishnu, the thousand-named God,
give us a name to know ourselves.
Give us a spouse as fickle as yours,
so we may spend time going places
to waste our ecstasy in other causes.

O God of a hundred hands,
give us a hand to rouse ourselves
from the quicksands of compromise.
Give us a flower, too, so we can feed
maggots of attention
to our raging fire of vanity.

O scorcher, burn down our inanities
to ashes of profundity.
Give us in short what we
hanker after and what we don't,
and make our lives a merry-go-round—
a multi-coloured blaze of experience.

D. Kesava Rao (Hindupur, AP)

Confessions

"No man is an island,"
said Donne, desperate,
not unlike a last-minute
deathbed atheist who
has confessed.

How far desperate such coy
confessions? An appeal to
reverse blank walls, maybe,
or even an attempt to learn
iconising them
with meanings of joy, hope:
"Ba", "Ma", "Aaa". A child
tries to toddle, falls,
gets up, falls, but never
to give all up; and
fearlessly to walk, walk again.

Aroop Mitra (Bangalore)

Within Me

Within me some one was weeping.
Within me some on was listening.
Within me some one was seeking.
Within me some one was calling.
Within me some one was saying:
"It is you that I am calling.
I'm looking for the you that's mine."

Within me some one was digging.
Within me some one was burning.
Within me some one was weeping.
Within me I was seeking myself.

Daud Haider (Bangladesh
(Translated from the Bengali by Lila Ra

Stonehenge

It's a private Stonehenge:
No one knows its meaning.
Guess is—
The druids in calf-skin clothes
slaughtered the baby sun
in the bowels of the henge.
The huge Karma stones
are still guarding
that sanguine ceremony.

Who knows
how many
king-size egos lie buried—
each ego stone covering one?
It is like
my own private Stonehenge
where I hide
my slaughtered soul.

The language of *tantra* has varied,
my druid brother,
but the ceremonies remain the same.
It's the taste of blood on a raw tongue.
That's the name of the game!

Girish Bhandari (Jabalpur)

On The Death Of A Boy

1

Death scrawls its imperious hieroglyph in red
by the side of the road.

The physician, neurosurgeon, otolaryngologist,
anaesthetist
team up to cordon off the hushed monitored bed
in the intensive care unit.
But it rides the froth in his lungs; it sloshes
through the catacombs of his brain. A turgid aqueduct
draws the noose round the faltering heartbeat.

"Mother dear, mother dear, my head is going to burst.
Mother dear, mother dear, please press my head."

The blood pressure scrambles up untried peaks
before it sinks into the trough with the heaviness
of mercury in the manometer
The unequal pupils are fixed in a defeated stare.

"My child, my beautiful child, is the pain gone?"

2

Death unmasks all art's pretensions, its artefacts,
its uncertain solace.

What words can steady the dazed tread
of a father carrying his dead teenager son, pillowed
on a huge red blotch still spreading, to the waiting van,
his fingers sticky with the relentless ooze, curling
into a gnarled fist as he looks in it for meaning,
sees his son,
sees the motley crowd of mute mourners blindly.

Can words revoke the first tremor as it breaks out
on the set corners
of a sweaty upper lip on a blanched face, the thrust
of finality into the glazed eyes of a father
who came too late?

Words falsify the brief moment's life-long grief.

Kuldip Singh (Bhopal)

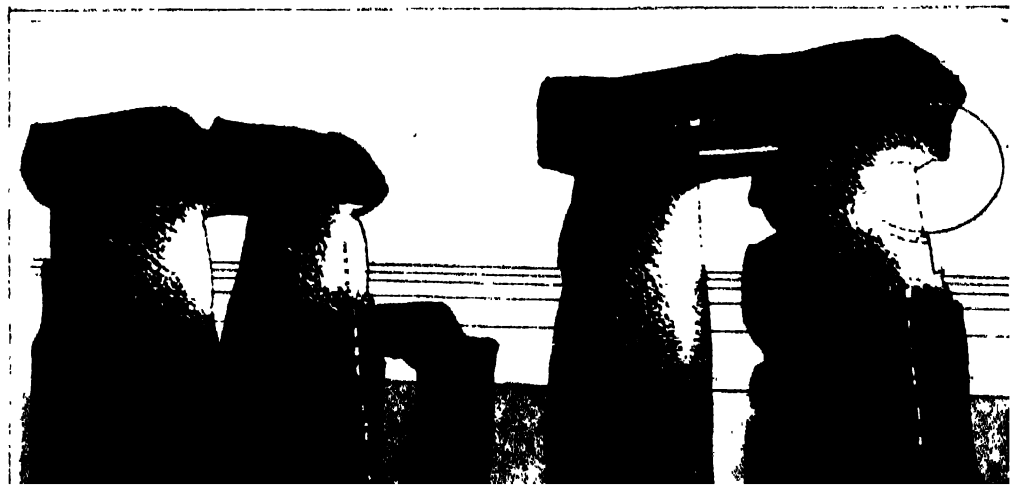
Lines On A Fellow Traveller

Dusky, wide-eyed innocence
at variance with
the gross adult lustre of gold.

Pensive child-bride.
Snatched into adulthood
as payment for a father's debt,
or to ensure a recalcitrant son,
or to cement a crumbling edifice
of quarrelling clans.

The night has swallowed your native hills,
replacing them with flat brown plains.
Unseeing eyes scan the distance.
The rushing horizontal haze,
like memories of childhood left behind,
unravelling the puzzle
of the illusion called youth
which has bypassed your life.

Pooja Juyal (Lucknow)



The Weekly Pick

The Wheat And The Chaff—Francois Mitterand; Vikas; Rs 195

Subtitled *The Personal Diaries Of The President Of France 1971-1978*, the book is a compilation of essays by the President, who was at the time leader of the French Socialist Party. These "notes" as he calls them, are not strictly speaking memoirs, but jottings on "things" he felt strongly about. Monday October 23, 1972, carries a heartwarming confession, for example, Manhattan in its contours reminded him of Botticelli. Or take Wednesday December 5, 1973, which has a charming line—"Nothing is more disturbing than beauty." The reader discovers much by way of experience.

The Educational Development Of Your Child—A Guide

A.P. Srivastava, Learning Laboratory, Rs 35

Covering varied subjects like *Giving Children Their Books, How To Motivate A Child*, and *Discussion — Techniques*, the author tries to provide a guideline on how to educate your child from the generalist's point of view. More and more parents are made aware of the necessity of involvement and interaction for better understanding of child psychology. Although a little steep in cost, it might not be a waste.

The Life Of Mahatma Gandhi; Louis Fischer; Granada; £ 1.95

Fischer's work on Gandhi is extensive: *A Week With Gandhi, Gandhi and Stalin, The Essential Gandhi, An Anthology (ED)*. And at this juncture, when so much is being done on Gandhi, it is only fair that we share Fischer's experiences. The chapters *Tolstoy and Gandhi, Churchill versus Gandhi, Gandhi Hoes His Garden* are memorable as the humorist in Gandhi is charmingly exposed.

Aspects of Buddhism; Vision; Rs 75

The Editorial Board sports eminent scholars—with Homi J.H. Taiyarkhan on *Gandhi And Buddha*, P.S. Srivastava on *Buddhism In Day-to-day Life*; and Dipak Kumar Barua on the *Legacies Of Buddhism In Bengal*. The articles are naturally research oriented and the book carries an index and a list of contributors' addresses at the end. Tibetology is more than a study of philosophy and culture now — it is currently also a study of politics — so if you are interested in the cross-currents of contemporary Tibetan thought this is a book worth reading.

Julie

Stan & Olly Resurrected

After a four year-long world-wide search by the Hal Roach studios in Hollywood, nearly 100 priceless short films and feature films of the late comedians Laurel and Hardy have been retrieved. Some of the films were made with the comedians speaking French, Italian and Spanish, while others were dubbed in German. Three or four of the films have never been shown in the US.

—The Times Of India

Bisset's Screen Roosts

Jacqueline Bisset has become one of the richest and most successful ladies of Hollywood. She has invested her money so wisely that she has even become a much-respected tycoon. But *Time* magazine preferred to dwell on the rather more trivial matter of Bisset's screen sexual activities. It says: "She had a steamy dalliance in a sauna in *Together*. And one in an airplane lavatory in *Rich and Famous*. The writers of *Class*, to be released next year, have provided her with yet another kindly roost, an elevator.

—The Daily

Spaghetti As Art

Dino De Laurentiis, the producer of such epics as *The Bible* and *Barabbas*, has turned his attention to a different medium, the DDL Food Show, a 12,500 sq ft food shop which opened in New York at the end of November. There is nothing that De Laurentiis, the son of a successful pasta manufacturer and miller, loves more than a plate of hot spaghetti. He is considered an excellent cook—a judgement he shares. "Spaghetti," he once said, "should be cooked with love, fantasy and art. I cook pasta as Picasso painted."

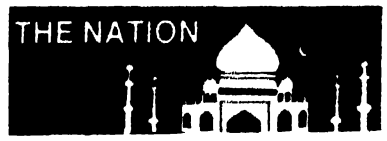
—International Herald Tribune

'Hero' Sandeep Patil

Cricket star Sandeep Patil will make his screen debut next year in a film with Rati Agnihotri. The film will be directed by W Patwardhan. Sandeep will be the third Test star to be attracted by the glamour of the film industry. Captain Sunil Gavaskar made his maiden appearance in a Marathi movie, *Premachi Sawli*, and former Test hero Salim Durrani in the Hindi film *Charitra*. Both flopped.

—Mid-Day

Jackie



Self-righteous Admen

Admen, like journalists, are tremendously self-righteous people. One thing they cannot see, let alone admit, are the sins of their profession.

—Abu Abraham in The Hindustan Times

Postal History!

Postal history was created at Visakhapatnam when the world's first underwater postal cancellation was released by Vice-Admiral M.K. Roy, FOC-in-C Eastern Naval Command.

The special cancellation marked the 15th anniversary of the Indian Navy and was be released on board *INS Kalvari*, the first submarine to be acquired by India.

—The Hindu

Bottled Up!

Mr Satish Bhaskar, a solitary human on Suheli Islands in Lakshwadeep is safe, says a letter in a bottle.

Bhaskar, carrying out a marine turtle survey for the World Wildlife Fund, India, lived safely through the stormy four-month monsoon period, consigning his reports in bottles in the hope that they would reach civilisation through some kind samaritan fishing in the high seas and transporting them to India.

—Indian Express

Another Reason

Mrs Gandhi's one-day trip to Goa may have been necessitated by the recent ethnic riots and the troubles in the Congress (I) but the main reason she went was to see for herself the Taj Holiday Village where the Heads of State of the non-aligned summit are scheduled to camp for a 4-day breather. K. Natwar Singh had scouted around Goa and told the PM that he had found just the right place. Indeed, so effusive was he in his praise for the Taj village that Mrs Gandhi decided to go and have a look for herself.

—The Sunday Observer

Goldie

Thank You Comrade

When, on June 22, 1941, Hitler launched a massive assault all along the Soviet frontier, Britain at once offered assistance, and sent a military mission, headed by General Ismay. Churchill refers to Ismay's report thus:

"One incident preserved by General Ismay in an apocryphal and somewhat lively form may be allowed to lighten the narrative. His orderly, a Royal Marine, was shown the sights of Moscow by one of the Intourist guides. "This," said the Russian, "is the Eden Hotel, formerly Ribbentrop Hotel. Here is Churchill Street, formerly Hitler Street. Here is the Beaverbrook Railway Station, formerly Goering Railway Station. Will you have a cigarette, comrade?" The Marine replied, "Thank you, comrade, formerly bastard!"

—Imprint

On A Bed Of Nails

The Rev Ken Owen eased off his bed of nails, 130 hours and 15 minutes after lying down on it, and claimed to have broken his own record for resting on a spiked bed.

In his latest attempt at a plumbing showroom in Porth in Wales' Rhondda valley, Rev Owen passed his time chatting with friends on a telephone, reading theology books and taking only hour-long naps to avoid being embedded on the 15.24 cm nails, set two inches apart —the standard for the category, according to Guinness.

—A.P.

Letters With A Difference

British Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith was a lover by correspondence. Between 1912 and 1915, when the affair ended, he wrote to Venetia Stanley every day except when they met. A quotation of Asquith on Churchill: "He will never get to the top in English politics, with all his wonderful gifts to speak with the tongues of men and angels, and to spend laborious days and nights in administration is no good, if a man does not inspire trust."

But at least Churchill did not spend his time writing letters to his girl friend.

—A.J.P. Taylor

More Foolish Than Wicked

A 30-year-old former second secretary at the British Embassy in Tel Aviv received a 9-month suspended sentence at the Old Bailey for passing confidential information to her Egyptian lover. Miss Rhona Ritchie was, said the Attorney General, "more foolish than wicked".

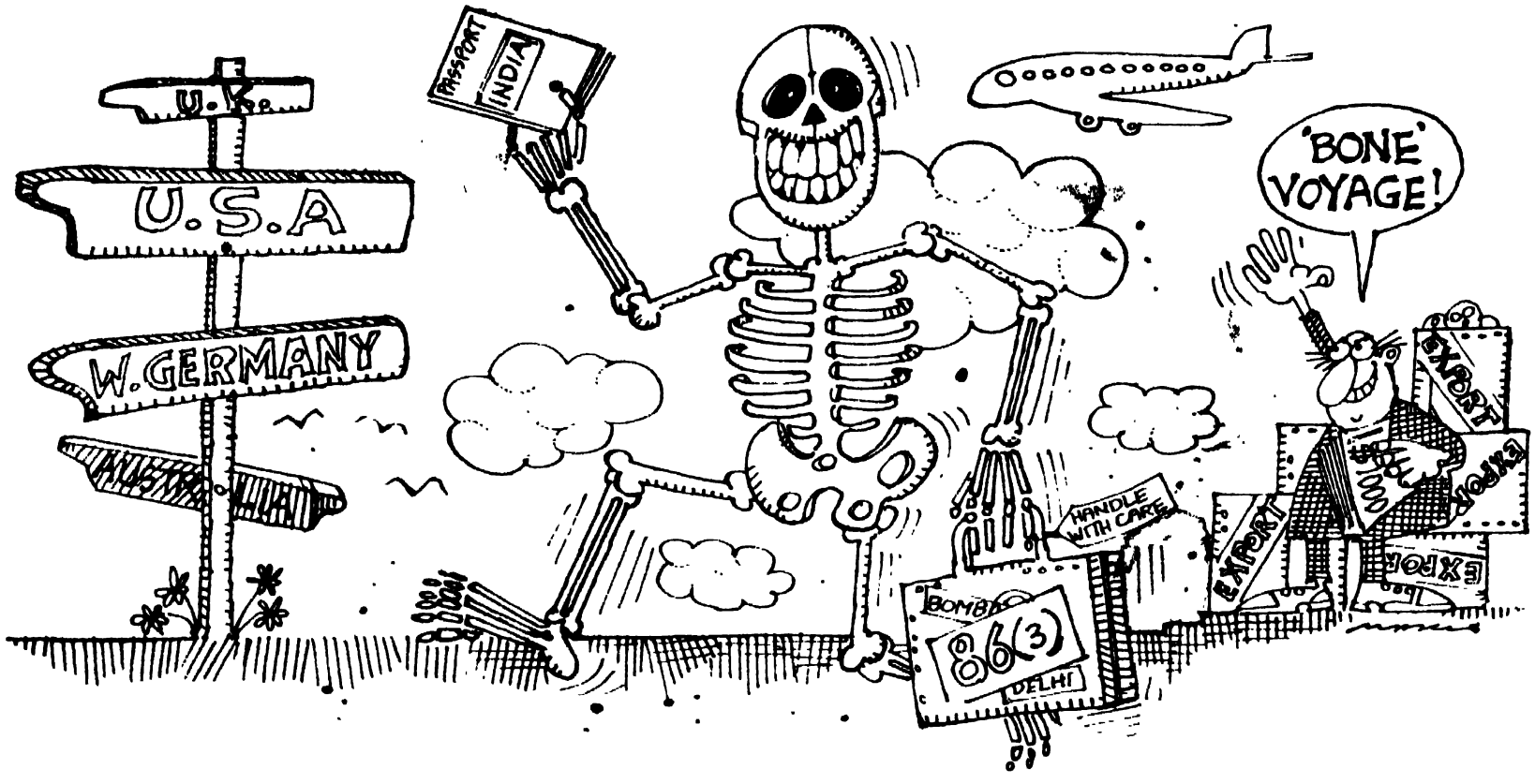
—The Guardian

On Democracy

"The entire dream of democracy is to raise the proletariat to the level of the bourgeois stupidity."

—Gustave Flaubert

Gigi



Bon(n)y Business

It may sound incredible but there is money even in man's mortal remains. Ever since 1936, when the first consignment left the shores of India, the export of human skeletons has been and still is a flourishing business in India. Where do these skulls and bones come from? Who are the main partners in this ghoulish trade? These are some of the questions the author examines.

by Savia Viegas

EVERY year an estimated 15,000 Indians are sent abroad; "picked" to the bone and carefully packed in crates marked "biological specimens for scientific purposes". Under this ambiguous classification which embraces everything from stuffed rabbits to bird skeletons, the skeletal remains of hundreds of "unclaimed" human bodies leave India for USA, West Germany, Australia and several other countries. Ironically, they are being used for the very education and research which could not give them a better life.

The first consignment of human skeletons left the shores of India in 1936; since then the trade has never looked back. Today, while Indian skeletons also hang in the anatomy labs of our own schools and colleges, the "fortunate" ones are handled by the probing fingers of medical students the world over.

Crisp Dollars

That the export of human skeletons is a flourishing business is evident by the fact that there are 15 firms operating in India (14 are Calcutta-based while one has its headquarters in Bombay), earning around Rs one crore annually in foreign exchange. Incidently, India is the only country in the world which sell its dead. If the bones fetch crisp dollars, who is worried about the ethics of the trade?

But that is only part of the story. For, not merely skeletons, but even skulls and loose limbs are regularly exported. According to one estimate, around 25,000 skulls are exported from India every year. However, this so-called "spare parts" trade has come under fire ever since a new promulgation concerning the certification of the export items was introduced.

The main partners in this ghoulish trade are USA and West Germany, who together account for more than half the total offtake. Here it is worthwhile to note that these two countries account for the largest per capita expenditure on research and development, with USA spending Rs 1,607 per head while the figure of West Germany stands at Rs 1,265 per head. The other major importers include Australia (12.3 per cent), Canada (11.5 per cent) and the UK (7.6 per cent).

Where do the skulls and skeletons for this roaring business come from? According to the people in the trade, most of the skeletons are obtained from unclaimed dead bodies. Details of another source were furnished by William D'Souza, who in spite of having his name registered as one of the exporters from Bombay, vehemently denied any such connections and emphatically maintained that he had dealt only in stuffed birds and animal specimens. However, he admitted after much prodding that occasionally he supplied a skeleton or two to local schools and colleges.

Most of the "goods" for the local trade, admitted Mr D'Souza, are obtained from the dead bodies of poor rural folks who often bury their dead because they cannot afford the rites which go with a cremation. Thereafter, the local touts with a quick eye quietly dig up the bones, truss them up and sell them to the local dealers for a paltry sum of Rs 30 or Rs 40. "You cannot imagine the poverty in our rural areas which forces people to commit such heinous acts," said Mr D'Souza.

In the dealer's "workshop" all traces of flesh are removed from the bones and after boiling they are treated with peroxide to give them a smooth finish. According to Mr D'Souza, on an average three complete skeletons are obtained out of every five that are acquired in this manner. Each such skeleton nets around Rs 100 to Rs 200 and is most often sold to local schools and college laboratories. These skeletons are put together at Wadgaon and Pune in Maharashtra and at various places in South India.

The most abundant source of human skeletons are the morgues of hospitals in the big cities. According to the Bombay Anatomy Act, 1949, bodies of dead persons, with no claimants within 72 hours of death, can be used by medical colleges. The only endorsement needed is the signature of a police officer stating that the body is unclaimed. Those bodies which are gnarled by disease are handed over to the sanitary staff to be destroyed. Perhaps it is these bodies that find their way into the

dealers' cauldrons, possibly with some palm-greasing One, wonders, however, how the large, local demand for skeletons is met by these few disease-wracked victims

The Export Trade

Things become much more complex when one turns to the export trade Mr D'Souza pointed out that the skeletons for export have to be of "able-bodied persons" In other words, the export consignment necessarily needs perfect human bodies preferably in the age group 25 to 40 years and, with all vital and delicate bones like phalanges, shoulder blades, dentures, etc, in good condition Such skeletons fetch as much as Rs 900 in the international market Obviously, neither the bodies of ill-nourished rural folks nor the emaciated remains from hospital morgues can meet such high standards

Skeletons In Their Cupboards

When asked the source of supply of such skeletons, Mr D'Souza replied, "I don't know But one thing is certain There is something fishy about it"

True For when it comes to sources of procurement almost all exporters are as silent as the skeletons For example, Parthasarathy Swami, who did a report on the subject for a Calcutta-based financial daily during 1981 wrote "Like chameleons in their natural habitat, these gentlemen have made a profession of being elusive Most of the exporters, when tracked to their lairs, are prone to be reticent about their business anyone with a generous assortment of skeletons in his cupboard would be chary of letting the cat out of the bag"

Surprisingly, this is the only export item that is handled without a license and yet the entire proceedings are considered legal The only legal sanction required is the signature of a police officer signed in the presence of two witnesses testifying that the bodies were unclaimed "Even the letterhead of the company is not used for this purpose" quips Mr D'Souza "Any old bit of paper suffices" On this piece of paper is stated the weight or quantity of the consignment Along with this is required a certificate from the importer stating that the skeletons will be used for educational and research purposes These two together serve as the passport and visa for migration

The smooth and prosperous functioning of the trade however, was interrupted by public protests a few years ago Strangely enough though the guilt lies with us it was Italy—a Roman Catholic stronghold—which raised the objections to the way the bones were obtained They even banned the imports

The trade had hardly recovered when Mrs Gandhi struck another blow by banning the trade during the Emergency, on "ethical grounds" and to save the "prestige of the country" The tables turned with Mrs Gandhi's downfall in the 1977 elections and lifting of the Emergency The Janata Government resuscitated the trade which was almost in its death throes Within less than three years, the Janata Government bowed out of office and Mrs Gandhi was swept back to power But this time the industry was allowed to continue, but with certain conditions

Tightening Regulations

The 'Skeleton Kings" had to furnish a certificate of procurement attested by the police authorities denoting its weight or quantity along with a note from the buyer that the skeletons were for educational purposes only According to the report quoted earlier "The tightening of regulations has hit one aspect of the business export of spare parts Earlier it was not just whole skeletons or skulls that used to travel abroad there was a roaring business in bones Selling a skeleton piecemeal would often prove more lucrative But with the present policy of acquiring a police procurement certificate it is no longer possible to cash in on spare parts exports

Regulations apart the recent innovation in the field has taken its own toll Some believe that with the introduction of plastic skeleton the industry may soon be facing troubled times The synthetic skeleton has the advantage of being more durable Whereas a human skeleton has an average life span of five to seven years, the plastic model lasts much longer

But Mr D'Souza had his own reservations about the success of the plastic skeletons He believes that there is a vast difference between a synthetic skeleton and a human one from the point of view of the porosity of bones, movements and above all, naturalness "Science of life is to be observed from living things and not from artificial things," he stated philosophically

In the same breath he condemned the whole business and made a strong plea for banning the trade altogether with immediate effect Meanwhile, perhaps due to the ignorance of the people about the bone trade and its questionable *modus operandi* Indian skeletons are still leaving our shores ■

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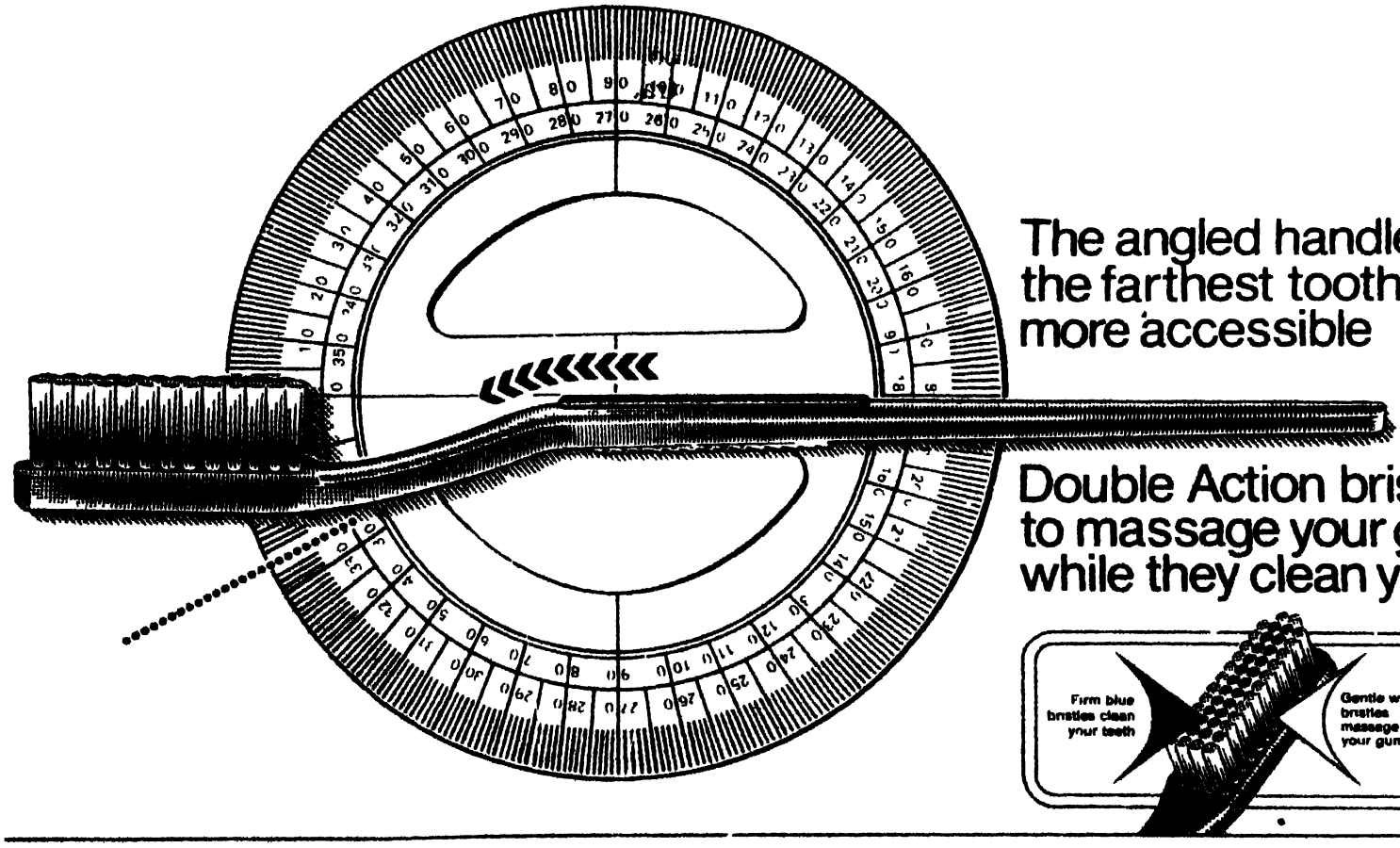

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2781

Great Shakes! Cabaret Is Back!

A fascinating foray into the glamorous world of cabaret girls—behind all the glitter, the bumps and the grinds...

by Pradeep Shinde

WHEN Sadhana, a cabaret dancer performing at Uma Restaurant, buttoned on her skirts and barged into the Delhi High Court in 1979 to fight for "my freedom of expression", little did she know that her move would lead to an eye-popping verdict. Nor did she expect to be taken seriously when she appealed that "cabaret is not only a source of entertainment for a person with a tense mind but also a catharsis which prevents him from frequenting prostitutes".

However, the legal wrangle ended in March 1981 with Sadhana winning a trend-setting judgement. The learned judges held that "a customer who attends a cabaret looks forward to being entertained by cabaret and cannot complain of annoyance to which, if any, he shall be deemed to have given consent."

In one stroke of the pen, the ruling wiped out the tribe of bogus customers the cops used to sneak in prior to a raid on the floor show. These "bogus" men would enter a joint, watch and even enjoy the proceedings and then lodge a "complaint" of "annoyance" to provide the "reason" for the subsequent police raid!

The Delhi ruling inspired Bombay proprietor Dilip Chandiram Datwani (whose establishment had been raided) to file an application before Justice Sharad Manohar in Bombay High Court. The hearing saw a stream of bogus customers rendering juicy accounts of what "annoyed" them. One example should suffice:

When I entered the premises, a performance was on. The artiste, while dancing, removed her bra and started provoking sexual urges by fondling and caressing her breasts, making movements of the hips like in sexual intercourse, and by moaning and groaning. These obscene movements annoyed me...

After hearing a number of similar descriptions, Justice Manohar observed:

It is unnecessary to describe details... the fact remains that the person who went to witness the performance had himself volunteered. He went into the hotel knowing fully well what kind of stuff would be ladled out to him... even if everything stated in the complaint was believed to be true, still no offence under Section 294 of the Indian Penal Code could have been committed. The Section postulates not only that the act must be obscene but also that it must have resulted in annoyance to somebody.

The person to whom annoyance is caused himself gives evidence in that behalf... he himself has gone into the witness-box and stated that he witnessed the cabaret knowing fully well what kind of dish was likely to be served to him... therefore it would not lie in his mouth to say that he was annoyed by the performance.

Revival

The revival of cabaret in Bombay, after a lapse of 10 years stems from these judgments. A bevy of cabaret artistes who had left the city—Neetu, Loveena, Rani, Maharani, Payal, Sharmila, Liza and others exotically named—is again jazzing up advertisements, promising the best and the latest floor shows.

For Leena, an Oriental dancer who has been in the trade for 12 years, this means a wage increase of Rs 1,000 per month. Invited to perform in Meghraj, Ghatkopar, by proprietor Suresh Shetty for a salary of Rs 2,000 per month (along with board and lodging), she left her employer at Bangalore and accepted her new assignment with fresh enthusiasm. She has been married for 10 years and has no children. During this nomadic life, she has not stayed in any place longer than 6 months.

This gypsy-like existence can be easily explained. First, a cabaret dancer always works under a contract, upon the expiry of which she may have to leave for another place where working conditions may be better or worse. Second, employers like to introduce new artistes to attract customers (since "old faces and dances" lose their drawing power after a while). Third, a cabaret artiste may not find the working atmosphere "conducive".

Leena is one of the few artistes who does not strip. Although she says many of her proprietors did suggest to her—after a lot of hamming and hawing—that she make her act a little more "provocative". But Leena regards dancing as an art. "For a good dancer, stripping is not necessary... only those who can't dance remove their clothes," she says.

Rani from Hyderabad, on the other hand, is one who has made a smooth transition from an enthusiastic disco dancer to a bored strip-teaser. Not that she liked the change but she had no other job prospects which provided a satisfactory income. She tried her hand at telephone operating. But the returns were "bad". And then one had to also accept the invitations of the boss... Rani had even tried teaching mathematics in a primary school, but again the pay was poor.

Her life as a school-teacher in Hyderabad took a decisive turn when Rani bumped into a cabaret artiste at a jam session. The artiste, beautifully dressed and bejewelled, did a sinuous dance that spun out a fantasy punctuated by scintillating lights. She received thunderous applause and encore calls. *Out there in Bombay and Delhi, there is money. Lots of it. Isn't it better than being forced into prostitution by a fat, middle-aged boss? she reasoned.*

Fire Dance

Vicky's Fire Dance has hit Bombay like a heat wave. She dances with plates of lighted candles caressing her exposed flesh—the molten wax dripping like raindrops upon her bosom. Just when you are warming up, she takes on two flaming sticks, guides them all over her body, before extinguishing them in her mouth. For an instant, her tongue is on fire and then the lights come on to focus on an empty stage.

Backstage Vicky is different. Without face paint, mascara and rouge, she looks ordinary and worn-out. However, unlike most artistes, she regards her audience sympathetically. "They have worked all day, they are tense and want to relax. We

are just trying to make them forget their tensions."

Vicky's husband left her for someone else. Now she has a daughter in boarding-school. Dancing supports them both. "I like dancing. It's a job like any other. Dancing is my job," says Vicky.

Unfortunately, people believe that all dancers are prostitutes, trying to supplement their uncertain income with a fixed monthly wage. This is wrong. Floor shows naturally "bare" the dancer. And overtures *are* made by customers after the show. "A few allow themselves to be picked up," says Vicky. As for the others, loneliness and frustration sometimes drive them into affairs. Some end happily, others do not... but then this happens everywhere.

The majority of the people patronising cabaret belong to the 30-45 age-group. While a small percentage *do* lose control of themselves during the show, the majority sits still and watches the proceedings. Paradoxically, the most common reaction of this group is indifference. A psychoanalytical explanation of such behaviour maintains that the spectator has surrendered all responsibility to the woman on stage. She is the single active force in a roomful of passive people who seem to be saying in unison: *Make us respond, make us feel we challenge you.* The dancer and the watcher are unconscious adversaries in a sexual game.

Probably this also explains why artistes complain of lack of appreciation in Bombay. Their dreams of star-billing and recognition are quickly dispelled when they are made to realise that "you don't have to be a dancer to do strip-tease". Does that mean any female with curves in the right places is good enough for titillating male audiences? (For some watchers, the dancer conjures up fantasies of a mistress performing exclusively!)

The "kick" from cabaret does not stop at simple voyeurism. Sometimes, the fantasies evoked by the dancers become so compelling for some people that they physically attack the dancers. Then there are other irritants like bottom-pinching, hair-yanking or pawing that an artiste has to tolerate.

The organiser of floor shows also has his own problems. He has to shell out a municipal tax of Rs 45 per day...

in addition to a daily theatre tax of Rs 15 for holding cabaret shows. The authorities are obviously not averse to taxing "bare flesh". Then there's the 65 per cent entertainment tax. The tithe has the effect of taking away more than 50 per cent of the turnover. Then there are the *haftas* to be paid to the powers-that-be—from the local police to even customs and anti-corruption officials. Thus the organiser trying to cash in on naked flesh is himself stripped bare in a slow, tormenting strip-tease.

Moreover, you cannot conduct a floor show in a residential building. Nor should it be held near a school or a place of worship. If you wish to violate these provisions you have to pay the price!

Within the premises also, there are restrictions. *Thou shalt not touch a customer*, says the code of conduct for artistes. Tousling a customer's hair, shaking his hand—part of the dancer's repertoire and vital for rapport—is taboo. The law insists that the dancer be aloof and cold... "It's like asking Birbal to warm himself with a distant lamp," says an irate proprietor.

Another commandment forbids the use of "suggestive gestures" and still another prohibits the artistes from circulating among the clientele. These and many more provisions provide the cops with all the "nuisance value" they need to make their monthly appearances.

With so many obstacles, it is not surprising that there are only five establishments in the suburbs and two in the city offering floor shows. One at Nariman Point (Soniya Mahal) promises "angels, dances and wine". In a locale where white-collared workers shift files and receptionists sit with bored expressions, this small alcove stands out. As you enter the change-over from a staid, sober, setting to the decadent facade of the glittering floor show is sudden and incongruous.

The ear-splitting filmi song hits the visitor with an almost physical force. Dim lights soften the contours of the *nachnewaalis* as they perform what the manager ambitiously calls a *mujra*. The hall of mirrors looks like a →

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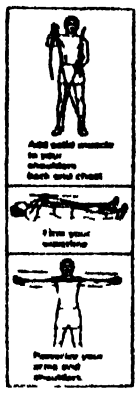

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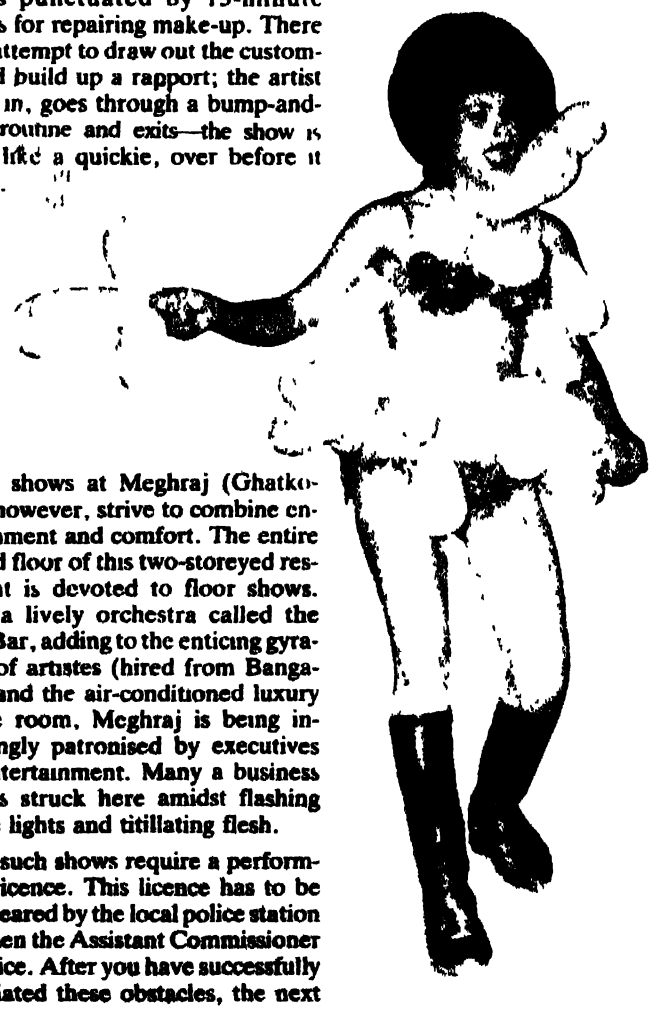
cracked leftover from a filmi set: you are not wrong. The manager is quick to point out that it was built by the man who created the Sheesh Mahal in *Mughal-e-Azam*.

The effusive hostesses are alert to refill the glasses that are quaffed eagerly under their gentle persuasion. It is a cheap trick. But there is nothing cheap about the liquor and the menu.

More bizarre are "drunk customers" who keep fishing money out of their pockets and, with a flourish, thrusting it down the dancer's dress. They are probably "plants", meant to "encourage" you to behave likewise What man can resist dancers fawning over him? *Aao huzoor tumko sitaron mein le chaloon* shrieks the loudspeaker as each dancer sways invitingly, promising the stars to the lavish spender. The promise is hardly ever fulfilled—certainly never until the show is over.

For the casual visitor, the moment of truth comes after the dancers and the select few have disappeared. At about 11.30 pm, while he is gathering his wits, scattered by the deafening music, gyrating bottoms, alcoholic fumes and cigarette smoke, a girl comes up to him, smiles coyly and places a highly inflated bill before him...

The other cabaret joint at Colaba goes under the label of *Blue Nile*. This Nile flows in a cramped area of about 300 sq ft, at the centre of which is a raised stage encircled by rows of benches. Between 6.30 pm and midnight, 6 artistes perform shows punctuated by 15-minute breaks for repairing make-up. There is no attempt to draw out the customer and build up a rapport; the artist walks in, goes through a bump-and-grind routine and exits—the show is more like a quickie, over before it began.



The shows at Meghraj (Ghatkopar), however, strive to combine entertainment and comfort. The entire second floor of this two-storeyed restaurant is devoted to floor shows. With a lively orchestra called the Odd-Bar, adding to the enticing gyrations of artistes (hired from Bangalore) and the air-conditioned luxury of the room, Meghraj is being increasingly patronised by executives for entertainment. Many a business deal is struck here amidst flashing strobe lights and titillating flesh.

All such shows require a performance licence. This licence has to be first cleared by the local police station and then the Assistant Commissioner of Police. After you have successfully negotiated these obstacles, the next stop is the Deputy Commissioner's office. A query posed by him will send the application back to the police station. If you are not "diplomatic", the application will meander in limbo.

By the time it reaches the Entertainment Department, Police HQ (which is authorised to issue licences), both the proprietor and his application are frayed at the edges. It is here that clerks dictate terms. Files may be lost or misplaced or even be "in transit"—often interminably—between the DCP's office and the Entertainment Department.

To go through this obstacle course may take one month or one year, depending on the proprietor's "diplomacy" or influence. The newcomer, with ideas of competing with existing floor shows and drawing away part of the market, is frustrated and, more often than not, deliberately defeated by this process. This defeat is not due to bad diplomacy but because of pressures exerted by a loosely knit floor show lobby interested in maintaining the status quo A newcomer means not only a loss of clientele and turnover but also the defection of cabaret artistes from one place to another.

Perhaps the shrewdest of them all is the proprietor of Soniya Mahal, Nariman Point. Cashing in on the Government's objective of promoting Indian art and culture, he provides a variety of what he fondly calls Indian classical dances. In exchange for this national service, he gets an exemption from the 65 per cent Entertainment Tax! ■

Hinduism In Crisis

By P.K. Nijhawan

IT was a traumatic experience I was passing through. The Himalayas of my faith were crumbling right before my eyes. Not just that. My basic identity as a Hindu—the man eternal—was being compromised.

What had happened? In a post-dinner speech to a sophisticated Bombay audience (time and place not to be disclosed), a young Maharaj of a preacher who claimed that he was born a Hindu in an orthodox Trinidadian Brahmin family explained with the help of a Biblical story how and why he became a Christian and found spiritual peace after everything Hindu had failed to allay his doubts. Without doubt, he was a great pulpit orator. But what followed was simply unimaginable. On his appeal, some 50 odd persons of all ages and both sexes stood up to be baptised. Some of them had done so spontaneously as if it was the easiest of decisions to make and others haltingly and with varying degrees of doubt and deliberation. I presume I had also been invited there for that very purpose. But to my great unhappiness, I had to let down my kind friend and host.

I could explain away the whole thing as far as I was concerned. Having lost my job and to a large extent my professional prestige and even self-esteem, I could be thought to be in great distress and hence could well be led to the altar. But what was the motivation of others who had stood up? Were they in similar circumstances as mine? Yes, some of them could be. But some others must also have made the great decision of their life purely as spiritual fugitives. It is their decision that should bother one concerned with the problem of God and man. So I continued thinking over it as long and as objectively as possible. My conclusions are somewhat disconcerting. One conclusion, however, is that the type of challenge Hinduism faces today perhaps never existed in this form before. Anyone could perhaps succumb to the new situation. Why?

Hinduism has faced persecution in its long and chequered history. Conversion from Hinduism to other religions is also not unknown. After all, from where have so many Indian Muslims, and so many Indian Christians come? Then what is this new danger I talk of? And what is special about this new danger?

If we go over the pages of Indian history, the conversions took place mainly for three reasons. First it was wholesale, ie large bodies of men got converted together. There was one main reason for this which was the conversion of the king or the chieftain. Since the Hindus have all along believed in the plurality of worship without a well-defined Church hierarchy, with or without the help of the local priest, many of those converted seldom bothered which type of worship they were now adopting. They just followed the king or the chieftain. It was not an individual decision.

The conversion to Islam in Kerala as well as Kashmir falls in this category. Sometimes the whole or a part of a tribe got converted, as for example happened in the tribal societies living on the fringe of the four-fold society. The conversion of Afghans and Punjab tribes to Islam falls in this category. In Punjab, it can be seen more clearly, for sometimes, if half of the tribe is Muslim, the other half is Sikh. The conversion of the Meos of Haryana near Delhi is another instance in point. In this tribe, the Muslims and the Hindus have maintained their common tribal links. Even today the Hindus and the Muslims of one *gotra* come together when they are pitted against the Hindus and the Muslims of another *gotra*.

The second type of conversion was on pain of losing something, even life. This was often linked with some reward as well. The convert was soon discarded by his Hindu kith and kin. But this type of conversion was not so widespread because the contrary pressure was often equally strong. Besides, it meant sometimes the involvement of the State which had to face repercussions.

The third type of conversion came mainly because the Hindus had gone into a defensive shell and shunned any type of social contact with the Muslims. Such cases of conversion were sporadic but always there. The Hindus continued to lose thier adherents because of their social weaknesses and in the main for their attitude towards women and pollution.

What I mean to say is that despite the second and the third type of conversion, the four-fold system of Hindu society stood up well to the proselytising onslaught of both Islam and Christianity. Indeed, very few of these Hindus, including Harijans, embraced any other religion. This society remained and even today remains the bedrock of Hindudom.

Then what is this new phenomenon that I recently witnessed? Those who opted to be baptised were middle-class professionals, well-educated and even reasonably well placed. There may be an element of worldly inducements but its effect cannot have been more than marginal. Hence this conversion cannot be explained away on the basis of what happened in earlier times.

The only explanation is that they have opted for Christianity because "Christ loves them" and they are in search of a God who is personally involved in their well-being. The new prayer groups holding prayers outside the Church have something to do with such cases of conversion. It is a revival of the cult of the miracle in which the subject feels that the ever-benign Christ is profoundly affecting them by personally attending to their problems.

Now whatever the meaning of life divine, for a man of the world a miracle as a proof of God's love and concern has much more significance. A man in search of a better career, health, success in love or the birth of a child would always crave for it. That is why people flock to a deity who grants them boons.

Normally, however, a miracle is a part of the dialectics of life. Almost every day a man can see (provided he is receptive) things happening which he had no idea would happen. There is a providential escape; there is a miraculous recovery, there is a sudden windfall—all these things are in the realm of the *miraculous*. I too am a witness to some great miracles. In fact, they happened to me whenever I prayed to a Muslim pir whose *mazar* is in far-off Haryana. It is all a question of personal identification.

So when I related my experience to my Christian friend, she felt doubly assured that this was an evidence of the fact that Christ had marked me out from the very beginning for His boundless love even if I was not a Christian and that He now wanted me to come to Him. But then I have seen similar miracles happening in the lives of so many others who do not think of religion at all! So to ascribe them to a new type of prayer is what does not convince me.

But miracles apart, it is the alienation of the elitist Hindu from his tradition and path eternal of *Dharma* that is making him more and more fugitive. As a man of the world he has been in and out of many things which give him the illusion of being sinful. Christian ethics have further strengthened this guilt complex. So he wants to get out of it at all costs. He wants someone to finger-lead him to where he might escape from his dichotomous duality and find a more normal equation of spiritual life.

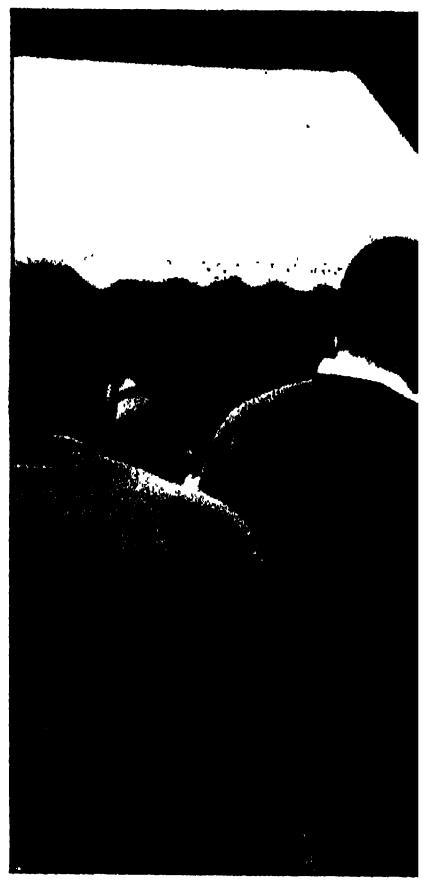
Suddenly, therefore, he finds Christ has much more meaning for him. The image of the Lord nailed to the cross, taking upon Him the load of sins of all the sinners in His flock, thereby rendering them pure, appeals to him instantaneously. He wants to escape from the tyranny of Karma-his actions of omission and commission that make him ever so miserable, ever so wretched. As a Hindu, he knows that no court of divine justice can absolve him of the fruit of his actions and that he is now a prisoner of the cycle of life and death for God knows how long. Life then starts appearing to him as a crippling experience.

In the Western ethos, there is conflict between instinct and rationality, for instinct becomes coterminus with the processes of life. Many Western young men, therefore, become hippies and seek escape in self-induced artificial trances and many a mature man commits suicide like Schopenhauer did in trying to defeat instinct with the help of rationality.

A modern, alienated Hindu has almost forgotton that the instrumentality of karma is the only spiritual substance he has in his possession for life spiritual. It is not so disjointed as it appears to be. It is one continuous activity which is an integral part of his dharma. In fact, in doing action (whatever it be) he is living the life of dharma. And thereby alone he is to move on to higher levels of consciousness, nay even spiritual transcendence which the cycle of births and rebirths so inexorably indicates. Hence action to a Hindu should be a matter of immense joy.

But the truth of the statement can only dawn upon him if he realises that means and ends constitute but one whole and, therefore, are the essence of life spiritual. Here he differs from others, including those who follow Christ. If dharma be the end then actions are the only means to reach that end. It is the moral law of the Hindus. To be able to jump the fruits of action through the grace of God is, therefore, not possible. It is a temporary delusion, for, life is not only what moves through aeons from end to end but also even beyond on either side of the scale.

■



The Third Eye

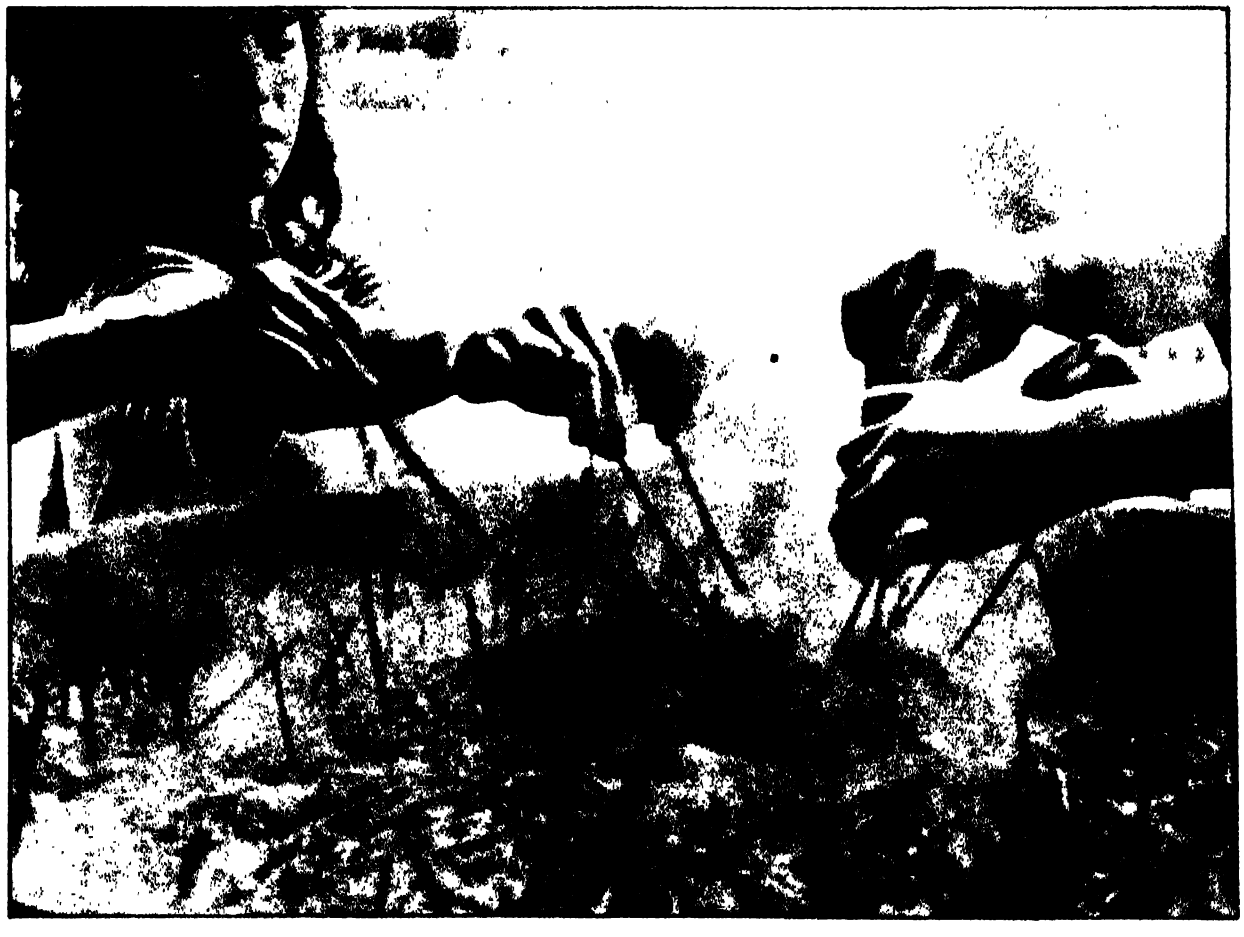
By Photographic Design

I AM an industrial designer by profession and learnt photography as a student, first at the Industrial Design Centre, Bombay, and then at the Royal College of Art, London, as one of the many skills a professional designer must have.

Photographs and Text by Kirti Trivedi

I've been using the camera as a professional tool since then—mostly for research, analysis and presentation of my design projects. Recently, I spent nine months in Japan on a Unesco fellowship, studying and documenting the design and craft traditions there. This turned into an almost full-time photography assignment.

I take pictures almost exclusively in available light. I have never really sent my photographs for competitions or publication before and the *Weekly* will be the first magazine to publish them. ■



Press And Cure

by Meera Pandya

ACUPRESSURE is the rediscovered therapy for staying healthy and curing illness which is fast catching the imagination of the people. "Acus" means depth and not needle as in acupuncture Pressure applied to specific points or the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands and on other parts of the body can bring relief from such ailments as polio, paralysis, migraine, backache, sinus, asthama and blood pressure. The treatment is simple, it costs nothing as no medicines are involved, and you can administer it to yourself at home

Take a blunt-edged metal instrument (the handle of a safety razor will do) and with its tip press hard on the area just below the nail on the soft edge of the big toe If it hurts, you are suffering from tension, a common complaint these days; if you just feel the pressure you are one of the very few lucky ones who don't have a care in the world. This method of diagnosis is known as foot reflexology, the more favoured branch of Acupressure. That which deals with points on the hands is called hand reflexology. In Japan acupressure is known as *Shi-atsu*

The idea of getting relief from pain or feeling relaxed when pressure was applied to any part of the body is not a new one and has been used since ancient times. In India reflexology or acupressure was practised even 2,500 years ago It caught the attention of the world when Dr William Fitzgerald of the United States started experimenting with it for anaesthetic purposes in the early part of this century.

Dr Fitzgerald found a connection between points or digits in different parts of the body. Pressure applied on these points or pricking them with pins succeeded in numbing the parts they were connected with. In his zonal therapy, Dr Fitzgerald divided the human body vertically into 10 zones—5 on each side Parts of the body falling in these zones had their corresponding zones on the ten fingers and palms of the hands.

Acupressure, as it is known today, was made famous in the USA by Dr Eunice Ingham, who is the author of *Stories Your Feet Can Tell* and *Stories Your Feet Have Told*, and by Dr Mildred Carter (*Help Yourself with Foot Reflexology* and *Help Yourself With Hand Reflexology*) The pioneer of this therapy in India is Chimanbhai Doshi. Mr Doshi took to this system after meeting Mr Brian Hurst, a spiritual healer and clairvoyant who visited Bombay in July 1977. Mr Hurst picked out Chimanbhai from the audience and told him he was a healer. Chimanbhai then developed this faculty, using the method of Foot Reflexology

This therapy is based on the body's own healing power. When pressure is applied on certain strategic points the arrested flow of blood is restarted. As stagnancy disappears the body gets reactivated, revitalised, rejuvenated and regenerated. A regular workout keeps the body fit and disease-free Since this system works through the blood circulation, it is useless for parts of the body that have been operated on—veins and arteries once cut break the cycle and cause setbacks.

As the trained worker in reflexology passes his blunt metal instrument, called "Gini," over the soles of the feet he watches the patients reactions to find out where the pains is. The therapist has a difficult time pin-pointing the disorder if the person has a good capacity to bear pain. On the other hand, those who squirm at the slightest pressure can easily mislead the therapist. Sometimes it takes time to reach points that are deeply imbedded and therefore diagnosis takes a lot of time. Points where pain is felt are termed "tender". An experienced person also tells when an illness is at an advanced stage.

Once the tender spot has been detected, the type of pressure to be used—whether with the thumb, finger, palm of the hand or a "Gini"—is determined. Usually pressure is applied for about five seconds, stopped for two seconds and applied again for five seconds. This is repeated for one to two minutes, three or four times a day till the pain or tenderness disappears. On the heart point, pressure should not be applied for more than two minutes in 24 hours. Pressure for more than three minutes has an anaesthetic effect.

For the last five years acupressure therapy is being practised by Chimanbhai and his co-workers in Bombay. There are some clinics operating in Surat and 20 are planned in Kutch. These will be run by the 40 workers that Chimanbhai and his team trained during the recent camp held there. Chimanbhai has so far handled 50,000 feet. Kishorebhai Doshi and his family who run the South Bombay centre have treated 2,000 patients in the last four years. They have succeeded in curing patients with polio, paralysis, spinal diseases, migraine, backache, sinus, asthama, blood pressure and ailments peculiar to women. Cancer, skin diseases, tuberculosis and kidney failure have, however, failed to respond to their treatment. Apart from pressure on points, exercises, lotions and mild ayurvedic medicine are sometimes prescribed—the last mentioned mainly to placate the patient

Although there are cases where patients have been cured after only three sittings, this is rare. A 40-45 per cent improvement is visible only after about three months. Daily sittings are given to outstation patients. The case of a 26-year-old youth who used to get fits every five to ten minutes since his sister's death was a challenge to the Doshis. After just three days of treatment under acupressure he was back at his job. Another interesting case was that of a man who had been bedridden with backache for three months and was carried into their clinic by four people. After the first sitting he walked out on his own feet.

Services at the clinics are free but Chimanbhai has now started charging for house calls. People sometimes call them just to get a message!

Chimanbhai plans to experiment with around 25 people in the age group 65-80 to rejuvenate them. The camp will be for six months and results will then be analysed. Even though Chimanbhai has seen several thousands cured through acupressure, he cautions that this system cannot replace the medical care of doctors—their guidance is a must.

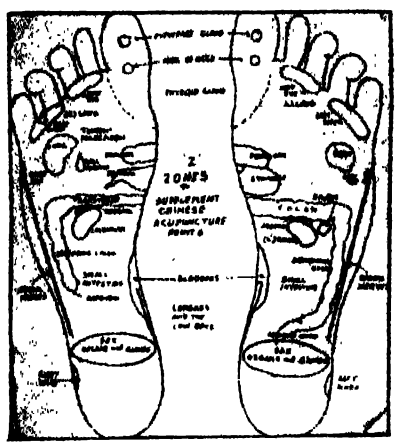


DIAGRAM shows pressure points at the soles of the feet

ACUPRESSURE—Chimanbhai's team

Cures That Endure

Just a spoonful of honey

Thank the bees for their industry—or where would we be for breakfast? Orange marmalade and strawberry jam are all very well, but there's no substitute surely for the liquid gold on a hot buttered toast or—if you're lucky—spread generously over waffles!

But honeydew ice-cream, honeyed-scones, walnut and honey surprise and honey-buns apart, the medicinal properties of honey are well known.

Take that awful cough for example, or that tickle in your throat that becomes embarrassing at a dinner-jacket black-tie supper! All you need is a regular dash of honey. For a dry cough try liquorice root with honey. Raisins, black pepper and honey may be licked for relief. For inflamed tonsils, a cough linctus prepared from ginger juice and honey can be consumed three to four times within 24 hours.

For a run-down, tired, over-worked person, a generous dollop of honey dissolved in hot milk can act as a marvellous restorative. And for a clean healthy feeling throughout the day try a spoon of honey and juice of one lemon in a glass of hot water early every morning.

As a beauty aid it is invaluable. If you want to banish those freckles, a face pack made of honey, lemon and egg white is excellent. Wash off after a few minutes with warm water and then apply ice cubes gently over the face. As a conditioner, honey with lemon juice makes the hair lustrous and gleaming. After a shampoo and wash, apply this mixture and let it remain for a few minutes before the final rinse.

Remember—just a spoonful of honey makes the medicine go down in a most delightful way!

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

Brahmanand: His Goal Is Perfection

Brahmanand is perhaps the best goalkeeper Goa has put in the field. And there are those who aver that he is also the best goalkeeper in India today.

by Ajit K. Moye

IS Bengal's Bhaskar Ganguly really a better goalkeeper than Goa's Brahmanand Shankawalkar? Or is it the other way round? The New Delhi Asian Games left this question unanswered, since it did not give Brahmanand a real exposure.

However, recall the 1980 Federation Cup Tournament at Madras which had seemed to tip the scale in favour of Brahmanand? Many connoisseurs of the game then rated Brahmanand as India's Number One Goalkeeper.

Unfortunately, soon after the 1980 Federation Cup, Brahmanand's left arm was fractured in the course of an exhibition match between India Blues and India Pinks at Patna. The injury was so serious that it all but brought this gifted goalkeeper's soccer career to an end. Brahmanand, however, had a real saviour in Dr Durga Prasad Bhattacharya of Calcutta. This doctor performed on him a truly remarkable operation.

Result: Brahmanand's left arm, in plaster for 2 months, became perfectly all right and the slim and rangy goalkeeper was fit enough to play for Salgaocar in the 1981 Federation Cup Tournament at Calicut. Following that, it was by sheer merit that Brahmanand found a place in the India Team for the tournaments at Seoul and Kuala Lampur, finally going on to win selection for the Asian Games.

Goa's Strong Point

Goalkeeping has ever been a strong point of Goan Football. And, since 1974, Goa has been served admirably by Brahmanand.

Benzino Fernandes and Subhash Sinari were the outstanding Goa goalkeepers before Brahmanand arrived on the scene. Sinari—who still has no parallel as far as diving saves go—was a pillar of strength for Salgaocar.

Just before Goa's liberation, Salgaocar were assisted by a Portuguese custodian called Mestre, while Palmela, who kept for Independents, was easily the best European goalkeeper to play on Goan soil. These outstanding goalkeepers undoubtedly had a positive influence on lads like Sinari, who in his younger days had Palmela as his idol. Sinari adopted Palmela's style of diving, which was indeed a treat to watch.

Subhash Sinari had to compete with that solid outstation custodian, Arvinder Singh, to earn the right to serve Goa as its number one goalkeeper in the Nationals. Arvinder, who played for Vasco, was a goalkeeper hard to match: he was robust, had a wonderful sense of anticipation and a remarkable "grip" over the ball.

It was in such a setting that Brahmanand had to make his mark.

Brahmanand actually shot into prominence under the bar of Panvel Sports Club, a small unit which then was doing extremely well in the Goa Senior Division Football League. Panvel Sports was considered the nursery of Goan Football: the up-and-coming players in its ranks were soon grabbed by the leading Goa teams.

The 1974 season marked Panvel Sports Club's finest hour, when it won the All India Bandodkar Gold Trophy Football Tournament from Sesa Goa, after having beaten the stronger contenders, in Bombay's Orkay Mills, in the double-leg semi-final. And the one who played no mean part in helping Panvel Sports accomplish the feat was goalkeeper Brahmanand, who has had the distinction of donning the India colours on no fewer than 8 occasions.

Humility: His Hallmark

One appreciates performers who, though unusually gifted, remain unassuming and simple. Brahmanand Shankawalkar undoubtedly is a performer in this category. Humility is his hallmark: to this day he thinks he has many more things to learn to be a goalkeeper of true class. He practises hard and keeps at it all the time in an effort to attain perfection, which is his goal.

The Shankawalkars reside in Talegaon (a few kilometres from Panjim)—in the neighbourhood of the famed Dr Remegio Pinto, who was once the Chief Patron of the Academica Football Club of Panjim. Dr Pinto had a photo album of the leading soccer players of the world which he would place at the disposal of football lovers. Brahmanand, during his school-days, was inspired by the example of these players and his goal in life was set.

Brahmanand was just 15 when he made his debut in the Senior Division. He was then picked for the Goa Team that participated in the Nationals at Ernakulam in 1973.

His entry into Panvel Sports Club came about in an odd way. One evening, Brahmanand happened to be there at the Campal ground in Panjim, where the Panvel boys were practising under Joao D'Mello. One of the two goalkeepers of the Panvel Sports' team was absent and so Joao asked Brahmanand to stand in for him. Brahmanand naturally jumped at the chance. Few knew then that a new star had risen on the horizon.

Joao D'Mello was soon convinced that Brahmanand would make a good goalkeeper and asked the lad to come down for regular practice. Brahmanand made rapid strides under Joao's guidance and soon became the number one goalkeeper for Panvel. He had the advantage of being tall where it came to dealing with the high balls, which rarely passed him. He also displays razor-sharp reflexes in pouncing on the ball to bring off spectacular diving saves. But he never indulges in acrobatics at the expense of efficiency. It is this gift of combining safety with flair that has put Brahmanand in the topmost bracket of goalkeepers in the country.

Automatic Choice

Brahmanand has been an automatic choice for India since 1976. The Goa team, which participated in the 1974 Jullundur Nationals, was coached by that great India goalkeeper, Peter Thangaraj, then with Vasco Sports Club. This proved highly advantageous to Brahmanand, as Thangaraj uncannily spotted out his weak points and assisted him in eliminating them. All leading teams of the country (including the giants from Calcutta) made offers to Brahmanand, who has, however, remained unswerving in his loyalty to Salgaocar, whom he joined in 1975.

Brahmanand is perhaps the best goalkeeper Goa has put in the field. There are those who aver that he is also the best goalkeeper in India today—spectacular and yet never so spectacular as to be unsafe. ■

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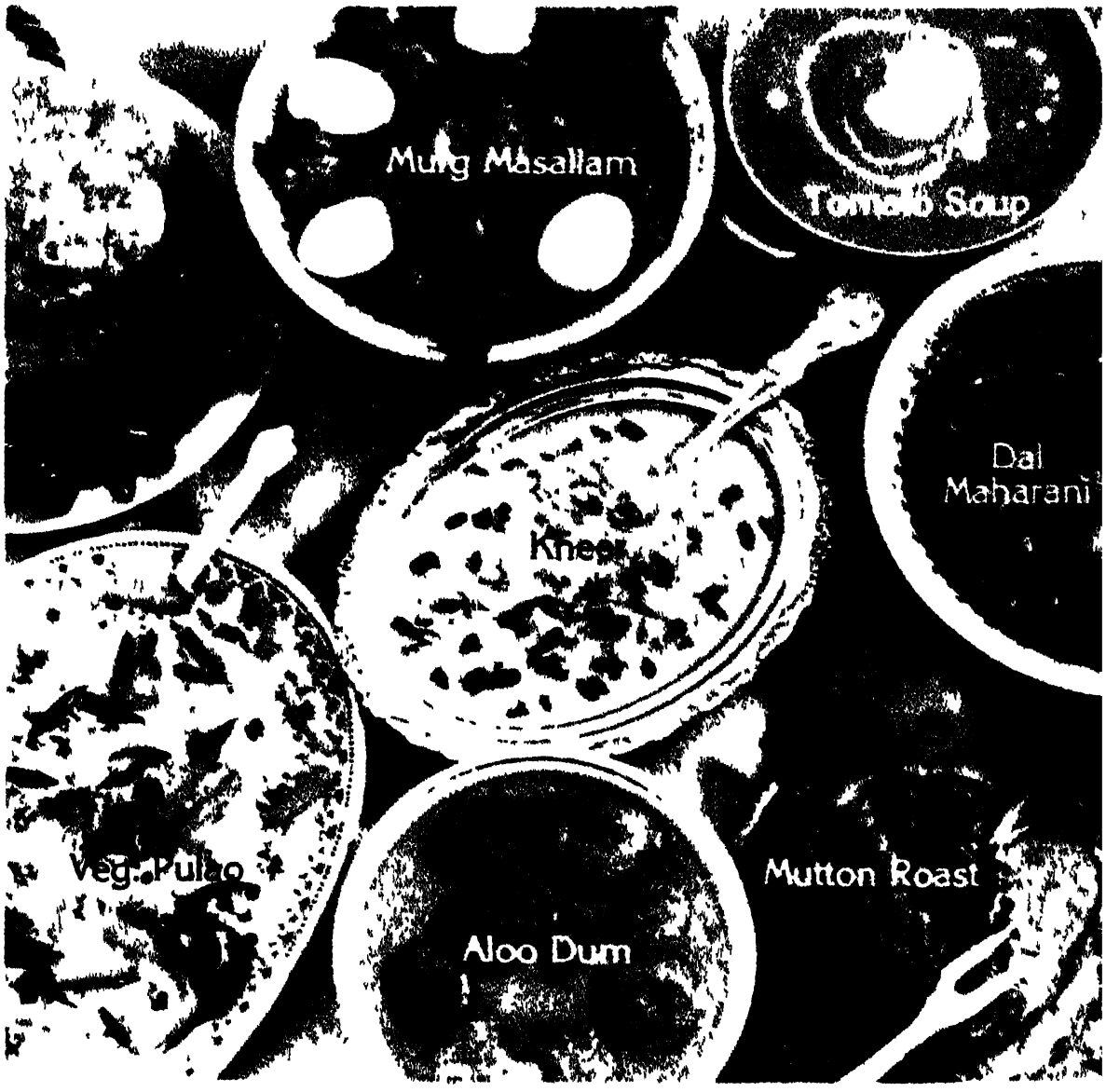

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Crocodile Bank

The crocodile bank in Madras, established by the Whitakers, is the only one of its kind in the world.

by Sabita Radhakrishna

THE balance in wild life has been ordained by nature, and any tilt in it, thanks to man's interference for personal gain, causes an ecological disturbance which could trigger off a series of unpleasant happenings. It was this startling fact which spurred Romulus and Zahida Whitaker into dedicating their lives to a campaign for saving some of our valuable reptiles from total oblivion.

Whitaker, acclaimed in international circles as an expert herpetologist, is an American by birth and a naturalised Indian, having sown his roots in our soil when he schooled in Kodaikanal. He disrupted his university studies in Wyoming, USA, to work in a serpentarium run by Bill Haast in Miami. At 24, Whitaker returned to India with a dream of starting his own reptile farm.

Export Of Venom

He was first involved with venom export and the supply of snakes. It was at this time that he came in contact with the tribals of Tamil Nadu, the Irulas, who are expert snake catchers. After what seemed endless deliberation, dialogue and initiative, a dream was realised when Whitakar established the Snake Park at Guindy in 1971 with finanial help from the World Wildlife Fund. The Park is run by a private trust of which Rom is the Director. It was established on one acre of land allotted by the Tamil Nadu Forest Department and situated near the deer sanctuary at Guindy.

The Snake Park houses about 400 reptiles of 30 different species, with new additions every month. Over a million visitors flock to the farm every year to see the snakes; the poisonous ones include the cobra, the Russels viper, the krait, and the saw-scaled viper, and the harmless snakes are the vine snake and the rat snake.

It was during his visits to the World Wildlife Fund office that Rom Whitaker met Zahida Futehally who was working there. With their common love for wildlife, it came as no surprise when they married in 1974. At the time, the plight of crocodiles was pretty grim: There were no more than 100 gharial, 2,000-3,000 mugger and about 200 salt-water crocodiles in India. It was Zai's idea that they establish their own crocodile bank, but it did not seem financially feasible. When Mr Futehally gifted the young couple a sum of money as a wedding gift, the Whitakers straightaway purchased the seven-and-a-half acre plot near Kovalam. Later, a private trust was formed with Whitaker as the Honorary Director, and it bought the land off them. The Whitakers, however, kept a small portion of the land to build a home for themselves.

DEDICATED TO WILDLIFE. Romulus Whitaker, a naturalised Indian, on his crocodile farm.

CHOCK-A-CROC. Crocodiles breed in idyllic surroundings on the Whitaker farm.

Bank In True Sense

According to Whitaker, the Crocodile Bank in Madras is the only one of its kind in the world. There are farms which breed crocodiles, but this particular one is a bank in the true sense of the word. The adult crocs are the deposits and their offspring are the interest earned which, in turn, is later deposited to create more interest. Besides the crocodiles, the Bank houses an American alligator, chameleons, calotes, lizards, water-monitor lizards, turtles and Aldabra tortoises presented by the Government of Seychelles.

Crocodiles are the nearest living relatives of the gigantic lizards, the Dinosaurs, of the Mesozoic age 100 million years ago. Among all the endangered animals in the world, the crocodile ranks quite high. There has been large-scale killing, not only for their skins but also for the meat which is believed to have medicinal qualities. According to Whitaker (based on Papua, New Guinea, exports to France and Japan), a three-foot, three-year-old crocodile would fetch $100 in the international market. It is, therefore, not surprising that only 1 to 2 per cent of hatching crocs reach adulthood.

The sale of crocodile skins came down sharply with the ban on crocodile killing in 1972. The only available statistics on the Indian crocodile skin industry are for 1964-65 when a total Rs 25,948 worth of skins was exported to the UK and France. Under the Wildlife Protection Act, 1972, effective and thorough paper protection was accomplished for Indian crocodiles. The three Indian species are listed under Schedule 1 of the Act, rendering killing, trapping, transporting or being in the possession of a crocodile or its products without a special permit illegal, with a penalty of up to six months imprisonment and a fine of Rs 2,000.

Three Species

The three species of Indian crocodiles can be found on the Whitaker farm: the mugger or marsh crocodile (crocodylus palustris), the salt-water or estuarine crocodile (crocodylus porosus) and the gharial (gavialis gangetious).

The marsh crocodile is friendly by nature and not too fastidious about its habitat. Although termed "marsh" crocodile, it can even be found 1,000 metres above the Hima-

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layan foothills. It is so adaptable that it is at home in rivers, jungles, ponds, even man-made reservoirs and tanks if left undisturbed. Easiest to breed, the mugger grows to about six metres in length. The young have colourful black-and-yellow markings, but the adult is a dull grey. It is shy by nature and rarely becomes a man-eater.

The salt-water crocodile is a gigantic species growing up to nine metres in length and now extinct in south India. It is found in coastal mangrove swamps in north India, Bengal, Orissa and the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. This is a man-eating species.

The gharial, the sole surviving member of the Gavialidae, an all but extinct family of crocodiles, is found in the fast-flowing rivers and coastal mangrove swamps of north India. The gharial has distinctive features and is therefore easily recognisable, with its long, thin snout, jagged saw-like teeth and popping eyes and nostrils.

Like most reptiles, the crocodile's scavenging function is invaluable. They feed on large predatory fish which devour in large numbers the young, commercially-valuable fish.

Reptiles For Playmates

The Whitakers live in a beautiful rustic house in a corner of the Crocodile Bank, with walls of unplastered brick and stone. Their son, Nikhil, at four years, has made the baby crocs, chameleons, harmless snakes and turtles his playmates. He travels 25 km to school everyday, since the Whitakers cannot bear to live within the claustrophobic confines of city life. Rom feels that reptiles have been the most neglected of wildlife species. The main areas of his work include educating the million or so visitors to the Snake Park and the Crocodile Bank about practical husbandry, research and documentation, and the implementation of programmes to save more endangered wildlife species.

Research forms a vital section of the Whitakers' work, since it means a detailed study of captive breeding. Artificial surroundings are created to closely resemble the natural, and the right type of temperatures are maintained. Research and documentation of data are constant processes. Wildlife-connected personnel are always welcome to draw information or receive training at the Crocodile Bank or Snake Park. Zoology graduates and undergraduates are encouraged to specialise in the study of reptiles and are later absorbed into the staff. For instance, when sea turtles were killed in great numbers, the Whitakers collected about 14,000 eggs from the beach to save them. The project was taken over by the Central Marines Fisheries Research Institute at Kovalam (near Mahabalipuram), and the sea turtle has, since, received paper protection

Sylvan Surroundings

For two years Whitaker was stationed at Lake Murray as a UN volunteer. It entailed making detailed inventories of crocodile farms for the National Crocodile Project in New Guinea's Lake Murray District It was different from his work in India because it meant protecting the crocodile for the purpose of killing it later for its hide.

Zai supplements her husband's work; together they form an ideal team totally dedicated to wildlife. The Croc Bank, situated in sylvan surroundings, is clean and extremely hygienic. The Whitakers dream of a future when they will be able to activate breeding in this idyllic milieu. "We are nowhere in sight of our goal; we cannot afford it now," says Whitaker. ■

A Dying Breed

by T.S.N. Murthy

TIME was when the rivers and lakes of India teemed with thousands of crocodiles. But today the story is altogether different—these creatures may never again be seen in the enormous numbers described by early naturalists, despite the fact that they breed prolifically and have a sufficiently long lease on life.

The gigantic *Gharials*, the only surviving members of an ancient family of crocodiles, earlier swarmed the Ganges and its tributaries—from the Chambal in Rajasthan to the Mahanadi in Orissa. One could then easily count as many as 30 *Gharials* in a single hour merely by sitting patiently on the banks of the Yamuna. Today there are very few *Gharials* in these rivers, if any. Other Indian crocodiles like the *Mugger* and the Saltwater Crocodile also face a bleak future as India's rivers and giant lakes are no longer their thriving abode.

The Saltwater Crocodile, a giant among Indian crocodiles with a reputation as an occasional killer, was only a few decades ago abundantly found on the coasts of India. Today, this species is extremely scarce, confined to the mangrove swamps of the Sunderbans in West Bengal and the adjacent territory of Bangla Desh, a few solitary pockets in Orissa like Bhitarkanika and in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. It might have become totally extinct but for certain protective measures taken in these areas. The numbers of the *Mugger* are considerably more—most of them live in jungle ponds, a few rivers and a large number of man-made reservoirs.

Survival Of The Fittest

Survival is the toughest task that crocodiles face today—the young are particularly vulnerable and fall easy prey to carnivorous fish, birds and mammals and at all stages of their growth they are attacked and devoured by the crocodiles themselves. The jeep and the gun and the comparative accessibility of their habitat also work to their disadvantage. Indeed, one army Colonel boasted that he had shot down a hundred crocodiles in a 100-mile stretch of the Kosi river. The opening up of vast tracts of scrub jungle and swamp lands, the setting up of gigantic multipurpose dams and the erection of hydroelectric projects have further caused their numbers to dwindle.

Today, fishermen continue to kill young crocodiles caught in their nets, considering them as a nuisance to their fishing interests. Poachers and hunters continue to harpoon and net them in remote forest rivers beyond the easy reach of the law. However, the greatest factor working against these creatures is the latest craze for fashioning women's shoes, handbags and other ornamental goods out of crocodile leather.

Greater Appeal

Crocodile hides are always in ready demand in the international market on account of their softness, durability and appeal. Indeed, crocodile leather is the most expensive of all

MUCH SOUGHT AFTER. Crocodile leather is the most expensive of all reptilian leather.

reptilian leather in any part of the world—a single crocodile leather bag can fetch as much as $6,250 dollars; men's belts range from $100 to 225. As if this were not enough crocodile flesh forms a delicacy in certain parts of the world and various parts of its body are used as charms, aphrodisiacs and for their supposed medicinal properties.

Because of the man-eating proclivities of a few giants, we tend to believe that all the crocodiles are killers. Though crocodiles are in general sulky and fierce by temper, the extent of their danger to man varies from country to country and species to species. However, even the most dangerous species of crocodiles attack man only in water; on land they are not as aggressive and make straight for the water if surprised. Crocodiles are more aggressive when their streams and ponds have dried up or when they cornered while guarding their young.

Timid Creatures

The most gigantic of crocodiles, the Indian *Gharial* dashes into water at the sight of man—it is a timid creature for all its size and agility. In fact, it is the most aquatic of all crocodiles, coming on land only to lay eggs. The *Mugger*—another burly representative—is also a timid reptile, floundering for shelter at the sight of man They should not, therefore, be included in the list of crocodiles endangering human life.

The Saltwater Crocodile is, however, a well-known man eater. A particularly hungry member of this species may even turn around and attack larger prey While on the subject, however, it is worth mentioning J. A. Frodue who said: "Wild animals never kill for sport. Man is the only one to whom torture and death of his fellow creatures is amusing in itself."

We believe falsely that crocodiles are responsible for depleted fish catches in our rivers, lakes and reservoirs. The fact that they actually function as nature's scavengers by eating up the dead and diseased fish is little acknowledged, however. This apart, crocodiles prey mostly on the coarser and more inedible variety of fish.

What is needed now is an intensive conservation programme that will help the crocodiles to recover their numbers from the point of no return There must be controlled harvesting of their meat and skin. And there must be no let-up in these efforts until the captive populations are in a position to meet the demand for their own captive breeding and reintroduction programme. ■

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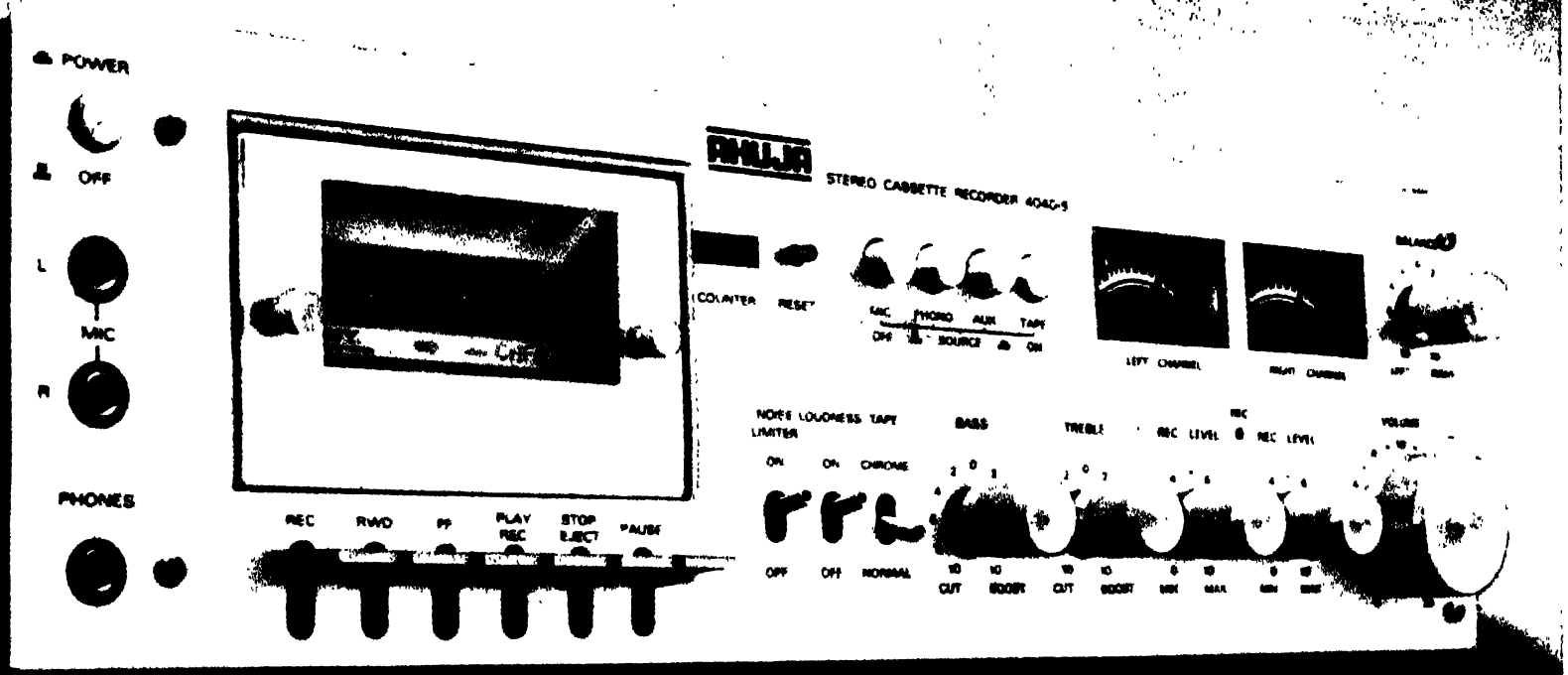

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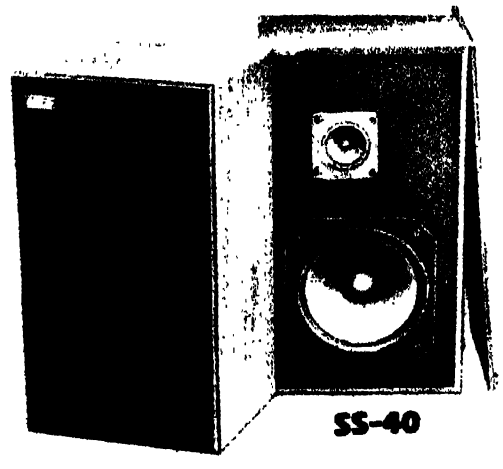

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Hindsight

by Sudha Rai

She thought she belonged with Picasso. But alas, she ended up with anklets and a nose ring.

"MARRIAGE is for the moose in the ark. I opt for healthy friendships," said Rajkumari, on the first day of our acquaintance.

We were hostel-mates at *Maharani's*—that splendid citadel of the academic world and the feudal. Daughters of maharajas invariably came here to obtain degrees (though inevitably the body was groomed more than the mind). So did the offspring of plantation kings and business magnates. A very few "outsiders" like me, daughter of a mere Colonel, were waved into its stone portals. Wealth (old or new) came first. The army last. That was in the sixties, when art abounded in the drawing-rooms, but stopped short at the bedrooms. "Perfect understanding—as clean as a contract," Rajkumari was still continuing on the subject. I met her eyes admiringly.

That was what first drew me to Rajkumari. She was so decided. Sitting on her unyielding dunlopillo rectangle, in sculpted Padmasana pose, she oozed breeding. Her toes, which she gripped and twanged whenever driving home a point, were tender peanut pink. Her family and ancestral palace were but a transparent distance away. I could see the liveried butler, the champagne glasses and her father, the prince, without much suggestion from her. With her poison black eyes, she was Kaikayi, Cleopatra and Mata Hari, all three rolled in one. Six months after knowing her, I was still distracted in argument by the alabaster tint of her nose.

I had enough intelligence to hold Rajkumari's interest. I might be a stay-at-home, but my mind was not. And I clung to Rajkumari's lazy confidences with the tenacity of a leech, unconsciously arming myself for the battle against class.

Rajkumari's father was the Maharaja of a state rich in public gardens and antique museums.

"There was a time when Daj (that was Rajkumari's way of saying Dad) had a little ivory greenhouse overlooking a garden of *kesar*. I fell asleep to the whiff of *kesar* blowing in the wind," Rajkumari told me one nostalgic night. To me, her family were like wraiths trailing perfume. Never crudely physical. Always like misty photographs in a brocade-covered album. "But the greenhouse packed up." It sounded like the matter-of-fact ending to a fairy tale. "Now we have a croc-farm."

"Croc farm?" I asked, unhinging my transfixed elbows. I was new to the cycles of snobbery and didn't realise that certain animals were *a la mode*.

"Why, crocodiles. Baby crocs. They're simply sweet."

Today, the word "sweet" as well as the word "cute" trigger off a thousand negative feelers within me. But at 18, I was infinitely more generous and undiscerning.

"Daj and I often have beer by the croc-pool. We even got a little croc drunk on it once. Gave it straight *Nirvana*." Rajkumari's chocolatey voice dwelt lovingly on the episode. Suddenly she yawned, her fingertips darting like minnows on her barely opened mouth. "What does one do to freak off here?" she asked. "I wish they had a course in nude photography... I'm a good model myself. But only for friends." I took this last in stride without batting an eyelid.

TWO months together narrowed the gap of experience between us. When Rajkumari came to class, she scandalised the front benchers by coolly pronouncing Madame Bovary a "nympho". For the 'sixties female, that was talking.

Just across the road one came across *Maharani's* heterosexual counterpart—*Maharaja's*. Established in 1909. →

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"You scratch my back I'll scratch yours..." that about summed up the relationship between the two colleges. *Maharani's* had a Fancy Dress Night; *Maharaja's* had a Surprise Social. *Maharaja's* had a Shipwrecked Ball, *Maharani's* an Orphan's Night.

Kings and queens were legally supposed to be in bed by ten, but where the mind is without fear, ten is no time to turn in. And so had come into being the insider's joke about the *Maharaja* and *Maharani* suites. With a tip over ten percent, an obliging lackey would even arrange breakfast in bed. Rajkumari was "Raj" to the upper cream lads and to the more athletic among the girls.

Her cousin Pritam, incidently her "local guardian", drove up on Saturday evenings. I had seen him from the first floor balcony. He invariably drove up to the very edge of the portico steps, sending the watchman scampering away in fright. Within ten seconds Pritam honked seven times. Time was money. Rajkumari would slowly emerge, black eyes glinting greenly in the arbour of a chiffon outfit.

I knew, but none of the "authorities" did, that Pritam was usually only a decoy for Manu, tennis champ and toothpaste friend in one. Rajkumari returned on Monday morning with priceless details of a game of strip played at Manu's. "Manu was down to his wrist support. He's real sport".

I longed to spring the burning question but I never could. "Had she or hadn't she?" Her linguistic capers suggested a released virginity. But who could tell.

As for myself, I was lost in a maze of morality, truth and rebellion. Rajkumari seemed to have flown over the maze in a paint yellow two-seater plane. That was the image I had of her. I often expressed my respect for Raj's "guts" to others in our circle.

The first year of an Honours Course in Literature had crept by. Rajkumari returned from the summer vacation with back numbers of Playboy, a stack of Dunhills cunningly laid beneath thick wads of chocolate, and little cloud puffs of lace which resolved themselves into her underclothes.

She looked a little older. Or perhaps it was the altered vision which even a little time away brings. It was as she faced the mirror to lay out some new containers that it registered. Woe indeed! Her alabaster nose, that microcosm of perfection had lost its independence. It had yielded to a little flower dot of a diamond, which winked triumphantly. What did photography in the nude have to do with a slavish nose-ring and with a girl of Rajkumari's spirit? Try as I would, I couldn't make the necessary connections.

A WEEK after her return, there was a phone call for Rajkumari. She tripped it to the booth by the lounge and returned five minutes later, saying, "Daj's friend is coming to say hello and take me out tonight. He exports select items of jewellery." Her tone was casual.

That evening I had opened my door to let in a breath of fresh air. A black Mercedes swished into the drive, and as if in response to it, Rajkumari sailed by, waving casually to me. Absorbed in my book, I sat up with a jerk only when I heard a liquid trickle of anklet bells. Following their trail with my ears, I found they ended at the base of sooty black suede trousers which led up to Rajkumari's filling exteriors.
Rajkumari and anklets. Somehow they depressed me.

"Daj's friend was a dear," Rajkumari told me the following morning, carefully disarraying her swinging hair. "Look what I got out of him." And she carelessly flicked a bracelet at me. "That's the kind he makes." Almost in the same breath she continued, "I believe his son deals in art too. Rare miniatures in ivory. Only for the knowledgeable... Oh what a drag," she continued, cleaving her pillow with her breasts, "Imagine having to spend three eternities in this ossified dump. I belong with Picasso."

I thought she did too. Except for the nose ring and the anklets. During that Divali break, Rajkumari did not write to me at all. Two letters without a reply had left me hurt and clammed up.

Rajkumari returned two days later than the rest of the crowd. "Guests at home," she explained, "and anyway who wants college." ... I know I should have known. But not with Rajkumari.

"I'm leaving for good tomorrow," she told me a week later, meeting my eye.

I jumped, "What for?"

"Marriage, dearie. Might as well get it over with," she laughed with hard conviction.

"Whom to?" I asked, still flabbergasted.

"Here he is," she retorted, flicking open the cigarette pack and landsliding a snapshot of unconventional length. I turned to assess it. Brocade jacket, swelling moustache, glint in the eye.

The next morning Daj came to take home his pet. Salt and pepper beard, raw silk shirt, blaring stone on little finger... podgy, podgy, pudding and pie.

Rajkumari walked slowly by with a newly achieved harmony. Her nose ring gleamed with pride, her anklets served lovingly. A fancy mustard vehicle stood below. She stepped humbly into the waiting palanquin which serenely bore her away. ■

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WHEN P. T. Barnum, later of circus fame, was running his famous museum in New York, he discovered people paying admission fees and staying for hours. The place soon became so crowded each day that others could not get in. Barnum wondered how he could empty the museum without offending his patrons, so that the turnover would be greater. Finally, he hit upon a plan. He had a sign made which he placed over a door leading to an exit into a rear street. It worked, for people soon began to follow the sign to see what new curiosity awaited them. The sign read: TO THE EGRESS.

A DELEGATION calling on President Lincoln to give him advice, was headed by a clerical gentleman who quoted at length from the Scriptures to prove his points. At last Mr Lincoln silenced him by remarking:

"Well, gentlemen, it is not often that one is favoured with a delegation direct from the Almighty!"

A RATHER damaged-looking Scandinavian was seated in the gutter in front of a Northwestern saloon, laughing hilariously as the blood dripped from his nose.

A passer-by stopped. "What's the joke?"

The wreck replied: "Aye bane in dar at da bar an' a faller come oop to me and hit me in da eye and say 'Take dat, yu dam Norvegian!' An hay poonch me on da nose and say 'Dat for yu, yu dam Norvegian?' An hay kick me into street. Ha, Ha!"

"Well, what's so funny about that?"

"Vy, aye bane Svede!"

MR Cylmer: "I see by the *Globe* that the exhibit we attended yesterday was a tremendous success."

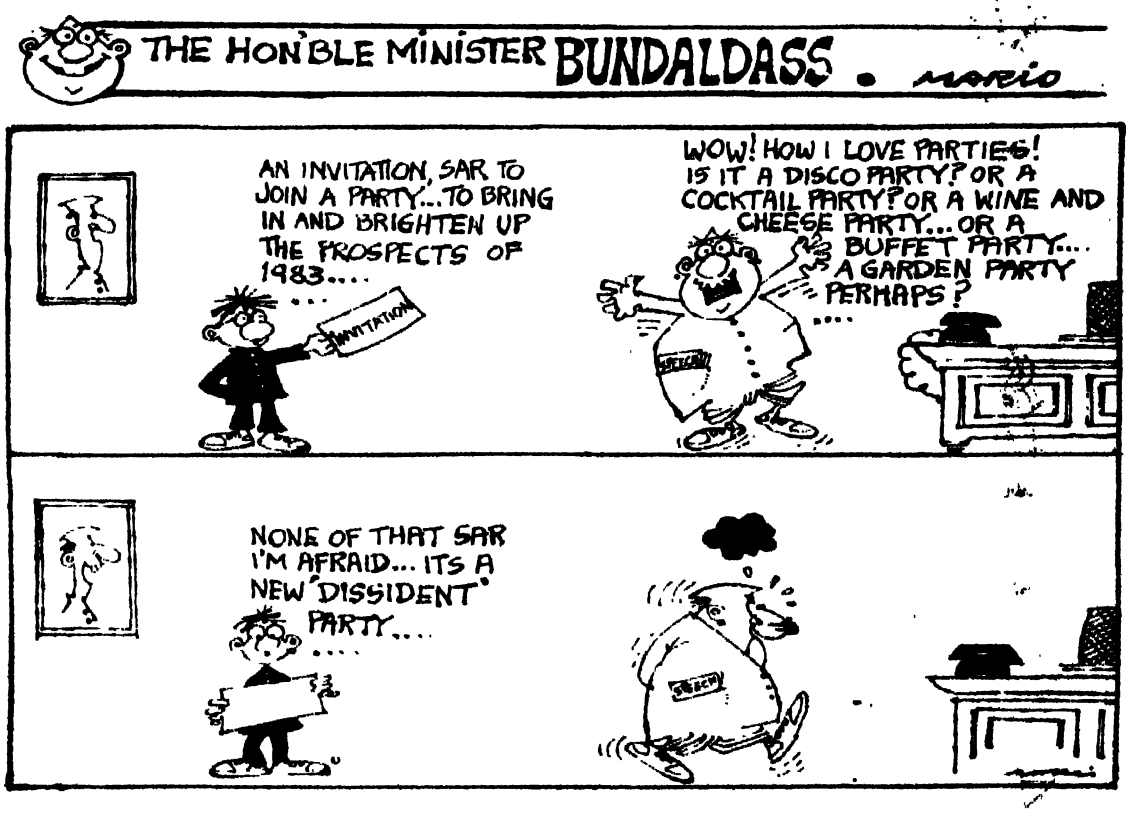
Mrs. Clymer: "Yes, I had no idea we were enjoying it half so much at the time."

"NOW I suppose they'll all get up and spout a while," remarked one diner to the man next to him. "Did you ever hear a really good after-dinner speech?"

"Just once. A friend of mine said: 'Waiter, bring me the check.' "

Oh! When did you arrive? Now *who will they turn to for advice?*

A SUSPICIOUS wife made a surprise call at her husband's office. Encountering his pretty secretary, she introduced herself and added: "I'm so glad to meet you Miss Shapely. My husband told me so little about you!"



THE English wit, visiting America, had a reputation for making puns no matter how terrible on all occasions. On viewing an orphan asylum, he was heard to murmur: "Thus far but no father." While having a breakfast roll, he declared: "The bun is the lowest form of wheat."

When he reached the Grand Canyon, his friends hoped that for once he would be silenced by the beauty and majesty of the scene.

He gazed about solemnly for a while, then remarked: "Gorgeous, isn't it?"

"YOU'RE a liar," challenged Muscles.

"Yeah", grumbled the thin man. "Say that again and I'll bust your jaw."

"Consider it said."

"Consider your jaw busted."

A CLERK at the employment agency liked to have his little joke occasionally at the expense of the applicant.

"Where were you born?" he asked Michael.

"Faith, in the auld Country down."

"Whatever for?" the clerk asked wittingly.

"At such a time," Michael answered, "twas me djootiful wish to be with me mother."

A SCOT went into a shop and bought a briefcase. "Shall I wrap it up for you?" asked the clerk. "Oh, no, thank you," replied the Scot; "just put the paper and string inside."

AN English tourist was on his first visit to Niagara Falls, and a guide was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide, but the visitor did not seem impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions," answered the guide.

The visitor looked across and down and up as if gauging the flow.

"Runs all night too, I suppose?" he remarked nonchalantly.

IT was a beautiful evening and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Lena for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Lena," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into a silence that at last became painful to his fiancee.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they bane too much said already."

"HEY, mister, did you lose a wallet?" the little fellow asked a Scotsman.

"Noo that ye mention it, I did," replied the Scot. And then he began to feel his pockets anxiously. "Did ye find it?"

"No," said the tot, "I just wanted to see how many have lost them. You're the sixteenth today."

"I AM no hand at public speaking," said Wilbur Wright at a banquet in Paris in honour of the Wright Brothers' first demonstration of a successful airplane flight in France, "and on this occasion I must content myself with a few words. As I sat here listening to the speaker who preceded me, I have heard comparisons made to the eagle, to the swallow and to the hawk, as typifying skill and speed in the mastery of the air; but somehow or other I could not keep from thinking of another bird which, of all the ornithological kingdom, is the poorest flier and the best talker. I refer to the parrot."

"I WAS going," said the Irishman, "over Westminister bridge when I met Pat Murphy.

"'Pat', says I; 'how are you?'

"'Pretty well', says he. 'How are you Mike?'

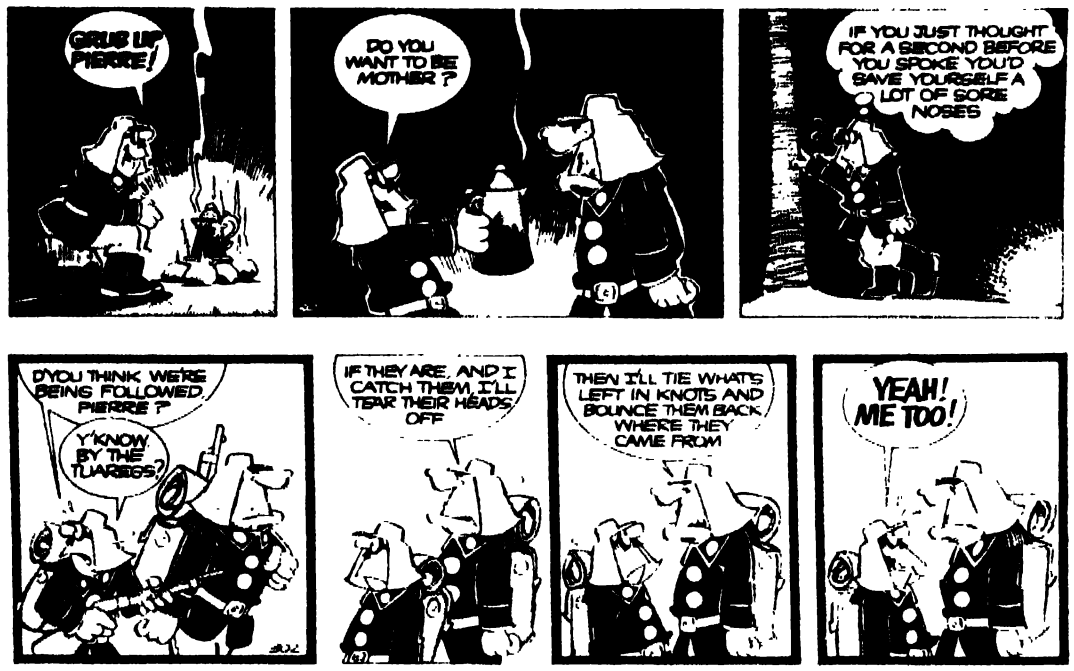
"'Mike!, says I 'That's not by way of bein' my name."

"Faith," says he, "no more is mine Pat."

"So we looked at each other, an sure enough, it turned out to be naither of us."

Compiled by Pramilla Rodrigues

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep



Your key to finance

A FAMOUS speaker lectured to the members and at the end of his address the secretary approached him with a check. This he politely refused saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose. "Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "What is the special fund for?
"To enable us to get better lecturers next years.

THE minister called at the Jones home one Sunday afternoon, and little Willie answered the bell. "Pa ain't home," he announced. "He went over to the golf club."

The minister's brow darkened, and Willie hastened to explain:

"Oh, he ain't gonna play any golf. Not on Sunday. He just went over for a few highballs and a little stud poker."

We have one free benefit we wish people didn't have to use.

Free Accident Insurance Benefit up to Rs 50,000. Because tragedy may strike when you least expect it to.

Tragedy is no respecter of persons or places. But it has one common factor. It leaves behind someone bereft and numb with grief.

From its very start in business Peerless had resolved to do everything in its power to better the lot of the common man. Hence, the highly appreciated and very successful Social Welfare Schemes, which were aimed to encourage the common man to save. From this, the next step seemed natural and obvious. Free Accident Insurance Benefit. And so in 1972, Peerless reached another milestone—the Free Accident Insurance Benefit started operating.

Issued by arrangement with the National Insurance Co. Ltd., the free Accident Insurance benefit is provided with certain types of certificates on any single life for a maximum of Rs 50,000. To date, Peerless has been privileged to provide this free and timely assistance totalling Rs 32 lakhs, to nominees of our Certificate-holders who lost their lives in accidents or natural calamities.

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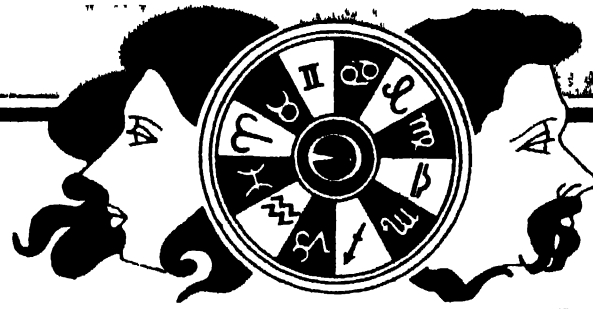


Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec 21-Jan 19

The week offers excellent opportunities for making a headway in career, profession or vocation Visitors and guests keep you occupied on Monday Tuesday is good for negotiations and interviews Clear all backlog by Wednesday Deal with Government officials and seniors tactfully

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

Great happenings are indicated both in personal life as well as in career You will acquire a tremendous reputation– good of course Artists and sportsmen may accept new contracts that promise fabulous money and fame Several new business opportunities come your way this week

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar 20

The week is full of promise—surprises and pleasant happenings all the way An elevation of status is likely in the case of politicians and those in service Teachers and eminent educationists will be honoured The early part of the week is full of outings and social functions All backlog must be cleared by midweek

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21 Apr 20

A slightly better position than earlier in the month On the vocational front you will do well New friends and colleagues will extend their co-operation and make difficult tasks easy A difference of opinion with seniors on policy matters may cause much tension by the end of the week Mid week is excellent

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21 May 20

Whether you like it or not, certain changes in work life cannot be ruled out. Travel may prove profitable for those in service Army and police officials will come in for awards and rewards Marriage prospects are excellent for the eligibles The early part of the week brings exciting news in business .

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21 June 20

New partnerships and alliances are in the offing Negotiations with foreign delegates will prove profitable in the near future The younger generation can look forward to merry making and settling down in life in the next couple of weeks All domestic jobs must be cleared early in the week

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

There are indications of continuing stress and strain in the next couple of weeks Near and dear ones may temporarily withdraw their support Even in personal life loved ones may drift away from you due to prejudices You may be whimsical and shoot off at tangents threatening to break off relations

LEO
(Simha)
July 21 Aug 21

A social high spot will soon come your way Sportsmen and actors will do full justice to their fans displaying their skill superbly Politicians must move cautiously and keep an eye on things behind the scene Tackle elders and seniors with intelligence and tact if you need their co operation

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug 22 Sept 23

You will, with the tact and wisdom at your disposal turn opponents into friends in the next couple of weeks and silence all criticism from the opposition Domestic duties will keep you extremely busy Property matters will be settled quickly and amicably in consultation with seniors and experts

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct 23

A spirit of compromise and companionship will help to build up good will Youngsters will be appreciated by the opposite sex and forge pleasant ties Finances are good but do not be too rash and hasty while signing a business deal Those keen on marrying will succeed in securing the approval of seniors

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov 22

The changes which you were contemplating in the recent past will take place suddenly and will seriously affect the future There will be many happy events in the domestic sphere A proposal regarding purchase of a vehicle or residental quarters will be hotly debated but the deal is likely to be put off

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23 Dec 20

You will be in an expensive mood You are likely to go out of station visiting favourite beauty spots A rare distinction awaits teachers, philanthropists and heads of organisations Sportsmen, artists and other professionals will do well All backlog must be cleared early in the week Saturday is for rest

STAR FOCUS

Does Astrology Encourage Fatalism?

Astrology has been in existence since times immemorial but it is still a debatable point among learned men and women whether astrology encourages fatalism The stock argument of astrologers, however, is that the planetary positions at birth determine all the activities of the human being until his death.

This view is now being revised slowly, especially since the advent of new sciences like astronomy metaphysics and philosophy Indeed, the new approach has certainly helped human beings to try their utmost to overcome various odds through various devices yet there are certain situations where the human being becomes almost helpless and is tempted to refer to his or her horoscope in search of some solution to unsurpassable problems .

The various congregations of astrologers held in different parts of the world have discussed this aspect threadbare and there has been a general consensus of opinion that if a horoscope is judiciously studied by astrologers they can help to render some solutions to serious problems or can suggest ways and means to enhance prospects in career vocation and profession

The older concept of fatalism is, therefore, replaced by hope, ambition and other measures against adversity Hence it can be concluded that the science of foreknowledge suggests alternatives and helps one to act wisely in a particular set of circumstances thus avoiding disappointment and frustration

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, January 2

Most of you can look forward to a year of fulfilled desires Do not make rapid and radical changes in work life between April and July Guard against possible deception by the opposite sex in August September The last quarter is excellent

Monday, January 3

Quite an interesting year Financially and carrerwise you will do well Move cautiously between May and July for your judgement is likely to go wrong in this period Resist temptations and allurements in August/September

Tuesday, January 4

Those connected with newspapers advertising and mass communication will do extremely well You will venture out on your own in the last quarter of the year Mid 1983 is a slightly tricky period

Wednesday January 5

The key to success and the acquisition of a rare distinction in career is to maintain cordial relations both in and outside home Curb your tendency to drift especially in mid 1983 Tackle strangers with care and tact and tact

Thursday, January 6

A slightly disturbing year Abrupt changes are unadvisable, especially in mid 1983 It will be more prudent to maintain status quo and work your way round a difficult situation

Friday, January 7

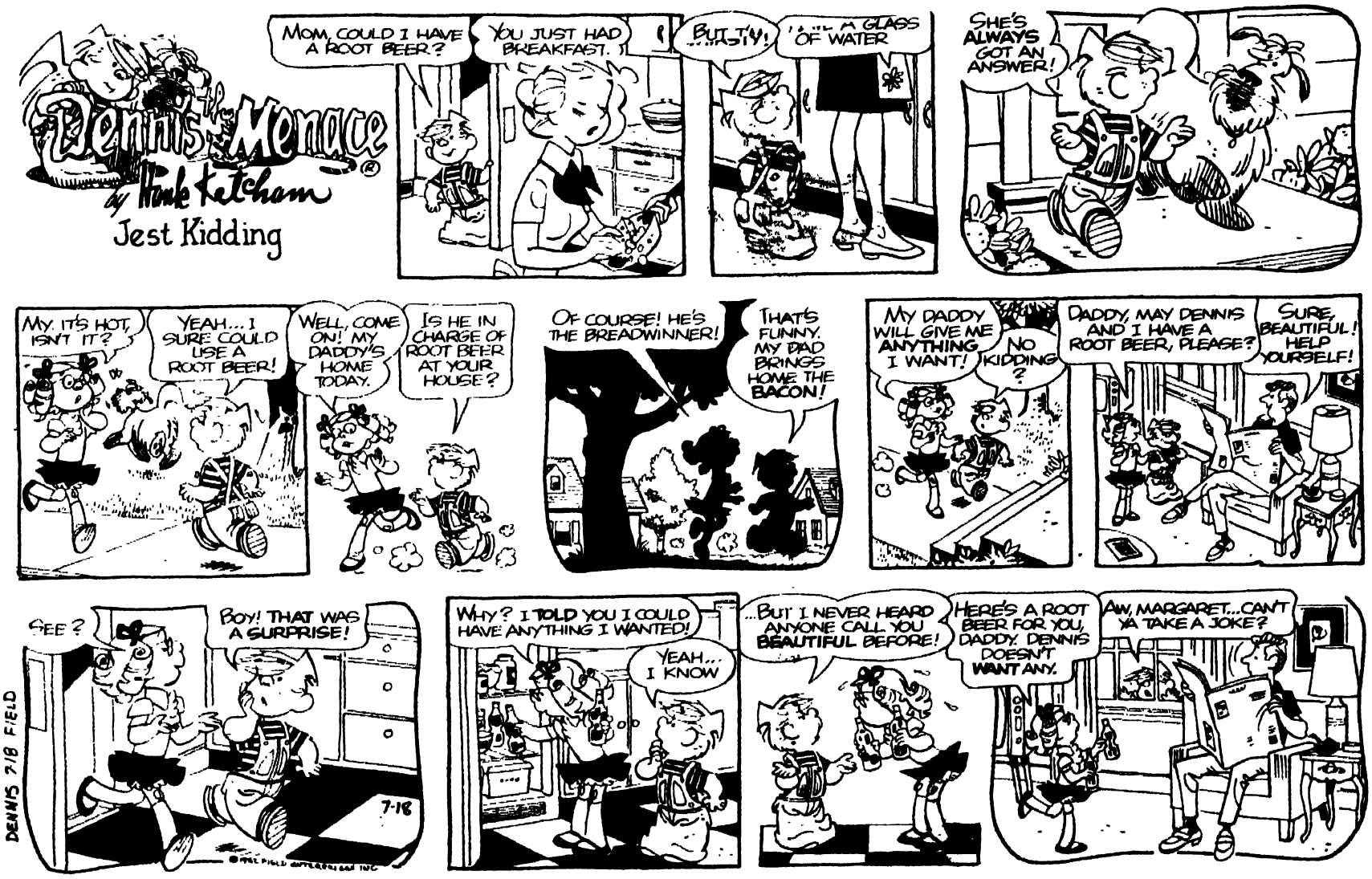
A lucky and happy year for most of you Events occuring early in the year will bring you much renown and fame

Saturday, January 8

A year full of contentment and happiness Deal with elders and seniors tactfully so that you can secure the benefit of thier established practice, profession or business in the last quarter

HUBERT

by Dick Wingert



THE PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
...ALL IS WELL... LIKE ENTEBBE...
?!
...LIKE ENTEBBE ...OVER.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
"ENTEBBE"... WASN'T THAT THE PLACE WITH THE HOSTAGES?
YEAH!
MAN-BIRD! PHANTOM SAID.. WATCH!
PULLING A FAST ONE WITH THAT "ENTEBBE" STUFF?
RADIO BACK YOU'RE KIDDING OR YOU'RE DEAD THE MINUTE WE LAND!
!
OKAY!
!!
..DEAD THE MINUTE WE LAND! -...OKAY...
7WB1 CALLING. ROUTINE FLIGHT. DIANA PALMER-WALKER AND KIDS OKAY...OVER...
COLONEL! ME'S ON THE X-BAND! (THE UNKNOWN COMMANDER!)
!
COL. WORDBU C.O.
COLONEL, CHOPPER 7WB1 WITH CAPTIVES LT.N. DIANA PALMER-WALKER AND CHILDREN,, MOVING DUE WEST... SEND MILITARY INTERCEPTORS. OVER.
GOT YOU, COLONEL..ON THEIR WAY!
WHO WE LOOKING FOR?
CHARLEY MCCOMBER'S 7WB1 CHOPPER.
BANGALLA AIR FORCE
LAND BY THAT HAYSTACK!
MAN-BIRD. PHANTOM SAID WATCH.
GET THE CHOPPER INSIDE FAST! MOVE, LADY! AND SHUT UP!
WHY.. WHY..?
Sy Barry 6/6
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HURRY IT UP!
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT MEANS YOU GET INSIDE.. FAST! YOU TOO, PILOT!
WE'VE COVERED A 500-MILE AREA. NO SIGN OF MCCOMBER'S CHOPPER...
RETURN TO BASE.
Sy Barry 6/13
COL. WORDBU, JUNGLE PATROL.
..REPORT FROM MILITARY NEGATIVE. NO TRACE OF MCCOMBER CHOPPER IN AIR OR GROUND.
SEND OUT GENERAL ALARM..ALL MILITARY AND POLICE UNITS...
ANY NEWS..OF LADY DIANA AND THE CHILDREN?
NOTHING YET, MISS TASAMA. WAITING HERE IS TORTURE.. BUT I MUST WAIT UNTIL....
REGARDING THE MISSING U.N. OFFICIAL...
...A NATIONWIDE HUNT IS ON BY LAND AND AIR... WAIT.. A MESSAGE ..JUST RECEIVED..!
!!
TERRORISTS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE EMBASSY BATTLE LAST WEEK... HOLDING DIANA PALMER-WALKER AND CHILDREN... DEMAND RELEASE OF THREE OF THEIR GANG IN PRISON...
...LOCATION OF HOSTAGES AND THEIR CAPTORS IS UNKNOWN..
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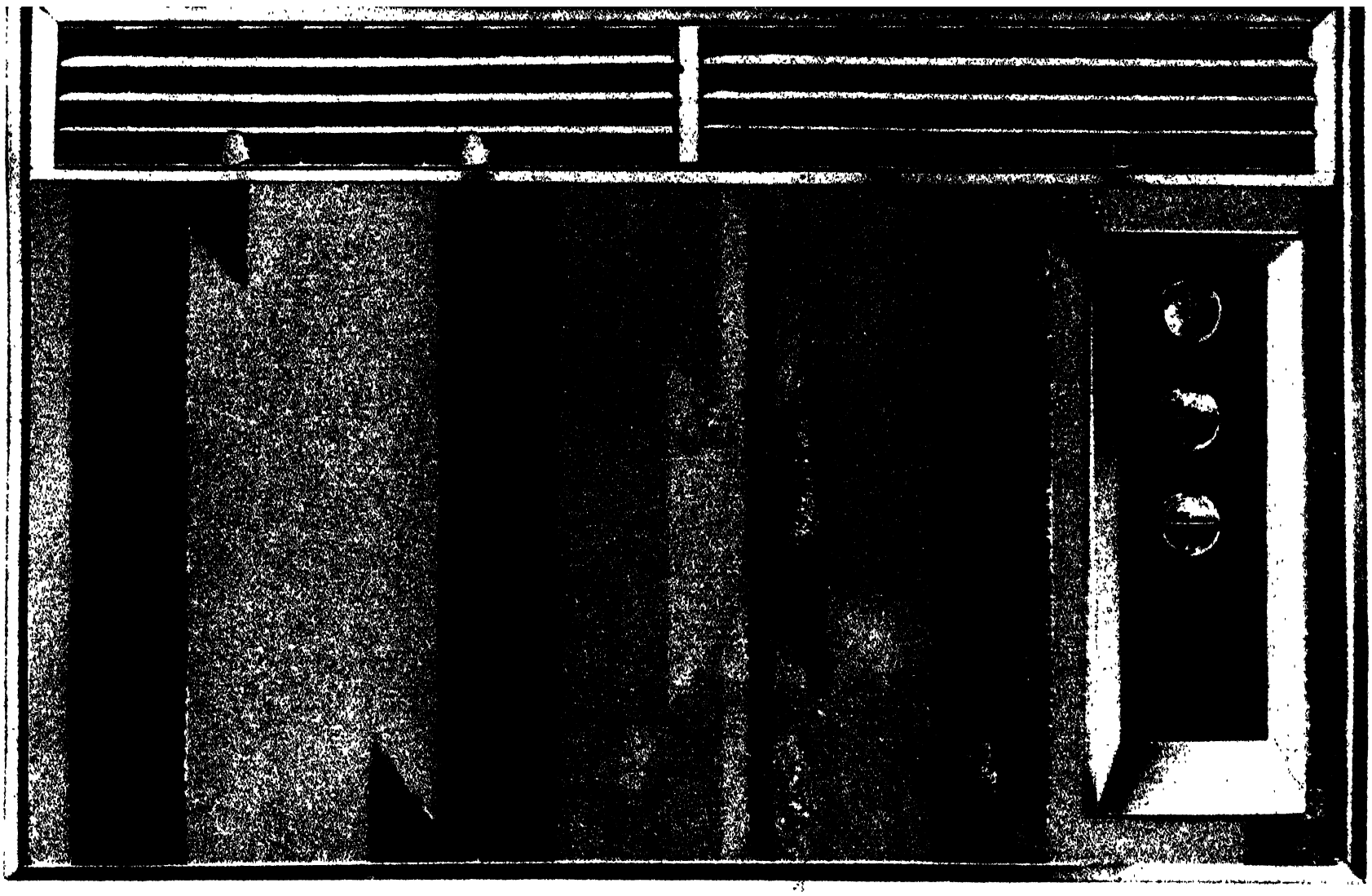
CONT'D.

THE PHANTOM



This air conditioner, consumes no electricity, needs very little maintenance, is invisible, and looks gorgeous.

Coir.
People are putting it to wonderful, new uses these days.
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Coir is an excellent thermal and acoustic insulator.
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Rubberised coir is as comfortable as a foam mattress and a lot healthier. It's just a bit firmer, to support your spine.
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It's also used as an air filter in air conditioners.
And now, the Coir Board is experimenting with various, revolutionary new uses for coir.
As a filter for oil or water.
For applications in coal mines and tube wells.
The coconut tree has been one of Nature's finest gifts to man.
And as he progresses into spectacular new realms of development, his old faithful keeps pace with him.

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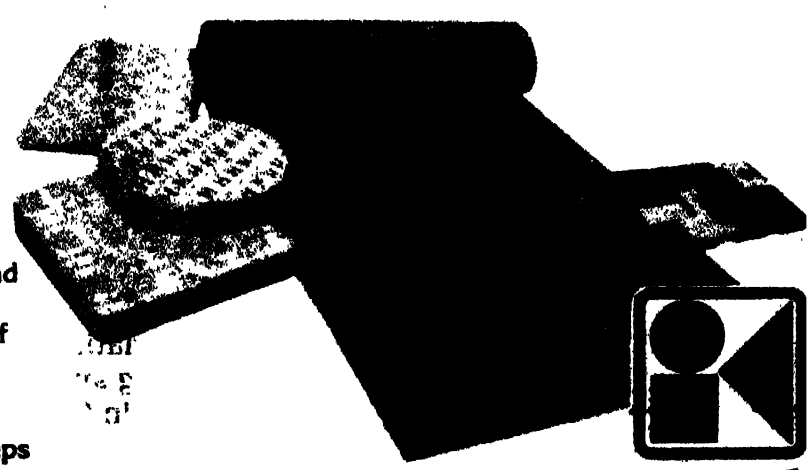

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Flavour makes it India's largest selling filter kings.
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CFK/CAS-10/82

This Week's Bridge

Interesting Spade Suits

THE Poona Region Bridge Association recently held a selection tournament to determine the official Poona Region Bridge Association team for this years Winter Nationals. Bafana's team won the final Round Robin in comfort, although they just squeaked in from the Swiss League.

Of the many interesting hands from this tournament, quite a few involved the Spade suit.

This was one:

South dealer, Both Vul.

North South, a scratch partnership, were playing a strong Club, 5-card majors system, with Negative Doubles, 8-10, following a One Diamond opening:

	♠ KQ93 ♥ A7 ♦ J8752 ♣ 83	
♠ J85 ♥ 83 ♦ K6 ♣ AK10972	N W E S	♠ A76 ♥ 109542 ♦ 10 ♣ QJ65
	♠ 1042 ♥ KQJ6 ♦ AQ943 ♣ 4	

The auction was aggressive.

West	North	East	South
			1D
2C	D'ble (i)	RD'ble	2H
P	2S (ii)	P	3S
P	4S	All Pass.	

(i) Negative, 8-10, at least 4-3 in the majors.
(ii) Playing only one Way negative doubles, this usually shows 5 Spades.

East leads the ten of Diamonds.

Would you back yourself as declarer, or defender? Lay your bets.

As the play actually proceeded, declarer won the Ace of Diamonds, and tried to cash three Hearts West ruffed the third with the eight, so declarer over-ruffed, and exited with a Diamond. West won, cashed the King of Clubs, and returned a small Spade! North put up the Queen. East won his Ace, and backed a fourth Heart, ruffed with the Jack and over-ruffed with the King.

East's trump holding was now good enough to beat the contract one trick. If, instead of a low Spade, West had continued Clubs, declarer would have had to ruff in dummy, and eventually go two down. And when West led back a low Spade, even if declarer had judged to play low from hand, East would still have beaten the contract by ducking once and later tapping dummy with a Club.

But, going back to the beginning, if, after winning the Ace of Diamonds, declarer concedes a Diamond to West? If West plays two rounds of Clubs, dummy ruffs, and passes the ten of Spades around. East ducks, but a second Spade leaves the defence helpless, thanks to the 3-3 trump break. This line is certainly the indicated line of play.

Did you back yourself as declarer? And followed the suggested line of play?

But there is a defence to this play too. When West wins the King of Diamonds at trick two, he returns a Heart. Declarer can win in dummy and pass the ten of Spades, ducked, and another Spade, also ducked. He can't play a third Spade, because that would leave him with two Clubs losers, and the Hearts are blocked in hand. Down One.

And finally, if declarer wins the Heart switch in hand and plays the King of Spades? East ducks, so declarer crosses to dummy with a Heart and plays another Spade to his nine. East ducks again, as before, down one. Instead, if declarer plays the ten of Spades, West covers the Jack, Queen, Ace, and a third Heart comes back, West upper cutting with the five, promoting East's *Seven*.

If West does not cover the ten with the Jack, East must duck, and now dummy's good Hearts are played. West ruffs in, but declarer overruffs and reverts to Diamonds. East making only his Ace of Spades and one Club.

So on best defence, despite best declarer play, the contract is always beaten.

Laws Of Duplicate Contract Bridge

There is often some confusion about what constitutes a revoke, and what the relevant penalties are. Laws 61, 62, 63, and 64 deal with this topic from *Laws Of Duplicate Contract Bridge*

Law No 61 is reproduced here. Others will follow.

Failure to Follow suit—Inquiries Concerning a Revoke:

Law 61. Failure to follow suit in accordance with Law 44 or failure to lead or play, when able, a card or suit required by law or specified by an opponent in accordance with an agreed penalty, consitutes a revoke (but see Law 59). Any player, including dummy may ask a player who has failed to follow suit whether he has a card of the suit led.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess

Queen Smothered

SURROUNDED by his own men the King sometimes suffers a smothered mate. Likewise the all-powerful Queen is occasionally reduced to a chunk of wood when her own men obstruct her paths.

In position No 289 Black sacrifices a Knight to smother the White Queen. In position No 290 the White Queen's pathetic plight gives Black an opportunity to launch an attack with a Knight sacrifice.

Lobron — Hort

Played in an international tournament in Dortmund (1982) won by the Czech grand master Hort with 8½/11, ahead of Romanishin 8, Psachis 7½.

1.e4, e5 2.Nf3, Nc6 3.Bb5, a6; 4.Ba4, Nf6 5.00, b5 6.Bb3, Be7 7.d4, d6 8.c3, Bg4 9.h3, Bxf3 10.Qxf3, exd4 11.Rd1, Ne5! 12.Qg3, Nh5! 13.Qh2, d3! 14.f4...

Position No 289: Bh4!! 15.fxe5, Bg3 16.Qh1, Qh4! 17.Rxd3, Qxe4 18.Rd1, Nf4 19.Bxf7ch, Kxf7 20.Bxf4, Bxf4 21.g3, Qe3ch 22.Kf1, Bxe5; 0-1.

Ruy Lopez.

6...Be7) The distinctive Archangelsk Variation (5...b5) is 6...Bb7; e.g. Vasyukov-Mihalchishin, Volgodonsk 1981: 7.Nc3, Be7 8.d3, 00 9.Be3, d6 10.a3, h6; Sideif-Zade-Belyavsky, Tashkent 1980: 7.Ng5, d5 8.exd5, Nd4 9.Re1, Bd6 10.d3, 00.

After the text 7.Re1 or 7.Qe2 can transpose into regular lines.

8.c3) Even now 8.h3 can lead to regular variations.

9.h3?) Loses a Pawn; 9.Be3 or 9.d5 had to be played.

11...Ne5!) White probably over looked this move; after 11...dxc3? 12.Nxc3 the gambit would be worth while for him.

12.Qg3) If 12.Qe2, d3 13.Qe3, c5! 14.f4, c4 15.fxe5, dxe5 16.Bc2, Qc7 (threat ...Bc5) Black recovers his piece while maintaining the extra Pawn; in this if 13.Qe1 would allow 16...Qb6ch 17.Be3, Bc5 18.Bxc5, Qxc5ch 19.Kh2, dxc2

16...Qh4!) Threat 17...Bf2ch 18.Kf1, Ng3 mate.

17.Rxd3) Also inadequate is 17.Rf1, 00 18.exd6, Bxd6 when Black's d3-Pawn and the treats ...Bc5ch as well as ...Ng3 provide compensation for material.

19.Bxf7ch) A desperate remedy; after 19.Bxf4, Qxf4 20.Rd2 (or 20.Rf1, Qe3ch) Qxe5 mate is inevitable.

22...Bxe5) After 23.Qb7, Rhf8 or 23.Qd5ch, Ke7 a Black Rook check in the F-file decides.

Qufeld — Krogius Moscow 1967

1.e4, e6 2.d4, d5 3.Nc3, Bb4 4.e5, c5 5.a3, Bxc3ch 6.bxc3, Qc7 7.Nf3, Ne7 8.a4, b6 9.Bb5ch, Bd7 10.Bd3, Nbc6 11.00, h6 12.Re1, Na5 13.Nd2, 00 14.Qg4, f5 15.exf6 ep, Rxf6 16.Nf3, Raf8 17.Ne5, c4 18.Bf1, Nac6 19.Nxd7, Qxd7 20.Ba3, R8f7 21.Re2, Nf5 22.g3, Kh7 23.f4, Rg6 24.Qh5, Nce7 25.a5?, Ng8! 26.axb6, axb6 27.Rae1, Nf6 28.Qf3, Nh4! 29.Qh1, Nh5! 30.Bg2...

Position No 290: 30...Nxf4! 31.gxf4, Rxf4 32.Rf1 Rfg4 33.Rff2, Qa4! 34.Be7, Rxg2ch! 35.Qxg2, Nxg2 36.Rxg2, Qa1ch 37.Kf2, Qxc3; 0-1.

3...Bb4) French Defence, Winawer Variation.

8.a4) The main line here is 8.Be2, b6 (or 8...Nbc6 9.00, Bd7) 9.00, Ba6 10.Bd3, Bxd3.

17.Ne5) All this is book. If 17 ..Rxf2? 18.Bxh6.

20...R8f7) 20...Rxf2? would be met by 21.Qxe6ch, Qxe6 22.Rxe6, R8f7 (or R2f7) 23.Rae1 when White stands to win a piece.

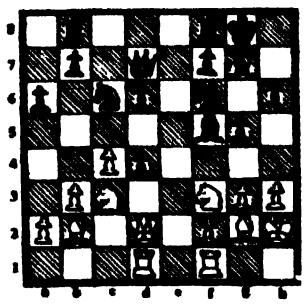
25.a5?) Imperative here was 25.Bxe7. Now the Black Knight joins the attack while white's Bishopon a3 remains idle

28.Qf3) The White Queen's trouble begin; if 28 Qh3, Ne4 (threat 29...Nxg3) 29.Rg2, Nxc3 wins a Pawn.

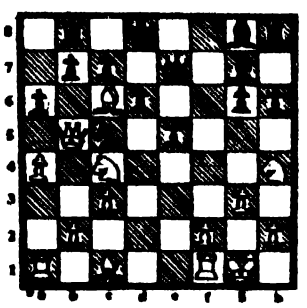
29.Qh1) Foced; after 29.Qe3 (29.Qf2?, Ng4 traps the Queen), Ng4 30.Qc1, Nf3ch wins.

35.Qxg2) Equally hopeless is 35.Rxg2, Qa1ch winning the Queen.

R. B. SAPRE



No 291 White to play



No 292 White to play

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Fact: Being a professionally managed Public Sector company, United India has developed the largest number of non-traditional and rural insurance covers.

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From multi-crore ONGC and NALCO* insurance covers, to five-rupee Gramin policies, our range is indeed comprehensive.

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Myth: Public Sector companies lack speed of response.

Fact: Being an enterprising Public Sector company, United India has the resources to attend to customer needs immediately. During 1981 we settled over 2,00,000 claims — averaging more than one a minute during normal working hours.

Myth: Public Sector companies lack the personal touch.

Fact: Service is a way of life for our 10,000 highly-qualified staff and 37,000 hand-picked agents.

A host of measures have been adopted to ensure that toddy-tapper and shipping magnate alike, get individual attention. To name a few complaints cell in every office, free risk management advice, customer seminars; pre-insurance surveys, etc

Myth: Public Sector companies show poor overall performance

Fact: Being a progressive Public Sector company, United India has constantly sustained a high growth profile

Our 26.8% growth in 1981 was clearly above the general industry average. Even overseas operations registered an increase of 41.5%

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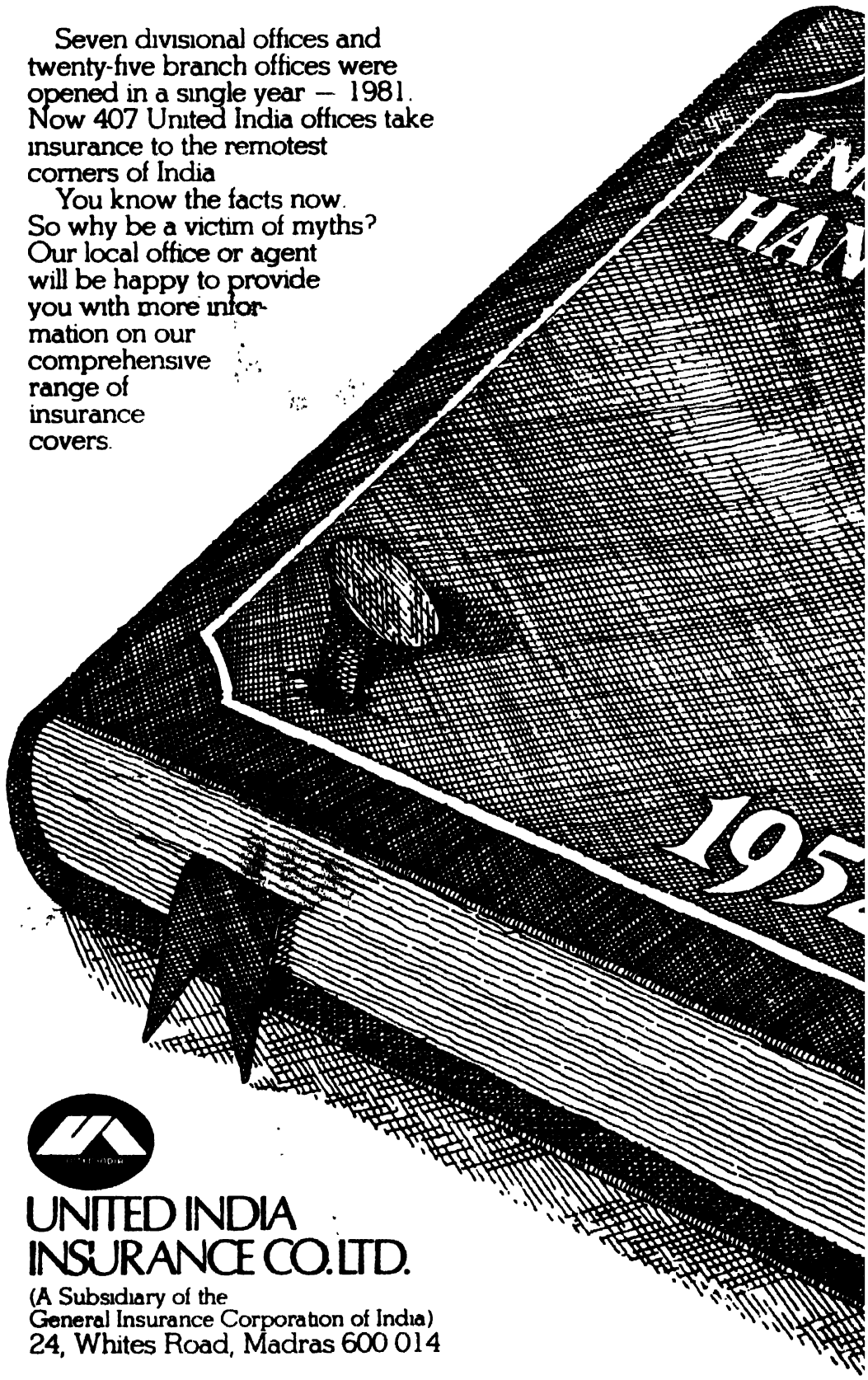
You know the facts now. So why be a victim of myths? Our local office or agent will be happy to provide you with more information on our comprehensive range of insurance covers.



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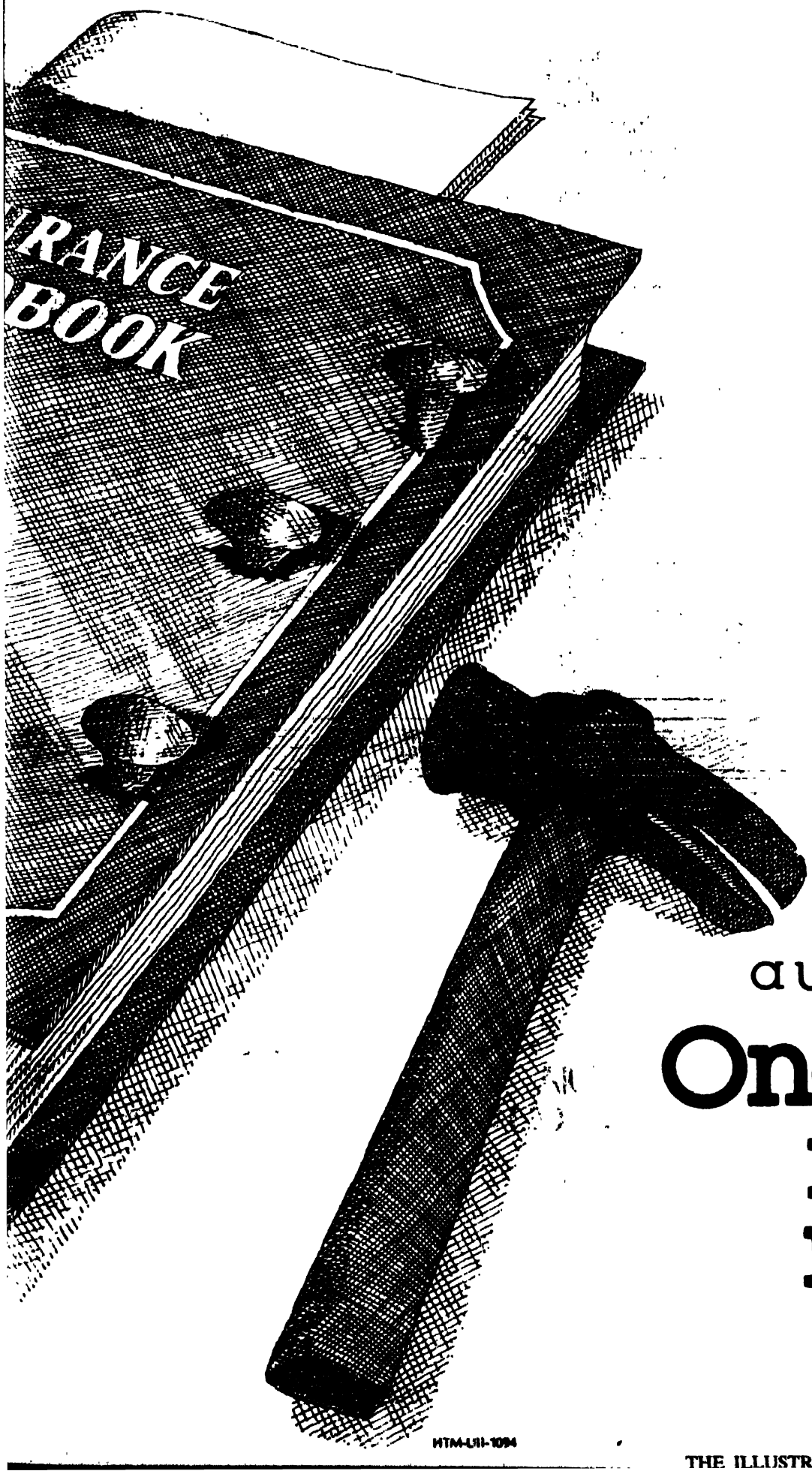

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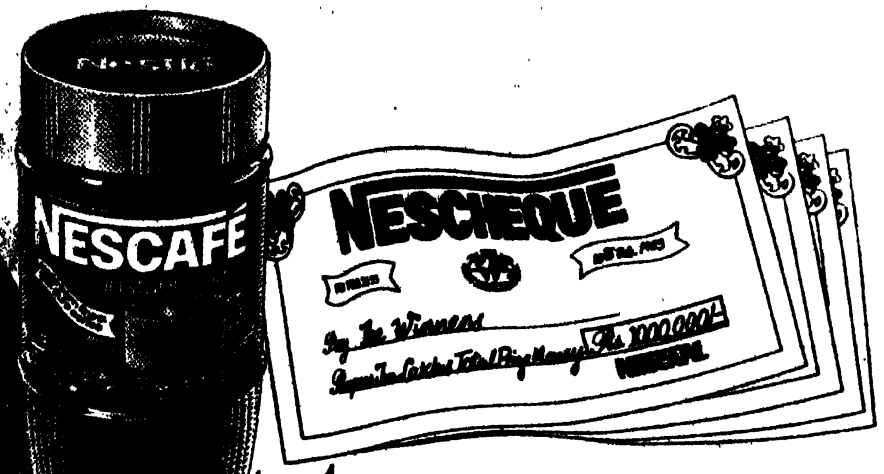

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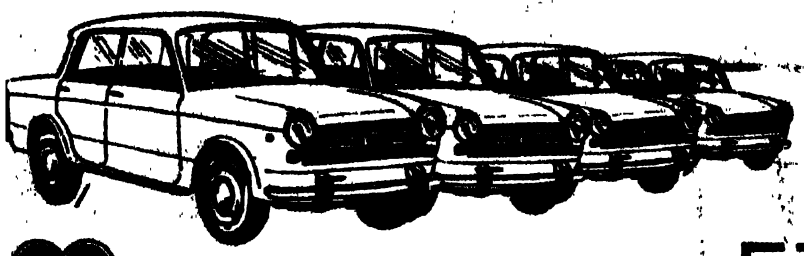

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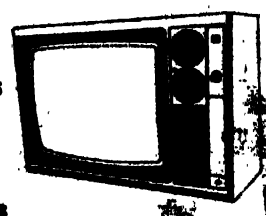

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Nescheques worth Rs. 100 each.

2000 'Early bird' Prizes

Nescheques worth Rs. 50 each for the first 250 valid entries received every week!

NESCAFÉ.

When you want nothing but the best

Contest closes 15th Feb, 1983

CAS 565 B

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In the Entry Coupon below are symbols of 5 of the world's currencies Underneath each one of them are 5 of the world's best-known landmarks. All you have to do is match the currency symbol with the landmark of the same country by writing the number of the landmark alongside the currency symbol.

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After you have matched the currencies and landmarks there is just one more thing to do. You know that Nescafé is the world's favourite Instant Coffee Suggest **one** word to either precede or follow the name 'NESCAFE' that denotes its superior quality

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WHAT YOU NEED

Each entry must be accompanied by an inner seal of a Nescafé jar or an empty 50g sachet.

The inner seal of a **50g jar**
or an empty **50g sachet**
entitles you to 1 entry
The inner seal of a **100g jar**
entitles you to 2 entries
The inner seal of a **200g jar**
entitles you to 4 entries

You may use the Entry Coupon in this advertisement or get an Entry Form from your Nescafé dealer. Remember! More entries from you improve the likelihood of your winning a prize

RULES & REGULATIONS

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3. All entries must be mailed by ordinary post and not registered
4. The first 250 valid entries each week will receive a cash prize of Rs 50 each These winners will also be entitled to win any one of the other prizes.
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6. The decision of the judges will be final and binding. No further correspondence shall be entertained

¥ 5	Rs ____	£ ____	$ ____	Fr ____
1 Statue of Liberty	2 Big Ben Tower	3 Taj Mahal	4 Eiffel Tower	5 Mount Fujiyama

Fill in your word to either precede or follow Nescafé in one of the blanks below

IWm

_____ NESCAFE _____

Mr/Ms _____ Address _____

_____ Age _____

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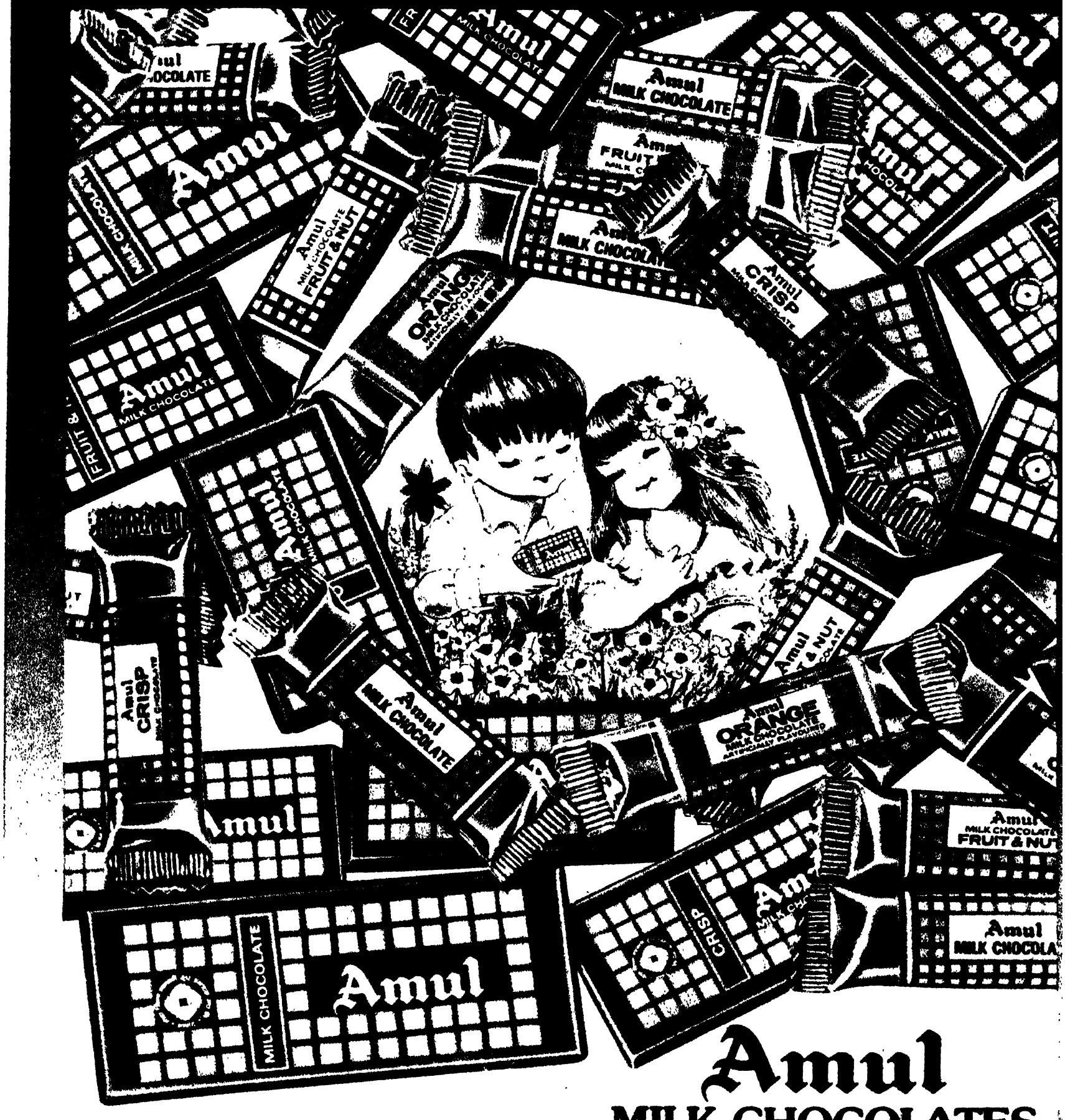

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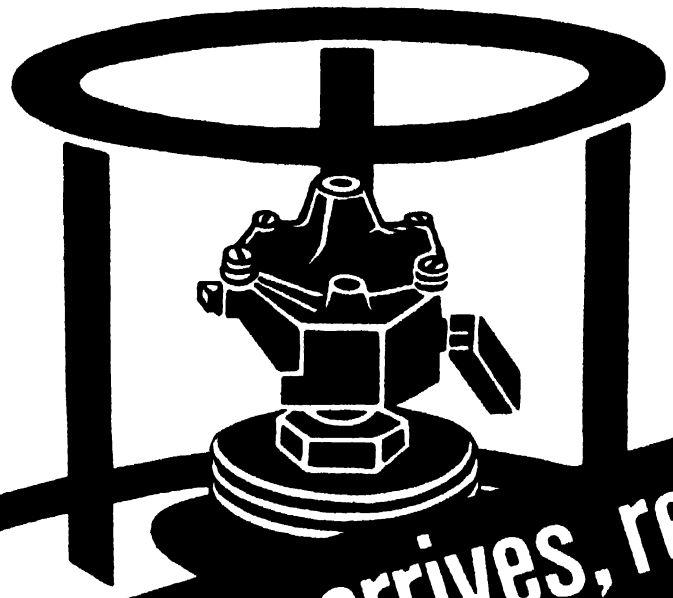

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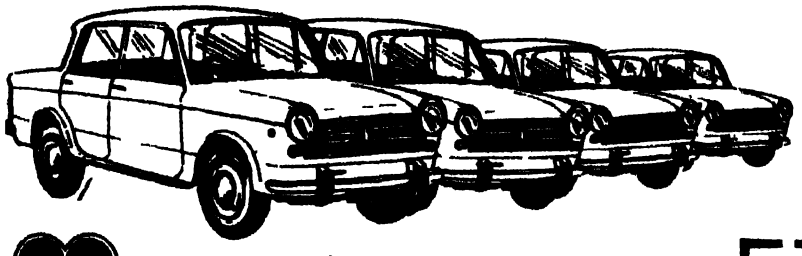

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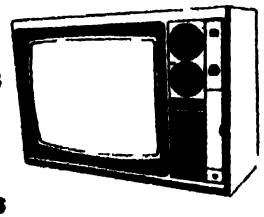

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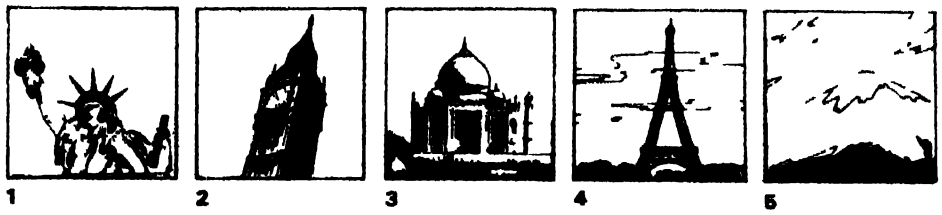


1 Statue of Liberty | 2 Big Ben Tower | 3 Taj Mahal | 4 Eiffel Tower | 5 Mount Fujiyama

Fill in your word to either precede or follow Nescafé in one of the blanks below

_____ NESCAFE _____

Mr/Ms _____ Address _____

_____ Age _____

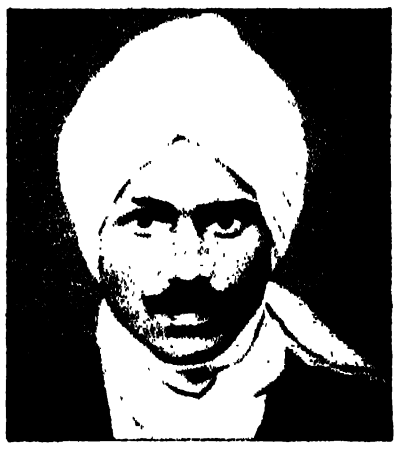
IWm

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poet Of Freedom

Sir– RGK's tribute to Subrahmanya Bharati (December 12) was highly readable. His concluding remark, that he deliberately left out quotations from Bharati since he found the English translations atrocious, is indeed understandable! In fact, the way people are "remembering" Bharati there is every possibility that RGK's wish ("Let Bharati sleep peacefully in Tamil") cannot be fulfilled.

T.S. Sankaran
Nelumangala



Sir—RGK's suggestion to include one of the Bharati's songs as the unofficial national songs will be a fitting tribute to the "Poet of Freedom". I further suggest that the Government should appoint some organisation to translate all the works of Bharati into other Indian languages.

Vidya Sagar
New Delhi

Sir—The printer's devil is at it again. The year of Bharati's death should be 1918 and not 1981!

Azakan Aardra
Kanchipuram

Sir--Although Subrahmanya Bharati's stature as a poet of freedom is undisputed, RGK's contention that he has been India's *only* Poet of Freedom, is not borne out by facts. Veer Savarkar, a contemporary of Bharati, was an outstanding poet of freedom, sublime patriotism and martyrdom. He, too, began composing poems at the age of eleven. Savarkar had an unparalleled feat to his credit. He wrote ten thousand odd lines of first-rate poetry, on the walls of his cell, with a thorn or a nail during his "transportation" for life because writing material was denied to him. The epithet, poet of action, applies more aptly to Savarkar than to Subrahmanya Bharati.

Another outstanding poet of freedom who deserves recognition was Govind Trimbak Darekar. Though unlettered and physically disabled, he penned inspiring poetry of freedom. He was a close associate of and inspired by Savarkar.

Dr Arvind Godbole
Bombay

Car Or Cart?

Sir—Wonder! We want more of A.V.S. Reddys and less people like Dr Samant ("In The States", December 12). It seems Samant is happy to be in Bombay, where he is presented a Padmini to ride about in. In backward areas (where he is really needed) he may get a bullock cart and that too without bulls!

Davinder Singh
New Delhi

Of Sikhs And Slaves

Sir—After reading the reactions of our Hindu "brothers" (December 5) to the article by Sardar Ganga Singh Dhillon, I am reminded of Jinnah's observation about Hindu character. He told a Sikh friend, "Sardar Bahadur, you know the Hindu only as your co-slave; now, you will know the real Hindu when he becomes your master and you become his slave."

S.S. shergill
Patiala

"Yankee Doodle Boy"

Sir—Bhabani Bhattacharya's letter from America (December 5) was scholarly.

He has rightly said that India's image, now tucked away in a dark corner of American awareness, needs to be brought to light.

Incidentally, the picture of Raja Ram Mohun Roy captions him as the founder of Arya Samaj. He founded the Brahmo Samaj!

S.C. Mathur
Bichpur (Agra)

Saga Of Strength

Sir—S.R. Gokhale's piece on the transport debacle was impressive (Deecember 5). The transport services in our cities are in a shambles. You need superhuman strength to board a bus or train during peak hours. The photographs superbly depict the hardships and the risks the passengers have to endure.

B.N. Bose
Jamshedpur

Super Sam

Sir—In his resume (December 5) of UNCTAD's role in resolving the North-South tangle, C. Raghavan has ignored the substantive issue. The whole topic of North-South confrontation is surrealistic because of the basic imbalance of attitudes and judgement. The group of 77, (G 77) representing the South, is clamouring for favourable treatment from the North represented by the OECD countries, but why are they exempting the Soviet Bloc from any responsibility towards them?

The argument is: *because* the North is prosperous it *should* help the South. But then one should also ask: Why is the Soviet Bloc *not* prosperous, and why does it want to draw sustenance in trade and commerce from the North? Moreover, how can the Soviet Bloc "plead" with the South that it should adopt the Soviet model?

K. Susrita
Calcutta

Sir—The US has today warmly embraced Indian gurus and sects such as Hare Krishna and Mahesh Yogi's TM. Nearly a million Americans have adopted Hinduism and Sikhism and half-a-million Indians have been allowed to live and work in America honourably.

In contrast, the Soviet Union has not allowed any Indian to settle there. Mahatma Gandhi was branded as a reactionary by Stalin. It not only rejects Indian philosophy (KGB recently banned Hare Krishna) but also exports its own ideology of Communism by fair or foul means through high pressure propaganda. As a result, million of Indians now owe allegiance to the Soviet system. Yet India considers Soviet Union a close friend and USA a distant power.

Sujash Kumar Mie
Calcutta

Closet The Curves

Sir—"Curves And Contours" by Balkrishan (December 12) should have been hidden from public view. We expected more "eyecatching" stuff from him.

Nazar Krishan Bakshi
Gangapur City

Sir—By publishing photographs and paintings of the kind you did in October and November, you are no doubt, keeping pace with the changing times. But I and others find it difficult to read the WEEKLY with our family members.

Om Prakash Gupta
Dhanbad

Correct Kalima

Sir—Dinesh Mody's rendering of the Kalima in "Mughal Coins" (December 5) is erroneous. The correct version is: *La'ilaha illallah Mohammadur Rasulullah* (There is no God save Allah and Mohammad is His Prophet).

T. Abdullah
Vaniyambadh

Cabaret In Kashmir

Sir—Why do Indian painters, writers and other artists of the present day plunder our mythology to find themes to give expression to their creative urges stemming from their emancipated minds? ("An Adoration Of Apsaras", December 5). Why don't they seek new themes to exercise their liberated imagination? Why not leave our "obscurantist" Puranas severely alone?

Is it because of the quaint Indian fancy that many things modern could be found in the ancient lore? Do paintings of Rukmini Varma depict the first exponents of strip-tease in the Himalayas?

C.B. Dyuthikar
Bangalore

Good Guide!

Sir—"Another Western Wave" from Dev Anand by Suresh Kohli (December 5) was interesting. It seems Dev will go on forever. Everyone—from the granny to grand-daughter—just loves to watch him prancing on the screen, going around trees bubbling with youth, wooing the pretty girls. Still, one longs for a performance like the one in *Guide*. None of the films he has since made, can match it.

Devki Nandan Gupta
Gangapur City

A Sea Of Sense

Sir—While reading Mr Palkhivala's article (November 21) I was reminded of the late Robert Green Ingersoll's tribute to Shakespeare. "He is an intellectual ocean, in that the wave touches the shores of thoughts"!

T. Anil Kumar
Guntur

Sir—It is because of the stinking corruption in the Bombay Municipal Corporation that the pavement-dwellers set up their abodes there in the first place! The citizens of Bombay have been passive spectators to the deteriorating living conditions in Bombay. But the civic authorities have not only been negligent in their obligations, they have actually, unashamedly contributed to this sorry state of affairs; a case of fence eating the fields.

The Municipal Commissioner under his statutory responsibilities is unable to remove the hawkers who have virtually appropriated the pavements. He, in fact, went to the extent of suggesting that all hawkers should be licensed so that the BMC earned a good sum of money, and the pedestrians be allowed to walk on the roads (which anyway they do now)! Is this miscarriage of mercy or miscarriage of justice?

P.V. Venkateswaran
Bombay

Sir—By blaming the politicians, the labour leaders and the striking workers Mr Palkhivala offers a one-sided view of things. Strangely enough, he has hardly found any fault with the many industrialists and traders whose hoarding, profiteering and black-marketing are causing untold harm to the millions of ordinary citizens of our country. He has shown no way out of this corruption: who is responsible for it, how has it spread; and how does it thrive? He has not talked of the thousands of crores of "black" rupees generated annually

by the small minority of unscrupulous businessmen.

Will Mr Palkhivala write on the nefarious activities of "big" business now?

Vadilal L. Mehta
Ahmedabad

Crazy Communalists

Sir—"The Agony Of Meerut" (November 28) gives the impression that only one community suffered in the communal carnage. Dying declaration or not, the priest Rambhool could never have solemnly stated that he ripped open his own belly! All those who depend upon communal fires to roast their chickens should be kept under constant vigil and paralysed out of activity. The million-dollar question remains: which party will eschew the electoral temptation of wooing block votes?

Ajay Bhartiya
Allahabad

Old Hat

Sir—The article on Rita Ganguly (November 21) had nothing new to say.

C.S. Prabhu
Bombay

Feet Of Clay?

Sir—P. Ramaswamy has praised Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi (November 21) for following a policy of socialism consistently. Since the father-daughter rule has been almost unbroken since Independence, they must also share the blame for the failure of this policy.

Interestingly, Nehru's contemporaries—Sukarno, Nasser and Mao—are all discredited in their own countries. One must go by results, and not by intentions. While 50 per cent of the Indian people are destitutes, most other Asian nations such as South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, Malayasia, Singapore, Indonesia and even Philippines have done well and raised the living standard of their peoples.

Sujash Kumar Mie
Calcutta

In Memorium

Sir—The sudden death of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev has left a void which will be felt not only in the Soviet Union but throughout the peace-loving world. Brezhnev had been constantly striving for world peace. ("Leonid Brezhnev And After" by K.C. Khanna, November 21).

Even at the age of 75 he was a mighty and an undisputed leader of the USSR. Rarely do we come across a man like Brezhnev. He enjoyed worldwide respect till the end of his days.

Crishna S. Kumar
Bombay

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Contents

COVER STORY

8 Showbiz Showdown
We seem to have reached the crossroads in Hindi cinema. The commercial cinema has had a bad shock and with the NFDC threatening to withdraw its support of the art cinema, the atmosphere in the Bombay film industry is electric. Anjali Ewing writes about the impending showdown.

14 FILMS-II: **The Business of Films**
Vir Sanghvi reveals how Hindi cinema has become a money-making racket and how this important artistic medium has been over-run by shrewd businessmen.

16 FILMS-III: **For Our Eyes Only**
India is getting films from the rubbish heap of world cinema—both popular taste and exhibitors are responsible for this. Lalitha Krishna makes a case for getting better films into the country.

12 FILMS-IV: **Critics' Choice**
Eight well-known film critics chose 10 important films in the last 32 years. A pictorial feature loaded with information.

20 INTERNATIONAL: **The Alienation of Baluchis**
Continuing exclusive excerpts from Air Marshal Asghar Khan's forthcoming book, *Generals In Politics*.

22 IN THE STATES: **Godman or Magician?**
G.S. Reddy on Sathya Sai Baba, the controversial religious leader whose followers rank among the best known names in the country.

24 HAPPENINGS: **India 1982**
A pictorial presentation of important events in India in the past year.

27 ECONOMICS: **Spectre Of Trade War**
The gains the Third World secured at the GATT meeting are minor, says C. Raghavan.

29 TRADE: **Hook, Line And Sinker**
Fishing is a lucrative way to earn foreign exchange, says Asha Suri.

26 ESSAY: **Where Have All The Heroes Gone?**
A thought-provoking article on the renaming of streets in Calcutta By Ashok Mitra

32 NATURE: **Mountains Of Fire**
Volcanoes are generally associated with death and destruction but they also benefit the earth with minerals and energy. By Shyamala Mahadevan.

35 PHILOSOPHY: **Visions of Death**
Bhabani Bhattacharya takes a look at the Asian attitudes to death.

36 EDUCATION: **Why Public Schools Are Wanted**
Public schools are still very much in demand on account of their excellent academic standards, says V.N. Chhibber.

38 HEALTH: **Contact The Lensman**
D.K. Dixit enlightens you on the use of contact lenses. Plus *Balms For Tired Eyes* by Bijalpita Chatterjee.

41 ART: **Endangered Terracottas of Vishnupur**
The terracottas of Vishnupur are too precious to be lost, say Hugh & Colleen Gantzer.

46 SATIRE: **Captains of India**
The history of India enacted on the cricket field by S.M. Sivaraman

39 BOOKS: **Playing Chess Against Oneself**
Dr Shashi Tharoor reviews *The Fourth Brigade* by Ravi Rikhye. Also: Mahip Singh's *Who Walks With Me* reviewed by Minnie Vaid.

47 PHOTO FEATURE: **The Gulls Come A-Calling**
A collection from the album of L.L. Rajpal.

43 FICTION: **To Rise Above**
Short Story by Anjana Appachana.

Plus: *That's Business:* 31; *The Weekly Pick:* 34; Hal: 50; *Stars:* 53; *Bridge & Chess* 59; *Comics:* 55

Next Issue

Muslims: Persecuted Or Pampered?

In a debate on this controversial subject we have two eminent personalities, Member of Parliament Syed Shahabuddin and Professor Balraj Madhok, arguing for and against the Muslims.

Says Balraj Madhok, "A common law for all citizens and equality before law is the rule in all civilized countries. Article 44 of the Constitution directs the State to have a common civil law for the whole country but it has been flouted all these years to please the Muslim community... Secularism and territorial nationalism are anathema to Islam. No Islamic state has ever been a secular state and no true Muslim can subscribe to secularism and *Sarva Dharma Sama Bhava* because it cuts at the root of the assertion that Islam is the only true religion... This is the root cause of communal riots which continue to blacken the fair name of India."

To this Syed Shahabuddin counters, "The common Muslim rooted in the soil suffers in silence. He takes secularism as a joke, a meaningless charade. He thinks he is a second class citizen in a Hindu country... he knows nothing of equality before law. All he knows is that he is an Indian by birth, that he has nowhere to go and he has to struggle for his daily bread a little more than does his Hindu neighbour who can protest without being dubbed a Pakistani."

Supple Asia

Colourful doublespread on those who excelled in the Gymnastics Section of the Asian Games.

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Hindi Cinema

SHOWBIZ SHOWDOWN

Art Cinema. Commercial Cinema. Middle-of-the-Road Cinema. The hostility between film makers of these three kinds of cinema has been growing ever since they started treading on each other's toes a few years ago. Now the National Film Development Corporation, which has been the only source of finance for the art cinema, is going to back the commercial film makers according to reports.

Why should the commercial cinema be financed by the Corporation? What will happen to the FTII graduates on whom the Government is spending Rs 70,000 each every year? What will happen to the middle-of-the-road film makers who have been promoted by the NFDC and have proved that audience tastes are definitely changing?

If the Government goes ahead with the proposed change of policy, a showdown between the three is inevitable.

by Anjali Ewing

THE Hindi cinema has reached a very important point in its history. Although business has been shaky the last couple of years—a natural concomitant of recession the world over—1982 will probably go down as one of the worst years for the Bombay film industry. The past year has witnessed some of the biggest flops ever. To name only two: Biddu's *Star* and Jeetendra's *Deedaar-e-Yaar*. Before the release of these two films, trade circles were agog with talk that they would prove to be the top grossers of the year. That they bombed at the box office is not in itself significant. Every year one hears of films which dashed expectations to smithereens, but what makes 1982 a landmark year is that so few have been received well by the audiences—one can only think of *Nikaah, Namak Halaal, Khuddar, Prem Rog* and *Angoor*.

The situation is not only serious, it is critical. Film makers might dismiss such strong sentiments as unnecessary exaggeration but the panic is on and indeed visible. One example should prove it: Take the three big names of commercial films—Manmohan Desai, Prakash Mehra and Ramesh Sippy. What have their last films been? *Coolie* (not yet released) with Amitabh; *Namak Halaal* with Amitabh; *Shakti* with Amitabh. Amitabh the anti-hero, the angry young man who has been raging since 1973. What are their next ventures going to be? Desai's *Lovebirds*, Mehra's (as producer only) *Pyaar Ke Dhaage* and Ramesh Sippy's *Sagar* which will resurrect Dimple Kapadia. All three smaller ventures than their last.

Above left: Padmini Kolhapure and Anil Kapoor in Woh Saat Din.
Above: Om Puri in Shodh.
Top: Rekha and Anooradha in Shashi Kapoor's Utsav.

Formula Doesn't Exist

Since *Zanjeer* in 1973 (another landmark) the Hindi cinema has not progressed. (This does not mean that different films have not been made over the last ten years. There will always be exceptions to any rule.) The stupendous success of *Zanjeer, Deewaar* and *Sholay* were instrumental—no, responsible—for open-

ing the floodgate. Film makers, being the shrewd businessmen they are,entered the fray almost immediately. Scriptwriters like Salim-Javed (now separated) and Kadar Khan worked overtime to help film makers cash in on what they thought was the "formula" film. But as we know there is no such thing as a formula. There is always a search for one but it will never be found—because it doesn't exist. There is nothing to guarantee a film's success at the box-office Films with excellent music have flopped (*Amrapali*); films with excellent performances have floundered (*Shakti*); films with a strong subject have failed (*Reshma Aur Shera*); even a film with all of these vital ingredients has been rejected (*Baseraa*).

The commercial film makers—they like to call themselves the dream merchants—have always said that they give people what they want. A very practical method to adopt. From 1973 audiences had been lapping up what was served out. Then in 1980 came *Shaan*. The first indication that this was no longer what the audiences wanted. It is unfair to blame the director for pushing his luck too far after the blockbuster, *Sholay*. He probably thought he was still giving the audiences what they wanted. Change is usually gradual; here it was sudden. Change normally does not involve a victim; here the audience—unwittingly—chose one. Ramesh Sippy was the unfortunate man With another film the change would not have been so apparent. But *Shaan* was not any old film. Sippy had poured all his profits from *Sholay* into his next film. He promised the creation of a character that would surpass even Gabbar Singh's popularity. That was something to boast of! The publicity campaign for the film was staggering: right up to the film's release there were daily reports on *Shaan's* progress It was to be the event of the year. What happened? The answer will somehow always elude us. It will probably be one of the greatest enigmas in Hindi cinema.

Disbelief. That was the first reaction. How could it possibly fail? But fail, it did—miserably. Once the incredulity had worn off, the film makers, one and all, donned their thinking caps. If a film like *Shaan* had been spurned, what would be the fate of their films? They would be broken, ruined. But the audience, true to form, bewildered them all by making *Laawaris* and *Naseeb* big hits. So no drastic changes took place. Apparently the "formula" was still working.

Dawn Of Parallel Cinema

Cut back to 1969. An important landmark in Hindi cinema. The year of Mrinal Sen's *Bhuvan Shome*. The beginning of art cinema in India. Critically, the film was a success. It was called the dawn of the parallel cinema in India. Then came Mani Kaul's *Uski Roti*, Basu Chatterji's *Sara Akash* and Basu Bhattacharya's *Anubhav*. Later followed Shyam Benegal's *Ankur* and M.S. Sathyu's *Garm Hawa*. The film critics hailed the art cinema movement enthusiastically. Such was its impact on people who had already been exposed to similar movements in France, Italy, Sweden and Hungary that many of these films will remain all-time favourites. However, our average Hindi moviegoer was not quite ready for such films. The realism of a *Do Bigha Zamin* or a *Dharti Ke Lal* was a completely different kettle of fish. A social film with a coherent story they could understand. But what was this new breed of film makers trying to *say?* They soon gave up trying to find out.

Then, just as the art cinema seemed poised for a major breakthrough with the acceptance of *Ankur*, it lost its momentum. The reason was that most of these films had been financed by the Film Finance Corporation, a government body set up to help young graduates from the Film and Television Institute in Pune to make their first films During the Emergency, FFC stopped financing art films All the graduates from the Directors' Course went into limbo They were bursting with ideas, itching to make their first film, but who would finance their films but the Government There was nothing to do but wait for it to reverse the policy. In the mean while the commercial cinema was reaching new heights with Amitabh Bachchan. Then at last in 1979, just before the merger of the FFC and IMPEC (Indian Motion Picture Export Corporation) to form the National Film Development Corporation came the reversal. Once again the wheels of the art cinema began rolling.

During the four-year hiatus the only film worth a mention was Mrinal Sen's *Mrigayya*. With the revival came M S Sathyu's *Kanneshwara Rama*, Mani Kaul's *Duvidha*, Awtar Kaul's *27 Down*, Girish Karnad's *Godhuli*, Govind Nihalani's *Aakrosh*, K.A. Abbas' *Naxalites*, Rabindra Dharmaraj's *Chakra*, Tanvir Ahmed's *Chirutha*, Biplab Roy Chowdhury's *Shodh* and Saeed Mirza's *Albert Pinto Ko Gussa Kyon Aata Hai?* While the films made in the early years of the art

(Continued on page 12) ⟶

—Pablo Bartholomew

—Shekhar

Right: Sanjay Dutt taking over as the angry young man from Amitabh
Below: Shabana Azmi in Shyam Benegal's Mandi.
Below right: Smita Patil in Kumar Shahani's Tarang.

Critics'

The *Weekly* asked eight of Bombay's prominent critics and writers of the Hindi cinema to name their ten favourite Hindi films between 1950 and 1982. Although they jumped at the idea and quickly dug up their files and other jottings, it proved to be a daunting task. After much thought and many misgivings, they finally whittled down their lists to the required number. We present the results of the poll.

THE hands-down winner of the poll is *Aakrosh*, the 1980 film directed by Govind Nihalani, Shyam Benegal 's cameraman It got seven votes This film carried to the logical conclusion the movement *Bhuvan Shome* (also one of the Top Ten) began It was remarkable not only for its direction but also for its

K A ABBAS Film maker and critic

1 Awara
2. Do Bigha Zamin
3 Do Ankhen Barah Haath
4 Mother India
5. Mughal-e-Azam
6. Anand
7. Anubhav
8. Ankur
9. Garm Hawa
10.Aakrosh

GULSHAN EWING Editor, *Star & Style*

1. Do Bigha Zamin
2. Mother India
3. Chetna
4. Yaadon Ki Baaraat
5 Garm Hawa
6. Aandhi
7. Bhumika
8. Shatranj Ke Khilari
9. Aakrosh
10.Chashme Buddoor

B K KARANJIA Editor, *Screen*

1. Do Bigha Zamin
2. Naya Daur
3. Bhuvan Shome
4. Garm Hawa
5. Aandhi
6. Amar Akbar Anthony
7. Aakrosh
8. Albert Pinto Ko Gussa Kyon Aata Hai?
9. Bazaar
10.Shakti

IQBAL MASUD Film Critic, *Indian Express*

1. Do Bigha Zamin
2. Mr and Mrs 55
4. Mother India
4. Ganga Jumna
5. Sahib Bibi aur Ghulam
6. Bhuvan Shome
7. Bhumika
8. Shatranj Ke Khilari
9. Satah Se Uthta Admi
10.Aakrosh

cinematic excellence and powerful characterisation of Om Puri who spoke little but said much The small-town atmosphere was created very dramatically and Nihalani must be congratulated for being able to compress so much into each scene The interplay between the two lawyers—played by Naseeruddin Shah and Amrish Puri—was handled extremely well Although the film was powerful enough to jolt the urban viewer out of his complacence, it was also a catharsis, a cleansing of the mind and the soul But, above all, what makes *Aakrosh* a great film is its ability to take you beyond the frame and that there is something new to absorb each time you see the film

Two films tie for the second place with six votes each *Do Bigha Zamin*, made by Bimal Roy in 1953, was an old kind of film made with a new approach, neo-realism at its best in Hindi cinema It was a revolutionary film, the first to deal with a social problem in a forceful, dramatic and artistic way Sensitively handled, it would be a "big" film even if it were to be made today The suave and sophisticated Balraj Sahni was simply superb as the peasant forced off his land

The other film is M S Sathyu's *Garm Hawa* (1974), the best film ever on Hindu-Muslim tension It was the first Muslim "social" in the real sense of the word The problem of the Muslims in India was shown in all its complexities and Sathyu gave to a problem we are all familiar with a perspective which was very disturbing No one can ever shut his eyes to the Hindu-Muslim problem after seeing this moving film *Garm Hawa* was treated with great cinematic virtuosity and is *the* outstanding film of the last decade

Bhuvan Shome comes fourth with four votes Made by Mrinal Sen in 1969, it ushered in the parallel cinema in India It was a film with barely a semblance of a story, a film with a hero (played superbly by Utpal Dutt) who hardly looked like a hero Although Mrinal himself condescends to this film, its Chekhovian charm and sheer novelty are unsurpassed in Hindi cinema

The rest of the six films each got three votes Gulzar's *Aandhi* (1975) was one of those films where the actors rose above the director It was a film which went into the private moments of politicians and it was absolutely fascinating to watch Suchitra Sen and Sanjeev Kumar in a game of one-upmanship

Shyam Benegal's *Ankur* (1974) is probably the only film with a negative protagonist Anant Nag's character was fascinating, and rarely have we seen so complex a character on the Indian screen But the strongest quality of the film is the relationship between the peasant couple (played by Sadhu Meher and Shabana Azmi) This bold film was distinguished for its directorial skill, remarkable acting and camera technique

Mother India, made by Mehboob Khan in 1957, is a film which probably selects itself Nargis's performance invested this remake of *Aurat* with new significance A portrait of a strong woman conveyed by an uneducated film maker in the days when women were weak, submissive *satisavitris* Powerful, perennial, unforgettable—especially for its exquisite use of colour

It was amazing and gratifying that after saying for years he was not familiar enough with the language to make a film in Hindi, Satyajit Ray produced quite a little masterpiece *Shatranj Ke Khilari* (1978) was India's first genuinely historical film It is also much superior to *Junoon* and *Umrao Jaan* in its recreation of nineteenth century Lucknow This deli-

Do Bigha Zamin

Shatranj Ke Khilari

27 Down

Usku Roti

DR KUMUD MEHTA Assistant Director, Publications, NCPA, and film critic

1. Do Bighe Zamin
2. Bhuvan Shome
3. Uski Roti
4. Dastak
5. Ankur
6. Garm Hawa
7. Aakrosh
8. Chakra
9. 27 Down
10. Maya Darpan

KHALID MOHAMED Film Critic, *The Times of India*

1. Awara
2. Hatimtai
3. Pyaasa
4. Mughal-e-Azam
5. Uski Roti
6. Chetna
7. Zanjeer
8. Garm Hawa
9. Amar Akbar Anthony
10. Aakrosh

DEBASHISH MUKHERJI Bombay correspondent, *The Week*, and film critic

1. Do Bighe Zamin
2. Bhuvan Shome
3. Uski Roti
4. Sara Akash
5. Ankur
6. Garm Hawa
7. Shatranj Ke Khilari
8. Duvidha
9. Aakrosh
10. 27 Down

BIKRAM SINGH Editor, *Filmfare*

1. Nanha Munna
2. Ratna Deep
3. Deera
4. Parichay
5. Anuradha
6. Sahib Bibi aur Ghulam
7. Oonche Log
8. Dastak
9. Aandhi
10. 27 Down

Choice

cious film had very un-Hindi filmic irony and satire One still feels moved four years after seeing it Certain individual scenes are imprinted on the mind and are worth much more than many of the films mentioned in this list

Awtar Kaul's *27 Down* (1974), though by no means a well made film, was sincere and moving and, in its own way, very uncompromising The metaphor that Kaul used in the film—that life is like a set of rails where we are unable to deviate from a predetermined path—was novel and striking The protagonist watches his life go to pieces in front of him It was a film with a certain anguish and very representative of the Indian people

Mani Kaul's *Uski Roti* (1969) rounds up the list of Top Ten films between 1950 and 1982 It was a film made without fear or compromise It broke with the convention of the narrative form and devised a new aesthetic of cinema in India It showed that cinema is an art form and proved it is possible to do it in this country

→

Ankur

Aakrosh

Garm Hawa

Mother India

Bhuvan Shome

Aandhi

While ten films emerged with a clear majority, there were in all 32 films selected by the critics. Here is a list of the films with the name of the director and the reasons for choosing them. (Please refer to pages 10-11 for the names of the critics who chose these films.)

Awara - Raj Kapoor 1951 Chosen mainly for its theme values cannot be inherited genetically The best black and white film in terms of texture.

Nanhe Munne Datta Dharmadhikari - 1952 A film which did not try to have its big moments. A very touching example of neo-realism.

Ratna Deep - Debaki Bose - 1952. An interesting story handled well A classical Indian film with a certain amount of idealism and elegance.

Daera Kamal Amrohi - 1953. Very different (practically offbeat) from the films of that period A film full of silences. For Meena Kumari's performance

Parichay - Satyen Bose 1954. In any good film, there is always one character which haunts you, which remains with you. This film had such a character—played by Pranoti Ghosh

Mr and Mrs 55 - Guru Dutt - 1955 Top class, slick entertainment to which our *Naseeb* has never taken us back.

Hatimtai — Homi Wadia — 1956. Chosen for nostalgia and gratitude This film introduced me to the movies The colours and costumes are still etched in my mind.

Do Ankhen Bara Haath — V. Shantaram — 1957. The film made a very human point. Though the acting was stylised, it had great humanity.

Naya Daur : B.R. Chopra - 1957. For breaking away from the formula film and for the influence it had on subsequent films.

Pyaasa - Guru Dutt - 1957. For being the closest equivalent to poetry in cinema. Guru Dutt is India's Orson Welles. His films were made with great craft, feeling and truth.

Anuradha - Hrishikesh Mukherji - 1960. For Leela Naidu. She didn't act, she *became* the character.

Mughal-e-Azam - K. Asif - 1960. The closest a film came to being a genuine historical pageant. It was *meant* to be a great film. And most of all for Madhubala.

Gunga Jumna - Nitin Bose - 1961 A high-spirited film in which the dialect and folk music were haunting. Dilip Kumar and Vyjantimala were unforgettable

Sahib Bibi Aur Ghulam - Guru Dutt - 1962 The most successful adaptation of any novel. Beautifully structured, memorably performed.

Oonche Log - Phani Mazumdar - 1965. For its radical and novel approach. A triumph of the script and the direction.

Anand- Hrishikesh Mukherji - 1971. For taking a tragic theme and treating it cinematically, humanly and powerfully.

Chetna - B.R. Ishaara - 1971. The first telling document of a prostitute's life and her non-status in our society. Bold and frank for its time with dialogues that were startlingly brutal.

Dastak - Rajinder Singh Bedi - 1971. A shabbily mounted film but it had one of the finest screenplays ever written. Chosen for literary rather than cinematic reasons.

Sara Akash - Basu Chatterji - 1971. For its truthfulness, authenticity and attention to detail.

Anubhav — Basu Bhattacharya — 1972. Technically very competent. Of all his films on family life, this little one was the best.

Maya Darpan - Kumar Shahani - 1973. For the problem/situation it posed and the techniques employed to bring out the situation. For its camerawork.

Yaadon Ki Baaraat - Nasir Husain - 1973. For me, the 'compleat' film—with laughter, romance, tears, music and the revenge theme dovetailing into a perfect result.

Zanjeer - Prakash Mehra - 1973 For the first time a film with a tight script, a film with structure and form. For its anger. For Amitabh—the best actor I have seen on the Indian screen.

Amar Akbar Anthony - Manmohan Desai - 1977. For being the summation of what Hindi cinema is. Put together with such style that the entertainment we talk about is really possible in Hindi films.

Bhumika - Shyam Benegal - 1978. A film which grows in retrospect. Memorable for its episodic but tightly-controlled development and for Amol Palekar's and Smita Patil's performances. Marvellously directed.

Duvidha - Mani Kaul - 1979. For breaking new ground formalistically and going against all dictates of reason. I admire Mani Kaul for his courage to do it. Visually very beautiful.

Chakra — Rabindra Dharmaraj — 1980. As in the case of *27 Down*, a sad, human... story behind the making of the film. That film making exacts such a high price (in both cases the film maker died soon after his first film).

Satah Se Uthta Admi - Mani Kaul - 1980. Out of the knotted prose and verse of Muktibodh, Mani has created a world of intelligent light and poetry.

Albert Pinto Ko Gussa Kyon Aata Hai? - Saeed Mirza - 1981. For being gripping, true-to-life. For its identifiable characters who didn't seem to be acting.

Chashme Buddoor - Sai Paranjpye - 1981. One of the happiest films in recent years.

The first film to successfully and convincingly spoof the commercial cinema. For Ravi Baswani—a real find.

Bazaar - Sagar Sarhadi - 1982. For being more successful than even the formula films.

Shakti - Ramesh Sippy - 1982. The best directed film in the last decade.

(Continued from page 9)

While people were still queuing up and paying in black for a *Muqaddar Ka Sikandar* or a *Mr Natwarlal*, middle-of-the-road films were slowly gaining ground as the viable alternative between crass commercialism on the one hand and ambiguous art on the other. So what was the future of commercial films? In fact, what then was the future of the art cinema?

Slanging Match

This brief history should illustrate the kind of tussle which has been going on for some years now between the three forms of Hindi cinema in the country. According to the commercial film makers, the art cinema can never make a dent in their market; as far as the middle-of-the-road cinema is concerned, they say that these films have found a new audience, that their own audience has not been affected at all. The middle-of-the-road film makers, flushed with their success have declaimed that the time is not far off when theirs will be the popular cinema. On the other hand, the art film makers, despite their distaste for the commercial cinema, have never tried to lock horns with it. They have always conceded that they are destined to remain a minority. But the emergence of the middle-of-the-road film is to them the worst thing that could have happened They all agree that it is a compromise cinema and hold in contempt everyone involved in its movement

"In a world where people already feel alienated, the commercial cinema is alienating them further," hits out Mani Kaul. "Photographing is not cinema. We should stop the propagation of photographed threatre," says Vishnu Mathur, an FTII graduate who has completed his first film, *Pehla Adhyay*. But it is Kumar Shahani who makes the severest indictment of the commercial cinema. Says he: "It is being made by hooligans teaching hooliganism." The "artists" are equally, if not more, contemptuous of the middle-of-the-road cinema "It is an irrelevant cinema,"says M.S.Sathyu dimissively. "They are philistines," adds Mani Kaul for good measure.

The "entertainers"' in turn, have some pretty harsh things to say about the other two. "The art cinema is disgusting, nauseating," says Manmohan Desai. "A personalised cinema is not possible in this country." says B.R.Chopra. And, "let them bloody well try it," is Desai's angry reaction when he is asked whether the middle-of-the-road cinema can replace commercial cinema. "They are neither pedigree nor pariah," he rants They have one foot here and one foot there. Why don't they stick to one path? They want to be us but they can never be us"

Not to be outdone, Sai Paranjpye plugs strongly for the middle-of-the-roaders. "There is a paucity of imagination in the commercial cinema," she says flatly. "The problem is that one does not need any credentials to enter this industry," says Shashi Kapoor who makes his money from the commercial cinema and puts it into the middle-of-the-road cinema. "We have an audience," points out Basu Chatterji. "They still have to find one." So the slanging match gets bitter and more bitter.

This bitterness was inevitable when these film makers started treading on each other's toes. However, what has led them to the brink of a showdown is the proposed change in the NFDC's policy of financing small films, especially the art cinema. According to reports, the Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Mr N.K.P.Salve, has been horrified at the amount of money the NFDC is losing on financing such films and has decided to call a halt to such "waste". What has aroused the indignation of the art film makers is that the NFDC will now finance commercial films, something the FFC once tried to do and burned its fingers in the process. "It is humiliating to listen to such bull from these bureaucrats. The NFDC should stick to the Mani Kauls and Kumar Shahanis," says Shashi Kapoor.

Blow Hot, Blow Cold

But the Mani Kauls and Kumar Shahanis are used to the NFDC blowing hot and cold. And with elections round the corner, they know the Government is trying to appease the commercial film makers who dutifully pour large chunks of their black money into the election coffers each time.

What riles the art film makers is this constant talk about economic viability and profits. "The NFDC is making the film maker into a businessman," says Kumar Shahani. "Salve wants to be efficient," says Sathyu cuttingly. "The board should resign *en masse* and teach the Government a lesson," Mani Kaul states firmly. "The Government seems not to have learnt a lesson from the discontinuation of financing art films between 1976 and 1979," says Vishnu Mathur."The coming gap will be far more dangerous." "It is closing its doors to progress," says Suresh Jindal, the producer of *Rajnigandha, Shatranj Ke Khilari* and now Sai Paranjpye's *Katha*, and also the co-producer of *Gandhi*.

But is progress what the Government wants? The commercial cinema is doing a fine job of preserving the status quo by selling dreams. The art cinema, on the other hand, is making people aware that they are not destined to be subjugated forever and treated like chattel. "To question is the first germ of revolution," according to Sathyu. Then why is the Government financing art cinema at all? Because it earns our Government a very good name abroad. It sends the best of the art cinema to festivals all over the world. The dynamite. The pure TNT. And people are all admiration for a government which has the guts to promote such films. Little do they know that these films are sabotaged back home.

Not only back home but abroad, too. Channel 4, the third addition to British television (the other two being the BBC and ITV) wanted to buy a print of Vishnu Mathur's *Pehla Adhyay* and asked the Indian Government to send a subtitled print (for which they pay £8,000-9,000). Nine months have gone by but the Government has not taken any action. "They may explain in any bureaucratic language. I do not understand," says Mathur.

Common Adversary

It is not difficult to understand. Channel 4 is meant primarily for the minorities—and that includes Indians. The Government let an *Aakrosh* and a *Sadgati* slip through here in India. It is not likely to make that kind of mistake again. The NFDC, though it gives small loans at 15 per cent interest, does not distribute these films. Its own theatre—the Akashwani—which was built to show the best that Indian cinema has to offer, shows films like *Goodbye Pork Pie* instead which was much worse than the title suggests.

The proposed policy change has the comercial film makers all excited. If the terms are fair, they say, they will make films (and profits?) for the NFDC. The art and middle-of-the-road film makers (who have also received invaluable aid from NFDC) are biding their time. But the art

COOLIE, directed by Manmohan Desai. Rishi Kapoor (above left) falls into the clutches of the bad guys. Master Jugal Kishore (above right) in Shekhar Kapoor's Masoom *based on Erich Segal's novel,* Man Woman and Child. *Below, Vishnu Mathur shoots his first film,* Pehla Adhyay.

film makers are especially piqued. The NFDC has always been of help to young FTII graduates making their first film. The Government spends about Rs 70,000 per student per year at the FTII. And it is the FTII graduates in the main who have given authenticity to the movement of a new cinema. So far the NFDC has provided them with the means to experiment after the three years of training at the institute. What will happen to all the graduates who go out of its portals? The cameramen and editors are quickly absorbed into the mainstream cinema; it is the directors who depend on the Government to continue supporting their activities. After all, their contribution has not been meagre; films like *Bhuvan Shome* and *Aakrosh* will always figure prominently in any history of the Indian cinema. "I am sure that in some other country we would not be given such a hard time," says Mani Kaul dismally, "but I won't work for the existing distribution system." Saeed Mirza is more philosophical: "Every artist has to create in a hostile environment."

But why the hostility even among themselves? Wouldn't things be better for all if, as people using one medium, they put their differences aside and united against the common adversary—the Government? After all, it is the Government which is pocketing all the money and deciding what the people should or should not see. The reason is simple: film makers have no meeting ground. They are using the medium for entirely different purposes. Another reason why they are so hostile to one another is because they each have their own problems.

While it is questionable whether it is cinema that reflects the mood of the people or vice versa, there is no question that audience tastes are changing. Movie-goers are looking out for freshness in content and treatment. From being a captive audience they have become a discerning one. Film makers like Prakash Mehra will find it increasingly difficult to come up with glib statements like "There is only good cinema and bad cinema" and that they are making entertainers because there is an entertainment tax on cinema tickets. "Violence for the sake of violence is on the way out," says Manoj Kumar. "Big films are over but it is not the end. The trend is over," says Ramesh Sippy. They will continue to defend their films by saying that all this mindlessness is what the audience wants, but the fact is that that what the audience wants—or needs—will always remain a question mark.

Must Change With Times

So, now that audience tastes are changing with the success of the middle-of-the-road films, the NFDC, too, must change. The middle-of-the-roaders have shown that entertainment can be sensible and credible in India and that a film can be both artistic and financially successful. It is not fair to expect the NFDC to sustain losses over a long period of time and go on writing off loans made to the art film makers. It would do both itself and the country a lot of good by devoting its energies to the middle-of-the-road cinema instead.

This is not to say that we must let the art cinema movement die a natural death. It has been responsible for a whole lot of good films which might never have been made were it not for the NFDC's help. But if this movement is going to be creative and dynamic, it must become independent. After all, one cannot take money from the Government and then kick it in the behind. Abroad, there are foundations and business houses which promote the "other" cinema. Even theatre owners are willing to stake their money on films which they believe in. Here, in India, the entrepreneur is very conservative. Industrialists and business empires, though they are boosting music and the performing arts, have always turned their backs on cinema. However, change might be in the offing. It is believed that Larsen and Toubro is producing a film to be directed by Satyajit Ray. If this is true, it should kindle hope in the breasts of all serious film makers. All over the world, the parallel cinema is winning laurels mainly outside the countries in which they are made. It seems to be their fate not to be accepted in their own countries. An experimental cinema is necessary and relevant, and it must be fostered and allowed to grow unimpeded. But the Government is not the answer. They will have to look elsewhere.

As far as the commercial film makers are concerned, they can wallow in their own muck and continue to believe they are helping to uphold the values of our society and aiding communal harmony by keeping people out of harm's way. Let them be exploited by the distributors and the financiers, and let them face the threat from video on their own. They have always made their films, come what may. They can look after their own interests.

Anyway, whether it was intended or not, the Government has successfully pitted one against the other. Finance is a scarce commodity—even for the commercial film makers, much though it might seem to the contrary. But the impending showdown is not a game of dog-and-the-bone. It is a matter of who best deserves these loans—and naturally each film maker feels he is as much entitled to a government loan as the next film maker. The acrimonious debate will continue until the Government makes up its mind whether it is interested in furthering the cause of art cinema in India or whether it is interested in making profits. It should have realised by now that it cannot have its cake and eat it too. ■

The Business Of Films

by Vir Sanghvi

THERE is an aura of easy money around the Bombay film industry. Village boys are catapulted to instant wealth and fat producers change their limousines every year. Added to the profitability is the glamour. It is a business that retails dreams, that survives on romance and thrives on extravagance. Every occasion is celebrated with a champagne reception, production units take over entire five-star hotels and instant fame follows success

Small wonder then that the industry attracts lakhs of aspirants every year. Some, like the hopeful actors and actresses who crowd producers' offices, are noticed and picked up. Less well known are the rich investors who also flock to the business, drawn by its glamour and apparent profitability. These are not penniless, struggling actors looking for a break,but wealthy businessmen who have made their millions in selling ball bearings, jewellery or whatever. For them, the industry represents a rare opportunity to mix with celebrities like Sanjay Khan and Dev Anand and to still feel that their investment will multiply

Few—if any—of these glamour-struck moneymen ever recover their investment. Their fingers burned, they return to the security of their dreary businesses. Despite appearances to the contrary, the film industry is a harsh mistress. It ruins more people than it enriches—something like three-quarters of all films are box-office flops—and it lurches precariously from crisis to crisis, nearly always short of finance

Perennial Crisis

"I have been part of this industry for over 30 years," says Gulshan Rai, Bombay's most successful producer and distributor, "and there has always been a financial crisis. But now I think that the crisis has reached a climax. The industry is in a very bad shape and things don't look like they will improve"

Rai's pessimism is shared by most people in the business. Despite its glamorous facade, the industry has fallen upon hard times. Veteran stars like Sanjeev Kumar sometimes have no shootings for weeks on end, studios are rarely busy, cinemas have to revive old hits in the absence of new releases, and formerly successful directors are finding the going much tougher than they thought possible.

In a sense the present crisis is directly attributable to the nation-wide recession. In the city of Bombay, the nerve centre of the industry, the textile strike has caused a severe drop in cinema attendance. And in the rest of the country, theatres are half empty because people have less money to spend.

There are also other more specific reasons. At the best of times film making is a speculative business. "Sure-fire" formulas unaccountably fail at the box-office, hot-shot directors suddenly seem to lose their touch, and big stars turn into box-office poison overnight. Periodically, the film industry finds that public taste has changed too fast for it to react and films begin to fail with sickening regularity.

"The audience is fed up with action films," analyses Gulshan Rai. "In such films the director has little to do and it is the fight composer who dominates. How many fight composers are there? Three or four at the most So all films end up looking the same. The audience is now reacting against them."

Moreover, in the heady 1978-1981 period, the industry dug its own grave with its extravagance and profligacy. At that time, it was believed that a film could succeed only if it had a multiplicity of stars and expensive gimmicks like helicopter chases, underground lairs, unusual locations and glass houses that were destroyed pane by pane. Neither component came cheap. In his heyday in the early '70s, Rajesh Khanna used to charge Rs 12 lakh and he was usually the only male star in the film. Now Amitabh Bachchan has been known to ask for (and get) sums in excess of Rs 25 lakh per film. Along with Amitabh comes a co-star like Shashi Kapoor at about Rs 12 lakh, a couple of heroines at about Rs 8 lakh each, a villain in the Amjad Khan class at a minimum of Rs 8 lakh and other character artistes at varying rates. The cost of the major stars alone could easily go up to Rs 60 lakh or more.

Add to this the cost of the gimmicks ("items" in film parlance). A helicopter chase that lasts 15 minutes on the screen would require the hiring of special helicopters and foreign technicians, and would necessitate transporting the entire unit to London or some other foreign location where helicopters are available. Even locally produced "items" can be expensive. Sets (glass houses, villain's lairs, etc) can cost upwards of Rs 20 lakh each to erect at a Bombay studio.

The end result of such extravagance is an extremely expensive film. Sometimes the investment pays off. Manoj Kumar's *Kranti* cost Rs 3 crore to make and was a super hit. More often though, the film is just too expensive even to break even. G.P. Sippy's *Shaan* cost Rs 4 crore (his estimate at the time of release) to make, and sank without a trace at the box-office.

"The industry had got too top heavy" assesses Uday Row Kavi, Associate Editor of *Trade Guide*, the industry's bible. "There was too much money going into a few films." Agrees Rajinder Singh Hora, one of the industry's leading exporters: "After a while the extravagance turned into madness." What the producers did not remember was that, ultimately, the movie-goer paid the same price for a cinema ticket whether he was going to see a film that cost Rs 4 crore or Rs 40 lakh.

For the film to recover its investment, the same movie-goer had to see it ten times or it had to be so good that ten times the number of people came to see it. Moreover, because of cinema rentals and entertainment tax, a Rs 4-crore film had to make something like Rs 16 crore to recover the cost.

The odds were clearly stacked against the big-budget multi-starrer and nobody should have been surprised when films like *Professor Pyarelal* and *Ram Balram* began crashing at the box-office. Yet, such is the structure of the industry that these flops led to widespread panic that intensified in 1982 when Manmohan Desai's *Desh Premee* failed to repeat the success of his earlier films and Jeetendra's *Deedaar-e-Yaar* flopped in the very first week.

Financiers are now extremely reluctant to advance any money to new productions for fear that the producers will give up half-way and abandon the projects. Distributors are also too insecure to pay for the release rights to new films because many of them have lost large sums of money on the recent flops. The combination of these factors has led to a cut-back in productions so that far fewer films are being launched today than, say, two years ago.

Says Rajinder Singh Hora: "What has made things worse is the increase in the black money in the industry. It is becoming a very dirty business in which honour is fast disappearing." There has always been a certain amount of black money in circulation, but usually it has been restricted to payments to stars and directors. Now nearly everybody from the exhibitor to the set decorator is beginning to demand a portion of his remuneration in black. Adds Hora: "This further complicates the situation because there can be no legal record kept of such transactions."

The absence of legal safeguards is, in fact, a major problem in the industry. In recent years there has been a tendency on the part of distributors to refuse to accept delivery of films they have contracted to buy if the finished product seems to them to lack box-office potential. On the other hand, producers who are convinced that they have a hit on their hands, back out of agreements with distributors and sell their films at a premium to others. Notes a weary Gulshan Rai: "When an industry is in a crisis morality is the first thing to go. This is what is happening to us. Once upon a time, everything worked on word of mouth and trust. Now, those days are gone."

Threat From Video

Rai is pessimistic about the future of the industry because of the threat from video. Five or six years ago, the overseas distribution rights to a film were highly sought after and went for approximately the same price as the Bombay territory. The growth of video recorders has meant that pirated video tapes of Hindi films are now being sold freely all over the world. As a result, most people prefer to see the movies at home. This leaves the distributor with no audience for his films. A few years ago, there were over a hundred cinemas showing Hindi films in England. Today, there is not one.

While the threat to domestic box offices from video seems to be inconsequential, there are many people who share Rai's concern. As he says, "With colour TV coming in what will happen is that people will buy video sets, and then

Film Financing

In something as complicated as the film industry, generalisations run the risk of being a little misleading. Nevertheless, here is a broad run-down of how a film is financed.

To start with, there is the producer. He assembles the "components" of the film—a script, stars, music director, dance master, fight composer, etc, and also finds a director to make the package come to life. Sometimes, the producer himself may direct the film—as in the case of Prakash Mehra, Yash Chopra and others.

To finance the movie, the producer draws on three different sources. The first is the financier who lends money at an approximate rate of 50 per cent per annum. The second source is his own money—most financiers insist that the producer includes some investment of his own. The third source is the distributor who advances money in return for release rights.

The finished picture is sold to distributors for different regions such as Bombay, Delhi, UP, etc—known as "territories" in film parlance. The producer will aim to cover his entire cost, as well as a profit, in the price he finally charges the distributors. Usually, there will also be an understanding that if a film does more than a certain amount of business, the excess (or "overflow") will be split between the distributor and the producer.

Having bought the film for his territory, the distributor is landed with the risk. He will have to find cinemas to release it in, and then hope to recover his money from the box-office receipts. This is more difficult than it sounds because 55 per cent of the price of a ticket goes to pay entertainment tax. From the rest, the distributor must pay the cinema owner and recover his publicity expenses. Only then can he begin to earn back his own investment. Often the film flops and the distributor finds that he has no hope of recovering the price he paid. At this stage he can look for no help from the producer, and must bear the loss himself. Only then can he begin to earn back his own investment.

Generally, when a film's success is judged, it is in terms of the distributor's profit. A film like Raj Kapoor's Prem Rog, *for example, is doing well, but is not regarded as a super-hit simply because the distributor paid a hefty price (rumoured to be Rs 45 lakh for the Bombay territory) for it. Had the film gone for a more realistic Rs 25 lakh or so, then* Prem Rog *would have made the distributor a rich man and been regarded as one of the year's biggest hits.*

V.S.

will replace the cinema." Because circulation of pirated video tapes of films is difficult to prevent, such a trend could entail a substantial loss of revenue for the industry.

There are some optimists though.Uday Row Kavi is sure that things will get better. "We are so far down that we can only go up," he says. Kavi, and others like him, feel that the industry will switch to making smaller films with fewer gimmicks and fewer stars and pull itself out of the slump.

Need To Reorganise

Even if this is so, there is no real hope that the film industry will get out of its cycle of crises. This can only happen if it were to reorganise itself on more professional lines. At the moment it has no properly organised financial structure. The financiers it relies on tend to be Shikarpuris who charge interest at over 4 per cent per month. Because most films take at least two years to complete, such a rate of interest compounded can lead to a doubling of the production budget.

The alternative could be bank finance or credit from government-backed financial institutions. So far, banks have been extremely unwilling to risk any money on Hindi films. Amit Khanna is one of the few producers to have got a bank loan (to finance his *Naya Johny*). Others do not even bother to apply for one. The main problem is that banks are unwilling to become part of an industry where the failure rate is 80 per cent and where the finished product may well turn out to be worthless. In any other industry, the money they advance goes into machinery, land, raw materials and the like, which have some resale value in the film business, sets, stunts and salaries are ephemeral. Once the film is ready, the sets are pulled down and the salaries are paid out. Finally nothing is left except about 20 cans of celluloid. And if the film contained in those cans fails, then nothing is recoverable.

Financial institutions and government bodies would, presumably, work on different criteria. Many State governments (Bengal and Karnataka, for example) advance relatively small amounts for films to be made locally. Because the sums are small, they are usually recoverable. Were the State governments to increase the amounts,they would be left with the problem of having to decide whether big-budget films that serve no clear social purpose should be subsidised by the tax-payer.

Rather than subsidise the industry, it would make more sense to refrain from taxing it so highly (55 per cent of the cost of cinema tickets in Bombay goes in entertainment taxes). Were this to happen, films would find it easier to break even, and some of the air of crisis that envelops it all the time would dissipate.

But this is unlikely to ever come about. Entertainment tax is not likely to be reduced—the Government simply needs the revenue too much.

Instead, the industry will go on as it has done in the past, drifting from crisis to crisis. And while fortunes are being lost and crores of rupees being turned into worthless celluloid, the film business will continue to maintain its glamorous facade and pretend that the party goes on forever ■

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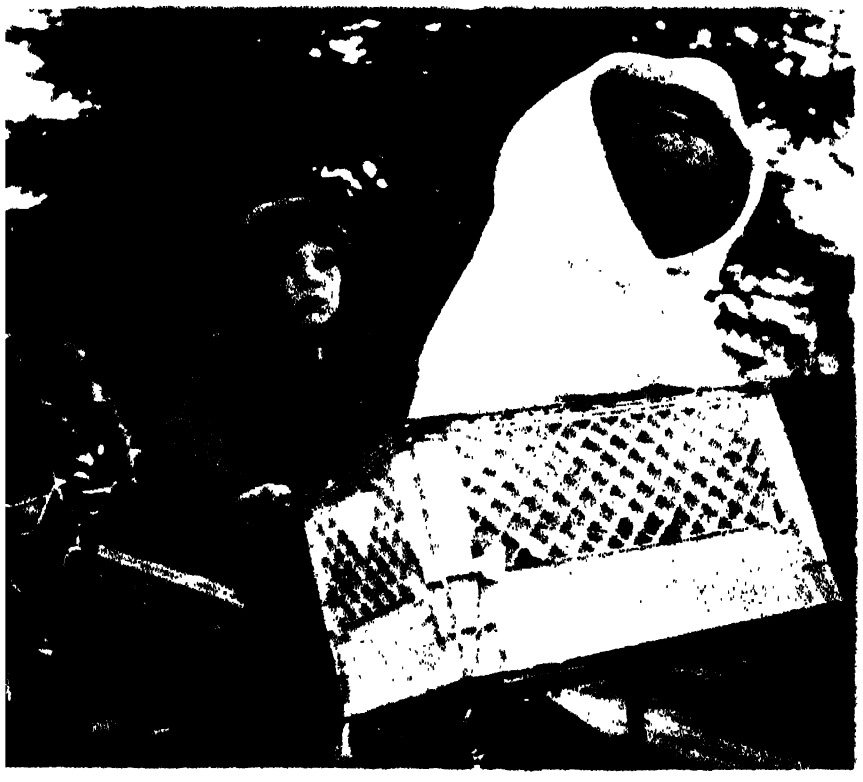

From the very beginning Hollywood films or Hollywood-like films have had a wide audience in India. Today the only films which run are comedies, children's films, the Kung Fu action films, science fiction films and films which have sex and nudity. Unfortunately, most distributors and exhibitors do not have the nerve to try something other than the run-of-the-mill. Some of the greatest names in world cinema have never been heard of in India. The few good films which do come here are slapped on the audience too suddenly to have any kind of impact. It is merely a question of tradition and training. But things cannot be changed overnight. It requires persistence and a far-sighted policy.

by Lalitha Krishna

MAD MONKEY KUNG FU. Just one of the many, many martial arts films that are attacking the country(above).

ET. Steven Spielberg's film about an extraterrestrial who is stranded on Earth and befriended by a little boy. The film is one of the biggest box-office hits of all time and has had everyone shedding a tear or two(left).

THE HAND. Michael Caine in this gruesome horror film which will either never be shown here or be released with drastic cuts (right).

TIM. Mel Gibson and Piper Laurie in the Australian film based on Colleen McCullough's book of the same name. The book was excellent. The film didn't quite measure up.(extreme right).

"I GO to the cinema when I don't think; I go when I want to think and need stimulus; I go to see pretty people; I go when I want to see life ginned up, charged with unlikely energy; I go to laugh; I go to be harrowed; I go when a day has been such a mess of detail that I am glad to see even the most arbitrary, the most preposterous pattern emerge; I go because I like bright light, abrupt shadow, speed; I go to see America, France, Russia; I go because I like wisecracks and slick behaviour; I go because the screen is an oblong opening into the world of fantasy for me; I go because I like story with its suspense; I go because I like sitting in a packed crowd in the dark among hundreds rivetted on the same thing; I go to have my most general feelings played on."

This statement on cinema by Elizabeth Bowen, an English novelist, sums up for me rather eloquently all the complex and contradictory reasons that make cinema the unique and pervasive medium that it is. Her sentiments are the sentiments of the general cinemagoer anywhere in the world who looks to cinema primarily for entertainment.

While film as fine art may have developed in various parts of the world at different times (in Russia after the Revolution, in post-war Italy, or in the '60s in France, Czechoslovakia and Poland), the traditions of film as entertainment have always been determined in America. Even those Russian films that are made today for the mass audience are not able to shake off this influence.

Thus from the time of the silent era to the 1950s and early '60s when Hollywood was at its peak, Hollywood films or Hollywood-like films (mainly British comedies) have always had a wide appeal in India. All the major cities have their swank "English" theatres. Less important cities have at least one major cinema house (usually the best in town) showing English films throughout the year, and even in the smaller towns the Sunday morning English fare is a must for the educated elite and their families.

But since the '60s the films seem to have lost the popular fascination they once had except for the occasional *Star Wars* or *Superman*. Today the Hindi films have overtaken the foreign films in popularity.

One great illusion that cinema audiences in India seem to have got over is in imagining foreign films to be better just because they have been made abroad. Today most people realise that their plot and content are as much dictated by commercial considerations as that of the Hindi films. And they, as much as Hindi films, except perhaps a little more subtly glorify the status quo in the society in which they have been made. They may not treat reality as fantasy, but most of them are still conventional, romantic fables with only the outer trappings of realism.

Shift Of Interest

During the late '60s, when the Government withdrew the import licences from the major importers for a period of 14 months, only a trickle of foreign films were coming into the country, most of them B-grade Westerns. At this time American film production, too, was going through a crisis, and by the time an agreement had been reached between the Indian Government and the film-importing companies, audience tastes had as subtly changed as the films themselves. For one, the old Hollywood star system had more or less faded away. The Indian Government, too, had decided to import a wide range of films from countries other than England and America. Today actors that we see on the foreign screen are less intimately known than the Rock Hudsons and Cary Grants of old. In fact, in the dubbed Russian films and the films from Hong Kong the actors are totally unfamiliar. This sudden break with the stars and star system was perhaps one reason for this major shift of interest among a certain section of the audience from foreign films to Hindi films.

Today the foreign films which appeal to Indian audiences are comedies, children's films, the Kung Fu action films or

RICHARD'S THINGS. Liv Ullmann, the Swedish actress, in this American film about a woman who meets her husband's lover and has a lesbian relationship with her. NFDC seems to be having second thoughts about the film's release.

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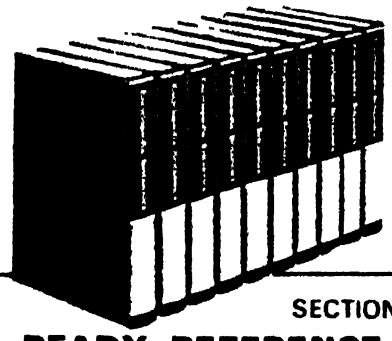

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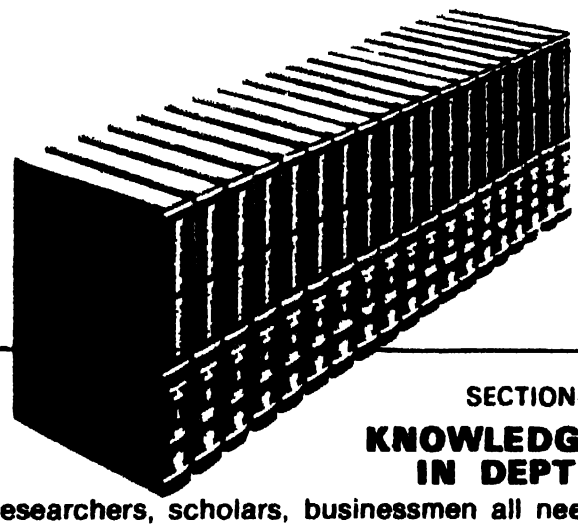

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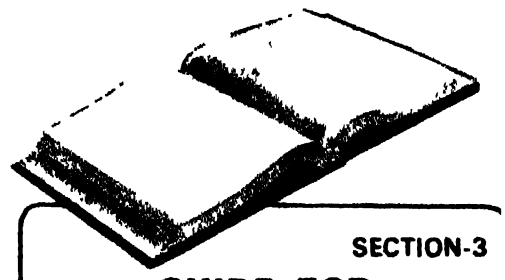

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those which show sex. The fact that Claude Goretta's *Lacemaker*, an art film, ran for a record number of weeks was largely due to the scenes of nudity the censors had so graciously let pass. Similarly we saw a record run for *Tarzan the Apeman* and for *Blue Lagoon*—both films mainly distinguished for their scenes of total or at least partial nudity.

Unfortunately, most films from America are made with a very large audience in mind, practically on a world scale. Since they have to involve themselves with such broad-spectrum entertainment they cannot help losing out on seriousness or deep involvement with the issues they take up.

Though one cannot help admiring these films for being able to combine entertainment with social issues, one has a sneaking suspicion that they only dwell tangentially on the need for social reform, leaving the major problems untouched.

Censorship Policy

The censorship policy followed for foreign films is very different from that followed for Hindi films. Although of late the censors have been refreshingly lenient about nudity, more foreign films than indigenous films get an 'A' certificate. Two Hitchcock revivals, *Dial M for Murder* and *Strangers On A Train*, got 'A' certificates. Both the films, as far as I could see, had nothing objectionable by way of sex and certainly there was a lot less gruesome violence than in many of our own films.

The few foreign films that do get a 'U' certificate seem to run on and on, often only because a whole family can enjoy an evening out together. In spite of the Children's Film Society, there is a dearth of films in India for children. It is mainly the foreign films that supply this need. Indian children's films, the few that are made, sacrifice fun and fantasy to drive home a moral message. Small wonder then that Walt Disney's *Jungle Book* and *Love Bug* proved to be so popular. A recent spate of revivals brought back three classics that many children were able to enjoy. Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, the film version of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and that musical entertainment for all times, *The Sound of Music*.

The Sound of Music was the culmination of everything Hollywood had to offer, honed over the years to perfection. With a script worked out in great detail to combine humour, drama, history, romance and humanism in a perfect balance... songs with lyrics that would prove to be perennially popular... arranged to music superbly... excellent performances from the entire cast down to the smallest child... shot in the fairy-tale setting of Salzburg, Austria... one cannot think of a film that can top it for pure, clean entertainment. The recent re-run in Bombay proved as popular as its first run.

My Fair Lady, too, on re-release proved to be extremely popular in spite of a practically monochromatic print. Since the distributors do not have the professional ethic to release prints that subscribe to some minimum technical standard, I feel that control should be exercised by either the exhibitors or a government body. Since audiences in India are so passive about this aspect, the distributors often get away with totally sub-standard prints. The NFDC, too, recently released *The Flesh of the Orchid* whose picture as well as sound track were scratched beyond recognition.

Technological Wows

One more genre of film-making that is very popular in India is the technological sleights of hand from the West. These films simply wow you with their special effects—*The Black Hole, Alien, Galaxina, Battle Beyond The Stars, Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, besides *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back* and *Supermans I & II*. Among such films, two that must be singled out for special mention are *Star Wars*—for being the first of its kind to combine cult entertainment with technological prowess, and Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* for the critical look it takes at American society. *Star Wars*, of course, had the much longer run because of its populist form.

The Western films score over our cinema, moreover, by carrying the hallmark of thoroughness in research and recreation which fascinates the more intelligent of our audiences. Whatever else we may achieve in the field of technical improvements, this is one area of darkness in our films. Of course American films (particularly) are backed by a tradition of wide and what often appears to be random academic research—sociological, psychological, economic, etc. Similarly, even their most popular novels and thrillers will always give you a wealth of information about the area, profession and social strata particular to the characters. Thus, while Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather* is undeniably a cinematic achievement, its success is also due to the information one gets of the lifestyle of an ethnic minority in America—and this information and more was already there in Mario Puzo's novel for the film maker to draw on.

Unfortunately most distributors in India do not have the imagination or the enterprise to attempt something outside of the run-of-the-mill. As long as the Kung Fu film runs or a Bo Derek can keep the audiences queuing up outside the theatre, the distributor is happy. Even the unexpected success of Bert Haanstra's documentary, *Ape and Superape*, has not taught them anything.

The behaviour of Indian audiences, too, is somewhat contradictory. The man who sneers at any author less serious than James Joyce or Saul Bellow may denounce attempts at art cinema as a waste of money. Besides, American cinema, with its strong populist traditions backed by expensive publicity all over the world, still debases popular tastes. In every other country, including Canada, France and Germany, people seriously interested in cinema have been fighting against the stranglehold of American films. In India the problem is two-fold because any Indian film that aspires to and achieves a Hollywood-like technical gloss is immediately hailed.

New Areas Of Production

But in Europe, at least, distributors are waking up to newer areas of film production. West German TV, for instance, has nurtured a whole crop of new film makers, including a sizeable section of women concentrating on women's problems. Australia, Switzerland, Norway and Finland, which have till recently only produced films sporadically, have an established film industry today. Some of the greatest modern names of world cinema are from Spain (Carlos Saura) and Italy (the Taviani brothers), but both the directors and their films are unheard of in India. Japanese films, known for their high technical and entertainment value, are very rarely seen here. Then there are countries or continents with similar economic and socio-historical problems whose films should be of special interest to India and Indians—Africa, Mexico, Greece, South America, Malyasia, Ceylon.

The NFDC, in spite of the facilities it enjoys, does not draw on this broad spectrum of films. By and large, it steers a middle course between art and B grade entertainment. The occasional "good" film—Bergman's *Autumn Sonata*, Tavernier's *Death Watch* or Fassbinder's *Despair* and *The Marriage of Maria Braun* are just randomly thrown at the audience. But can anybody who has not seen an Eisenstein, the neo-realists, a Bunuel or an early Godard suddenly develop a taste for, say, the films of Tarkovsky? In fact, the Russian Tarkovsky's science fiction classic, *Solaris* (released by Soviet Export), was shown in Bombay without any special publicity or information at morning shows at a theatre that otherwise exhibits only multi-star Hindi blockbusters. For obvious reasons there were barely 20 people in the house during its brief run.

Since the NFDC has an exclusive venue for its films (the Akashwani—which at the moment lacks in both character and technical facilities) it is in a position to organise releases differently from other distributors. We have already seen that whenever a festival is organised on a theme—of women's films or even a retrospective of Indian cinema—there is a tremendous rush for tickets, even for the documentaries. Thus a film like *Autumn Sonata*, for example, should have been seen along with other Bergman works for it to have excited more interest. Similarly, the NFDC could have regular festivals at the Akashwani, of silent films, Russian films, neo-realist Italian films, new-wave French films or early American films—John Ford, Orson Welles, etc, and even a festival of Dev Anand or Dilip Kumar or Guru Dutt films.

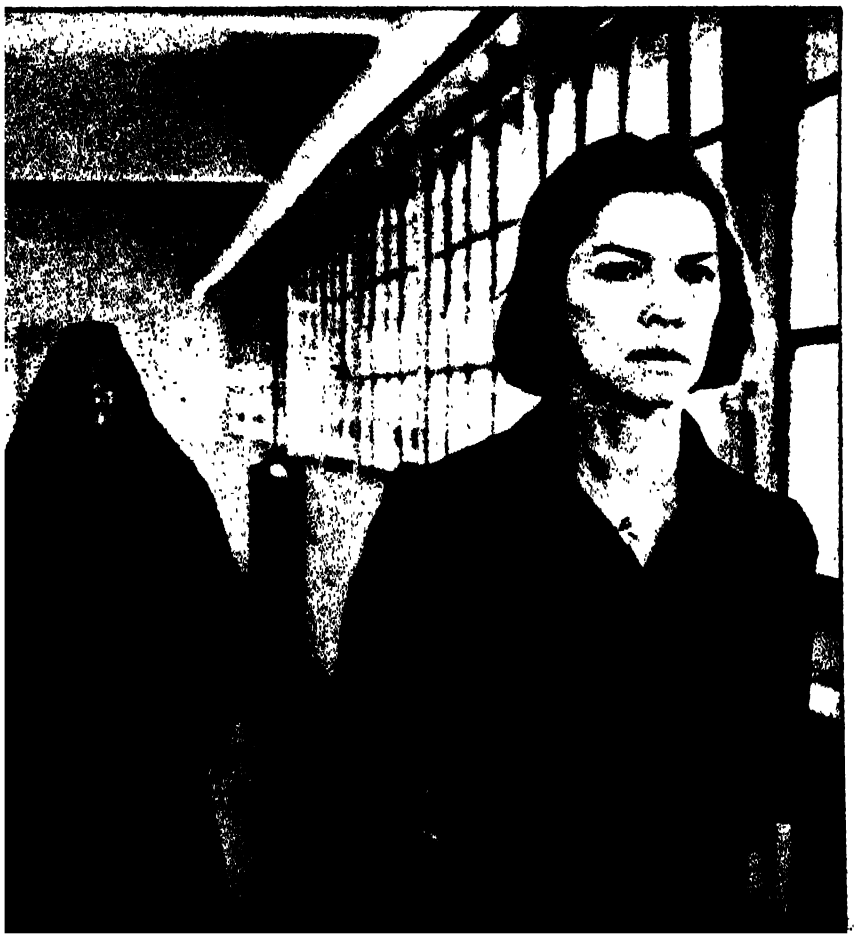
This would give the viewer a kind of historical perspective of the films that he watches, whether they are broad entertainment or high-brow art. *Autumn Sonata* was the first Bergman film to have a general release in India, so for many in the audience it must have been the first Bergman film they had ever seen in their lives. It is impossible to watch a film like that without knowing something of the director's philosophic or aesthetic preoccupations. One cannot smugly sit back and lament audience tastes when a film like that flops.

Impatient Ogre

The same audiences that watch action-packed Hindi films in India are willing to sit through three hours and more of serious classical music. Then why is it that a slowly expounding film always brings out the impatient ogre in them? It is obviously only a question of tradition and training. But changing cultural tastes cannot be achieved overnight. It needs both persistence and a far-sighted policy.

Cinema is both cause and effect. The experiencing of a film is not just of a story told but of a reality lived. The more mindless entertainment we see, the more we get addicted to it. Since it is physically impossible to acquire all the films made all over the world and since we are subjected to so much censorship in so many other areas of our lives and culture, why can't the Government exercise some strict control on the import of films so that audiences in India are exposed to both the best of the world's art cinema and the best of film entertainment rather than the middling range we are saturated with at the moment? ■

DREAM OF PASSION. *A Greek film directed by Jules Dassin with Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn (seen in picture). Such masterpieces are indeed rare for audiences in India.*



BELLIGERENT BALUCHIS. Insurgents from the Marri tribe in Pakistan at a refugee camp in Kandahar.

In Pakistan Today—II

The Alienation of Baluchis

"By trying to find military solutions to political problems, successive Pakistani Governments have kept Baluchistan in a state of insurgency for over two decades." We present here the second instalment of excerpts from *Generals In Politics*, published by Vikas.

by Air Marshal Asghar Khan

ALTHOUGH the ambition of Generals has impeded the stabilisation of a constitution in Pakistan, certain historical factors are also contributory. That the urge to form a separate Muslim state in the sub-continent was strongest in the Muslim minority provinces of India was no accident, for it was here that the religious, linguistic, racial, cultural and economic differences between Hindus and Muslims were brought out in sharp focus. After the creation of Pakistan, the pattern of these differences in the new state changed but did not disappear. Linguistic, racial, cultural and economic differences between regions remained and were brought home poignantly in the separation of East Pakistan, barely two and a half decades after the birth of Pakistan. The assimilation of such powerful influences and their synthesis into one national entity inevitably takes time and the impatience of some Pakistanis with the delay has hindered rather than helped this process. Military action in Baluchistan between 1958 and 1969 and again on a larger scale between 1973 and 1977 did incalculable harm to the absorption of Baluchistan into a common national entity. Since 1978, developments in Afghanistan have further complicated the situation, requiring an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the issue.

With an area of 134,000 square miles, roughly about 40 per cent of the total area of the country, Baluchistan is the largest of Pakistan's four provinces. Its area and population of about 3 million, is comparable to that of Norway. It is known to have unexplored mineral resources of copper, fluorite, limestone and oil. It is estimated that gold deposits in Baluchistan exceed the value of $ 5 billion and the proven iron ore deposits are in excess of 23 million tons. It has the reserves to expand considerably her existing production of natural gas, coal, limestone, magnetite, marble, sulphur and barite. Baluchistan has a coastline of 750 miles and her port of Gawadar is barely some 250 miles from the Straits of Hormuz, the focal point in the oil route from the Persian Gulf to Western Europe and the East. Her frontiers in the north and west border on Afghanistan and Iran, which have Baluch populations of 100,000 and 1,000,000 respectively.

The province of Baluchistan has three broad ethnic groups which differ racially and linguistically. The Pashtun who are about a third of the population are racially and linguistically akin to the people of Pakistan's North West Frontier Province and eastern Afghanistan. The Punjabi settlers who are of relatively recent domicile, number less than 5% of the population of the province. Both the Pashtun and the Punjabi are relatively more prosperous than the Baluch and have proportionately greater representation in lucrative jobs in Baluchistan. The Baluch are a collection of some five hundred tribes and clans who have lived in these parts for almost 2000 years. There are various theories about their origin. The one which is widely held is that they were living in the southern coast of the Caspian at the time of Christ. There is evidence to suggest that the Baluchi language is derived from a lost language which flourished in the Caspian area in the pre-Christ era. It is closely related to the Kurdish language in the area south of the Caspian at the conflux of Turkey, Iran and Iraq. Another theory of relatively recent origin is that they are of Semitic origin and came from Alleppo in present-day Syria.

Elusive Unity

Except for relatively brief periods in their history, the Baluch tribes have not been united in one national entity; the process having been rendered difficult by the unusually inhospitable terrain and vast distances separating sparsely populated centres of population. Mir Chakar Khan Rind, with his capital at Sibi, ruled over a Baluch tribal confederacy, from 1487 until his death in 1511. Subsequently, the tribes of Baluchistan, though they managed to preserve their independence from India's Moghul rulers' attempts to subdue them, remained disunited until a century and a half later when the Ahmadzai tribe established the Kalat confederacy in 1666. It remained a loosely knit confederacy until Nasir Khan, the sixth Khan of Kalat, who ruled for 50 years in the eighteenth century, formed an effective bureaucratic administrative machinery and a unified army...

Between 1805, when Nasir Khan died and 1876 when the British succeeded in obtaining treaty rights to station troops in Kalat, the Baluch confederacy assumed special importance in the "Big Game" between Czarist Russia and the British. The British lost no time in establishing themselves in Baluchistan after 1876, divided it into a centrally administered area, a reduced Kalat confederacy and smaller principalities with sardars owing allegiance directly to the British Raj through the British agent in Baluchistan. The Khan of Kalat, the descendant of Nasir Khan, had special treaty rights with the British Government.

When it was decided to partition India, the last ruler of Kalat, Mir Ahmad Khan opted for an independent Baluchistan and in 1946 submitted a memorandum to the British Cabinet Mission reminding them that in the treaty of 1876 the British Government had pledged to "respect the sovereignty and independence of Kalat". The matter was not resolved by the British to the Khan's satisfaction and on 15th August, 1947, the day after Pakistan emerged on the political map, the Khan of Kalat declared the independence of his state and formed lower and upper houses of the Kalat Assembly. In the first meeting of the Lower House, in early September, 1947, the Assembly confirmed the independence of Kalat, though it favoured an alliance on terms of equality with Pakistan. Amongst those who, in this meeting of the Kalat Assembly spoke in clear terms about the justification for an independent Baluchistan was Ghaus Baksh Bizenjo, who later became a leader of the National Awami Party and also the Governor of Baluchistan for a short period. On 1st April, 1948, the Pakistan Army moved into Kalat, forced the Khan to sign an instrument of accession and ended the 225 days' independence of the Kalat confederacy formed by Mir Ahmad Khan's ancestors almost 300 years earlier.

Although the flag of revolt was kept aloft by Mir Ahmad Khan's brother Mir Abdul Karim, who moved into Afghanistan, there was no significant military activity in Baluchistan for the next ten years. During this period the formation of "One Unit", uniting West Pakistan including Baluchistan into one province in 1955, created resentment and unrest in Kalat and the political circles of Baluchistan. The Khan of Kalat became active in demanding the dissolution of One Unit and, with the help of the Sardars, organised an agitation against the Central Government. On 6th October, 1958, only a day before Iskander Mirza and Ayub Khan overthrew the civilian government of Feroze Khan Noon, the Khan of Kalat was arrested by the army, as were also a large number of other Baluch leaders. From 1958 for about a decade, military action in Baluchistan continued until General Yahya Khan dissolved 'One Unit' and set the stage for the 1970 general elections.

The 1970 Elections

In the elections of 1970, the National Awami Party which maintained that Pakistan comprised four nationalities—Punjabi, Pathan, Sindi, and Baluch—won 3 of the 4 National Assembly seats and 8 of 20 Provincial Assembly seats in Baluchistan. The NAP was able to form a coalition government in early 1972 with the Jamiat-ul-Ulema-i-Islam and ran the affairs of the Province until their Government was dismissed by the Federal Government on 12th February, 1973. The military action that followed made the Baluch more conscious of their separate entity and hardened them in their belief that they could not expect justice at the hands of a non-Baluch majority personified in their eyes in a predominantly Punjabi bureaucracy and a non-Baluch army.

After the imposition of Zia-ul-Haq's martial law in 1977 and the tightening of his grip on the country, the fears of the nationalist element amongst the Baluch increased and they began to look around for an opportunity to shake off the economic and social domination of their province by the non-Baluch. The Soviet entry into Afghanistan in December, 1979, created a new situation and increased Soviet and United States interest in this area of now increased strategic importance. By 1981, the Great Powers' policy towards Baluchistan had become clear. The United States, after the induction of President Reagan's Republican administration, decided to prop up Zia-ul-Haq's regime with military and economic aid and use Afghanistan as a lever to bleed the Soviet Union the way Moscow had bled the United States in Vietnam. It did not appear to want to destablise their influence in Baluchistan and took comfort in the thought that communist cadres or communism had made no inroads into the feudal pattern of Baluch society.

Moreover, the Soviet Union, inspite of considerable discomfort in Afghanistan, did not appear to want to destablize Pakistan. The Soviet Union appreciated that developments in Pakistan and the long term trend of her economic and political growth are likely to bring the whole of Pakistan into the Soviet sphere of influence. She was, therefore, not for the time being at least, willing to take an initiative in Baluchistan that might provoke the United States to move into greater support of Zia-ul-Haq's regime or into taking an independent initiative in this area.

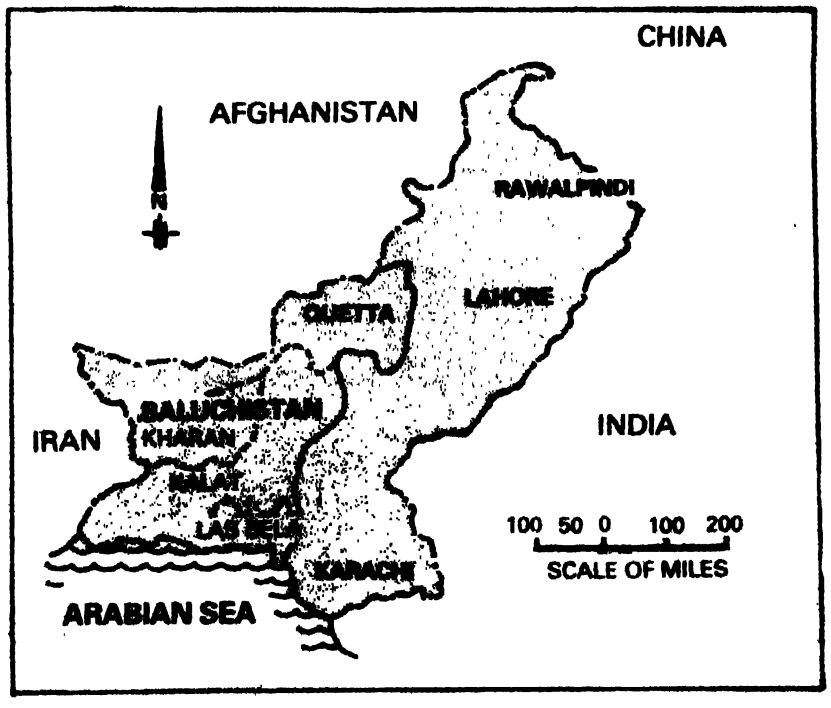
"Power Game"

In the "Power Game" the attitude of the more influential Baluch Sardars has now crystallised. Ataullah Mengal, the former Chief Minister of Baluchistan and Khair Bakhsh Marri, the former head of the NAP in the province, both at present in self-imposed exile, have been speaking of an independent Baluchistan and appear to have given up all hope of an adjustment within Pakistan. They appear to be convinced that no arrangement with the Islamabad Government, consistent with the honour and interests of the Baluch, is now possible.

Ghaus Bakhsh Bizenjo, a more flexible politician though an equally ardent nationalist, appears not to have abandoned all hope of a settlement within a federal structure. Now the head of the Pakistan National Party, he advocates a place for Baluchistan within Pakistan just short of a confederation. The main features of his proposal are the keeping of all residuary powers, except defence, foreign affairs, communications and currency by the federating units. He also advocates enhanced powers for the Senate comprising equal representation of the four federating units. Bizenjo suggests that the Federal Government should have no right to interfere in the affairs of the provinces except by a majority vote in the Senate. He also advocates that the Senate should vote the taxes to be levied for the purposes of meeting the expenses of the federal subjects. It is, therefore, significant that the sanctity of the 1973 Constitution—to which the Baluch leaders elected in the 1970 elections are signatories—has in their eyes eroded. This has happened because of the unjustified dismissal of the Baluchistan ministry in 1973 which was a flagrant violation of the Constitution by the Bhutto Government, military action in Baluchistan between 1973 and 1977 and the imposition of an unrepresentative and despotic martial law regime since 1977.

Despite the hardened position of these and some other Baluch leaders, there are certain factors which have, for the present at least, kept the centrifugal forces in check. The secessionists among the Baluch are finding no support for an independent Baluchistan among the world powers, who find their interests better served by maintaining the unity of Pakistan. Moreover, Arab countries for similar reasons, are not willing to encourage secessionist tendencies in Iranian Baluchistan. However, it does not necessarily mean that this will remain so and some of the Arab countries may under certain circumstances find the temptation to encourage separatist tendencies amongst the Iranian Baluch on Iran's eastern frontier too great to resist.

Significantly, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Gromyko, speaking in New Delhi on 12th February, 1980, has warned that "If Pakistan continues to serve as a puppet of imperialism in the future, it will jeopardise its existence and its integrity as an independent state" The United States too, could in certain circumstances accept the dismemberment of Pakistan as she did in 1971. Henry Kissinger, the US Secretary of State during President Nixon's administration, has said: "In my conversation with Ambassador L.K. Jha[1] (of India), I reiterated my constant theme that we considered Indian and American long-term interests as congruent ... I emphasised that the United States did not insist that East Bengal remain part of Pakistan. On the contrary, we accepted autonomy as inevitable and independence as possible. A war was senseless, Bangladesh would come into being by the spring of 1972 if present procedures were given a chance. *We differed over method not aim.* On October 7, I told WSAG meeting that if India would accept an evolutionary process, *it would achieve most of its objectives with our assistance* 'If they would cooperate with us we could work out 90 per cent of their problems, like releasing Mujib or attaining some degree of autonomy for Bangladesh, *and these steps would lead eventually to their getting it ALL'*[2]



Ten years later with the return of a Republican Administration and keeping United States global interests in mind, it would be prudent to assume that should US interests in the future be better served by sacrificing Pakistan or a part of it, Henry Kissinger's successors would not hesitate to do so. Pakistan must, therefore, strive to keep itself together by weakening those forces that are pulling it apart and this cannot be done by force of arms. The use of strong-arm methods for almost thirty years has shown that the situation has not, to say the least, improved. By trying to find military solutions to political problems, Baluchistan has been kept in a state of insurgency for over two decades. Her contacts with political thought outside its own area have, therefore, not developed. Military action by successive governments and martial law has impeded the integration of the Baluch into the Pakistani nation. By branding some Baluch leaders as traitors or by ridiculing their grievances, the problem has not been solved nor can it ever be. The important thing is not whether they are right in what they feel, what matters is that they feel as they do. Wisdom would suggest that the situation should be so handled that the people of Baluchistan should have no grounds to feel that their future lies outside Pakistan.

The only sensible course appears to be to give all Pakistanis including the Baluch an opportunity to live in freedom and allow all political parties to function so that the Baluch are given more than one alternative and are woven into the political fabric of national politics. After this process, the view of those who enjoy the people's support must be given due weight through a constitutional process which still enjoys some sanctity in the minds of the people—the 1973 Constitution. If the elected representatives of the federating units want greater powers for the Senate, this must be done. It must be recognised that nations are not made in a day nor necessarily in 30 years. Some times the process takes much longer and rushing through it can destroy the unity of the country. The interest that the world powers are taking in this area suggests that the rulers of Pakistan move with wisdom and restraint—qualities they have not shown in their handling of this problem over the last thirty years.

—To be continued

1. Ambassador of India to the United States.
2. Henry Kissinger, *The White House Years* p. 873, Little Brown and Co. (Italics are my own).

In The States

Godman Or Magician?

by G.S. Reddy

HYDERABAD: Leaving behind the passionate problems of Punjab, and escaping from the political heat of Hyderabad, the Punjab Governor, Dr M. Chenna Reddy, retreated to the placid Prashanti Nilayam (the headquarters of Satya Sai Baba) on November 24. Situated 100 miles from Bangalore, this place wore a festive look on that day as the previous day happened to be the birthday of Baba. Ten days later, the Punjab Governor announced his decision to quit his post. Informed sources, who suspected the influence of Baba in forcing a reluctant Dr Reddy to accept the gubernatorial assignment, are now convinced that the Godman has helped the godfearing former Chief Minister in arriving at this decision. Dr Chenna Reddy, a decisive force in Andhra politics, is among the innumerable celebrities whose decisions are guided by Satya Sai Baba—a self-proclaimed incarnation of the Hindu-Muslim saint Shirdi Sai Baba.

Scientists and rationalists have been challenging Satya Sai Baba's claims for decades. But he is not prepared to dispel their doubts. He reminds his followers, "Do not be misled by what you see (scientific truths); what you do not see with your eye is much more important. Scientists—with a view to acquiring certain advantages for themselves—spread disbelief in God. You should not accept such rules and say that nothing can be truth unless you are able to have *pratyaksha* (exhibition) as your authenticity." Hitting out at the Marxists, he says, "The Marxist thought and the psychoanalytical thought are spreading fast among the people. They do not represent me. They represent ignorance about the original human nature. None guided by these thoughts will ever reach me."

Among Baba's followers are some of the best known names in this country. The reasons that impel the famous to seek solace in Baba's companionship are diverse. For example, former Air Chief Marshal O.P Mehra writes: "I was extremely unhappy and depressed when, much against my wish, I was ordered to take over the Chairmanship of HAL in 1971. In my limited estimation, this move spelt the end of a long career in the Air Force without so much as a 'by your leave'. In March 1971 when I met Baba, he seemed aware of the agitation and turmoil within me. In his disarmingly charming manner his advice was, 'Every man has a mission to fulfil and specified tasks to perform. These are ordained. Wisdom lies not only in accepting responsibilities cheerfully and with grace but in discharging them with equal cheer, dedication and devotion.' He exhorted me to do my best in carrying out the responsibilities allotted to me and leave the rest to him."

Born 57 years ago, Baba—a young rustic named Satyanarayana Raju—walked out of his house in Puttaparthy on October 20, 1940 and bewildered villagers heard him say: "I am going. I have my work ahead. Those devoted to me are calling me. The task for which I have come is yet unfinished. I am starting now."

Since then, his fame has travelled far and wide, transcending national boundaries. For the last 40 years, the devotees have been singing *Bhajans* and driving themselves into divine ecstasy (*Bhakti Marga*). But Rabindranath Tagore, among others, had no faith in *Bhakti Marga*. In *Gitanjali* he says: "Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!... He (God) is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off the holy mantle and, even like him, come down on the dusty soil!"

But despite Tagore's famous caveat, bigwigs flock to Baba. There is no dearth of Christians who equate Baba with Jesus. Rev. Robert E. Pipes, an ordained Baptist Minister in the US and a consultant to the US Department of Health Education and Welfare, says that Jesus Christ and Baba are one and the same. He quotes the Gospel of St John, wherein it says, "Now Jesus did many other signs in the presence of disciples, which are not written in this book! But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God and that, believing, you may have life in his name." Rev Pipes thus alludes to the miracles performed by Jesus. Baba, too, proclaims: "Do not try to compare my power with the powers of magicians. My power is divine and has no limit. I have the power to change the earth into the sky and the sky into the earth. But I don't because there is no reason to do it. Even if all the 14 worlds and planets tried to join up against me, they would not be able to thwart my mission."

SATYA SAI BABA scoffs at science and Marx and would have us believe there is no greater person than him in this universe.

But these claims have been disputed of late by a former vice-president of the Satya Sai Kingdom—the organisation promoted by Baba to reform the world. He says that he has studied Baba at close quarters for several years and is convinced that the powers of Baba are no greater than those of a magician. This former aide of Baba, who prefers to remain anonymous, said: "In 1980, I had been to Kashmir with Baba. The venue was Dachigam. It was summer and the Baba was there with about 15 students of his colleges, a few military officers and others. During the sumptuous picnic lunch, Baba remarked that if there was a dry river bed or a patch of sand nearby, he would like to perform a few miracles. A few scouts were immediately despatched to scan the countryside and find a suitable spot. None was found and so a truck was sent to get some sand. The sand was spread over a 10' x 10' area on the grounds adjoining the Dachigam guest house.

"Word about the arrival of sand reached Baba. He made haste to the grounds followed by his entourage. While walking upto the sand, Baba held with his left hand his flowing outer gown and the dhoti inside at well above knee-level, ostensibly to ensure that the dhoti would not come loose during the brisk walk but actually to hide two objects he was to materialise from out of the sand a few minutes later."

Be that as it may, many others are genuinely impressed by Baba's extraordinary powers. Among them Pandit Ravi Shankar, the internationally known sitarist, composer and music director, for instance, says: "I, along with my colleagues, Allarakhaji, accompanying me on the tabla, was helped to give a very inspired performance (at Brindava, Bangalore). Swami (Satya Sai Baba) immediately got up and in his own characteristic style waved the palm in the air and produced a *Navaratnahaar* with a locket embossed with the image of Durga..."

But the former vice-president of Baba's Kingdom is not the only sceptic. Tal Brooke, one of Baba's disillusioned American disciples says in his controversial book *Avatar Of Night*, "If Satya Sai Baba were to go to the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley and then step on a large scale atomic balance where his weight would be noted to the last microgram and if then and there, before the key physicists of the world and in front of CBS and NBC television cameras, he were to materialise ten, twenty, thirty, forty pounds, yes even a ton, of any substance known to man, anything from chunks of plutonium to intricately etched diamond spheres to ash... It would explode around the telecommunications media of the entire world and cause pandemonium of a kind not seen since the last World War."

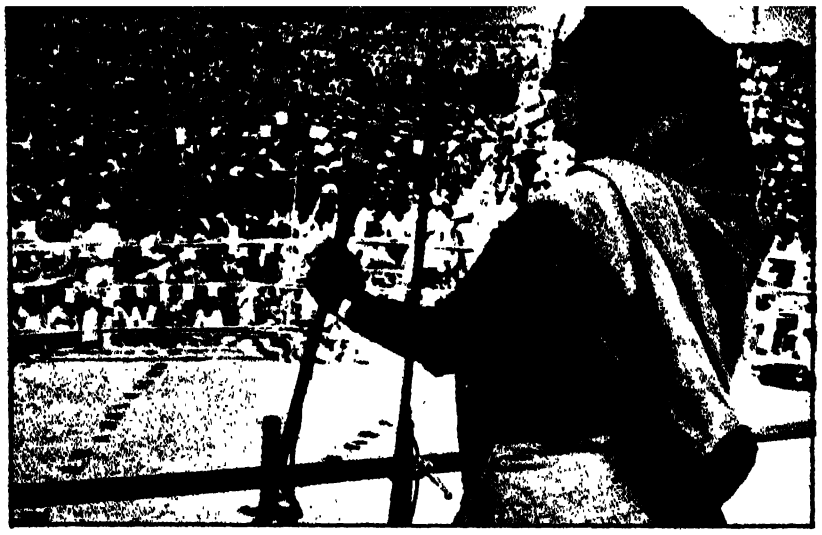
For all that, among Baba's followers, those who retain implicit faith in his divinity still outnumber those who have turned away in disgust by 100 to 10.

Why do more than 400 million Indians go to bed hungry, for instance, if Baba can create anything if he wishes? To this, film actor Manoj Kumar counters, "Lord Krishna could have easily avoided the war of Mahabharata... He could have easily saved the lives of millions... He could have easily influenced the minds of the evil Kauravas. Right at the beginning Lord Krishna could have easily used his Sudarsana Chakra to kill Duryodhana and his followers. But he did not do so... Why? Those who question Bhagwan Sri Satya Sai Baba... have they ever thought of the happenings recorded in the Mahabharata or the teachings contained in the Gita?"

Poised For A Photo-finish

HYDERABAD: With 1,719 candidates contesting for the 294 seats, the stage is set for the Andhra Pradesh polls. On the face of it, with so many "rebel" ruling party candidates joining Telugu Desam or contesting as independents, the Congress(I) is in for a tough time.

But if history repeats itself, it will be a different story. During the last ten years, Mrs Gandhi has contested three Lok Sabha elections from Andhra. In 1971, she secured 54.8 per cent of the vote. The figure went up to 57.5 per cent in the 1977 polls. In 1980, she secured 56.2 per cent. These figures reveal that Mrs Gandhi has not only been winning the elections with a convincing majority, but that she secured the maximum votes in 1977, the year when the



IN FOR A TOUGH TIME. The main contest in Andhra Pradesh will be between Mrs Gandhi and N. T. Rama Rao. Either could be the victor.

Janata wave was at its peak. Thus, there is a chance that the so-called NTR wave may suffer the same fate as the Janata did five years ago.

Even during the last Assembly elections in 1978, the Congress secured more than half of the votes polled. While the Congress(I) was voted to power with 38.2 per cent, the Brahmananda Reddy group or the Congress (R) which later merged with Congress(I), secured 16.05 per cent of the vote. In other words, the Congress party effectively secured more than 54 per cent of the vote.

In the ensuing elections, due on January 5, the Congress(I) may not be able to retain the Congress (R) votes. Because of the covert support that Brahmananda Reddy is lending to the regional party and the defections of a few prominent Congressmen to Telugu Desam, the Congress(R) votes, which are basically anti-Indira votes, may be cast in favour of N.T. Rama Rao rather than the splintered Janata.

The Janata party secured 28.05 per cent of the vote in 1978. With the subsequent split and the migration of a few Janata leaders like Anam Venkata Reddy to Telugu Desam, NTR will cut into the Janata vote bank. This is more so because of the favourable attitude of Sanjiva Reddy, formerly a Janata MP, towards the regional party. Even if the BJP is able to retain 10 per cent of the Janata vote, a charitable estimate, NTR will grab, according to knowledgeable sources, another 10 per cent of these votes.

The Communist parties cannot hope to improve much over their previous performance, though they contest as a front. They secured 51 seats in 1962 (before the split into CPI and CPM), but now they may retain at most their 14 seats. In fact, thanks to the migration of communist workers into Telugu Desam, basically due to the caste loyalty, the Reds will have to fight hard to avoid a decline in their votes.

With several rejected ruling party candidates, including three former ministers contesting as independents, the dent made by the Independents (9.5 per cent of the vote), in the last Assembly elections is likely to be repeated.

The ruling party concedes that the glamour of NTR will attract at least ten per cent of the voters. These votes will come mainly from disenchanted Congress(I) voters. So, according to some political pundits, Telugu Desam will secure 36 per cent of the total votes (NTR's own ten per cent plus the Congress(R)'s 16 per cent plus Janata's ten per cent).

If the Congress(I) can retain its votes, say these pundits, it should secure 38 per cent of the total vote. But the figure may actually come down because of the tarnished image of the party and the novelty of NTR's party. As such, the electoral battle will become a close fight between Mrs Gandhi and NTR. The bunglings of the ruling party leaders of the State have cost the Congress(I) dearly, depriving it of the initial advantage. This January 5 contest is now poised for a photofinish.

G.S.R.

Of Inhuman Bondage

VIJAYAWADA: A letter from a young lawyer (Jayakumar of Krishnagiri in Tamil Nadu) to a Supreme Court judge has induced the Supreme Court to institute an inquiry—conducted by the District Judge of Krishna—into the living and working conditions of the quarry workers of Kilasapuram, near Vijayawada in Andhra Pradesh. The campaign to free them was launched by Mr P. V. Bhakthavatsalam, advocate of Tirupathur and Mr T. S. V. Hari, a freelance journalist and member of the People's Union for Civil Liberties, Tamil Nadu.

The quarry owners admitted before the District Judge that they had been paying advances of Rs 500 to Rs 1,000 to procure each worker through a commission agent at Salem. They also admitted that the indebted labourers were paid about Rs 10 less than others per unit of work. The owners remained silent when they were asked why the workers remain indebted forever if 50 per cent of their wages are deducted regularly.

The workers, belonging to Salem district in Tamil Nadu, suffer serfdom and are in perpetual debt. Years ago, they were brought to Kilasapuram. These men, women and children work for nearly 13 hours a day but their wages are so low that their best meal is only broken rice and rotten dal. Since they cannot repay the advance, they remain bonded to the quarry owners for all times to come. As children help their parents at work, they never go to school.

The workers earn Rs 35 per unit of metal produced (the owners deduct 50 per cent of their earnings towards repayment of the advance they had made), allowing a margin of Rs. 18 to the quarry owner and Rs 75 to the crusher owner. A couple can crush a unit of stone in five days and they are paid just Rs 40. They incur an expenditure of Rs 5 for detonation. Thus, a couple gets Rs 7 per day for their hard work.

Indeed, there is a vicious circle: the workers take advance from quarry contractors who in turn take advance from the crusher owners. Thus, the workers are bonded to the contractors who are bonded to the crusher owners. The workers work harder and harder only to double their debts! Mr Bhaktavatsalam has described the quarries as jails without walls where people live and die in debt.

The conditions under which the labourers work are deplorable. Not all workers who were disabled while discharging their duties get compensation. The quarry workers cannot even run away because their children, between the ages of 5 and 10, are separated from their parents at night and confined in locked rooms. The movements of the elders, too, are closely watched. Only a few members of each family are given a month's festival leave in January to go to their native place. This ensures their 'safe return'.

Five hundred and thirty-eight quarry workers left for Salem on October 2, 1982 following court orders. Arrangements are being made for the release of others. Now there is need to dispense with the services of middlemen. The so-called advances and debts standing in the name of workers should be written off by the contractors. Ensuring better working conditions through unionisation of workers seems to be the only solution to their problem—an assured future.

I. Satya Sundaram

Resin Pines Overtapped

SRINAGAR: The three States that contribute to the resin resources in the country—Uttar Pradesh, Himachal Pradesh and Jammu and Kashmir—have overtapped their pine trees for this invaluable industrial raw material and virtually bled their pine jungles to death.

Rudely jolted out of their stupor, the Jammu and Kashmir Government belatedly announced the suspension of all random resin tapping. Such operations will henceforth be undertaken strictly in rotation in different pine tree areas.

Reckless and unscientific tapping of pine trees for resin began some years ago. By now the asystematic methods have permanently damaged many trees.

Faced with public outcry against such indiscriminate tapping and opposition from conservationists, the authorities in Jammu and Kashmir started taking remedial measures. Among these are a ceiling of 25,000 tonnes on the overall resin tapping,

BLED TO DEATH. Unscientific cuts such as this (marked by an arrow) on pine trees have virtually exhausted our resin resources.

tapping only of mature trees of certain girth, limiting the yield per tree et al.

At the same time scientific methods of tapping are also being tried. The Jammu and Kashmir Government has had its forest personnel trained in Portugal for the purpose. The all-India gathering of scientists, forest officers and industrialists organised in Jammu two years ago by the Regional Research Laboratory was also of great importance and gave many useful suggestions. Jammu and Kashmir is the richest State in respect of resin-yielding pines.

According to estimates of experts in the field, the demand for resin in India will rise to 1,15,000 m. tonnes by the next year. That is also the optimum that the *chir* pine forests in all the three States might yield after the improved technology is adopted. How will the demand in later years be met? Experts have no answer to the question.

Suraj Saraf

INDIA 82

January

WORLD CHAMPIONS IN JANUARY 1982—downgraded to 6th best by December 1982! The year saw Pak Hockey scale the heights and plumb the depths. When on January 12 their captain, Akhtar Rasool, received the World Cup from President Sanjiva Reddy *(above)*, Pakistan were on top of the world following their 3-1 victory over West Germany in the final at Bombay. After that, the Asia Cup was theirs for the taking. When they followed this up with that 7-1 sweep of India in the New Delhi Asian Games, Pakistan seemed to have regained their status as world-beaters. But along came the Esanda 10-Nation Tournament in Melbourne, Australia, and Pakistan were not only dramatically beaten by India 2-1 but were reduced to battling for the 5th place with West Germany! They lost to West Germany 2-3 and thus finished 6th.

February

THE VELVET RIVALRY between Lata Mangeshkar and Noorjehan *(above)* was subtly in evidence as the *Malka-e-Tarannum* returned to India after a gap of nearly 35 years. Noorjehan said she had come to India only to meet old friends, not to sing. But they pressed her to sing "at least one song" at the *Mortal Men—Immortal Melodies* programme in Bombay. Noorjehan is said to have finally agreed to sing only on condition that her hero of *Jugnu*, Dilip Kumar, would introduce her. Whereupon Lata, too, came to be introduced to the audience by Dilip Kumar! Lata was in splendid voice that evening, demonstrating to Noorjehan the strides that she had made since the days she was a mere vocal shadow of the *Malka-e-Tarannum*. Most of the applause may have been reserved for Noorjehan as she sang *Awaaz de kahan hai*. But Lata was equal to the occasion.

March

THE FESTIVAL OF INDIA was a sound success despite the many misgivings expressed about it. It proved to be the cultural event of the year. It got off to a flying start as three giants of the musical world, M.S. Subbulakshmi, Ravi Shankar and Zubin Mehta, performed before a captivated audience. The musical extravaganza featured the European premiere of Ravi Shankar's Second Concerto (for sitar and orchestra).

July

ALL CONTROVERSY CEASED as Giani Zail Singh was finally sworn in as the Seventh President of India on July 25. The new President pledged that he would spare no effort to live up to the noble traditions set by his predecessors. After the drama that preceded the Presidential contest, the poll itself was something of an anticlimax. Zail Singh secured 754,113 of the total value of votes (72.7 per cent) as against 282,685 of the Opposition's candidate, H.R. Khanna (27.3 per cent). This gave Zail Singh a majority of 471,428—a margin nobody anticipated. The first Sikh President of India, in his speech after being sworn in, said: "We must strive to achieve the unity of minds and hearts among people of different states, religions, castes and languages."

August

THE INDIAN MYSTIQUE. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi returned after a successful visit to the US during which she asked for nothing and gave away nothing. President Reagan told her that the Americans always associated a certain mystique with India. There was nothing of the stiffness of previous years in Washington. There was no acrimony or self-righteousness—just an effort to understand each other. A major irritant in bilateral relations, over the supply of nuclear fuel to Tarapur, was resolved. Reagan said his wide-ranging discussions with Mrs Gandhi had "reaffirmed the inherent strength of our relationship". While acknowledging this, Mrs Gandhi said: "We take cooperation in defence from wherever it suits our national interest."

September

THE LION OF KASHMIR FELL SILENT on September 8, but any hopes Pakistan may have entertained of a Valley in ferment were scotched by the smooth manner in which the Indian PM managed a transfer of the reins of power to Sheikh Abdullah's son, Farooq. All Kashmir was impressed by the promptness with which Mrs Gandhi personally came down for the Sheikh's funeral and the patience with which she stayed back for the event. President Zail Singh, too, lost no time in reaching Srinagar. The Sheikh's passing marked the end of an era which would go down in the history of Kashmir as at once turbulent and eventful. The Sheikh played a leading role in Kashmir politics for nearly half a century. Over 250 MPs were present at the funeral.

April

THE NOW-ON, NOW-OFF LAUNCH OF INSAT-1A, India's multipurpose national satellite, proved a a non-event with its premature collapse in September—less than 6 months after it took off. All seemed fine when the INSAT was declared ready for operational use on June 15. Then, on August 15, the satellite went into full-scale operation. However, on September 4, the INSAT facilities had to be suspended owing to loss of attitude orientation. By September 5, the fuel was completely depleted. Finally, on September 6, the satellite had to be abandoned. INSAT-II was originally scheduled to be launched in July 1983, but the failure of INSAT-1A has necessitated a major review of the entire programme.

May

IN A BITTERLY CONTESTED POLL, the 9-party Left Front won a massive mandate—238 seats in the 294-member State Assembly of West Bengal. The combined strength of the Opposition worked out at only 56 seats, though the Congress (I) doubled its strength in the Assembly while the Janata was totally routed. Characteristically, Chief Minister Jyoti Basu's first statement, on assuming office for his second term in succession, was that the people of West Bengal should never forget that there still was a Government in New Delhi which did not believe in democratic principles and norms. "You should always be careful," he said. "The more the votes we get, the more do we feel weighed down by a sense of responsibility." This was West Bengal's 9th poll.

June

NO COMEBACK FOR ANTULAY. Abdul Rehman Antulay continued to remain a live force in Maharashtra politics until a verdict was finally delivered (on June 10) on his appeal against the January 12 judgment of Justice Lentin in the famous cement case which led to his dramatic resignation as Chief Minister. On Antulay's appeal, a Division Bench of the Bombay High Court, comprising Justice S.K. Desai and Justice B.J. Rele, concluded that the former CM was responsible for the arbitrary allotments of cement and that there *was* a nexus between the allotments and the donations to his trusts. In separate judgments, both judges held that Antulay had acted in an "illegal, arbitrary and capricious manner".

October

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING—and the flesh isn't weak either! That Grand Old Man of Indian Aviation, J.R.D. Tata, made history when he re-enacted his first flight in a Leopard Moth (from Karachi to Bombay via Ahmedabad) to mark the golden jubilee of that event. His single-engine aircraft came in from the Ghodbunder Road side, circled the Juhu Airport and then made a touchdown in an exact replay of what had happened 50 years ago. J.R.D. Tata said that he had re-enacted the flight "to rekindle enthusiasm amongst the younger generation to do something for this country", adding: "When they're 78, I hope they'll feel as I do now: there's a lack of faith in ourselves." Reliving the experience was "like marrying a number of times", he said amidst loud applause.

November

THE GAMES MUST GO ON—so must the Akali agitation. As the talks with the Akali Dal failed on the eve of the Asian Games, the fear was widespread that the event would be disrupted at some point or other. But these fears proved unfounded as, except for the rounding up of demonstrating agitators in the Capital, nothing untoward happened. On the day preceding the Games, there was hectic political activity in the capital. The Union Cabinet met that evening to consider the situation but failed to find any basis for making a statement that could help ward off a confrontation. The unexpectedly small gathering of volunteers at the Gurdwara Bangla Sahib in Delhi, from where a protest procession was due to start on the day the Games got under way, probably influenced the Government in its stand.

December

THE SENSE OF TIMING for which Mrs Gandhi is famous was yet again demonstrated—this time in the sports arena—when she contrived to be there on the spot as the Chinese claimed the gold in the Gymnastics Team Championships. Mrs Gandhi presented the gold medal to the Chinese and the silver medal to the Japanese. It was noticed that, throughout the New Delhi Games, Chinese visitors to the Capital went out of their way to befriend Indians, making it a point to offer them small souvenirs as "tokens of our friendship and love for India". There was considerable suspense as Mrs Gandhi waited for the gymnastics results to be announced. When the verdict finally went in favour of the Chinese, Mrs Gandhi's presence in the stadium suddenly acquired added interest.

Where Have All The Heroes Gone?

by Ashok Mitra

THE problem has partly emerged in the other major cities too. What is an occasional malady elsewhere has however assumed the form of an epidemic in Calcutta. In recent years, the Corporation of Calcutta has specialised in a particular version of cultural renovation. Under its auspices and direction, almost every week, old street names in the city are wiped off, and these thoroughfares given a fresh name. The names that go out are mostly associated with the British period in Calcutta, Bengal and India: Clive Street has become Netaji Subhas Road; Dalhousie Square, named after the Governor-General preceding the outbreak of the 1857 rebellion, has been re-named Benoy-Badal-Dinesh Bagh, to commemorate the three martyrs who stormed the government secretariat in 1931. The new names, as is obvious, generally pay homage to the heroes from the days of our struggle for independence. The rationale for this splurge of re-christening old street names is weighty enough. Today's youngsters take things for granted, or else are not told what is what. When Sanjay Gandhi threatens to take precedence over Mahatma Gandhi; it is easy to understand why heroes, not so well known, tend to drift into oblivion; if nothing is done about it, soon nobody would know their names. By naming thoroughfares after them, we ensure to enshrine their memory. Those belonging to the present and future generations would now be forced to enquire who these heroes were, and what they did. A nation, if it has any pride in itself, must honour its heroes.

Must honouring heroes be at the cost of history? The British were in this country for two centuries. They built Calcutta. The city's ambience, even taking into account today's precarious condition, is a gift of the British. Besides, the imperial exploitation they indulged in is part of the historical process: it would be altogether unscientific to ignore such bits of essential data that are part of that history. Should we, at one fell sweep, obliterate all the British names: what kind of historical truth will that serve? The British are no longer here, but why should we be bashful in acknowledging that they were here? We can re-interpret history, but we cannot re-write it; we cannot re-enact historical developments simply by re-naming the streets. During the peak of the American intervention in Vietnam, Harrington Street, where the U.S. consulate in Calcutta is located, was re-named Ho Chi Minh Sarani. The wry humour in the act was of course hugely enjoyed; however, were the ploy to be repeated indiscriminately, it could begin to wear thin. The Lansdownes and the Loudons, the Ochterloneys and the Swinhoes, the Cannings and the O'Connours, each and all contributed to the raw material of Calcutta, maybe in their own imperial manner. Have we the right to deprive history of what legitimately belongs to it?

Cultural Vandalism?

It is not just alien-sounding names which have attracted the Calcutta Corporation's wrath. Local eminences pass away, but they bequeath the Corporation with a problem. Their offspring and admirers are left behind. Life is not worth living for them if a lane, road or street in the area where they lived could not be named after the departed eminences. The re-christening of streets with British names is not able to take care of the entire problem: demand exceeds supply. Lobbies then set to work. So it happens that Parsi Bazar Lane gets converted into Doctor Akhil Chandra Neogy Road. Week after week, the familiar landmarks of Calcutta continue to disappear in this manner. Sometimes, lobbies are also at work to upgrade a neighbourhood socially by changing the existing street names into what are thought to be respectable-sounding ones; thus Emdad Ustagar Lane is rendered into, let us say, Sunil Gavaskar Road. The assumption here is that to associate a road with the name of a long-departed mason or tailor or sweeper or pickpocket is *infra dig* for the present residents in the area; they deserve better, the Corporation must allow them a better-sounding name. Cultural vandalism here is therefore a by-product of cultural snobbery.

A lot of social and cultural history is packed in the fact that a particular lane or road was named after this or that person, who was not perhaps famous in the conventional sense, but whose reputation or notoriety was associated with the area in general, and with the road in particular. If he were a pickpocket, perhaps he did his first snatchings in the lane; if he were a mason or a smith, perhaps he operated from an outlet on this road; and in case it was a she, and she was a madam, perhaps once upon a time this street was part of the by-gone red light glamour over which she presided. Take Fancy Lane, which has nothing to do with a shopping arcade where fancy goods are sold; it is the thoroughfare leading on to the spot where hardened criminals used to be hanged in the eighteenth century. Or take Crooked Lane or Serpentine Lane; the name immediately helps you capture the winding contours of the thoroughfare. Umpteen such precious ingredients of history—and geography—are strewn among Calcutta's street names. Allow the Corporation to continue with its vandalism for a few more years, and much of this will be gone.

The flurry of anti-imperialism and patriotism aside, why should problems of this genre crop up at all? **Much of the difficulty arises from the fact that, in the thirtyfive years since Independence, little growth has taken place in Calcutta.** A growing city can accommodate, with relative ease, the whims and foibles of those who want streets to be named after their favourite heroes and pets. Once a city keeps expanding, each year scores of new thoroughfares come up. Nothing is then simpler than naming these thoroughfares after freedom fighters and other honoured ones. If, towards the end, some streets are still without names, one can always draw from a reserve list, consisting of names of, for example, football and cinema stars.

The problem Calcutta is facing is the morose one of retarded growth. The city is stagnating, there is little expansion either in income or in employment, whatever new construction has taken place has not broken new ground, but is confined to areas already established. Once lobbies begin to operate to have streets named after heroes, the Corporation is easily flustered. It cannot produce new roads. It can only shuffle, much in the manner of cards in a pack, the given number of thoroughfares, and, for a few, cross out the old names, and substitute them by new ones. There is also an additional problem: the demand for naming roads after eminences is, most of the time, location-specific. The stretch of New Alipore, easily covering an area of four square miles, is still largely covered by the portmanteau address of Diamond Harbour Road, and is parcelled out in a number of ugly-sounding blocks. Here is an opportunity to name at least thirty-odd roads or lanes after this or that hero. But rigidities will be rigidities. A football hero belonged to Shambazar; it will not do to name after him a road in New Alipore—which is six miles way south—; he must be given a road in Shambazar itself, otherwise there is every danger of a civil disobedience movement, which, these days, hardly stays civil for long.

Inverted Snobbery

There you have, in a microcosm, the dilemma facing Bengali society. Perhaps because a great deal of the economic, social and cultural directions the Bengali has traversed towards has had a British source of inspiration, there is a latent insistence on disowning that heritage. To be fair, this is only one part of the story. The fervour to be a nationalist, true to the grain, is there too, and, lately, thanks to the spreading influence of the Marxist movement, is combined with a genuine passion for international awareness. And yet, and this is the tragic aspect of it, Calcutta is a declining city, from both the industrial and the commercial points of view, nothing grows here, your effulsions of nationalism as much as internationalism lead you, for the present, to nowhere, developments continue to pass Calcutta by.

Stalled and frustrated in this manner, Calcutta reacts with an inverted snobbery which, sadly, also bears traces of some of the worst forms of parochialism. It withdraws into itself. It cannot create new history, it is unable to evolve new contours of geography either, so it has as putty clay only some road and place names. It keeps arranging and re-arranging them, crossing out old names for new, crossing out humble-sounding names for snootier-sounding ones. And, if it can neither get rid of religiosity nor immediately usher in the revolution, it re-styles Dharamtola Street and calls it Lenin Sarani.

The renaming of streets is a common phenomenon in most cities today, and Bombay is no exception. Apollo Street is named Bombay Samachar Marg.

General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT)

Spectre Of Trade War

The GATT Ministers adopted another "Declaration" at the November meeting. The gains for the Third World, however, are minor; and, the ghost of a trade war continues to loom large, says the author.

by C. Raghavan

GENEVA: Trade Ministers have come and gone. The dust and din of the controversies around the Gatt Ministerial meeting — which often looked like a Roman Circus — has settled. After considerable wrangling privately, and public posturings through the media, GATT Ministers have adopted another "Declaration" which has no legal value. At the most it might mean that everyone will make their "best endeavours" to do what they have "contracted" to do as an "obligation" by signing the General Agreement. The next six months will show whether in fact they would do so, and specially whether the three major trading partners—the USA, the EEC and Japan—will keep the multilateral trading system going or continue to form trading blocs and a "nonsystem" working in tandem with the present monetary "nonsystem" to push the world economy further towards the days of a Great Depression like the one in the 30s.

The GATT Director-General, Arthur Dunkel, told the opening session that the 80-odd GATT members accounted for 80 per cent of the 2000 billion-dollar world trade in 1981. But some current studies under way show that in fact only about 30 per cent of world trade or 600 billion dollars are conducted under GATT trading rules and obligations. Any assessment of the outcome of the Geneva meeting has to keep this in mind.

Trade War

Both before the meeting, and since then, there is renewed talk of a trade war—whether one would actually take place depends on other forces than the outcome of the meeting and the merits of the "Declaration" adopted. A trade war and a breakup of the world economic system would be the outcome of the deep-seated causes straining the international economy. They are beyond the ken of the Trade Ministers to solve.

On the whole, however, the GATT Ministerial discussions and the Declaration will be helpful to the Third World. Going beyond this, the Third World had some "negative" gains in what they prevented being put into the "Declaration", and some "positive" gains in what they managed to include. Both will be of some benefit to them, if the tattered multilateral trading system survives.

The GATT Ministerial meeting was not sought by the Third World. The rich countries did not implement their promises of 1963, 1965 and 1972 when they were prosperous, and are even less likely to do so now. The meeting was initiated by the industrialised nations. In the preparatory phase since early this year, and in the negotiations since October and in the meeting, the Third World faced "demands" to agree to start a process of reversing its gains, very limited as they are, of the past two decades within the system. This the Third World managed to stave off.

The demands on it were for legitimising the concepts of "selectivity" to replace the fundamental GATT principle of Most-Favoured-Nation (MFN) treatment, to agree to a round of North-South negotiations to phase out through "graduation" the benefits of the General System of Preferences for its imports in the markets of the industrialised countries, and to replace the "special and preferential" treatment to it, incorporated in GATT, by the principle of "reciprocity" between the rich and the powerful on the one side and the poor and the weak on the other. These would help to restructure international economic relations not towards the New International Economic Order but towards the prewar colonial and neocolonial relationships.

The "selectivity" principle was sought to be injected into a decision on "safeguards" — the import restrictive actions that a country can take in an emergency when imports cause or threaten serious injury to domestic production. Apart from the criteria set in the relevant GATT provision in its Article XIX, now such actions can be taken only on a non-discriminatory MFN basis i.e. against imports from all sources. The industrialised nations want to be able to pick and choose the various sources to be restricted. The EEC and Europe have always favoured this, and the US has now joined this group. Very strong pressures were put on the Third World which successfully resisted it.

The North-South round of negotiations, proposed by the US and Switzerland, were also rejected, and with it the concepts of "graduation" and "reciprocity".

Ever since the ministerial meeting was decided upon in mid-1981, the US has hijacked the meeting, and has been trying to bring into GATT new issues—"trade in services", "investment" and "high technology and services". The first two, and the application of the GATT principles of "free trade" under MFN rules and equal treatment to national and foreign enterprises would have resulted in a free hand for the Transnational Corporations in the Third World, re-establishing in India another "East India Company" that came to trade and set up "factories" and took over the country. The "high technology" is aimed at the moment against Europe, but in the medium term the Third World, too, would be the target.

"Investment" Issue

The "investment" issue, cosmetically changed into "trade-related performance requirements" had to be given up by the US before any serious negotiations could begin at the ministerial level. The nigh technology issue is now to be discussed in the GATT Council, where the rule of consensus operates even more strongly. There was a decision of sorts on "services" but one that could give no satisfaction to the United States. Countries have been "recommended" to undertake national studies on various sectors of "services"—and the Third World has made clear that these will cover for them also "labour services" or labour migration. The results of the studies are to be exchanged through "international organisations such as GATT", and the 1984 GATT annual meeting will consider whether a multilateral framework for "services" is appropriate and desirable. All the threats and bullying tactics of the US could get no more than this. The Third World has maintained its fundamental position that GATT has no jurisdiction, and despite Brazil's "weakening" under US pressure, and the Philippines-led ASEAN wobbling, the Third World stood firm. Directly and specifically by countries like Tanzania, Uruguay, Uganda and Nicaragua, or indirectly like India and Sri Lanka, reservations about the "competence" have been entered and stay.

SHIVRAJ PATIL. India's Union Minister of State for Commerce.

In all these matters, India played a major role, and by standing firm, emerged with enhanced reputation from the GATT Ministers among the Third World countries. Brazil, the ASEAN and some of the far east's so-called newly industrialised countries (NICs) were seen to lack much influence. Apart from the earlier hard work of Indian official negotiators, credit must be given to the Indian Minister, Shivraj Patil, who made his debut in international negotiations, and acquitted himself well. Apart from the forthright stand he took in his speech on these issues, Patil was involved in a small ministerial group chosen by the Canadian Foreign Minister Mceachen who chaired the conference. The group was so constituted that India was somewhat isolated (the only two other Third World countries were Philippines and Brazil). The two proposals put forward by Mceachen after this—one for selective safeguards by consent, and the other on services—were rejected by the Third World group where India's "silence" was rightly seen as non-support and had more effect than Phillippines pleas and Brazil's wobbly support. The lesson was not lost on the industrialised countries.

The positive gains of the Third World out of the "Declaration' lie in the mechanisms that have been created to pursue implementation of the past promises and some of the committments enshrined in the General Agreement. In the preparatory phase, in a committee chaired by Canada's Donald Mcphail, the opposing viewpoints on these and other issues had been so solidified that by end of October, the outlook for the meeting had become bleak. India's Bhagirath Lal Das, Chairman of the GATT Council, then took over the task of trying to reconcile viewpoints, and between him and the key group of Third World negotiators chaired by Colombia's Felipe Jaramillo, the spokesman of the group, considerable headway on some of the Third World issues had been made. Das was singled out by all for encomiums at the GATT meeting.

In the fight between US and EEC, and between the North and the South on some new or non-issues, these gains remained, and have been incorporated in the final "Declaration"

Firstly, all the promises and commitments to the Third World have been brought back into the GATT agenda and work programme for the 80s. There is now a renewed promise to bring about a general understanding to be adopted by the 1983 GATT annual meeting on the issue of "safeguards" based on the principles of the General Agreement, and incorporating some six important elements. This has been the Third World's demand since the Tokyo Round negotiations.

Secondly, the industrialised countries have been reminded of their "obligations" in the commitments entered into by them in part IV of GATT and specially Article 37 on trade policy measures favouring the Third World. The GATT Trade and Development Committee (TDC) has now been asked to enter into "consultations" (which in GATT means more than its normal usage would convey) with industrial countries, individually or collectively, on a regular basis, to examine how each of them have responded to the special provisions and responsibilities cast on them by Part IV.

Thirdly, the Contracting Parties (members of GATT), on the basis of studies and work programme already done by the TDC, will hold consultations and appropriate negotiations, for liberalizing the trade in tropical products, including in their processed and semiprocessed forms, and review the elimination or reduction of existing barriers to this trade.

Special Group

A special group is to be created to review the quantitative restrictions (QRs) and other non-tariff barriers maintained against Third World countries. These QRs and other barriers are tabooed by General Agreement, but have remained and proliferated, despite repeated promises of the Industrial Nations to remove them. The new group will enable the Third World to exercise some pressure for their removal, or force the industrial countries to bring them under GATT discipline-which means multilateral surveillance, justification, compensation etc.

The entire textiles and clothing trade (now covered by the MFA III till 1986) is to be studied on a priority basis, aimed at further liberalisation of trade, including the possibility of full application of GATT provisions to this sector. The study is to be completed in time for examination by the GATT annual meeting in 1984.

There were also a few minor gains, including one for use of the notification procedures of GATT asking all Contracting Parties to advise the GATT about goods produced and exported by them that are banned for sale domestically on grounds of human health and safety. The list of these hazardous and toxic products will now be available in one place, and the GATT is to consider what further action may be needed. ■

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(RUPEES IN CRORES)

Turnover		Net Profit		Equity Dividend	
1981	1982	1981	1982	1981	1982
32.77	38.25	4.90	5.40	22%	23%

PRESSMAN

Hook Line And Sinker

Fishing is a lucrative way to earn foreign exchange, says the author.

by Asha Suri

FISHING is among the oldest of human activities, dating back to the time when man was still living in caves, hunting animals for food and using their skins to keep warm. He used the crudest of weapons—he either clubbed the animal to death or used a spear with a stone or flint head. Catching fish was very much a hit or miss game requiring a great deal of patience, as any angler will tell you even today.

The very first "hook" was probably just a stone used as a bait which was meant to get stuck in the gullet of the unwary fish. The earliest hook was in all likelihood just a thorn, and the first rod a sapling from a tree, connected by a vine or tendril.

As the commercial possibilities increased, man devised means to catch fish on a larger scale What was more, as his horizons widened, he realised that fish is not exclusive to rivers and ponds, but is found in even greater abundance and variety in the oceans.

It was still a far cry indeed from the large scale commercial fishing of today, where fish caught by mechanical means in thousands of tonnes, is cleaned, processed, packed and sent to the supermarket.

Large-Scale Fishing

The methods commonly used now for large-scale fishing include trawling and seining. The trawl is a bag-shaped net, dragged on or near the bottom of the sea. Its mouth is kept open by a beam across the head, or by the pressure of water on wooden kites known as *otter boards* attached to the sides of the mouth, or the wings of the net. The beam trawl is used only on small fishing craft, whereas the otter trawl is to be found on all but the smallest of trawlers. Basically, trawling involves the use of a hemisphere of netting to surround the fish, in which they are trapped and brought to the surface. Trawling is known to have been practised in Britain as early as 1640. The industry was enlarged during the last century, and given a tremendous boost by the advent of the steam trawler.

Seining also involves the use of a net. Both seining and trawling involve surrounding the shoal with a strong wall of netting, and drawing together the bottom of the net by purse-lines to trap the fish. The most efficient form of seine to catch demersal fish is the Danish seine. This method involves first encircling an area of the seabed with two ropes of equal length (at times as much as a mile long), which are attached to each wing of a trawl-shaped net, and secondly, drawing in the rope to an anchored ship, thus cutting down the area of seabed that is surrounded. Fish are driven before the moving ropes of the encircled area, and subsequently entrapped in the net and drawn up to the fishing vessel.

With the introduction of mechanisation in all spheres of commerce and industry, fisheries have also made tremendous strides in the last few years, along with its subsidiary industry of processing, freezing, canning and oil extraction.

Fortunately, most fish are extremely prolific; for example, a female turbot can produce more than eight million eggs in one spawning season, and a cod as many as four-and-a-half million.

The South African fisheries were developed about 50 years ago, and just prior to the Second World War, the Japanese fisheries were supplying half the total of the world's fish. The United States fisheries were then the second largest in the world. The situation has not changed, and Japan still leads the world in the field of fisheries.

USA, the Scandinavian countries, Britain and Japan have well established fishing industries. Unfortunately, we cannot say the same for India We have made a late start in this field and the industry is beset with problems.

India has as many as 120,000 small fishing craft to its credit, but it can boast of only 13,000 mechanised vessels, out of which the proper trawlers number just 52. This is a paltry figure when seen in the context of India's population and the length of her coastline.

Five years ago India declared a two-hundred-mile Exclusive Economic Zone to "explore, exploit, manage and conserve the resources of her seas" but this is another case of progress lagging behind good intentions.

The Indian Ocean covers 74,947 million sq km and has a potential yield of approximately 14 to 15 million tonnes of fish. But though we complain of depleting land resources, only ten per cent of this sea has been exploited. Our yield could easily be close to four million tonnes. The most productive region is that of the continental shelf; and thirty per cent of this potential could come from the 50-metre depth, over 5 per cent between this and the 200-metre depth, which is unexploited, and 15 per cent from waters beyond this zone. The coasts of Gujarat, Maharashtra, Goa, Kerala, Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh account for almost the entire fishing in the country.

The Export Scene

Out of the potential yield of the Indian Ocean, India could comfortably account for very much more than it does. Two-thirds of sardine oil, 90 per cent of the mackerel catch, 80 per cent of the prawns, almost all the Bombay duck come from the Indian coast.

India exported marine products worth Rs 32.5 crores between April and September last year. However, though this figure shows an increase of Rs 23 crores, there is no cause for complacency, as the actual amount of fish exported had dropped by 3,000 tonnes. In other words, though the foreign exchange earnings showed a rise of about 20 per cent, in actual fact the exports had dropped by almost 8.5 per cent. One of the major reasons for this was the termination of the Indo-Thai charter of Deep Sea fishing vessels which were operating in the Andamans, as well as poor catches of commercially important fish.

Frozen shrimp, frogs' legs and lobster tails are always in great demand as export items. Out of these, frozen shrimp heads the list, and our main market for this is Japan. Here again, because of the rising world prices, the deceptive index shows an increase of foreign exchange earnings, while the actual quantity had dropped. To offset this, the export of this item to the USA has fortunately shown an upward trend both in terms of quantity and export earnings. The demand for frogs' legs, an extremely popular item in the Western hemisphere, has suddenly doubled, from 650 tonnes to more than 1300 tonnes. To the USA alone the export has quadrupled, while the monetary value of this has gone up seven times. These are markets which could very easily absorb a far larger quantity of our exportable marine life.

BOUNTY FROM THE SEA. Mechanised fishing has overtaken age-old net and line methods

Fishing Vessels

The trawlers in India are both Government-owned as well as operated by private sector undertakings. Konkan Fisheries heads the list with eight such vessels, and Union Carbide is next with seven to its credit. Next come New India Fisheries with five, and Pron Magnet with four. West Bengal also operates four trawlers and Gujarat, Andhra Pradesh, India Tobacco, Dolphin Fisheries, Phoenix International have two trawlers each.

A major problem as far as India is concerned is the inadequate number of suitable fishing vessels.

Fortunately, the Union Government has taken some action in this matter and the Shipping Development Fund Committee has finally sanctioned the necessary loans for the import of 20 trawlers from the Netherlands.

Some of the larger modern trawlers in use today are marvels of mechanisation and efficiency; far from being mere fishing vessels, they are self-contained, mobile, processing and canning factories, ensuring that the catch reaches the consumers as fresh as it was the minute it left the ocean bed. In keeping with the jet age, India too should have a far larger number of such vessels, making the village fishermen and their melodious chants an item to be consigned to poets or to the past. ■

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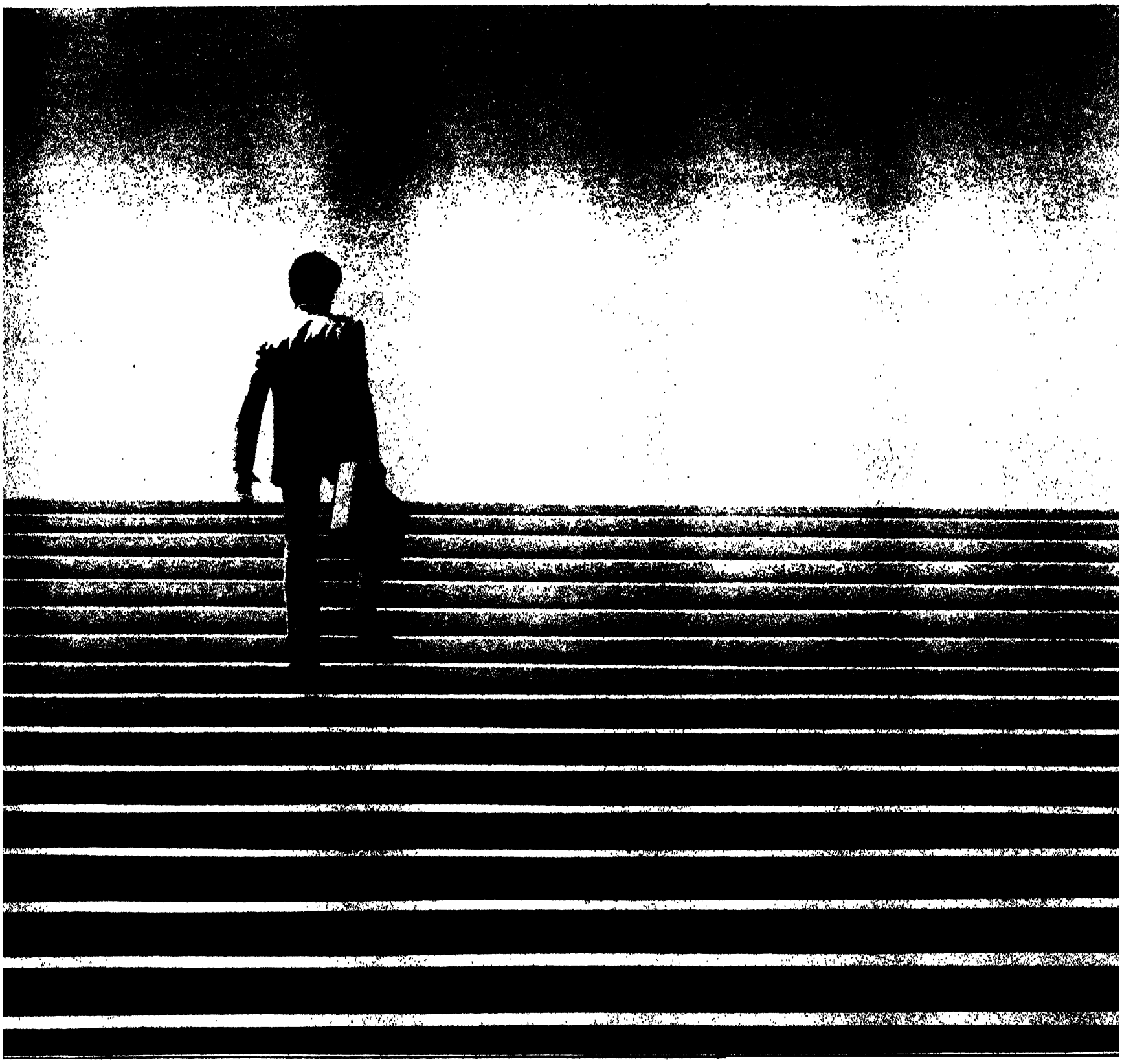


That's Business

From Our Special Correspondent

Pakistan Forging Ahead

—V.P. Punj

"They look well-fed and well-clothed," observes Mr V.P. Punj, President of the Punjab, Haryana and Delhi Chamber of Commerce and Industry, who recently led a 22-member business delegation to Pakistan. The observation echoes, as it were, the World Development Report 1982, which points out that whereas Pakistan's average per capita GNP growth rate for 1960-80 was 2 8 per cent, India's was only half as much.

Mr Punj says that Pakistan may be behind India in heavy engineering, but that country's consumer goods and light engineering industries have made notable progress. The Indian team visited a foundry and a tractor factory in Lahore, an electrical equipment unit in Gujranwala and a textile mill in Faisalabad.

Trade and industrial collaboration between the two countries is, of course, virtually non-existent, having been sacrificed at the altar of political hostility. Even in global tenders, Pakistan tends, mechanically, to reject Indian bids unless it is a World Bank-aided project. Mr Punj, whose main business interests are air-conditioning and refrigeration, has done an industrial insulation job worth $ 1 million for the Fauji Fertiliser Company of Multan.

"I wish the Wagah border could be opened," says the PHDCCI chief, ex pressing a sentiment that is shared by many businessmen on both sides of the border. "The two countries should also collaborate in West Asia, Pakistan supplying Muslim labour, not an unimportant consideration in that region."

"What happens to them when it comes to implementing economic programmes?" is the question that many businessmen are asking in the wake of the Asiad. The answer, as everyone knows, is that implementation of economic programmes is not treated as a prestige issue and is, therefore, devoid of political will.

"Why were ten luxury hotels planned?" is another question quivering on many lips. That occupancy in the new hotels was not even 50 per cent is scorcely surprising. Adding 2,690 rooms to the existing 3,000 rooms for the Asiad (eventually, when the hotels are complete, the additions would be 4,354 rooms) was based on the expectation that tourist traffic in November 1982 would be 15 per cent higher than in November 1981. Inquiries at the Department of Tourism reveal that the increase was only 5.5 per cent—from 80,371 to 84,898.

Wide publicity abroad of the Akali agitation in India and the outbreak of dengue fever cannot fully explain the shortfall. It seems that the planners, under the impetus of unstinted support from the top, simply overshot the mark. Waiting in the wings to take advantage of the host of concessions on offer for the construction of hotels for the Asiad were promoters, some of them with known links with the ruling party.

Now the promoters are worried, along with the Industrial Finance Corporation which acted as the lead institution for financial assistance to the hotel projects. The following companies received loans: Asian Hotels Rs 22 crore; Bharat Hotels Rs 16.4 crore; C.J. International Hotels Rs 24.5 crore; Cosmopolitan Hotels Rs 9.5 crore; Hotel Corporation Rs 13.5 crore; India Tourism Development Corporation Rs 9.7 crore; Northern Enterprises Corporation Rs 8.6 crore; and Siddarth Intercontinental Hotels Rs 6.1 crore. These loans have a substantial foreign exchange component. The total cost of the ten hotels is estimated at over Rs 200 crore.

Paper Crisis

India's per capita paper consumption is among the lowest in the world, being only 2 kg compared to 257 kg in the US. "And yet the industry will soon face a raw material crisis unless we go in for man-made forests, which could be developed in the joint sector or, preferably, on the basis of leases given to paper mills," says Mr L.M. Thapar, Chairman of the Development Council for Paper, Pulp and Allied Industries.

Recycling of waste paper and use of wheat and rice straw cannot, according to him, fill the gap in raw material supply. Nor does he visualise bagasse emerging as a viable alternative source of raw material. The sugar factories, crushing over 150 million tonnes of sugarcane, yield around 15 million tonnes of bagasse, which could be converted into 2.5 million tonnes of paper—twice the present production. But the snag is that bagasse is being used by the sugar industry itself as a source of energy. Nonetheless, this has not discouraged

MR L.M. THAPAR, Chairman of the Development Council for Paper, Pulp and Allied Industries.

the Tamil Nadu Newsprint and Paper Limited from entering into an experimental agreement with sugar mills in the region.

Mr Thapar's Ballarpur Industries, the second-biggest manufacturer of paper in the country, is now expanding into production of electrical grade paper. A plant is coming up at Yamunanagar in Haryana in collaboration with Messrs Tervakoski Osakeyhtio of Finland. Trial runs are scheduled for March. At present the entire requirement of special grade paper is met through imports costing Rs 6.5 crore.

More Shut Than Open

Efforts are being made to sell India to the West European investor. Three in-

MR V.N. CHANNA, Secretary, India Investment Centre.

vestment seminars held recently in West Europe—at Dusseldorf, Paris and Stratford-on-Avon—are to culminate in a major conference in New Delhi from January 16 to 18.

Mr V.N. Channa, Secretary, India Investment Centre, says that the New Delhi conference will focus on four areas of collaboration—automative components, electronics and component equipment, telecommunications and engineering plastics. He is expecting 100 businessmen and industrialists from the EEC countries to meet with 300 Indian counterparts. Says Mr Channa: "The European seminars were encouraging, particularly the one at Dusseldorf."

However, ritualistic invitations to foreign investors will not suffice. The attitude may have changed slightly, but the rules remain the same, which means that the door is still kept more shut than open. The scepticism of the foreign investor yet again found expression in the critical remarks of Dr Shigeo Nagano, President, Japan Chamber of Commerce and Industry, who headed a 60-member Japanese delegation at the joint meeting of the India-Japan Business Cooperation Committee in New Delhi on December 7.

Secret Of Success

As the only public sector fertiliser unit which has shown sustained profits over the last six years, how is Madras Fertiliser Limited different from the others? It's unusual equity composition—American Oil Company and National Iranian Oil Company each hold 24.5 per cent shares—may have something to do with it.

MR P.N. ARUNACHALAM, Operations Manager, Madras Fertiliser Limited.

Mr P.N. Arunachalam, Operations Manager of MFL, says: "Although the Americans left long ago, we inherited an excellent system of professional management. Further, we have never compromised on job specifications. Therefore, our capacity utilisation is 85 per cent, whereas the average for the public sector units is 60 per cent. A'so, steam drives based on waste heat recovery meet 80 per cent of the plant's energy requirement, making it almost self-sufficient."

He further points out: "Our plant has the best safety record among the 104 fertiliser units in the world, having run 19 million man-hours since 1974 without a single loss-time accident."

Merchant Banker's Coup

Mr William Knight is possibly among the world's most successful merchant bankers (men who arrange credit packages). Till recently, Mr Knight looked after the operations of Lloyds Bank International in Hong Kong. For the last few months, most of the giant international banks have been getting increasingly nervous about the world's precarious financial system. At the same time, they continue to compete frantically with one another to lend money!

During one typical six-week period last year, Mr Knight stayed at 15 hotels in nearly as many countries. He has dropped normal banking practices and prefers to go and grab business. He once staged a psychological and financial coup by changing planes in Bangkok so that he could fly on to Hong Kong with a senior Thai official who was going there to secure a loan. When the plane landed at Hong Kong, the other bankers who had arrived at the Kai-tak Airport to greet the Thai official found they had already lost the initiative.

When Mr C. R. Sengupta, the Executive Director of the IDBI, stopped in Hong Kong for a day, Mr Knight contrived to spend most of that day with him, thus pre-empting the other bankers.

Lloyds had been lobbying for months to arrange IDBI's first international syndicated loan, and thanks to Mr Knight they later succeeded in arranging the 25-million loan as planned. ■

Mountains Of Fire

by Shyamala Mahadevan

Volcanoes are the mavericks of mountains. Though they are generally thought of as synonymous with death and destruction, in so far as they benefit the earth with minerals and energy they are also a symbol of life.

IT was once believed that the God of Fire resided in volcanic craters and vented his wrath on those who offended him. And, fearful of this anger animists and pagans resorted to human sacrifices to appease the god. Even today, in some of the islands of the Far East, animals are sacrificed and agricultural produce is offered with prayers to invoke the protection and blessings of the God of Fire against explosions and destruction.

The very word "volcano" seems to reflect man's version of the fire-breathing mountain. The Latin word *Vulcanus* is said to have been derived from the name of an ancient island called *Vulcano*. The early Romans believed that the smoking mountain was the home of Vulcan, the Roman God of Fire. He was also regarded as the Blacksmith of the Gods and the noise and impact from the explosions were believed to have been caused when he pounded on his anvil.

About 500 active volcanoes are known to us and they are scattered the world over—in the Arctic, Antarctic, Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean shores besides the Equatorial belt. The Indonesian archipelago has the largest number of volcanoes, and it is closely followed by the Philippines, Japan and Hawaii. Still others are located in the Americas, South-

PUFFS OF FURY. A volcano in Mexico. Below: *"A Jack In The Box"on a vanishing island, near Iceland.*

ern Africa, the West Indies, Iceland, Italy and Turkey. There are volcanoes in the sea as well.

Pattern Of Activity

Volcanoes do not all behave alike—each has its own pattern of activity. Some erupt in cycles whereas some are perpetually active. Mt Galunggung, in Central Java, erupts once in eighty years and has the largest series of eruptions. Some of the Hawaian volcanoes display predictable intervals. On the other hand Mt Merapi in Java has been spewing lava continuously for more than half a century. Some volcanoes, like Vesuvius, are marked by violent blast-ups which litter the surrounding areas with debris. Intermediate eruptions that occur in some are characterised by intermittent phases of explosions followed by quieter outpourings of lava. In still others, the volcanic matter is ejected from the fissures on the cone instead of through the vent.

The earth's crust consists of large areas of relatively light rock called plates. These float on an area of denser rock called the mantle, which covers the liquid outercore of the earth. Explosions occur when lava is expelled from the earth's interior.

A typical eruption results in the formation of either a cone with a funnel-shaped opening called crater or a larger basin-shaped depression called caldera. These in turn are connected with the reservoir of magma, a substance found deep down in the earth, through a shaft. Magma is called lava when it spills out. The smoldering mountains throw out enormous quantities of molten rock emitting massive clouds of burning cinders, hot ash, dust, smoking gases and steam from the various minerals embedded in the rocks.

Red Or White Hot

Lava is red or white hot when it bubbles over but turns darker as it cools down. The landscape around presents striking evidence of the type of eruption and the quality of lava. In the volcanic belts, new material from the interior is forced up to the surface creating new forms in some areas whereas in some others the surface sinks. It has been observed that Mt Merapi in Java has increased in height from 2,911 mt to 2,965 mt due to lava deposits over its summit recently. The consistency of lava also differs from volcano to volcano. However,if the lava is thin, the gases escape easily and if thick, the release of the trapped gases turns out to be forceful resulting in violent explosions

Volumes of gases, both poisonous and non-poisonous, released along with ignitious matter shoot up to thousands of metres during an eruption. Mt Merapi once threw up waves of sooty smoke reaching a height of 3,000 metres. The heavy smoke pervaded the atmosphere in massive dark clouds covering a radius of 20 km with layers of soot, ash and dust, one metre thick.

The kinds of gases that are belched out not only vary from volcano to volcano but also from region to region. However, it is steam which is the main force behind the explosions. Volcanic gases consist of carbon dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, fluorine and chlorine. The gases emitted from the deposited mineral matter react on the surrounding surface.

Volcanic eruptions are no doubt highly destructive, but, at the same time,they do benefit our earth. They abound in minerals and energy, and their presence ensures the fertility of the soil. The rocks are used for constructing buildings, bridges, roads, etc. The pumice stone found in abundance is useful as an abrasive and the sulphur deposits are being commercially exploited. The basalt layer, in the lava flow, and volcanic ash are potential sources for tracing geological dates, age and history of the earth. Above all, from these natural steam-boilers, geo-thermal energy is being successfully utilised for heating purposes and generating power in Japan and Iceland. All this indicates how full of potential the volcanoes are.

■

The Roman God Vulcan

Vulcan, from whose name the term "volcano" is derived, is the Roman God of Fire and, in particular, of furnaces. The destructive nature of fire bred in the ancient Romans an awesome fear of incurring the wrath of this god. So, every 23rd of August the feast of Vulcan, Vulcanalia, *was celebrated. On this day devout Romans offered tiny fish to the flames. The fish symbolised human lives for whose preservation they were offered.*

Vulcan married Venus; and his Hellenic counterpart is Hephaistos. Strangely, Vulcan had no legends of his own. So, he remains a "tough, practical Roman craftsman."

Know You Not Pompeii

The ruins of Pompeii are world famous. Pompeii owes this fame to the catastrophe which struck in AD 79—the eruption of Mt Vesuvius.

A vivid eyewitness account of this event is preserved in two letters written by Pliny the Younger to Tacitus. We learn how his uncle Pliny the Elder, commander of the Roman fleet in Naples Bay, went ashore on learning of an unusual cloud formation. His curiosity aroused, the Elder Pliny was anxious to discover the cause of this seemingly unnatural phenomenon. And, fascinated by what he saw, Pliny strayed too close to the mountain; collapsed, "choked by the thick vapours", and died—one of the 16,000 believed to have been killed in Pompeii alone.

In this, the first detailed record of any volcanic eruption, Pliny the Younger writes, "You might hear of the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the shouts of men ... some lifted up their hands to the gods; others were convinced that there were no gods at all and the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world." But Pliny (the Elder) "steered directly for the dangerous spot whence the others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them."

G.P.

A DECEPTIVE CALM. Below left: *East Java alone knows the full fury of Mount Batok.*

WHITE WITH RAGE is Mount Bromo, also in East Java.

The Weekly Pick

Curry And Rice

Capt G.F. Atkinson Time Books International Rs 375

The "Ingredients of Social Life" it is — and is it spicy! The list of 40 subjects include "*Our* Doctor's Wife", *Our Bath*, *Our Burra Khanah* and *Our Tiger Shooting*. Each contemporary account about the mid-nineteenth century is accompanied by a sketch — characteristic of British understatement and perhaps some superiority, particularly in the sketches of the "natives" Although, humour is not totally absent

Temples And Legends Of Kerala

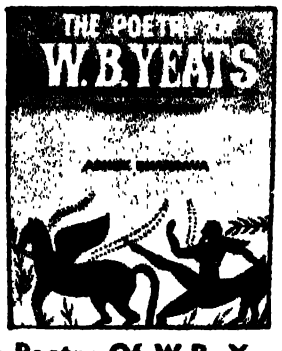
K.R. Vaidyanathan Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—Rs 30

The author has selected 25 outstanding temples of Kerala and he speaks of their legends, origins, rites and festivals. *The Lord of Guruvayur* and *A Temple For Serpents* are the more interesting chapters. As all temple specialists are only too well aware, the temples of Kerala are better known for their rituals than their architecture. Vaidyanathan also points out that despite the influence of Marxism, "the gods and goddesses in Kerala seem more real than elsewhere."

Rudolf Steiner On The Bhagavad Gita

Shakuntala Publishing House.

Two lecture series are included: *The Bhagavad Gita And The Epistles Of St Paul* and *The Occult Foundations Of The Bhagavad Gita*. Rudolf Steiner can, in the context of the 20th Century, be compared to Leonardo da Vinci in his own time. Such elemental ideas as cosmology, godhead, Christ-impulse and Krishna-impulse are explained and analysed. In an age of materialism, it may prove rewarding to look at life once again from a universal *guru's* point of view.

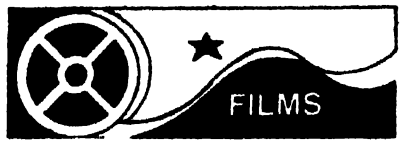


The Poetry Of W.B. Yeats—

Ashok Bhargava Arnold—Heinemann Rs 50

Yeats means more to the litterateurs of this country than just another English poet of the early 20th century With his death anniversary coming up towards the end of January, it is perhaps appropriate to reassess him as a myth-maker. In his poetry, myths are a compound of different mythologies, rituals, histories and dreams. The Indian influence is unmistakably there.

Julie



A Complete *Devdas*

Bangladesh's archives have been able to put together a full print of P.C. Barua's Bengali film, *Devdas*, thanks to Syed Najimudin Hashim, the Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Bangladesh. His decade-long search, which took him through places like New Delhi, Paris, London, Bonn, Moscow and Tashkent, ended when the print was found—two reels in June 1981 and ten this month—from the store dump of the Bangladesh Film Development Corporation.

—Trade Guide

Cagey Miss Swanson

If it's true that all the world loves a loves a lover then Gloria Swanson need not be cagey about an affair she once had with old Joe Kennedy. The 83-year-old actress has just given 100 items of memorabilia pertaining to her life and career to the University of Texas, including love letters from Mr Kennedy. But she has insisted the letters remain sealed till 2000 AD so as not to hurt the feelings of 92-year-old Mrs Rose Kennedy. Now the world will have to wait till the turn of the century when both Miss Swanson or Mrs Kennedy will either be dead or beyond caring to find out if it is all in the lady's mind.

—Sunday Mid-Day

Intermittent Love

Italian film maker Franco Zefferelli counted 18 advertising breaks during a late night showing of his *Romeo and Juliet*. One of them interrupted the balcony scene. Zefferelli called up his lawyers to sue the television company for $2 million. Now the protest has swelled to 25 leading film makers, including Frederico Fellini and Ermmano Olmi. They are looking for legal means to curb ad inserts during their films and hope to have all advertisements run only at the beginning and end of the film

—The Sunday Observer

Wine Line

If any celebrity endorser had seemed snug in his position, it was oracular, oratorial Orson Welles, who boasted that Paul Masson vineyards let nothing go "before its time". But the winemaker let Welles go, and has now replaced him with that quintessential enunciator, Sir John Gielgud, whose first two ads put him in an art gallery and amid a forest of football players. Gielgud would seem more at home with a Mouton Rothschild than a Masson party jug.

—Time

Peace Of Mind

Hollywood actor Martin Sheen, who plays an American reporter in Attenborough's *Gandhi*, found the whole experience so moving that he says he will never again appear in a war film like *Apocalypse Now* or one that extols violence.

Celebrity

Jackie

Book Controversy

Mystery surrounds the postponement of the release of a pictorial book on Sanjay Gandhi on his 36th birth anniversary due apparently to a controversial chapter written by Mohammed Yunus.

The book contains 1,000 rare photographs and articles on the life of Sanjay and was to be released at the Son of India exhibition at Pragati Maidan by the President on December 14.

—Indian Express

House Journal?

Rajiv Gandhi is likely to back yet another magazine. The tentative name is *India 2000* and the initial work on the magazine is being done by Salman Khurshid (son of Union State Minister Khurshid Alam Khan) who till recently was Officer on Special Duty in Mrs. Gandhi's secretariat.

Rajiv's idea is to have a magazine which will counter the criticism the Congress (I) (and more particularly he and his mother) gets from sections of the press.

In short *India 2000* is going to be the house magazine of 1, Safdarjung Road.

—The Sunday Observer

Imperturbable Mrs G

A small pandal put up near the helipad to receive Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on her arrival in Gulbarga was suddenly blown off due to gusty winds produced by the helicopter as it landed.

Unmindful of the incident, Mrs. Gandhi exchanged pleasantries with State Ministers who were there to meet her and drove to the meeting ground where a big crowd cheered her braving the afternoon sun.

—Express News Service

'Black' TVs

The Government of India's 'gift' colour TV scheme has had several unexpected consequences. It has led to the blackmarketing of colour TVs in Dubai, Hong Kong and Singapore, where the premium per set is $ 300/-.

The Civil Aviation Ministry's policy decision that freighter charters to India would be carried by Air India alone has been relaxed in case of imported TVs, resulting in huge foreign exchange losses.

Meanwhile *Sony* of Japan has started manufacturing colour TV sets for the Indian market at a furious pace.

—Sunday

Goldie

Humane Or Horrible?

The case of Charlie Brooks Jr (the first person in the US to be executed by injection) seemed so unfair to former District Attorney Jack Strickland who had prosecuted him, that he joined Brooks' lawyers in seeking stays of execution. The lawyers' plea was that the authorities had never determined whether it was Brooks or his accomplice, Loudres, who had actually fired the shot and neither man volunteered the information. "Only one shot was fired," said Strickland. "And you don't know who fired it." "One guy lives, and one guy dies (and that) strikes the citizen as unfair."

—Michael Reese

Extravaganzas And Unemployment

At the opening of "La Belle Epoque, 1890-1914," the costume exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, William F. Buckley, whose wife, Pat, was chairman of the event, said, "If there were more extravaganzas like this, there would be less unemployment. Cole Porter was once condemned for having 30,000 candles at one party. Porter said he was simply employing 30,000 candlemakers."

—Cathleen McGuigan

Stylish Flogging

Pakistan may not have the nuclear bomb yet, but it does have plenty of whips—and it uses them. When Zia was asked to justify Pakistan's widespread practice of flogging people convicted of political crimes or offenses, such as drinking, thievery and sexual immorality Zia said flogging is allowed under Islamic law. He mentioned "a style of flogging" and was asked if there was a difference between "flogging with style and flogging without style." Flogging with style, he explained, meant taking precautions to avoid causing permanent physical injury: "how long the whip should be, where the person should be struck and where the body should be placed." Flogging, Zia added, was "not a matter of degradation of a human being, but a matter of deterrence."

—Newsweek

"I Looked, I Saw, I Did"

For a man who has spent a lifetime battling the odds, the legendary photographer Andre Kertesz is remarkably casual when he talks sabout his work. "I knew this couple from the beginning," he says, pointing to his famous picture of a boy and girl locked in loving embrace. "I took this picture in Hungary in 1915. I knew them, that's all. I looked, I saw, I did."

—Douglas Davis

The Art of Dying

The freethinkers joked about dying. In place of spiritual exercises, they practised famous last words. Duclos, who enjoyed the advantage of having a curé named Chapeau, resolved to die saying, "I came into the world without breeches, I will go out without Chapeau."

—Robert Darnton

Gigi

A Look At Asian Attitudes

Visions Of Death

by Bhabani Bhattacharya

THE axe trembled in the age-worn hand as the woodcutter woman toiled in the forest all through the day, and at dusk she sank down exhausted, a prayer on her lips. "Death-god, come to me and give me release from this misery."

In the next instant she saw the apparition and heard the voice: "Your wish will be fulfilled. What do you ask of me?" The astounded woman, speechless awhile, stirred herself out of her shock, staggered to her feet and cried out, "Sire, will you give me a hand and pile up all that firewood, then place the load upon my head? That is all I ask."

That fabled woman, figuring in diverse cultures with slight variations, timeless as well as rootless, makes a vivid symbol of one meaningful aspect of human behaviour. She marks out the death-wish, so common and so prevalent, as basically fake. Men and women, battered in body and spirit, cling on to a frail thread of life, whatever the cost in terms of pain

The Vedantic Connection

This phenomenon of the longing to keep alive at any cost gathers all the more gloom in the Indian context. Since the Vedantic age, nearly 30 centuries ago, Hinduism has laid great stress on the transitoriness of life. One life span is simply an inn, in the spirit's long journeying toward the *nirvana* stage. The doctrine of *karma* gives a bright halo to suffering itself. The more you experience pain in body or in spirit, the more you wash off your transgressions; the process continues through the cycle of birth, death, rebirth. Death, the law of the physical universe, cannot therefore hold any terror for the Hindu, moving through the millennia of lives toward the ultimate, the finale of submergence in the supreme *All-Soul*

Many among India's great, deeply motivated by this ancient heritage, have spoken of death with utmost warmth. Two instances may be cited. Rabindranath Tagore wrote in his youth a lovely lyric on "Death, My Lover." Set to music, it is one of the most well-known songs in Bengal. Yet, no poet has ever given life with all its colour and joy a more ardent celebration. In the decade before he passed away, he wrote a series of equally ecstatic verses in celebration of death. In his prose works too Tagore had spoken of death, viewing it as a transition, a change, a bridge to another life-form.

Mahatma Gandhi made encounters with death an integral part of his *satyagraha* struggle. He underwent fasting in prison or outside for long periods at the risk of his life—the fasting was the means to effect a change of heart in his opponents. The most crucial of all was his *fast unto death*. He withdrew when he was a hair's breadth from the end of his life, his opponents having conceded at last his demand for the removal of a certain social injustice.

The Mahatma dramatised his attitude to death with no less force even after India had won independence. He had completed his mission, but had gained as much failure as success. India was free from alien rule, but that was not what *satyagraha* was all about basically.

Nonviolence as conceived by Mahatma Gandhi was a moral value and an end in itself, not the means to an end, howsoever worthy.

Warned about imminent attempts on his life, he forbade all police protection at his mass meetings. And as, inevitably, the bullets struck him on the chest, he lifted an arm to the assassin in the gesture of blessing before he staggered and fell

In the ashrams of Gandhi and Tagore, Sevagram and Santiniketan, the words of a Vedantic prayer that had flung its echo from age to age found its re-echo:

> "Lead us from untruth to truth
> Lead us from darkness to light
> *Lead us from death to immortality.*"

Between the Vedanta and the Buddha it is several centuries in terms of time. The sight of Death—a corpse riding the shoulders of men chorusing a mournful chant—was one of the four sights of life's grim realities (known in Buddhist annals as the *Four Signs)* which impelled Prince Gautama to give up his royal inheritance and seek through metaphysical search the way of deliverance from "the trauma of birth, the pathology of sickness, the morbidity of decrepitude, and the phobia of death."

Immersed in the most severe yoga discipline, after eight years of strenuous search for the cure of huamn suffering and of death, the prince-mendicant in his lotus posture of meditation attained a sunburst of insight.

Gautama turned Buddha had attained nirvana for himself. But that was not enough. He was going back to the people to lead them to self-discovery, to the realisation of the mystique of suffering, sickness and death. Arnold Toynbee has called this event a highpoint in humanity's development. A sentient being, having attained nirvana for himself, turned back from "the open door" toward his fellow men who needed to be directed to the same inner stage,

So, as the Buddha lay dying, he told his grieving disciples that he was soon to disappear. The *Sangha* was not to mourn his passing but just get on with the work of spreading knowledge about the cause and cure of suffering and the attainment of enlightenment.... "Therefore, be ye lamps unto yourself. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Look not for refuge to anyone beside yourselves. Hold fast to Truth as a lamp... Decay is inherent in all compound things... Work out your own salvation with diligence." And, in complete peace, the Buddha departed from his earth-form, bequeathing his immortal spirit to the world.

The first Asian countries beyond India to accept Buddhism were Tibet and China (first century A.D.). Korea and Japan followed centuries later. A reference to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* will be valid. It highlights the state of consciousness of a person in the pre-death hours—that state determines the person's rebirth pattern. The pre-death hours belong to a dream-like realm, an intermediate world between death and the new life to follow In those hours the dying person may or may not be able to find release from the *karmic* pull back into an earth-life. The supreme goal is release from the earth-form, awakening into a "consciousness, which is the clear light of the void." The light is visible to the dying man and he has to concentrate upon it the full measure of his psychic force.

Buddhism has ceased to exist in the new China. In Japan, it has bifurcated into two systems—the orthodox and the Zen. The Zen has in recent times made an impact on Western thought and is acclaimed as a kind of Far Eastern existentialism.

What is especially relevant to the present account is the unique attitude to death evolved in Japanese cultureways, an attitude not to be seen anywhere else in the world It is integrated in the tradition which views life under certain conditions as no more worthy than old clothes fit to be discarded; in the reckoning of this value system, there is nothing sacro sanct about physical existence When the purpose is spent, there are no grounds for life's prolongation. If the physical form, a mere shell for the spirit, could be used for a higher purpose (national interest comes to the fore) even to the point of extinction, it is a matter of privilege and pride, not misgivings and sorrow, for the owner of that form to sacrifice himself. Sacrifice is not the right word, though Dedication? Consecration?

Western Ways

The recent self-killing of two Japanese writers of world renown exemplifies this total apathy toward physical existence even at the topmost level of material fulfilment. That fulfilment is not all. A Japanese man who has gained all the recognition and riches that the world can provide may yet remain starved within, desperately seeking release. And his self-chosen way of release may be pain-racked, a dagger plunged into a vital part of his body-shell.

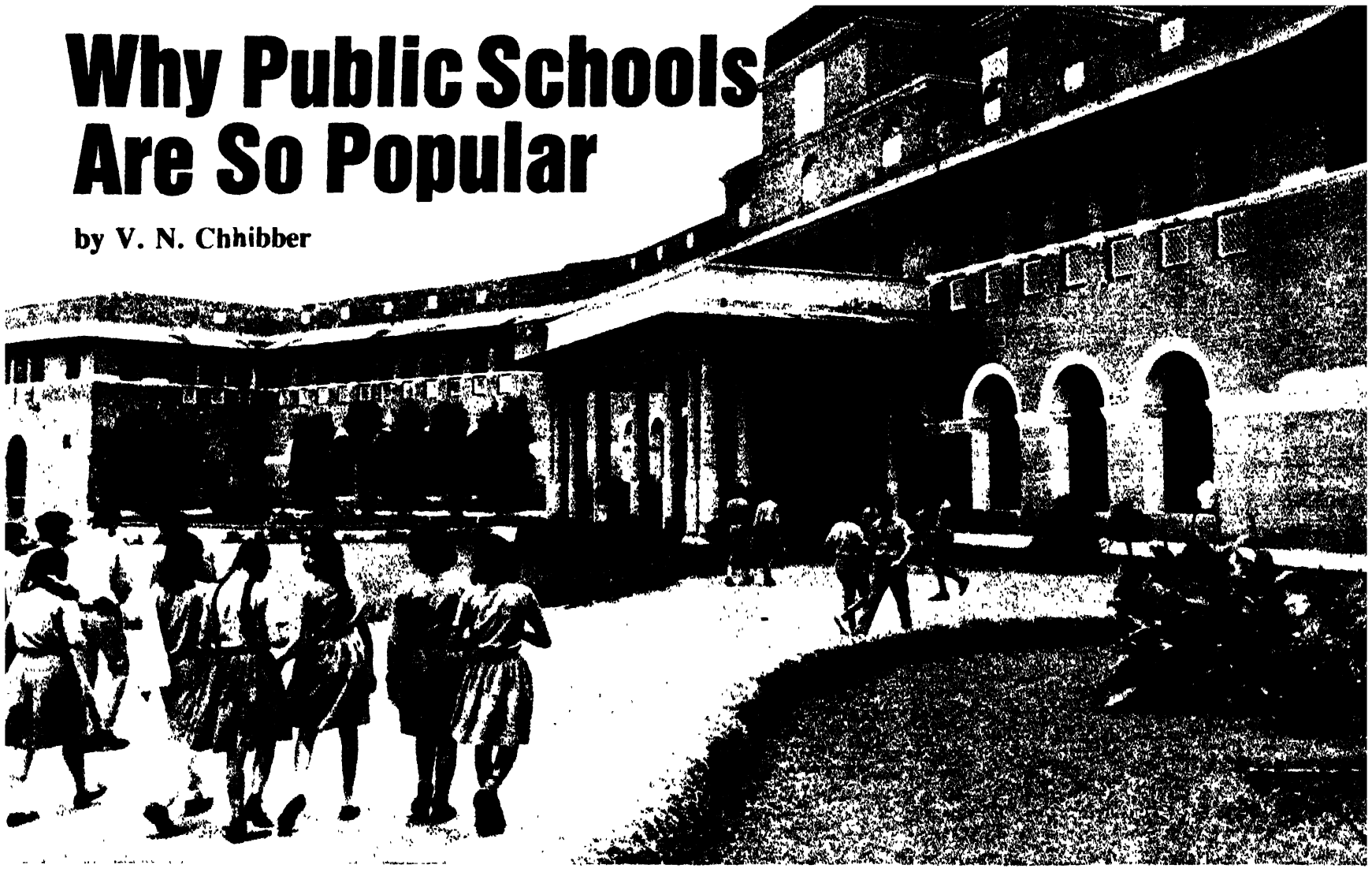
Admittedly, this attitude of "the conquest of death," this *samurai* spirit which has certain comparable variations among other Asian peoples as well, is not as rigid, iron-hard, as it was a generation ago. The advent of Western technology has been creating profound social and psychological changes in a country like Japan. The somewhat sudden liberation of women is a vivid instance. It is hard to conceive that in a society where from time immemorial the role of women was merely to please the domineering menfolk, there is now a divorce rate exceeded perhaps by that of the United States alone.

So, in a scene of sharp reassessment of values, one might reasonably expect a tilt towards the prolongation of life by purely medical means, even if that life is nothing more than the electrical response of a few brain cells. That would signal the pendulum's violent swing from value to value, or, as some critics of the change would say from value to non-value.

As the Asian and Western attitudes to death become less and less polarised under the powerful impact of medical technology, two questions demand answer from all peoples: Why keep alive by mechanical means a body that is all but dead and will never return to its most elementary functions? Who shall decide that such a body be deprived of the means that preserve a dim life spark and be allowed to perish? It is futile to expect unanimity in the answers, so long as there is a wide variance in basic beliefs.

Why Public Schools Are So Popular

by V. N. Chhibber



Public schools fulfil a pressing need for meaningful education in India.

ALONG with the English language and the game of cricket, the institution of 'public' schools is a legacy which has been bequeathed to us by the British Raj. The epithet 'public' is of course patently inappropriate in this context, as not a rupee from the public exchequer goes into the coffers of these privately managed schools.

Their entire budget is met by the funds they gather by way of pupils' fees (and other incidentals), which are thus necessarily very high.

A noticeable socio-academic feature of the modern age is the phenomenal growth of public schools (in what were erstwhile British colonies). Here the expression "public school" does not denote a member of the Indian Public Schools Conference but a school not getting a grant-in-aid from the state and using English as the medium of teaching.

There are at present over 1,000 public schools in our country and each year some 50 are being added to this number.

Preparatory schools (nursery and kindergarten)—which are forerunners of these public schools—are also proliferating. These prep schools thrive on the excellent reputation that their parent-schools consistently maintain.

Public schools (main) strive to develop the all-round personality of their pupils with emphasis on character building and leadership qualities. Moreover they enjoy both fiscal freedom and academic autonomy and periodically introduce progressive methods of teaching. Due to these in-built features, they succeed in ensuring a high quality of education.

It is argued that the continuing existence of public schools in post-independence India has led to a kind of polarism in our education. On the face of it the argument appears convincing as polarisation is not conducive to egalitarianism and makes for a stratified social fabric. But how foolproof is it?

The Education Commission (1964-66) accused our educational system of having failed to fulfil its obligation—to bring about harmony and cohesion in the different social classes and groups and thereby help the emergence of an egalitarian, integrated society. It was critical of the fact that instead of doing so, education itself is tending to increase social segregation and to perpetuate and broaden class distinction.

At the primary stage, the free schools to which the masses send their children are generally of a poor standard. Some of the private schools are on the whole, certainly better (not all are recognised, though)—but since many of them charge high fees, they can be availed of only by the higher middle and the higher classes.

At the secondary stage, a large proportion of the better schools are privately run. Invariably they charge high fees which are normally beyond the means of any, save the top ten per cent of our population; some of the middle class parents, bent upon 'keeping up with the Joneses' make great sacrifices to send their children to them.

There is thus segregation in education itself—the minority of private, expensive schools catering to the needs of the upper classes while the larger bulk of schools-publicly or government maintained—being used by the rest.

What is worse, this segregation has been increasing and tends to widen the gulf between the classes and the masses. There is a dichotomy in terms of quality of education provided by different schools. Thanks to the constraints of fees, hardly any link is noticeable between public schools and the lower strata of our society.

An extreme reaction to the situation is the proposed Public Schools (Abolition) Bill (1982) which seeks to abolish all public schools in the country. The draft bill stipulates that the state shall not provide any aid, financial or otherwise, to privately run 'public' schools; no 'public' schoo shall be recognised by the Govern ment and no educational certificat awarded by a public school shall hav validity in the eyes of the state

The *raison d'etre* of this drasti step is that public schools are out o tune with the spirt of social democra cy, particularly in India where at leas 50 per cent of its population is belov the poverty line; that these school are the cloistered sanctuaries of th privileged few and exist solely for th children of high dignitaries who alon can afford so costly an education fo their children; and finally that it i birth and not worth that determine the admission of children to thes schools.

These strictures are much harshe than those of the Education Commis sion. Will chopping off of bette schools as is envisaged in the bi bring about egalitarianism? Shall w then turn a blind eye to the socia realities in an attempt to find a jus solution to this apparently intractabl problem?

What sustains public schools, i spite of the onslaught of critics, is th increased concern these days amon parents for the education of their chil dren (half a century ago parents wer not so concerned about the future c their children). This increased in

MODERN SCHOOL, DELHI, i among the most prestigious publi schools in the country.

Daly College, Indore

The Daly College, Indore, was established in 1882, to commemorate the services of a pioneer of education in Central India, General Henry Daly. Situated near the Indore Residency College, set up earlier by General Daly for the exclusive training of the sons of the Chiefs of Central India, Daly College was initially just a building where some classes of the Residency College were conducted. In 1940 it was converted into a full-fledged public school, becoming the first Chief's College to throw open its doors to all students (girls and boys) irrespective of caste, creed or social status.

The school is now a member of the All India Secondary and Senior Secondary School Certificate Examinations under the 10+2 scheme. Students of the school strive to maintain a consistently good academic record. But games-outdoor and indoor-are an integral part of its syllabus while due importance is given to cultural and extra-curricular activities.

Table below shows the expenses incurred by a parent in educating his child at the Daly College in 1967 and 1982.

	Then	*Now*
Tuition fees, boarding, text-books, stationery, games, and medical expenses.	*Rs 3,500-00*	*Rs 5,500-00*
School uniform, blazer, sports and evening dress (one new wardrobe every 3 years).	*200-00*	*350-00*
Travel twice a year with school party (average).	*160-00*	*400-00*
Pocket money, including postage, library, tuck shop expenses etc.	*90-00*	*135-00*
Extra-curricular activities, like shooting etc.	*50-00*	*100-00*
	4,000-00	*6,485-00*

Fees for Day Scholars has risen from Rs 2,000 in 1968 to Rs 3,000 now.

TRACK RUNNING — students of the Daly College, Indore. Founded by General Henry Daly, it celebrated its centenary last year.

terest in education may be attributed to the growing bourgeois element of Indian society in recent years.

It is not just the rich who send their children to public schools. The middle class too prefer them. Even parents from the lower middle classes are found paying through the nose to send their wards to these schools. Obviously these parents feel that the future of their children is secure if they are sent to public schools.

The way these schools conduct their affairs, the exacting standards they lay down for selection of teachers, the independence allowed to them with respect to teaching methods, and the techniques adopted to motivate the students, make these schools model educational institutions. In fact, they stand out as a class by themselves in contrast to government or aided schools. Today they are more or less feeding our administrative services and the higher echelons in the private sector.

These public schools are thus satisfying a pressing social need of the times. A number of model schools on these lines—with emphasis on the English language and personality development—are being established with partial or total subsidy from the Government.

Prominent among these are the Sainik schools sponsored by the Ministry of Defence, the central schools supported by the Ministry of Education and the model schools run by the Punjab School Education Board.

A persistent criticism levelled against public schools is that they are very expensive and thus not accessible to all sections of society. A detailed analysis of the economics of education will show that it is not so.

Another criticism is that they create and perpetuate an elite. The harsher aspect of this criticism is that they turn out snobs and inculcate alien values in them.

The fact of the matter is that these schools do not promote elitism; on the contrary they uphold the values of the middle classes which constitute the bulk of their clientele.

The charge of fostering alien values is also not tenable. Most of them are steeped in Indian culture and have based their educational philosophies and projects on local and national requirements. Its a lot of hard mental work together with lots of play and extra-curricular activity that rounds off a student's personality here.

English as the medium of instruction has often become the target of severe criticism. There is little doubt that any information or learning can be imparted best through the mother tongue. However this fact has to be viewed in the context of India being a multilingual country.

As social mobility increases we shall have more and more people living in regions where the local language is different from their mother tongue. The English medium is a natural response to this situation. It is generally recognised that a well educated person in the country will have to be at least bilingual (if not multilingual).

With a strong bias in favour of English, public schools can claim some supremacy in ensuring this bilingualism as well as imparting the best education to their pupils.

Finally, if the whole question of education is viewed in the context of regionalism versus nationalism, public schools would stand high above others by virtue of their medium of instruction alone. ■

CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN···
...Trekking and mountaineering are essential extra-curricular activities at St Paul's, Darjeeling.

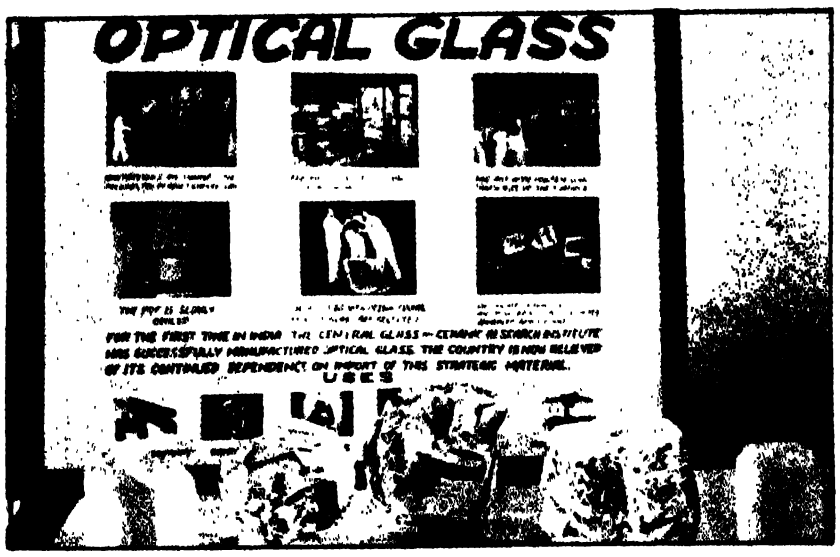
Contact The Lensman

by Dhirendra Kumar Dixit

ONE out of every three persons in India needs visual aids. Yet the very thought of putting on spectacles discourages many people, especially the fair-sex! The 20th century approach to beauty, as regards vision, is the convenient, unobtrusive, watch-glass shaped disc, known as the 'contact lens'.

About 20,000 persons are contact-lensing themselves every year and with a growth forecast of 10 percent per year, the total domestic market for contact lenses is likely to double before the turn of the century. India is not lagging behind in the contact lens technology. In the early sixties, contact lens was a revolutionary concept shrouded in skepticism and the demand was none-too-impressive. With the burgeoning indigenisation of contact lens technology, heavy unwieldy spectacles are being pushed away. People are now increasingly relying on them for both cosmetic and ophthalmic reasons.

There are various types of contact lenses available today. The most noted are 'hard lenses' which are manufactured out of transparent, non-toxic plastic; 'soft lenses' (hydrophilic lenses) which are manufactured out of water-swelling, pliable polymer hydroxyethyl methacrylate. The latest arrival are CAB (Cellulose Acetate Butyrate silicone) lenses which can be easily maintained as hard lenses while simultaneously providing the comfort and prolonged wearing time of soft lenses. Although millions of



people today wear hard lenses, the lens of choice — comfort-wise and otherwise — is a soft lens. The latest arrival on the contact lens scene is the CAB lens (degree of hydration being 80 per cent more than in the soft variety). Gas permeable lenses (oxygen passes through the lens for nutrition of the cornea) are also being given a trial.

Distinguishing between the two major types of CL viz hard and soft, Dr. Vinayak S. Saoji observed: "Hard lenses are made of circular tiny plastic discs with average diameter of 8 to 10 mm. These lenses don't touch the eye balls, but remain lodged due to capillary action and surface tension of the tears. Available in different tints e.g., gray, blue, green, brown and pink, hard lenses are comparatively economical (Rs. 400-600), more durable and probably the most researched lens today.

Soft lenses, also called hydrophilic lenses, are flexible and more comfortable to the eyes because of their water-absorbing property. Larger in diameter (13 to 15 mm) than hard lenses, soft lenses call for meticulous care and hygiene and are relatively dearer (Rs. 1200-Rs. 1500).

Also, the wearer can take to the soft lenses instantly. The adaptation period ranges from one to three days as compared to 2-3 weeks taken to get accustomed to the hard lenses. In the normal soft lens the water content is 40 to 70 percent. The The higher the water content, the more comfortable is the lens to the eye. These can be worn continuously and comfortably throughout the day.

Contact lenses should be removed before one goes to sleep, while swimming and in the presence of irritating vapour. Soft lenses are safer in the dusty environment. A great deal of caution is called for when using eye-make-up like mascara or 'kajal' or other cosmetics like hair spray.

The latest invention is extended or continuous-wear soft lens. Extended-wear soft lenses, also called permanent lenses or Calender lenses, are prescribed in special cases when the patient is infirm or infant who can't handle this eyewear properly. Their distinctive feature is that they can be worn in the eye continuously upto three months. They cost around Rs. 2500. Bifocals have also made their appearance now but the results are not very encouraging.

Insertion and removal of contact lenses is pretty easy and with the first or second trial the patient can learn it and with practice, lenses can be put on or removed in a few seconds only. The patient should clean the lenses with a specially formulated anti-bacterial solution before insertion or else the eye may catch an infection. Sensitivity and sophistication of the hand that inserts the lenses is also very important.

Dr. V.S. Saoji waxes eloquent on the merits of contact lenses vis-a-vis the time-honoured spectacles. He says: "The field of vision of the eye and its depth of focus increase with the use of contact lens and the image size on the retina is nearer normal because of the lenses' closer proximity to the eye."

Optical-and eye-centres (pupilary) are always in alignment irrespective of the position of the eye. Ideally, geometrical, optical and pupillary centres must coincide with each other. But with spectacles, the geometrical and optical centres do not coincide because the current fashion is to go in for large frames.

Contact lenses give an unrestricted field of vision because they move along with the eyes. Ordinary glasses being steady on the face, give a restricted field of vision. Being very close to the eye, the contacts restore the normal size of the image of the object. With the conventional glasses, higher the number, more is the minification or magnification depending upon minus or plus specs respectively. For instance, after cataract operation the magnification is 33 per cent with ordinary glasses, thus giving a lot of discomfort to the patient. On the contrary, magnification with contacts is almost negligible. Hence such patients feel more comfortable with contacts.

Yet another advantage of contacts over spectacles is the significant fact that they arrest the progress of myopia (short sightedness). There being no further increase in the minus number, frequent changes as in the case of glasses are not necessary. Admittedly, contact lenses are ideal for all kinds of sports and activity. They also serve as protective guards to eyes in the event of an accident. Rain, snow, mist or water vapour do not have any effect on the contacts in blurring or obstructing the vision as is the case with spectacles. That contact lenses lend themselves better to correction of deformities and distortions of vision is now fairly well established.

Contact lenses have now come of age and are poised for a great leap forward. Unfortunately, they are at present, essentially an affluent preserve. A lot of wastage of material in manufacture accounts for high costs. Being a precision engineering product, calls for absolute perfection.

But all said and done, contact lenses have a bright future. Being conscious of the ungainly look of the heavily rimmed glasses, constantly sliding down the delicate nose, more and more women are opting for contact lenses — both from aesthetic and utilitarian considerations. This trend is likely to continue—and pick up.

Cures That Endure

Balms for tired eyes

EYES—gleaming, [illegible] black, chestnut or [illegible] tinted, blinking, winking or [illegible] heavily kohl-lined, [illegible] mystic with the come-[illegible] one important thing—care.

There's little use in long lectures on how strong light, draughts, excess [illegible] strong vapours and of course late night films must be avoided to preserve your eyesight. In the [illegible] carousel-courses we plough through every chock-a-block day, we can [illegible] avoid the inevitable watering [illegible] vision or mild irritation of the eye, because the eye being an [illegible] organ is bound to be affected by [illegible] injury or irritant. What it primarily needs is hygiene and a great deal of [illegible]

But that is not all. You need a [illegible] diet of cheese, milk, butter, carrots, greens and foods high in protein. And in addition to this, regular eye-care with a few home remedies can soothe those tired eyes. Make an eye-drop of a little alum in rose water—filtered and bottled. For a sore eye roasted turmeric, a pinch of opium and a squeeze of lemon juice, slowly dried to a soft mass on a low flat, and then made into tiny [illegible], gently dissolved in water and painted around the eyes can give you a great deal of comfort. If your eye is inflamed, kajal from the soot collected from (a sterile wick, placed on a pure ghee lamp is very effective.

Or else you could follow the [illegible] yogic procedure of rubbing your palms together and placing your warm hands gently over the eyes. In fact a good way of soothing tired eyes is by regular palming for at least ten minutes a day. Sit down in a relaxed posture and cover your palms over both the eyes. You can do it anytime, perhaps snatching [illegible] between your office work or [illegible] mailing by bus or train.

If you belong to the category [illegible] glasses—do not despair. [illegible] worn to correct optical [illegible] necessarily indicate any [illegible] ware. Be sure to avoid reading [illegible] light is poor and ensure that you [illegible] enough rest every day.

Chilled cucumber [illegible] on wool pads and placed [illegible] for twenty minutes after a [illegible] work room can work [illegible] aching overworked eyes.

A word of caution [illegible] fanatic fetish who [illegible] the eyes, pencils, [illegible] glass or dark [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Perils Of Playing Chess Against Oneself

A review by Dr Shashi Tharoor

IT is an established maxim of literary criticism that one must always judge the book, not the author. Unfortunately Ravi Rikhye does not make it easy for even the best-intentioned reviewer to adhere to this precept. For he launches the first salvo in his *The Fourth Round* with a three-page "dedication" which seems almost calculated to offend. After announcing that were it not for the inadequacies of the Government of India and a number of publishers this would be his fifth book, not his first, he declares that had he been willing to change a single sentence in one of his unpublished works, he would have "become, at age 25, one of India's most well-known authors." If you don't think this sort of presumption is embarrassing, you need only wait for Mr Rikhye's confession that "one of my wives left me because she couldn't sleep at night, with the halo round my head so bright." And there is more of the same to squirm through, including an equally gratuitous homily directed at "all the young women and men who one day will ask me for advice (because this book will make me rich and famous)" and a rather bizarre aside to his infant: "this one will get us a zillion cans of Lactogen, kiddo, heh heh heh." It will not be easy for the unwary reader to emerge from this dedication with an unshaken faith in the author's judgements or balance.

Fortunately the rest of Mr Rikhye's book is rather unlike its beginning. It is, for one thing, less wildly original: the basic idea is that of General Sir John Hackett's "The Third World War" applied to the subcontinent, and the core of the book is more soundly rooted in verifiable data. Mr Rikhye is one of the new war-game theorists who are doing to the study of international affairs what econometricians have already done to classical economics.

The main characteristic of both breeds is an overwhelming technical expertise in a narrow field (in Mr Rikhye's case the conduct of war) almost completely divorced from any understanding of how the rest of the world really works (see, for instance, Mr Rikhye's astonishingly schoolboyish view of Pakistani decision-making.)

The central idea of The *Fourth Round* is an Indo-Pak war in 1984, triggered off by a pre-emptive Indian air-strike on a Pakistani nuclear installation and ending in stalemate just over a month later. The events are naturally fictionalized, but the book is not a novel. Its dust-jacket calls it a "Future History" and certainly it reads more like history than like fiction. There are some imaginative sequences (like the catalytic defection of a Pakistani nuclear scientist to India) but these are few and far between the narrative, without background or follow-up, so that the reader cannot get involved with any of the characters.

The bulk of the book consists of painstakingly prepared, laboriously detailed accounts of imaginary campaigns in Mr Rikhye's war, complete with maps and details of divisional dispositions. Despite sporadic attempts by the author—such as an unconvincing two-page narrative by a fictional American journalist caught up in the fighting—these fail to come alive.

One is therefore left, for the most part, with dreary war-room models epitomised by this battle situation of pg 106: *At Sialkot, most of Pakistan 23 Division and its 15 Division opposed Indian 10 and 26 Divisions. Along the Chak Amru-Jassar axis most of Pakistan 8 Division and part of its 17 Division faced Indian 38 and 39 Divisions. Pakistan 2 Armoured Division less one of its two armoured brigades had been shifted to the Multan sector, where on October 24 India had begun its largest offensive of the war. That left Pakistan two armoured brigades in the area, but because of continuing attrition they were at half strength. Indian armour consisted of two over-strength armoured brigades, the 3rd and 16th....*

How much of this can the general reader (the main target of the book, judging by Mr Rikhye's remarkably candid dedication) take? And what is the point of it all? Sir John Hackett and his company of hawks conducted the same sort of exercise in *"The Third World War,"* but at least they had a few right-wing points to make about NATO preparedness and the direction Western strategic planning should take. Ravi Rikhye makes no such case; indeed, he has no case to make. (In his introduction he says characteristically that in its devotion to "matters purely military" his "work is superior to Hackett's"). Since all the crucial facts and assumptions are Mr Rikhye's alone, the conduct and outcome of the "war" become a sterile ritual, like playing chess against oneself. Except that in this sort of game "real" deaths are involved, and here Mr Rikhye displays the macabre insensitivity to the loss of human life that has come to bedevil the work of the bomb-counter school of international strategic scholars.

For all that, *The Fourth Round* is impeccably researched, and Mr Rikhye reveals a thorough and wide-ranging familiarity with several aspects of India's defence capability. There is an excellent section on defence warfare and a couple of summarising "briefings" which lay the ground for the military actions to follow. The book falls between two stools. As a work of strategy it is excessively dependent on the vagaries of Mr Rikhye's imagination; as a work of fiction it is insufficiently free from the minutiae of military history.

Expertise cannot always beget excellence. One wishes the author all the success and Lactogen he desires. Indeed *The Fourth Round* has already made him well-known. But Mr Rikhye must do better in his sixth (or second) book before he can also be well-respected.

The Fourth Round: Indo-Pak War 1984 by Ravi Rikhye; ABC Publishing House, Rs 75

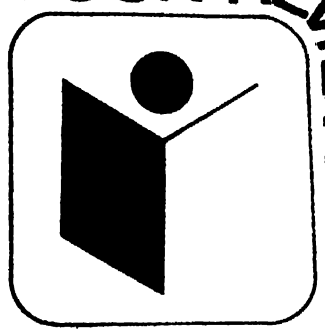
"Sentimental Frivolity"

says Minnie Vaid

FOR a novel that purports to be an exposé of the vicissitudes and travails endured by harassed middle-class urbanites, "Who Walks With Me" is deplorably off the mark.

Valiant attempts are made to analyse or at least exhibit the bleak existence of the city's tired toilers—crowded commuting, dreary job schedules, cramped homes or lack of homes with release possible only through escapist films etc. But these are submerged under the excessive importance given to the trivial crises faced by the book's two main characters. Shanta is a frivolous woman, overfond of "movies" and masculine appreciation. She is predictably torn between her love for materialistic fripperies and her emotional insecurity caused by flitting from one man to another. Pankaj is her "brotherly" friend, a supposedly naive college professor, with a pitifully inadequate command over his subject and language. His ideas of work are restricted to moralistically defending the peccadilloes of his colleagues and drinking tea with his favourite female students.

BOOK REVIEW



And so both meander along, living their mundane lives, which are again reflective of their extreme loneliness, the pathos of which is sadly lost on the reader who has problems enough of his own, having to plod through reams of self-pitying statements and self-created tensions.

In addition to its lack of any kind of plot or structure, the novel contains painful descriptions of the relaxed tempo of the city (which incidentally is Bombay) in the evening, the daydreams indulged in by the frustrated men in the novel, and sundry inanities.

The novel's major flaw lies in its schoolgirlish language (though even schoolgirls may take umbrage at this) and non-existent style—colloquialisms are used at random with jarring effect—and the book is replete with grammatical errors.

A subject (the seriousness of the seemingly mundane problems of a busy city) which calls for a certain amount of sensitive handling is instead superficially glossed over to make room for sentimental frivolity.

"WHO WALKS WITH ME" by Maheep Singh; Vikas, Rs. 75.

Best Sellers Of The Month

FICTION

Master Of The Game	Sheldon	Rupa	Rs 22.00
Spellbinder	Harold Robbins	NEL	Rs 32.00
Partisans	Alistair Maclean	Rupa	Rs 12.00
Touch The Devil	Jack Higgins	Rupa	Rs 15.00
Marco Polo	David Butler	Futura	Rs 34.50
Doomsday 1999	Charles Berlitz	Granada	Rs 26.55
One Hundred Years Of Solitude	G G Marquez	Pan	Rs 48.70
The Road To Gandolfo	Robert Ludlum	Granada	Rs 34.50
Rabbit Is Rich	John Updike	Penguin	Rs 34.50
Fallback	Peter Niesewand	Granada	Rs 34.50

NON FICTION

Indian Summer	R G Irving	Oxford	Rs 150.00
Cooking Delights Of The Maharajas	D. Singh	Vakils	Rs 98.00
Among The Believers	Naipaul	Penguin	Rs 48.75
Book Of Five Rings	Musashi	Bantam	Rs 29.80
A Princess Remembers	Gayatri Devi	Vikas	Rs 20.00
Handbook Of Asian Games		Rupa	Rs 12.00
My India	S. Nihal Singh	Vikas	Rs 60.00
Plain Tales From The Raj	Allen	Futura	Rs 34.50
Inside The Haveli	Mehta	Heinemann	Rs 15.00
Kingdom	Lacey	Fontana	Rs 52.20

Source: The Federation of Publishers & Booksellers Association of India

Here it is!
New Cherry Instant Shine – the liquid shoe polish with the unique 'instant' formulation that's taken the world by storm. Just what you've been looking for – a super shine ... super fast.

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New **Cherry Instant Shine**

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LINTAS(C)/CBIS/1/30

A HAVEN FOR THE GODS. Right: *The entrance of one of the temples showing its beautifully decorated pillars.* Above: *A close-up of a fine terracotta panel.*

Endangered Terracottas Of Vishnupur

by Hugh & Colleen Gantzer

RECENT questions in Parliament point to our legislators' increasing awareness of the need to preserve our heritage. Monuments all over India are being destroyed by "progress", vandals or mere neglect: the Archaeological Survey of India is woefully under-funded for the enormous task before it.

The danger is greatest to Vishnupur. For the Vishnupur temples are delicate and brittle. If they are not protected with great vigilance, soon, they will be destroyed beyond recovery. And the Vishnupur temples are too precious to be lost.

They had drawn it from the earth, those ancient builders, and from the timeless little villages around. Like twin village huts, joined, it sat on a plinth. Its walls had the roughened texture of reed matting; its doors were framed in the bent-bamboo idiom of rural architecture; its roofs were cloche-curved in the Bengal village style. But no bamboo had been used in this expression of a folk ethos. Every part of this exquisite shrine—plinth, walls, doors and roof—every bit of it had been created out of the rich, wet, clay of Bengal. Each soft brick had then been delicately carved. And then the carved bricks had been fired in kilns till they hardened to the scorched red of terracotta. Elephants, trunks raised, trumpeted defiantly; lions, manes bristling, roared in reply. The court, with its sycophants, seers and serfs went about their intrigue-filled lives with smooth urbanity. Above them, Hanuman's monkeys trooped in homage to an enthroned Rama. And then, all by himself, a muscle-flexing warrior struck a heroic pose.

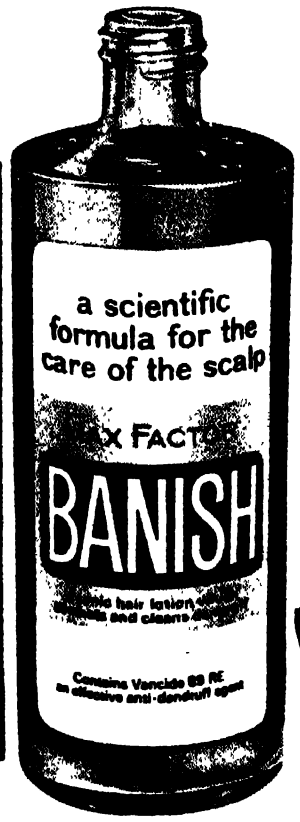
It was a tour de force of an earthy and creative age.

And it will all be lost unless we do something about it now..... ■

Embarrassment comes in white dandruff flakes

BANISH gets to the root of it

BANISH



BANISH, the hair lotion that controls and cleans dandruff, relieves itchiness and discomfort. BANISH contains **Vancide 89 RE**, a special anti-dandruff agent that's safe and effective.

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Only from the beautiful world of Max Factor . . . naturally!

Above Rise

by Anjana Appachana

In the matrimonial advertisement her husband's family had insisted that they wanted a working girl. What they really had in mind was bonded labour.

Illustrated by P. B. Kavadi

LAST evening my husband told me that he was tired of seeing me looking so washed out and sick. When I come back from the office the least I can expect is a smiling face, he said. You don't even give me that. It's bad enough that the house is in a mess, but you don't seem to have time to entertain my friends properly either, when they come home. They must be wondering what sort of a wife I have. I tell you, I'm tired of all this. And he walked out of the house slamming the door behind him.

My baby looked up and went back to her toy. My darling, I told her, my *rani beti*, do you like the toy, do you like it baby? Next time I'll get you a big doll that will open and close its eyes just like you. I nuzzled her and she gurgled with pleasure.

What I say doesn't even affect you, groaned my husband, returning to the room. Look at you, your face unwashed, your hair uncombed, lying on the bed like that, that's not what I married you for. For heaven's sake get up and prepare something, my friends are coming home for tea. Today? I said. Yes, today, today, he mimicked. Is the Maharani too busy to look after them?

I got up and went to the kitchen. O God, where do I begin? the dishes had to be washed, the dinner to be made, also snacks for his friends... I put the potatoes to boil, best that I made some *aloo sabji* and used the rest of them for *tikkies*. Then I took out the *sooji* to make *halwa*, that should be enough for them. Why did they have to come today? I was tired after a day at the office. The dishes were so dirty, I didn't expect my mother-in-law to wash them, but she should have soaked them in water at least. I suppose I should be thankful she remembered to fill the buckets before the water finished. Please God, don't let the electricity go off too, I prayed, these power cuts will be the death of me.

I put the *dal* in the pressure cooker and began the dishes. I was so tired. How could I smile... what was there to smile about?

The bus back home had been so crowded. More so than usual, because the previous bus was held up by some college boys who were protesting about the irregular service. I could hardly get in and once I got in I couldn't move.

It was horrible. I don't understand these men. Even if you are sitting they edge closer and closer to you and you can't do anything. When the bus reached my stop I couldn't get out because I was stuck in the crowd and by the time I reached the door, the bus had started moving again. I told the driver to stop and he said something rude, but did. The air, how fresh it was, and the slight breeze against my face so cleansing. I walked home slowly, this is the only time I ever get to myself. Sometimes I wished that I didn't know typing so that I didn't have to work, but if I didn't work we couldn't make ends meet. In my husband's matrimonial advertisement his family had insisted that they wanted a working girl, so I suppose it wouldn't be fair at this →

stage to say that I just couldn't cope. When I was working before marriage, Ma would pack me a lunch of soft *parathas* with *sabji*. And when I came back she would make me a cup of hot tea and ask me how her *rani beti* was. Then she would talk to me and tell me all the day's gossip... how lazy the *jamadarani* was... how Mrs Sharma next door had a fight with her husband... I always had a good laugh about Mrs Sharma's fights, she had such a loud voice that very often we could hear her in the house. I wondered what she fought about. Sometimes I wish that I could fight too but I don't know how to, so whenever I'm upset I just go to the bathroom and cry instead.

They all think that nothing bothers me. Let them. I long for Ma to come here and stay with me for some time but when I last wrote to her and asked her to do so she was very angry. *Beti*, she wrote, now you are a married woman and you must understand that a mother does not stay with her daughters, it is not the right thing to do. I miss her so much. No one talks to me here, oh they do in one sense, but not like Ma.

MY mother-in-law called me then and I went to her room where she was lying down. She is always lying down. What are you doing, she asked me. She always wants to know what I'm doing whether I am in the kitchen or in the bathroom. Cooking, I said. Do you want any help, she asked as she did every day. No mummy, you rest, I replied as I did every day and returned to the kitchen.

I remember once when I had said that I did need some help (some people were coming over for dinner that day), she never let me live it down. This poor child is still young, she kept telling the guests, she just can't cope with the housework. She smiled gently as she said this and the guests all looked pityingly at me. Later my husband reproached me for letting such an old woman do all my work. I felt so guilty.

The potatoes were ready. I kept half of them for the *sabji* and began to mash the other half for the *tikkies*. Vegetables were so expensive these days, not to mention essentials like sugar. With the fall of the last government we all thought that prices would go down, one needs another emergency to get our country out of this mess, my husband had said as he cast his vote. But they've gone up still further. Once economy meant buying a saree or two less, now we have to cut down on things like fruits and sugar.

Household stuff is almost impossible to buy. At the time of my marriage my parents gave me a refrigerator and a TV set. We would never have been able to buy them on our own. In the beginning my family was against giving the set, but my husband's side insisted and as they weren't taking any cash my parents said that they might as well. Still, it was all so expensive... they spent about Rs 30,000 on the wedding and even then people said that they could have married me off in better style, considering that there were just two of us.

Now my husband has taken out a policy for our daughter so that when it matures in another 20 years, we will have Rs 50,000 for the marriage expenses. The price of gold has gone up so much... my parents gave me four gold sets. I doubt if I can give my daughter even two. God knows how we'll ever have money to build a house after that. And house rents are soaring, too, our tiny two-bedroom

house costs us Rs. 900 a month and that is supposed to be cheap! No wonder people are corrupt... how else can they build such huge houses in a city like this? That way my husband is not bad, he doesn't take bribes, but when he sees other people doing it he gets mad and takes it out on me.

I put the oil on the gas and began frying the *tikkies*. They should be here any minute. O God, time for baby's milk... I put the milk to heat and got the bottle ready. Is everything ready, asked my husband from the next room. Almost, I replied.

He never entered the kitchen. On principle. He can't even heat a glass of milk. That's a woman's job, he said when I once asked him to heat the milk for the baby while I was engaged in some other work. Once when I was ill and my mother-in-law away, there was no one to look after the house. What chaos. My husband lived for two whole days on bread, butter and cheese, while I, in bed was given the same. I had no alternative but to get well and stagger about the house cleaning up the place and washing the dishes which had mounted alarmingly. During those two days he used twelve cups and saucers, six plates, seven glasses, four knives, eight spoons and two forks—all of which awaited me. Also two trousers, two shirts, four banyans, one pair of pyjama kurta and three handkerchiefs. Thank God you're all right, he sighed when he heard me in the kitchen that evening. It is the nearest he has ever come to paying me a compliment—if you can call it one.

Well, the *tikkies* were ready now. Just a few minutes for the *halwa*, too. I quickly gave baby her bottle, went back to the kitchen and heard my husband yell that they had come. For heaven's sake get dressed, he said coming into the kitchen, you should have finished everything by now, once you get stuck in the kitchen you get stuck, learn to be systematic.

I rushed to the bedroom and feverishly washed my face and combed my hair. Should I change my saree or not... might as well, or he'd say something again. I changed and went to the drawing room with a smile.

NAMASTE, Bhabiji, namaste, his friends said, nice smells coming from the kitchen. Oh it's nothing, I murmured, what will you have, tea or coffee? Please don't bother, they said. No bother at all, I replied, you must have something. Oh well, said one, I'll have coffee, the other said he would have tea, but not to bother about anything else, no formality please. No, no, not at all, I said and went to the kitchen.

I put one vessel for the tea and another for the coffee. Why couldn't they have asked for the same thing? Sometimes I felt glad that I was working, it provided some variety to this life of cooking and washing and cleaning. In the morning I got up at 5 am, made bed tea for everyone, milk for baby, then got breakfast ready for the family. Sometimes my husband wants *parathas*, sometimes toast and eggs, sometimes he gets this craving for *dosas*. Then I pack my lunch for the office, make the beds and rush to catch the bus to work. No time to talk to baby or cuddle her.

I took the tea and coffee to the drawing room. Thank you, thank you, they said, perfect weather for hot drinks. I looked out of the window. It was raining... I hadn't even known. Yes, perfect weather for tea and *pakodas*, they exclaimed, Good idea, excellent idea, beamed my husband, let us have some *pakodas*. Ah, this is what you would call doing poetic justice to the weather. So I went to the kitchen to do poetic justice to the weather.

When they were ready I put the *pakodas*, *tikkies* and *halwa* on the tray and took it to them. Wonderful, wonderful, they said. What a feast you have laid out for us, you really shouldn't have bothered. No bother, no bother at all, I said. So, they enquired, how is your office? Fine, I smiled.

It wasn't. Not now. In the beginning when I started working, it was all so interesting. I met new people, got a salary, felt independent. But people are so strange. One day I happened to talk to one of my colleagues longer than I usually do. He was telling me about a book that he was reading and I got so caught up in what he was saying that I hardly realised how time passed. So you had a nice chat did you, the girl who sits next to me said that evening. Yes, I replied, and then something in the way she was looking at me made me go red.

The next day when he lent me the book I noticed another of my colleagues (male) looking meaningfully at me. Now whenever by chance I happen to talk to him everyone in the office watches and I feel so wretched. The men, especially, gossip so much. At lunch time they sit amongst themselves and giggle. They seem to

notice everything, who is talking to whom, who is wearing what and who the boss favours.. everything They never seem to discuss books or music... and I miss both. We get bored *yar*, they say, we don't know what to do on week-ends Oh how I long to be bored Or just lie in bed with a book and listen to music. That's my idea of heaven

It's nice to be independent, said my husband's friend, women like you will change the face of this country Very nice *pakodas*, very nice indeed Thank you, you're very kind I murmured. We don't feel like leaving, he added as he settled more comfortably into his chair Stay for dinner, said my husband at once, then we can all relax and *gup-shup* That will be too much of a bother for your wife, said his friend No problem, no problem, said my husband heartily, what is there, the food is ready, there is no such formality in this house

They all looked at me Of course, I said, it's no bother. I excused myself and went to the kitchen Would there be enough food for them? I felt like flinging the *dal* and *sabji* into their faces and was shocked at the force of the feeling My husband followed me into the kitchen Will the food be enough for them? It had better be, I replied. What is wrong with you, stop acting difficult, he hissed Stop breathing down my neck, I said, you invited them, not I This is the limit, my husband said, I don't understand you. Is this the time to make a scene, why don't you make another *sabji* and some *khir*? Because there is no other *sabji* and no milk for *khir*, I replied.

We stared into each other's faces I should have expected this, said my husband. Even my friends are not welcome in this house If you are not prepared to look after them you should have warned me earlier This last minute hysteria I will not stand for

I sank back against the sink Then go and get the milk and *sabji*, I said How do you expect me to go, he said furiously, then who will look after them? That's your problem, I said, we don't have a servant You're always creating problems, said my husband, this is what comes of being unsystematic. But, you told me not to buy more vegetables or milk than was absolutely necessary because of the prices going up, I reminded him and this made him even angrier

What is the matter, can I help you, asked my husband's friend walking into the kitchen No, no, please, I said, I can manage I wondered what he would do if I had said, please help, the thought made me smile and my husband, seeing my face, gave a sigh of relief and ushered his friend out of the kitchen

FOR dinner there were *puris, aloo, dal, karelas* and mangoes with the cream that I had been collecting for the week's butter. I was so tired by the end of it that I could hardly eat Then I put baby to sleep and gave them all coffee They finished the coffee and said, *chalo, chalo*, let us go for a movie. Now, I said? Of course, they said, if we rush we can get tickets for the night show, *chalo*, let us go Let us, agreed my husband, these impromptu decisions are always so enjoyable, one shouldn't always plan

I have to wash the dishes, I said Oh do that tomorrow, they said, you mustn't always work so hard But I have to go to office tomorrow I said, and I'm tired Don't make a fuss, my husband replied, you are not the only one who has to go to office, even I have to go That is the trouble with you, you don't know how to enjoy yourself And Mataji will look after the baby, don't make *her* an excuse now *Chalo, chalo*, let us hurry

I put the dishes in the sink and then we rushed The tickets were not available so we bought them in black—eight rupees each In spite of that we were just four rows away from the screen As the hero and heroine sang their first song to each other I fell asleep A deep sleep My husband woke me up when it got over They were all amused Even here she sleeps, said my husband indulgently

We reached our colony at 1 am, just managed to get the night service bus back home I slept in the bus too As we walked back home from the bus stop my husband's mood expanded What a night what a night, he exclaimed He stopped and looked up at the heavens

Palace-roof of cloudless nights!
Paradise of golden nights!
Deep, immeasurable vast

he quoted dreamily I leaned sleepily against his arm and he looked at me with something akin to pain Sleep always sleep, he said, why can't you rise above such purely physical reactions .. you lack soul

When we reached home I made the beds and sank into mine with a groan of satisfaction Heaven The trouble with you, said my husband, is that your whole attitude is wrong You'll never get tired if you change your attitude to work Learn from Kahlil Gibran, and he quoted—

Always you have been told that work is a curse,and labour a misfortune
But I say to you that when you work you fulfill a part of earth's further dream, assigned to you when that dream was born,
And in keeping yourself with labour you are in truth loving life,
And to love life through labour is to be intimate with life's innermost secret

That is poetry, philosophy, truth, mused my husband So were the *pakodas*, I sighed and slept ■

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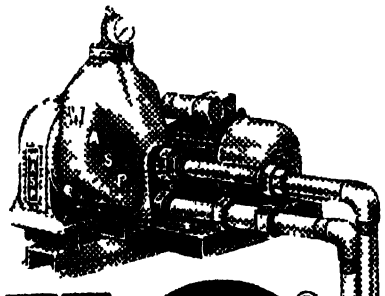

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The Captains Of India

THIS is the beginning of a refresher course on the Modern History of India. Whether we have made any history in the cricket field or not, you have the benefit of history in cricket jargon.

Now the match starts...

The then British captain, a right-handed royal bat, sent us out to field after winning the toss. But instead of batting, he created a sensation by declaring the Indians fielding at the deep-third-man boundary and the square-leg boundary *(see map)* to be Pakistanis! Then he boldly pushed along the score by deliberate padding despite rioting by the crowd. That wasn't cricket, of course. Still Lord Mountbatten was declared Man of the Match.

Control Board Chairman Gandhiji was extremely upset but no one was in a mood to listen to him. While he went away to calm the crowds at the Eastern Stands, Chacha Nehru became the first Indian Captain.

This great all-rounder had always thrilled the crowd. He is still a statistician's delight. He entertained and at the same time tried to educate the crowd. He planned and built many stadia, big and small, for the crowd. He toured all over the world and gained fame as the best non-aligned and non-maligned captain.

His love and affection for the crowd were essayed in every shot he played and every ball he bowled. His only miscued shot was in what he thought a friendly match with China. His long innings ended only when he ran himself out.

Shastriji, who followed, was a freak spinner. He had an uncomplicated rhythm and he loved to bowl to a conventional field.

Ill At Ease

He seemed to be ill at ease with captaincy at first but, in the fierce match against Pakistan, he rose above his height. When the going was good, the Russian umpires stopped play following a bad-light appeal by Pakistan. Just as he was settling into captaincy, Shastriji was fatally hit by a mysterious ball while touring Tashkent.

The Control Board (otherwise known as "The Syndicate") had become powerful by now. They made old Morarji Vice-Captain and gave the cap to Nehru's daughter in the fond hope that she would deliver only maiden overs in her spell. Some hope! When they wanted to remove her from the captaincy, she hit them all out of the ground!

She played a distinguished innings all right, with occasional sixes, a few fours and lots of singles. She carved out a resounding victory in the 1968 Pakistan series and drove them out of Bangladesh grounds.

She also hit an atomic sixer in a peaceful Rajasthani match. But towards the end of her "first" innings, she had become so despotic that she could not bear to hear a "No" even from an umpire!

When she was declared out LBW by Umpire Allahabadi to a Raj Narain yorker, she refused to leave and stood her ground. Moreover, she allowed the crowds to spill into the grounds and sent all the other players to the pavilion.

To top it all, she called for a runner. She and the runner went on hitting sixes and went on bowling bouncers all over till they found more crowds outside the stadium than inside. Clearly the game was over.

Old JP reluctantly took over the Chairmanship of the Control Board, but the struggle for captaincy was so strong that he could not push in his bearded disciple. While both Charan and Ram were warming up to go to the crease, in came Morarji, fully padded up.

If at all Morarji got time to play, he did it in his unbending style. He believed he was the opening bat, opening bowler, night-watchman, even the umpire, all rolled into one. He banished the "drinks" interval thus incurring the wrath of both the players and the crowd.

He advised the bowlers to be fearless but, when they attacked, he threw the ball back at them. Once Raj Narain delivered a well-concealed googly at him and Morarji declared it wide—aimed at his body! When Raj Narain continued his spate of googlies, Morarji promptly banished him from the grounds along with his Jat team-mate.

The kisans in the crowds rallied round these two—and how! King Killer Raj Narain continued to bowl armers and leg-breaks from the stands!

While Morarji was at the crease, he spent most of his time taking guard or covering his stumps or playing with his fads (sorry pads), but the scoreboard showed nothing.

On the other hand, ex-Captain Indira scored a painstaking century at a Chikmagalur tie, while the discarded vice-captain scored 77 huge runs at a New Delhi match. But Morarji was neither able to get on with the game nor inclined to hand over the captaincy to the waiting Ram. Ultimately, after surviving several catches and stumping chances, he retired hurt!

The President of the Control Board tossed for a new captain. However, the ambitious Charan held up the coin midway and put it into his pocket. In his brief spell, Charan remained Non-Playing Captain. He resigned even before entering the stadium for his first Test. The disappointed President asked the crowd to choose the captain themselves.

Ex-Captain Indira was watching with her pads on. She immediately took to the field and hit sixes and fours with her bare hands!

Most of the spectators were thrilled to have their favourite captain back in the field and breathlessly waited for her to display her famous square-cuts and straight-drives, but she was content to play half-hearted cover-drives. Her thoughts were more on building up a team of "loyal" players.

She has shuffled and reshuffled her team, but seemingly to no avail since the rules have remained unchanged. She would like to change the rules but the pitch is also taking a funny turn with every passing day.

Rival teams have begun attracting crowds.

Matches are being cancelled due to the law-and-order situation.

Her own team-mates are carping and cavilling. Why not? Any player who scores a century is automatically shunted out of the team!

The crowd is waiting for her to come up with an inspired knock, for her to play her natural shots.

Will she or won't she?

The umpire alone only knows!

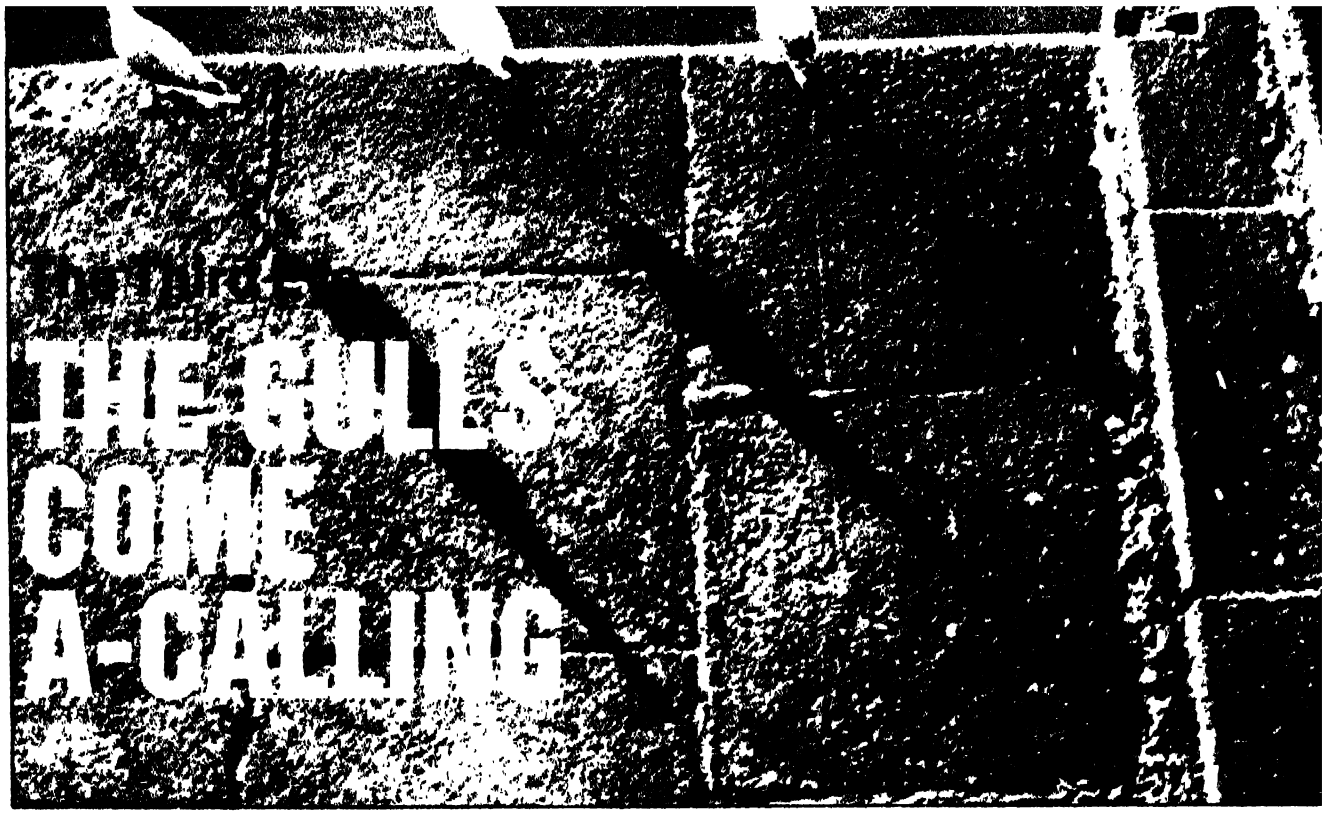
—S.M. Sivaraman

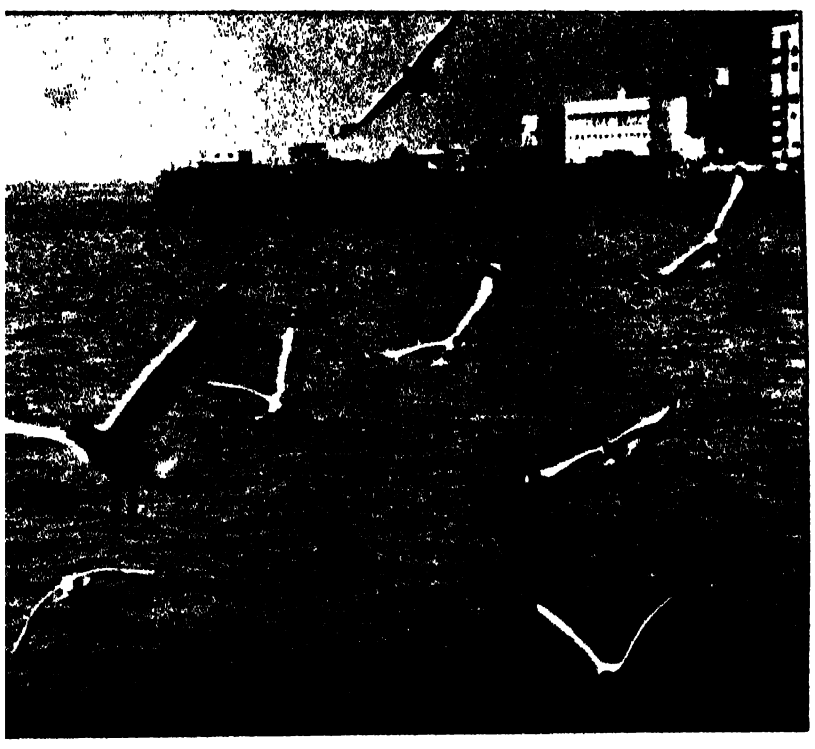
THE GULLS COME A-CALLING

THE Gazetteer of Bombay City and Island, published in 1909, devoted hree full pages to listing a large variety of oth land and water birds then found in lombay. Over the years, industrial pollu- ion and indiscriminate cutting of trees as driven away most of them. The gull as survived the onslaught, but the num- er visiting the city is decreasing each ear. They arrive around Diwali and emain in Bombay waters till the onset of he monsoon.

Distinguished by slender bodies and ong, narrow, pointed wings, gulls belong o a group comprising 85 species. Only wo species visit Bombay—the black- eaded gull and the brown-headed gull. Gulls cannot dive deep but they float uoyantly on water and fly and soar wonderfully. It is a joy to watch their erobatics, following one another or walt- ing round, taking of and touching down. With the arrival of the gulls, Bombay's otherwise dull and drab seascape is gay nce again.

Photographs and Text by L.L. Rajpal





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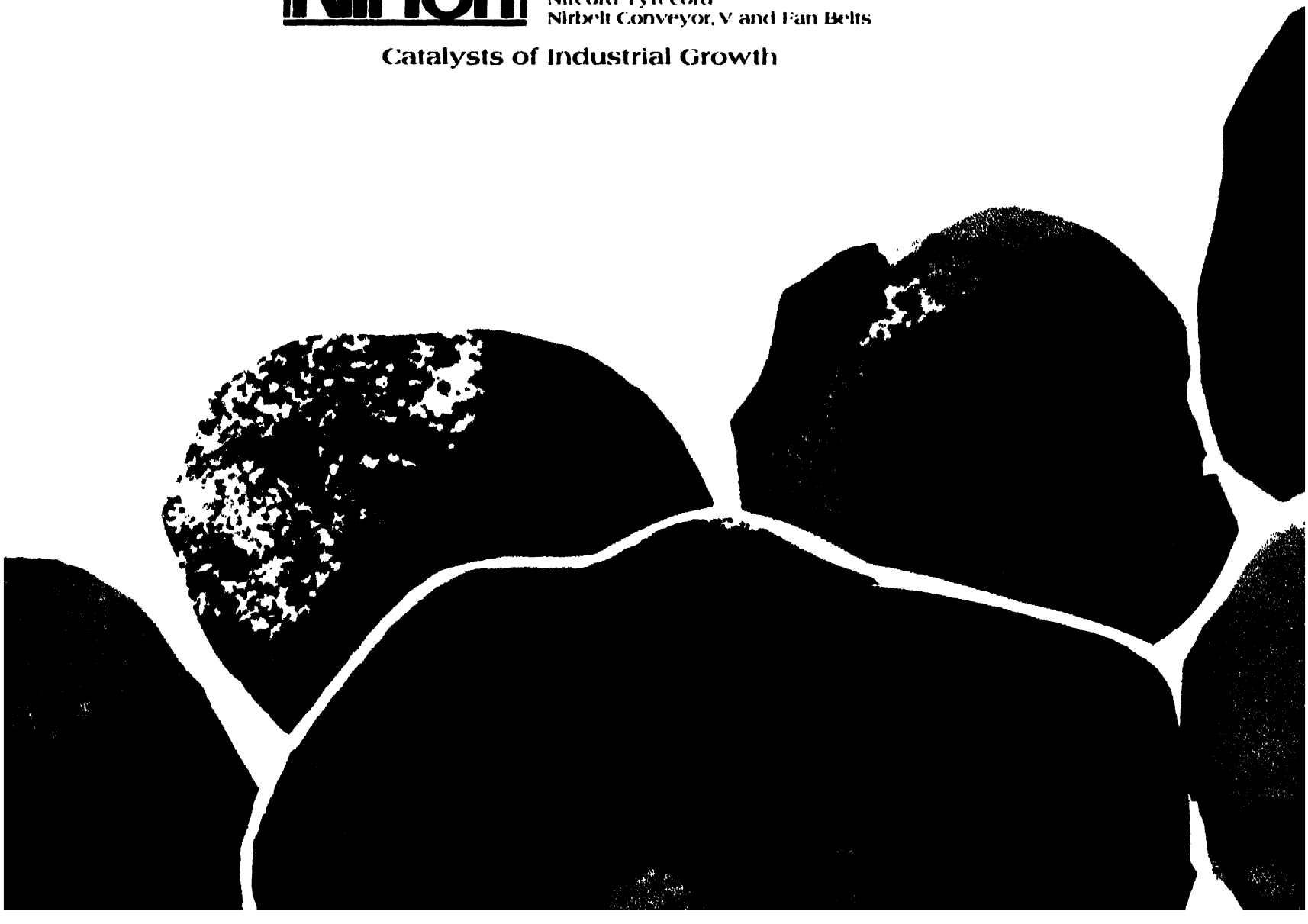
Nirlon

Nirlon Nylon Filament Yarn
Nirester Polyester Filament Yarn
Nircord Tyrecord
Nirbelt Conveyor, V and Fan Belts

Catalysts of Industrial Growth



We've worked for 25 years
as though India's growth depended on it

THE Duc de Nivernois, a French diplomat who was a widower, had struck up a firm friendship with the widowed Countess de Rochefort, whom he visited every evening without fail. This constancy became a joke among his intimate friends, one of whom suggested to the Duc that he'd save a lot of footsteps if he married the lady.

"Oh yes, certainly," his Grace agreed, "but where should I then spend my evenings?"

TWO veterans were discussing a political busy body who usually campaigned on the sole issue of his war record.

"The trouble with Peabody," one observed, "is that he's always yelling about being ready to spill his last drop of blood—but he took mighty good care of the first drop."

"I dunno," said the second veteran. "In France, he was always where the bullets were thickest."

"Where was that?"

"In the munitions depot."

"WHAT are you studying in college now?" asked the fond mother of her son, who was a freshman.

"We have just taken up molecules."

"That's fine. I hope you will like them. I always tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

CLERK (to customer): "No, ma' am, we haven't had any for a long time."
Merchant (angrily breaking in): "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am, plenty downstairs."
The customer bursts into laughter and leaves the shop.
Merchant: "What did she say to you?"
Clerk: "We haven't had any rain lately."

A STRUGGLING author had called on a publisher to inquire about a manuscript he had submitted.

"This is quite well written," admitted the publisher, "but my firm only publishes work by writers with well-known names."

"Splendid!" shouted the caller in great excitement. "My name's Smith!"

"HOSKINS, the cook advises me that you were badly intoxicated last night and that you were trying to roll a barrel out of the basement. Can this be true?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And where was I during this time?"

"In the barrel, my lord."

A SWEDISH farmer was in search of a horse. "I've got just the horse for you," said the liveryman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar and goes ten miles without stopping."

The Swede threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. Aye lif eight miles from town, and mit dot horse aye haf to valk back two miles."

THE two tramps were stretched out on the green grass. Above them was the warm sun, beside them was a babbling brook. It was a quiet, restful, peaceful scene.

"Boy," mused the first tramp contentedly, "right now I wouldn't change places with a guy who owns a million bucks."

"How about five million?" asked his companion.
"Not even for five million," drowsed the first tramp.
"Well," persisted his pal, "how about ten million bucks?" The first tramp sat up.
"That's different," he admitted. "Now you're talking real dough!"

IT was an opening appearance of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, with Stockowski at his most majestic. The music was crashing and thunderous, when suddenly there fell an abrupt and complete silence, beginning a brief but absolute rest in the music. Out of the stillness there came a high pitched feminine voice, full of reproach.

"But," it said "I always fry mine in lard."

"I HOLD in my hand here a bright and shining silver dollar," announced the candidate to a group of young Americans. "That dollar goes to the lad who is levelheaded enough to belong to the same party as I do."

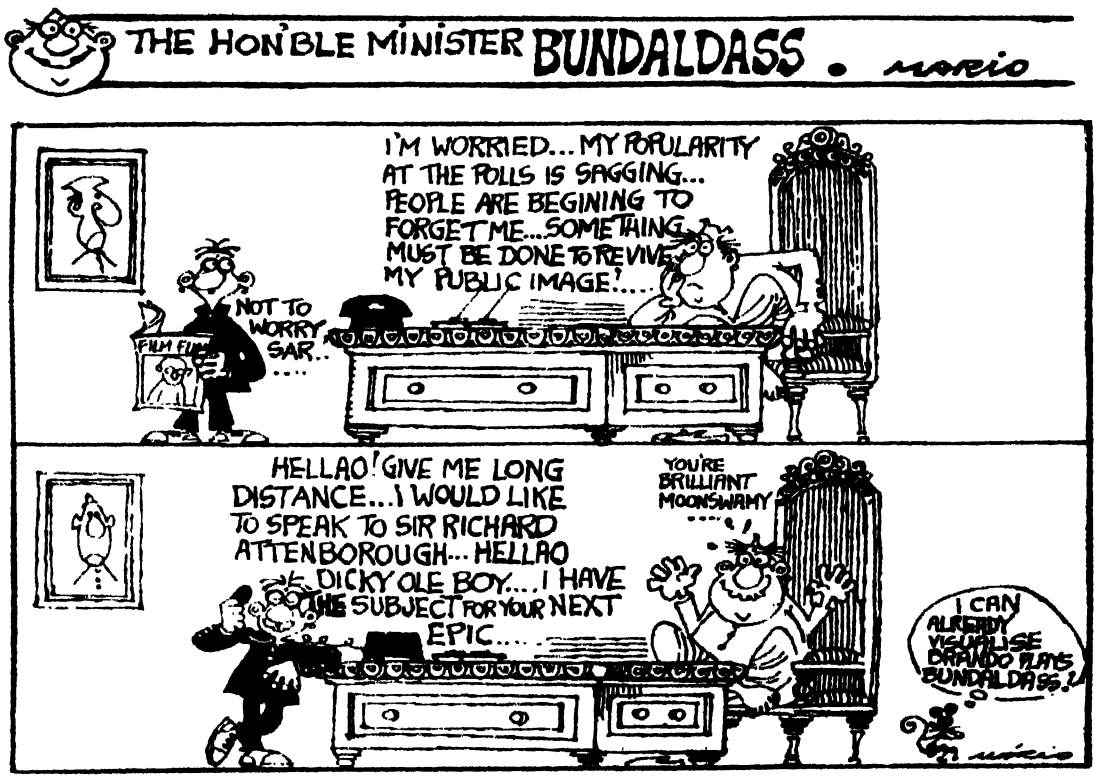
Then turning to a bright-eyed urchin at his left, he asked: "What's your politics, son?"

"What's yours?" piped the young opportunist.

"HE drove straight to his goal," said the political orator. "He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver," shouted someone from the audience.

PRISONER: "The judge sent me here for the rest of my life."
Prison Guard: "Got any complaints?"
Prisoner: "Do you call breaking rock with a hammer a rest?".



HE: "If you'll give me your telephone number, I'll call you up sometime."

She: "It's in the book."
He: "Fine! What's your name?"
She: "That's in the book, too."

AN Indian in Arizona returned to the village for the third time to buy half a dozen bottles of cough syrup.

Druggist: "Someone sick at your house?"
Indian: "No sick."
Druggist: "Then what on earth is all this cough syrup for?"
Indian: "Mm-me likeum on pancakes."

THE hotel clerk was astonished to see a guest parading through the foyer in a pair of pajamas.

"Hey! what are you doing?"
The guest snapped out of it and apologised: "Beg pardon. I'm a somnambulist."
"Well," sneered the clerk, "You can't walk around here like that, no matter what your religion is."

BOARDER "Ah, your steak is like the weather this evening, madam, rather raw."

Landlady: "Indeed? By the way, your account is like the weather, too, unsettled."

A MOTORIST stopped in at a little restaurant late one evening and ordered a cup of coffee.

"Without cream," he added, as the waitress headed for the kitchen.

Presently the waitress came scurrying back, empty handed and apologetic.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," she said. "There is no more cream. Do you mind having it without milk?"

"WHY, Bridget," exclaimed the housewife, "I can write my name in the dust here."

"Deed, ma' am," replied Bridget, admiringly, "that's more than I can do.There's nothin' loike education after all, is there, ma' am?"

Dahling, *where do you think the newshounds get all the scandal about us filmfolk?*

EDITOR: Did you write this poem yourself?
Contributor: Yes every line of it.
Editor: Then I'm glad to meet you, Edgar Allan Poe, I thought you were dead long ago.

FIRST Soldier: "What made you volunteer?"
Second Soldier: "Oh, I had no wife and I love a good scrap. Why did you do it?"
First Soldier: "I have a wife and I'm looking for peace."

SAID a monk, as he swung by his tail,
To the little monks, male and female,
"From your off spring, my dears,
In a few million years,
May evolve a professor at Yale."

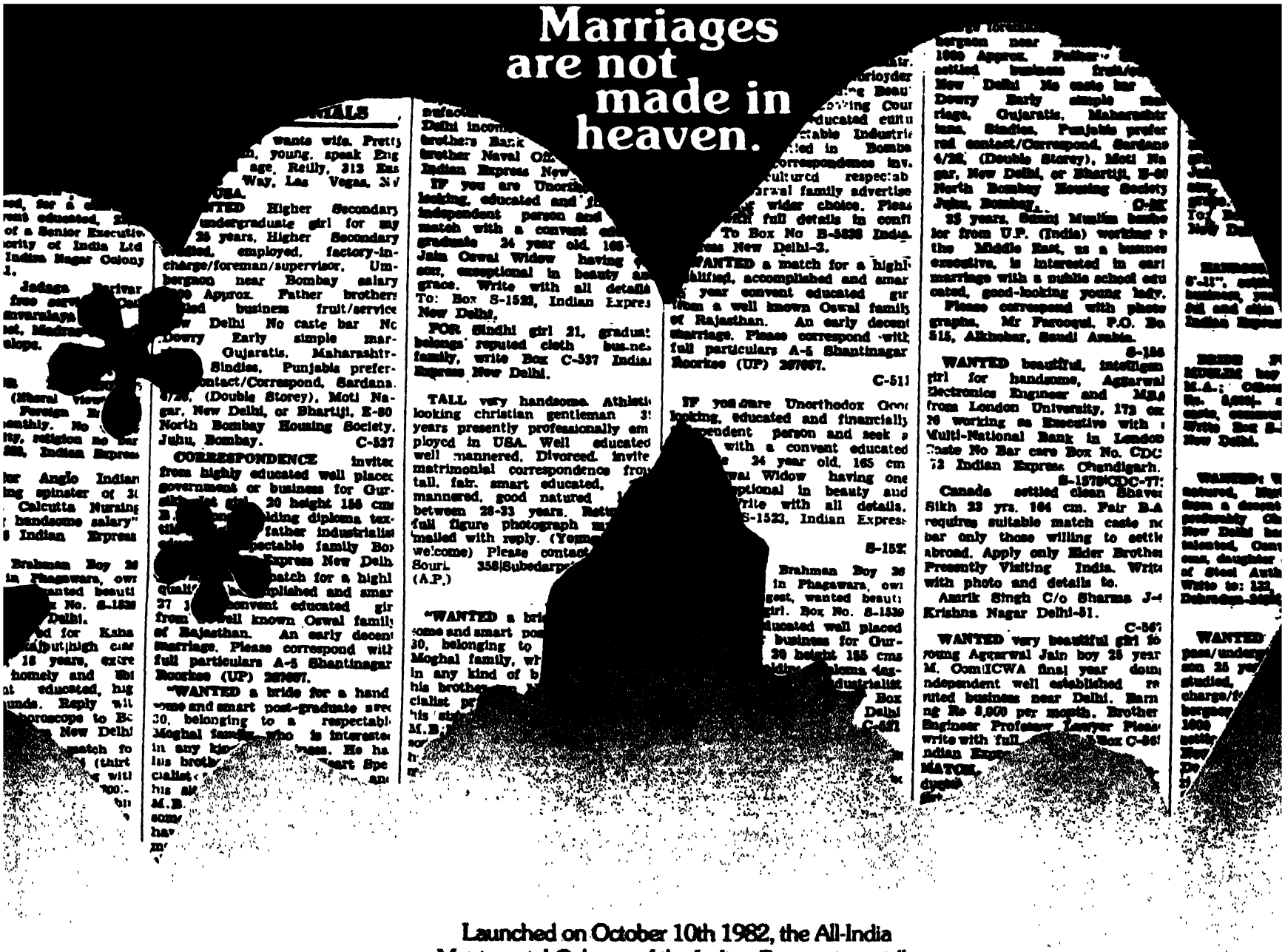
JOHN Smith happened to witness a minor hold up. In due time, the police arrived and one officer asked the witness his name.

"John Smith," said Smith.

"Cut the comedy," snapped the cop. "What's your real name?"

"All right," said Smith, "put me down as Winston Churchill." "That's more like it," said the officer, "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

Compiled by P Rodrigues



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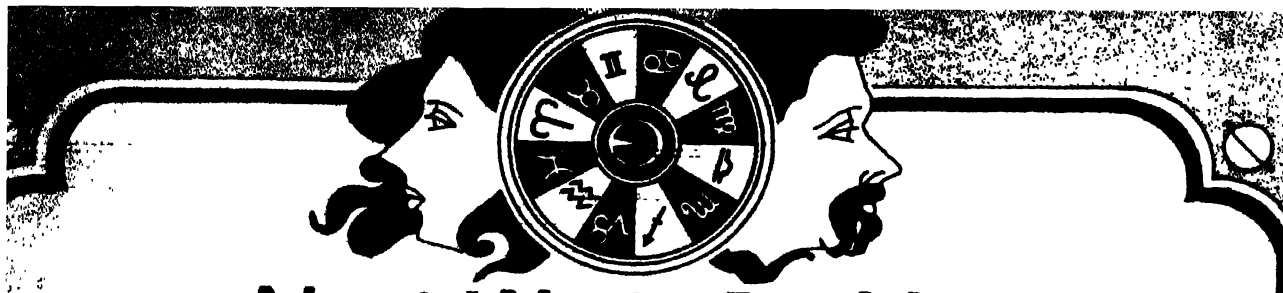


Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Much depends on luck. The events of the week affect your career favourably. Those who were opposing your schemes and projects in the past will now wholeheartedly support you in everything you do. Coincidence brings you into contact with influential persons on Sunday whose good-will you will secure.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Quite an enjoyable week both in personal life as well as on the social front. Your presence will be much in demand in political fields. Business in general is satisfactory. Your expenses on luxuries, cosmetics and good living will be on the rise. Do not hesitate to express your views. Do not disclose the details of secret talks.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

The week promises much on the vocational front. The domestic atmosphere, too, is pleasant. Important business transactions early in the week prove profitable. Your hunches and intuition may give you an insight into the coming events. Midweek is excellent for group activities. You may have to go on tour at the weekend.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar. 21-Apr. 20

Material wealth and professional gains are yours this week. Social contacts will flourish and you are likely to grace a function or lead a team of experts early in the week. You will meet foreign experts midweek. Work life will be pleasant. Deal with seniors and elders carefully and with tact. Saturday may bring a windfall.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

The accent this week is on physical and mental well-being. Your inherent confidence will help you get through difficult times. New contacts developed will help to boost up business. Certain secret information coming your way early in the week will help you secure additional gains in business.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

A somewhat monotonous week. Utilize the time at your disposal to clear the backlog and sort out family tangles. New business offers are in the offing but will materialise only in the next week. The early part of the week will find you on tours. Minor health upsets take place late in the week. A piece of good news comes your way on Saturday.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

You will be in two minds about breaking existing ties and forging new relationships. You are better advised to maintain status quo until you have a firm grip on the situation. Curb unnecessary expenses on luxuries. Every step in business should be taken with care and precaution. Do not be forthcoming with strangers.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

Irrespective of age and sex, youthful enthusiasm prevails upon you. Sportsmen and artists will float on the tide of popularity. Financially, this is a most satisfactory week. Tuesday finds youngsters involved in a chase and challenge game. Your hunches will prove profitable. Health upsets are likely late in the week.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

Domestic life is under favourable stars. You will be in a generous mood. Near and dear ones will rely upon you to solve their problems. Consult seniors while dealing with strangers. Guests and relatives keep you busy early in the week. Midweek is good for financial gains. Avoid speculation.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept. 24-Oct. 23

A thrilling and exciting week. Friends plan an outing early in the week and you join them with a great deal of enthusiasm. Writers and sportsmen will be at their best. Neighbours and relatives tax you heavily for time and money, midweek. The ill health of seniors may cause much tension. Saturday is good for finances.

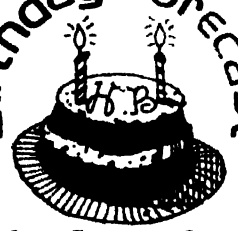
SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov 22

You are likely to be thrown into a new environment and may therefore feel like a fish out of water. Your imagination and tact will help you to mix well with new colleagues and associates. You may strike a challenge early in the week and win over your rivals. Money by a stroke of luck comes your way early in the week.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

Adopt a sporting and jolly outlook on life. Your judgement and hunches will prove right. Physicians, surgeons and sportsmen will be at their best early in the week. Midweek is good for a social get-together. Finances are good as well. Deal with strangers and money matters carefully. Clear all backlog.

Birthday Forecast



Sunday, January 9

Quite a favourable year for most of you. A stroke of luck in March will enhance your status and remarkably improve your business. Be cautious between April and July. Another spell of good luck is in store after October. November is excellent for finances.

Monday, January 10

You will enjoy a lot of success in your chosen profession. Sports, music, literature and newer art forms will keep you occupied. May, June and July are slightly disturbing when you should concentrate on your duties and responsibilities.

Tuesday, January 11

A wonderful year. Rare achievements and distinctions await most of you. The artistic and business faculties will render rich dividends and enable you to turn a new leaf in career. Mid-1983 is slightly tricky.

Wednesday, January 12

This is a year full of novelties. Do not break existing ties while forming new alliances. Business in general will be profitable. July and August are months of temptation, so be on guard.

Thursday, January 13

A confusing and perplexing year. Try to maintain status quo until August. In July you are likely to make changes with a view to improving your position but things may go wrong.

Friday, January 14

The lunation on your birthday does not indicate smooth sailing. Be more sporting than critical and prejudicial. In June, July and December guard against possible accidents.

Saturday, January 15

This is going to be a far more satisfactory year than the earlier one. Politicians, artists and sportsmen will secure brilliant success in their respective fields.

STAR FOCUS

1983 For You—I

Capricorn: A lucky breakthrough in career, profession and vocation is foretold. Politicians and heads of institutions will progress wonderfully in the course of the year. Budding industrialists and amateurs will establish themselves in their respective fields. They will be listed among the successful ones. Seniors and elders will extend their co-operation and assistance.

Aquarius: In the next 12 months a fine blending of your efforts and good luck will effect long-awaited changes and important decision-making. For some, it is a challenging year since they will have to fight hard to turn things in their favour. Youngsters should make stringent efforts to acquire additional qualifications and settle in a career. Sportsmen will do well.

Pisces: A happier and more prosperous year than 1982. Physicians, actors and those connected with cosmetics and advertising will make rapid strides until April and after October. Musicians, astrologers and mystics will flourish beyond expectation. The prestige and popularity which you have temporarily lost will be regained. The period between May and August is tough.

Aries: Your solar horoscope does not contain any aspects indicating restrictions, restraints or curbs. Although no retrograde steps are in evidence, you are likely to be confronted with difficult problems and confused while expanding your business activities. It will be prudent to maintain status quo, in order to avoid any possible disappointments between May and August.

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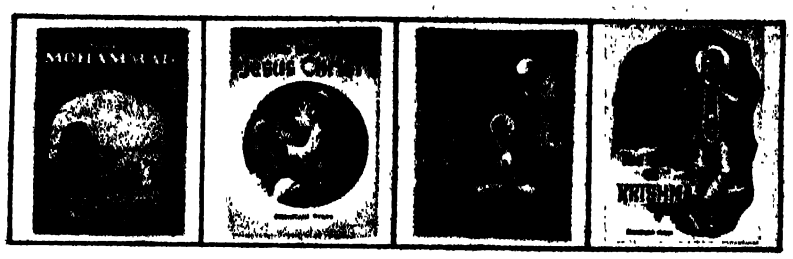

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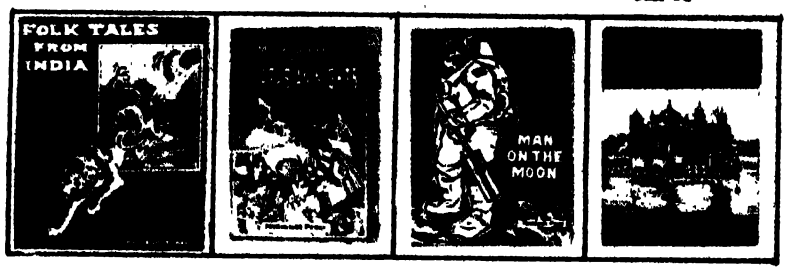

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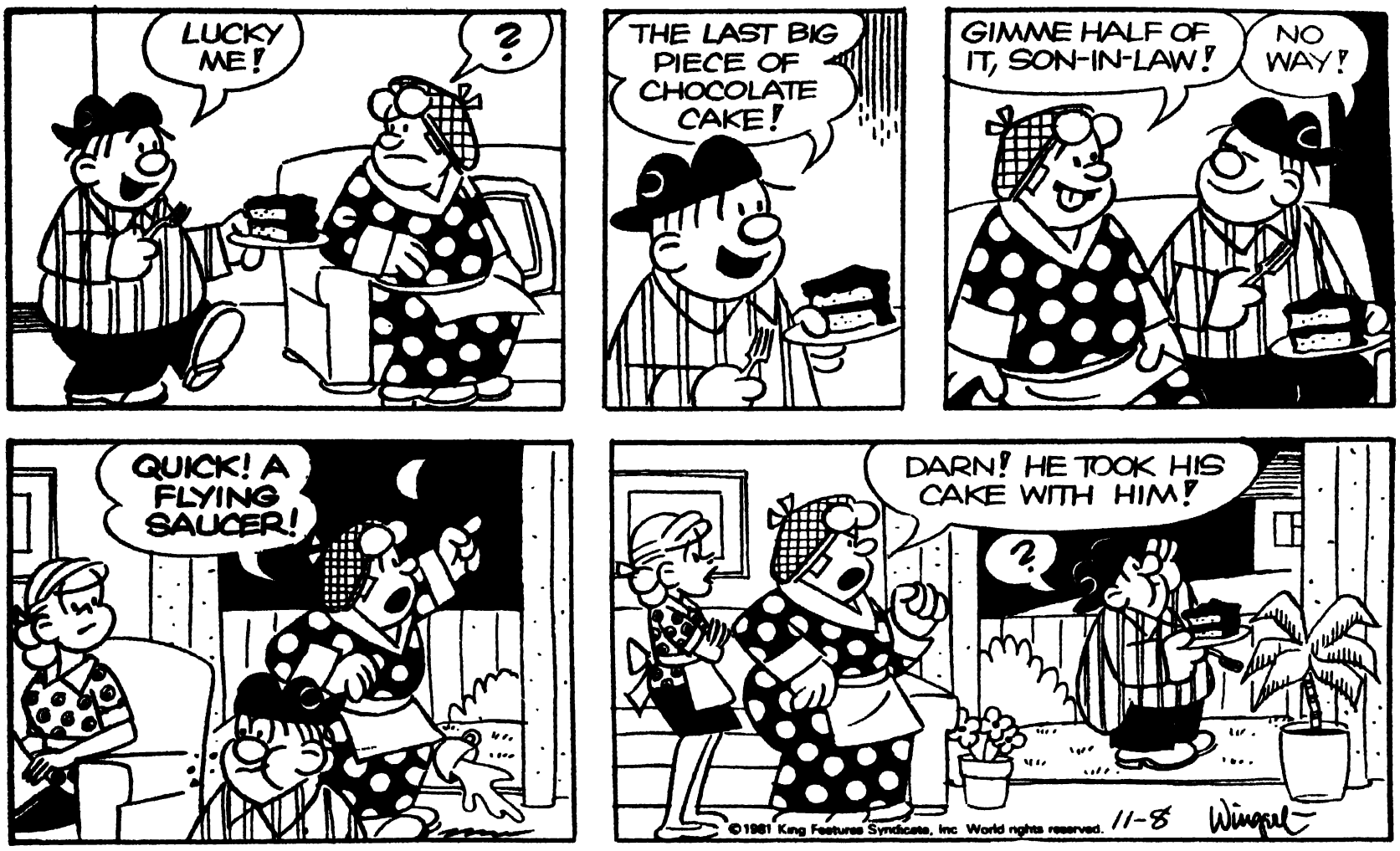

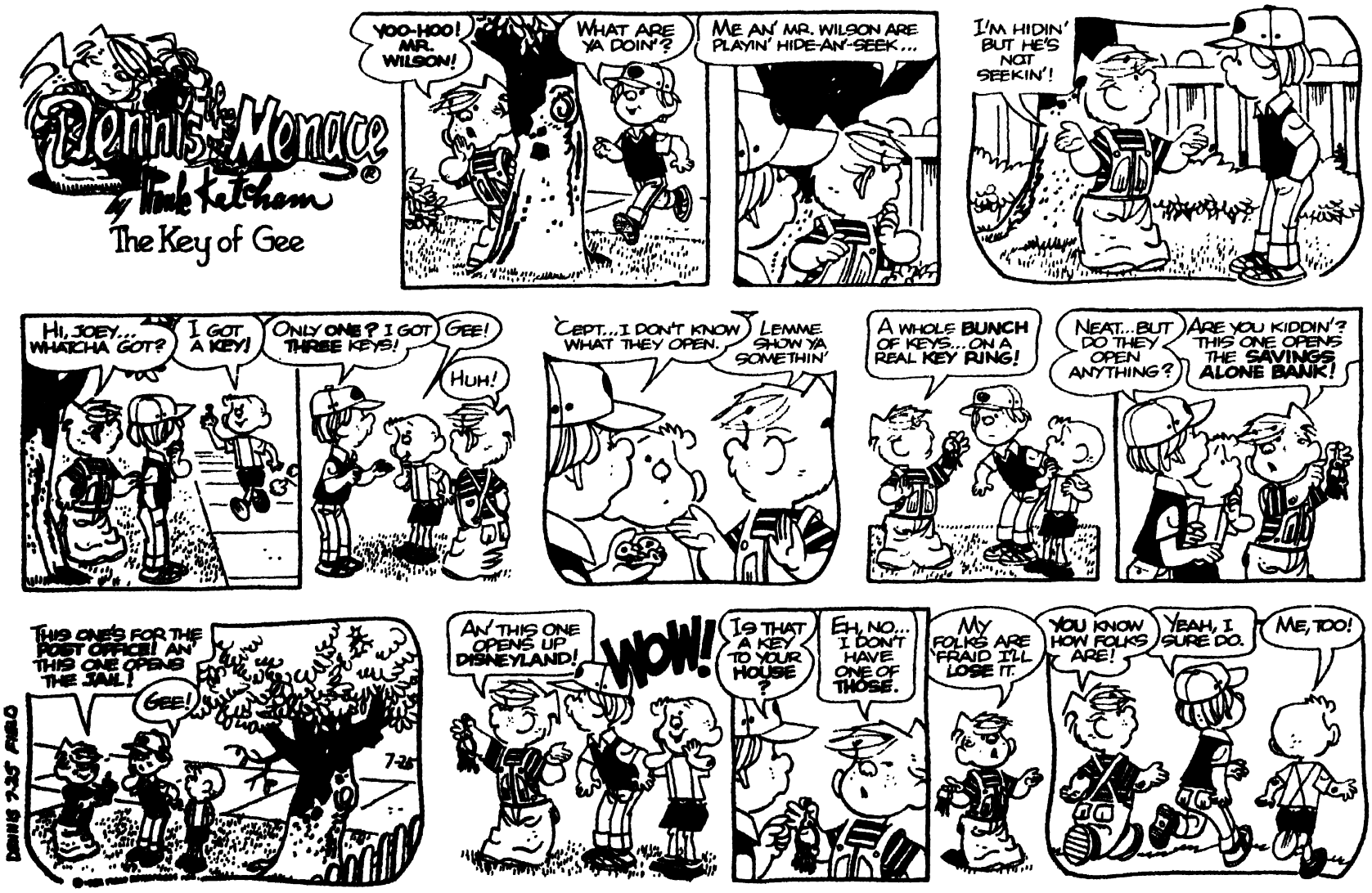

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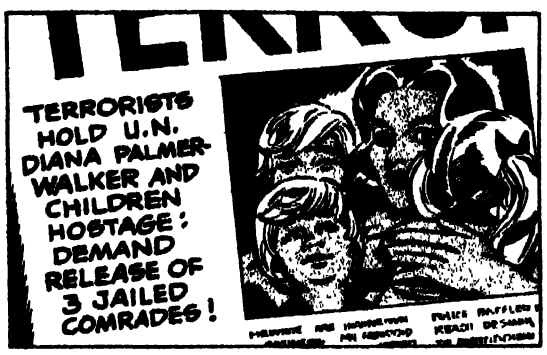
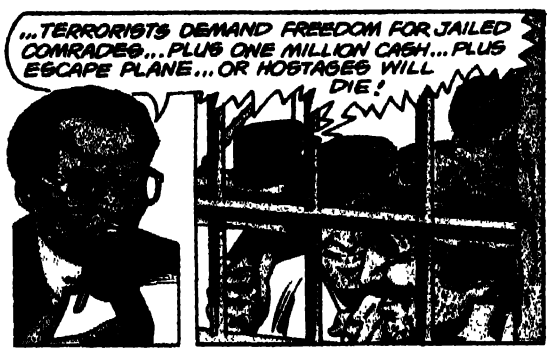
PHANTOM

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE...
WHEN TERRORISTS ATTEMPT TO TAKE AN EMBASSY IN MAWITAAN... AND FAIL...

...THREE TERRORISTS ARE CAPTURED... BUT THEIR LEADER PABLO AND OTHERS ESCAPE...


TERRORISTS HOLD U.N. DIANA PALMER-WALKER AND CHILDREN HOSTAGE; DEMAND RELEASE OF 3 JAILED COMRADES!

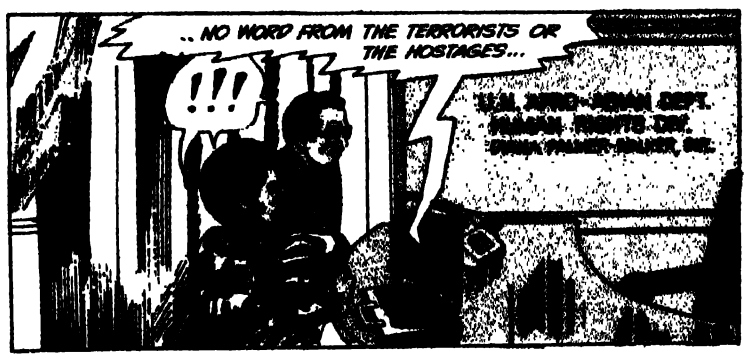

...TERRORISTS DEMAND FREEDOM FOR JAILED COMRADES... PLUS ONE MILLION CASH... PLUS ESCAPE PLANE... OR HOSTAGES WILL DIE!

...OR HOSTAGES WILL DIE!
ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY?
REX.. SHH!
MOMMY.. I'M HUNGRY...
THEY GOT OUR MESSAGE!

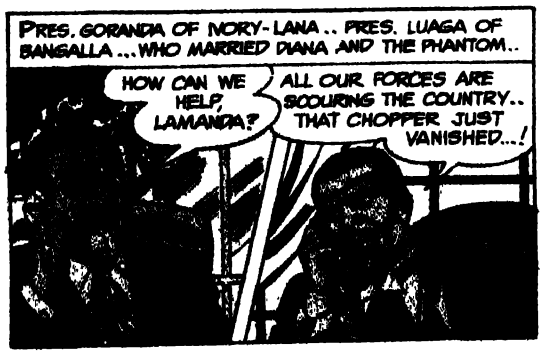
...ONE MILLION CASH.. PLUS ESCAPE PLANE.. OR...
PABLO'LL GET US OUT OF HERE..!
WITH CASH!

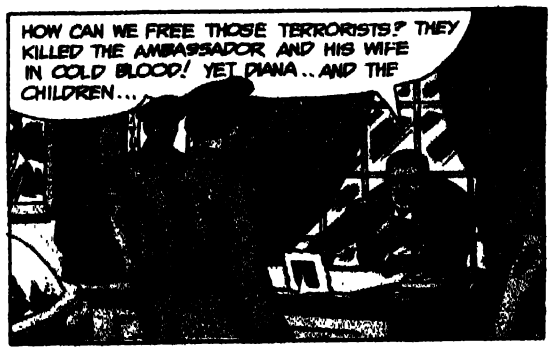
SY BARRY 6/20
PRESIDENT LUAGA.. WHAT NEWS OF DIANA AND HER CHILDREN ?
NOTHING YET.. DOING ALL WE CAN, MR. SECRETARY... POLICE.. MILITARY...

MAN-BIRD.. WENT THAT WAY. O GHOST WHO WALKS.
AS THE PHANTOM TRAILS THE TERRORISTS' CHOPPER...

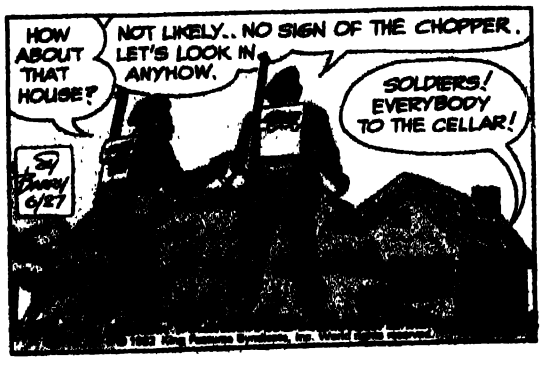

.. NO WORD FROM THE TERRORISTS OR THE HOSTAGES...
!!!

.. THE TERRORISTS DEMAND FREEDOM FOR THEIR JAILED MEMBERS...
OR THEY WILL KILL THE INNOCENT HOSTAGES.


PRES. GORANDA OF IVORY-LANA .. PRES. LUAGA OF BANGALLA ...WHO MARRIED DIANA AND THE PHANTOM..
HOW CAN WE HELP, LAMANDA?
ALL OUR FORCES ARE SCOURING THE COUNTRY.. THAT CHOPPER JUST VANISHED...!


HOW CAN WE FREE THOSE TERRORISTS? THEY KILLED THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE IN COLD BLOOD! YET DIANA .. AND THE CHILDREN...

SIR.. WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN..
NOT ENOUGH! SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS COUNTRY! I WANT THEM FOUND.. ALIVE.. UNHURT!


HOW ABOUT THAT HOUSE?
NOT LIKELY.. NO SIGN OF THE CHOPPER. LET'S LOOK IN ANYHOW.
SOLDIERS! EVERYBODY TO THE CELLAR!
SY BARRY 6/27

NOT A SOUND FROM ANYBODY.. OR WE'LL FINISH YOU HERE!
BAD MAN.
SHHH

SEEN THESE PEOPLE?
???
CONT'D

Towards another year of faith and hope

Season's Greetings

from

ALLAHABAD BANK

(A Government of India Undertaking)

This Week's Bridge
State Of The Game

RECENTLY, at a Bombay Duplicate tournament, I came across the following deal, which has more than one point of interest:

West dealer, E-W Vul.

West	East
♠ K76	♠ A5
♥ 92	♥ KJ10543
♦ KQ3	♦ AJ
♣ AKJ63	♣ Q94

I would up in six Clubs, as West A trump was led, and after trumps broke 3-2, the only point of the hand was how to play the Hearts.

I played to dummy's King, lost to the Ace, and went down. If I had guessed to finesse the Jack, I would have made the slam.

Was I unlucky, or did I misplay the Heart combination?

To answer this question, a look at the state of the match, and a look at the opponents bidding system needs to be taken. We were playing in a 24 board—Round Robin match, and at half time we were up 16 imps against a none-too-strong team. When this board appeared in the second half, the opponents had not given anything away, but nor had we.

Our opponents on the other table were playing a system in which one Club was 19 plus, one Diamond 16-18 with any hand pattern, and weak No Trumps.

What, you may well ask, does all this have to do with playing the Heart suit? The point is: What contract were the opponents likely to reach on this hand? Very likely Six No Trumps, or Six Hearts, on an auction:

West	East
1D (16-18)	2H
2NT	3H
3NT	4NT
5D	6NT
	or
	6H

In Six No Trumps, the Heart suit needs to provide at least 2 tricks; in Six Heart, the Hearts have to be brought in with only one loser. The percentage play, in the Heart suit, in either contract, is obviously to finesse the Jack.

Which means, that if I had judged that the match was going reasonably well, and that the prime need of the hour was to avoid an adverse swing, rather then to gain a swing, I should have finessed the Jack. If, on the other hand, I had judged that the match was going badly, and that we needed a big swing. I should have played as I did, putting up the King.

Thus the answer to my first question is clear—since we were not doing badly, I should have finessed. In other words, it wasn't totally bad luck—it was bad play too!

Supposing this hand had occurred in a Pairs event or Board-a-Match event, what would the right play have been? In both these events, even a difference of 10 points is a big difference in your matchpoint score. Since Six Clubs making six would be a poor score with Six Hearts and Six No Trumps likely to be the popular contract, the play in Six Clubs must be opposite to the play in Six Hearts or Six No Trumps! Thus the King would be the correct play at Pairs or Matchpoints.

Attempting later to justify my play of a Heart to the King, to my teammates, I did try and claim that I thought I was playing a Board-a-Match event. For some reason, they remained unconvinced!

Correction of Revoke:
Law 62. A player must correct his revoke if he becomes aware of the occurrence of the revoke before it becomes established To correct a revoke, the offender withdraws the card he played in revoking and follows suit with any card A card so withdrawn becomes a penalty card (Law 50) if it was played from defender's unfaced hand The card may be replaced without penalty if it was played from declarer's or dummy's hand or if it was a defender's faced card. Each member of the non-offending side may, without penalty, withdraw any card he may have played after the revoke but before attention was drawn to it (Law 47). Except as provided in the next paragraph, the partner of the offender may not withdraw his card unless it too constituted a revoke.

After the eleventh trick, a revoke, even if established, must be corrected if discovered before all four hands have been returned to the board; and if the revoke occurred before it was the turn of the offender's partner to play to the twelfth trick, (penalty) declarer or either defender, as the case may be, may then require the offender's partner to play to that trick either of two cards he could legally have played.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Rare Queen Sacrifice

QUEEN sacrifice for two minor pieces is of rare occurence. In the following games of position Nos 289 and 290 we come across such a Queen sacrifice by White. The beauty of the games lies in the fact that in the prolonged play after the sacrifice, the defender possessing the Queen is reduced to utter helplessness.

Speelman-Martin

Played in this year's British Championship won by Miles with 9/11 points in a field of 56 players. Speelman was 2nd with 8. India's IM Ravi Kumar with 7½ tied for 3-5 places with Keene and Kosten.

1.Nf3, Nf6 2.c4, g6 3.g3, Bg7 4.Bg2, d6 5.00, 00 6.b3, e5 7.Bb2, c5 8.Nc3, Nc6 9.d3, h6 10.e3, Bf5? 11.h3, Qd7 12.Kh2, Rab8 13.Qd2, g5 14.Rad1, a6 15.d4!, cxd4 16.exd4, exd4.

Position No 291: 17.Nxd4!, Nxd4 18.Qxd4!!, Ng4ch 19.hxg4, Bxd4 20.Rxd4, Bg6 21.c5!, Rbe8 22.Nd5, f6 23.Ne3, Qb5 24.cxd6, Qe2 25.Bc3, Qxa2 26.d7, Rd8 27.Rd6, Kh7 28.Nd5, Qa3 29.b4, Qa4 30.Ra1, Qb5 31.Rd1, Qe2 32.Nxf6ch, Kh8 33.Re1, Qc4 34.Ba1, Qa2 35.Kg1, Qc4 36.Bf3, Qb3 37.Kg2!, Qc4 38.Ne4ch, Kh7 39.Nxg5ch!, hxg5 40.Rh1ch, Kg8 41.Rg6ch, Kf7 42.Rg7ch, 1-0.

Reti opening.

7...c5) Possible is 7...e4 8.Ng5 (or 8.Ne1 or Nd4), Re8 9.Nc3, Bf5.

10...Bf5?) 10...Be6 and if 11.d4, exd4 12.exd4, d5 should give Black equality.

15.d4!) Justified only because of White's deeply planned Queen sacrifice for only two minor pieces!

20...Bg6) Black rejects 20...Bxg4 fearing 21.Ne4.

21.c5!) Assures the creation of a passed d-Pawn.

23...Qb5) Out of his next 15 moves Black fruitlessly makes 12 with his Queen!

31.Rd1) Not 31.Nxf6ch, Rxf6 32.Rxf6, Qxd7; or 32.Bxf6, Rxd7.

32.Nxf6ch) The strength of White's game lies in the action of Queen Bishop on the long diagonal in combination with other pieces.

39.Nxg5ch!) A splendid final combination with a further Knight sacrifice.

Gutman-Wyss Biel 1982
(Notes based on those in the Swiss magazine "Schachzeitung")

1.Nf3, f5 2.g3, Nf6 3.Bg2, d6 4.00, g6 5.c3, e5 6.d3, Nc6 7.e4, fxe4 8.dxe4, Bg7 9.Qb3, Qe7 10.Nbd2, Rb8 11.Nc4?!, Be6 12.Ng5, Bg8 13.a4, h6? 14.Nf3, Nxe4? 15.Nh4!, Nc5 16.Bxc6ch, Kd8 17.Qb5, a6

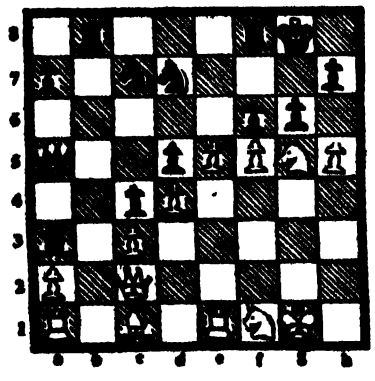
Position No 292: 18 Qx5!!, dxc5 19.Rd1ch, Kc8 20.Nxg6, Qf6 21.Bd7ch, Kd8 22.Ncxe5, Bb3 23.Bf4!, Bxd1 24.Rxd1, Rf8? 25.Bg4ch, Ke8 26.Nxf8, Rd8 27.Nfd7, Qd6 28.Bh5ch, Ke7 29.Ng6ch, 1-0.

1...f5) Dutch Defence, but with 5.c3/6.d3/7.e4 White enters into uncharted paths.

5.c3) Here 5 d4/6.c4 would lead into regular Dutch lines while 5.c4/6.d3 would transpose into variations of English Opening.

8...Bg7) White's e-Pawn is indirectly protected, i.e. 8. .Nxe4? 9.Nxe5!

11.Nc4?!) This move allows an unpleasant pin on the Knight. A better plan would be 11.Re1 intending Nf1-e3 aiming at d5.



No 293 White to play

13...h6?) This move weakens Black's g6-Pawn. Far stronger would have been 13...Nd7! (Threat 14...Na5) and if 14.a5, Nc5 15.Qa2, Nxa5 16.Qxa5, Bxc4 17.Qxa2, 00.

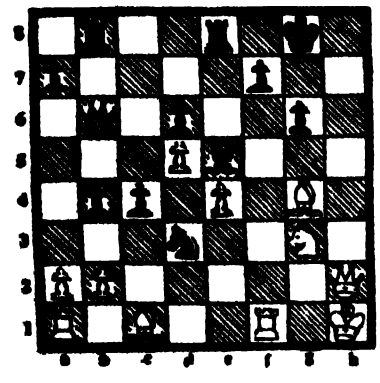
14...Nxe4?!) Black cannot resist this temptation since now on 15.Nxe5?, Nxe5 wins White Knight on c4. But 14...Nd7 was still preferable.

20.. Qf6) If 20.Qe6 21 Be4 and Black has no answer to 22 Bf5 (21...Qxc4? 22.Ne7 mate)

23.Bf4!) Further sacrifice of the exchange! After 23 .Bf8 24.Nxh8, Bd6 25.c4! Black is better-off in material (25.. Qxh8? 26 Nf7ch).

26...Rd8) Black cannot take on f8, e.g 26...Bxf8 27.Bg4ch, Ke8 28.Bh5ch, Ke7 29.Rd7ch, Ke6 30.Bg4ch; or 26...Qxf8 27.Bg4ch, Ke8 28.Bh5ch, Ke7 29.Ng6ch.

R. B. SAPRE



No 294 White to play

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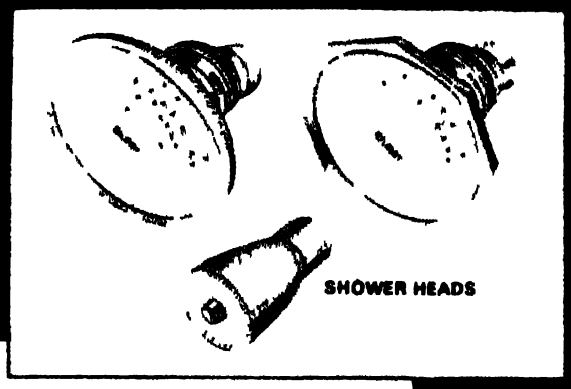

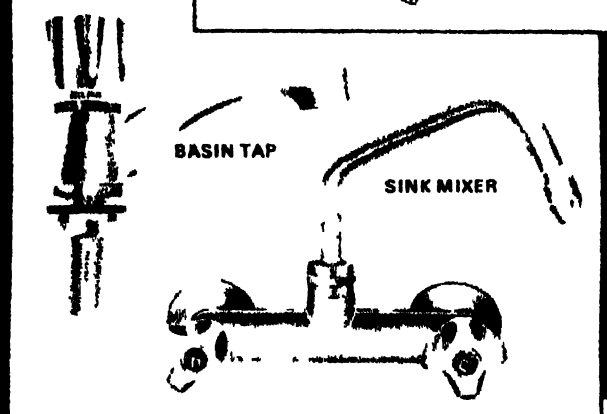

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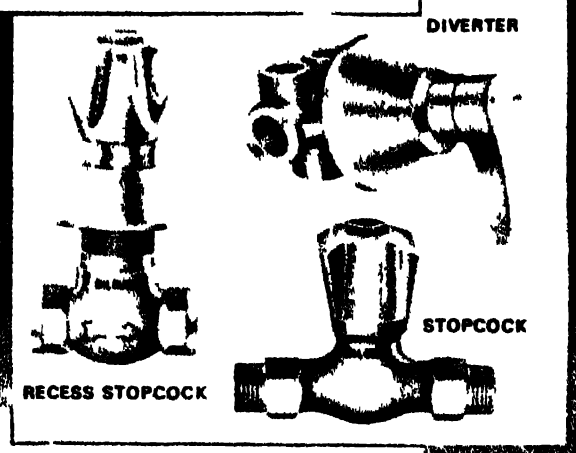

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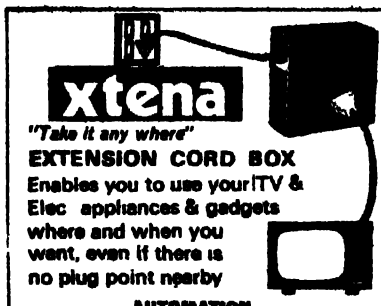

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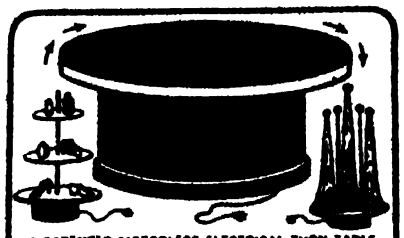

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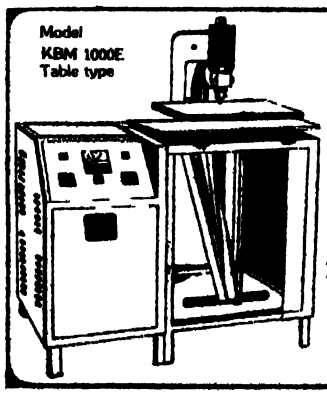

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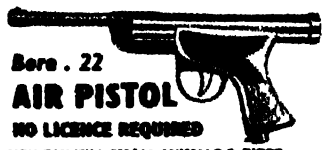

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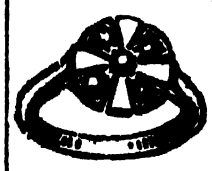

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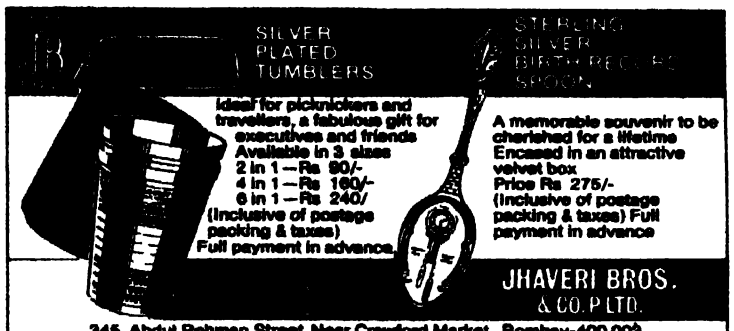

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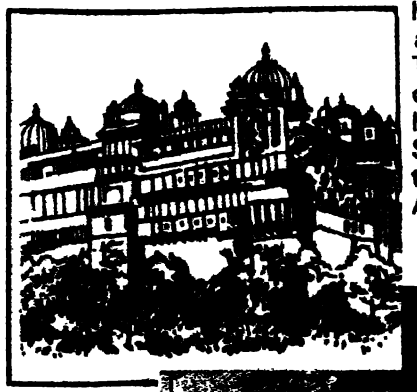
AGRA: The capital city in the days of Mughal rule, it retains traces of the magnificence that was the Mughal age. The Taj Mahal, a mausoleum of sheer elegance in marble, the delicate artistry of Itmad-ud-Daulah and the imposing proportions of the Fort are some of the reasons why tourists flock to Agra year after year.

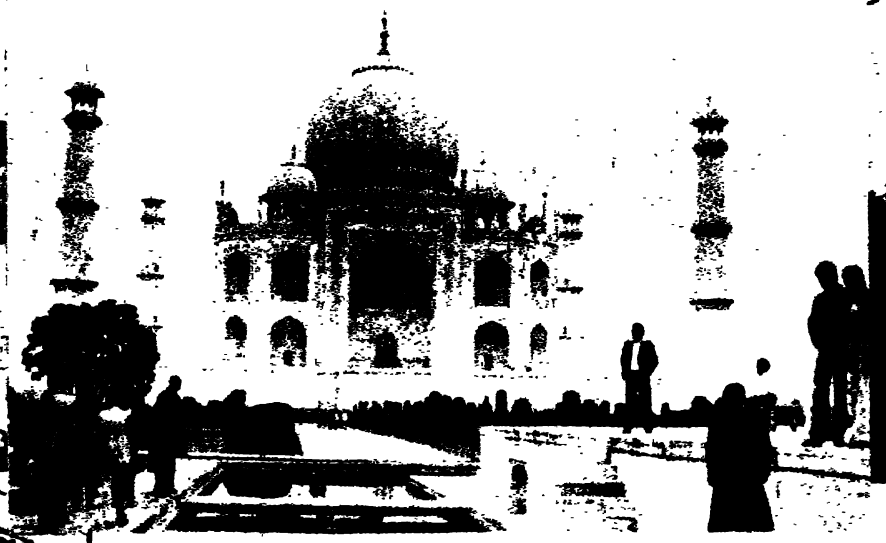
LUCKNOW: Situated on both banks of the river Gomti, it derives its name from Lakshman, the brother of Lord Rama. A city of gardens, parks, and palaces, Lucknow retains its old-world charm and is famed for its exquisite courtesy and chikan-work embroidery. The Great Imambara with its enormous vaulted hall, the Turkish Gate with its expressive architecture and the Residency with its canon-shot ridden walls are just a few of the many sights that lend importance to Lucknow as a major tourist attraction.

ALLAHABAD: Situated at the confluence of the rivers Ganga, Yamuna and the invisible Saraswati, Allahabad is one of the most ancient cities in India. The original ancient name of this holy city was Prayag. The modern name of Allahabad was given by Emperor Akbar who built a fort near the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Yamuna after he had paid a visit to this holy city in the year 1547 A.D. Anand Bhawan, Bharadwaj Ashram, The University, Nag Basuki Temple, Fort, Khusru Bagh, Patalpuri Temple, Sangam and Museum are the places of interest for the tourists.

HARIDWAR: Nestling at the foot of the Shivalik mountains and skirted by the Ganga, Haridwar has been a sacred place for pilgrims from the Pauranic age.

AYODHYA: Ayodhya, situated on the right bank of the river Saryu is one of the greatest religious centres of India. It is a city of immense antiquity full of historical significance and sacred temples The city is intimately connected with the epic hero Rama Chandra of Solar Race, who was the King of Kosala with Ayodhya as its capital.





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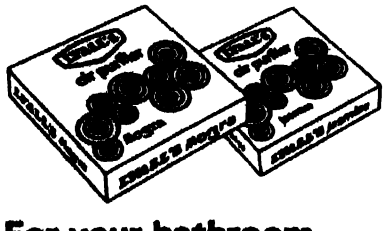

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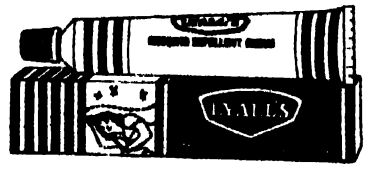

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stunning Spreads

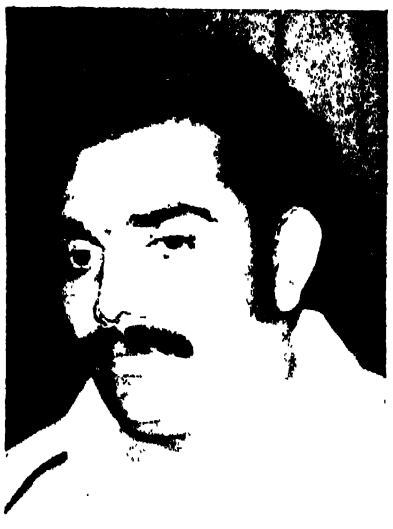
Sir—The centrespread has made every issue of your magazine worth preserving. Please keep it up and don't be misguided by puritanical views.

S. Vikram Kumar
Morabad

Missed Cue?

Sir—Mr Khanna is wrong on many points. ("Poll Prospects In Karnataka", December 5). Firstly, it is absolutely incorrect to say that Mr Gundu Rao does not interfere with the bureaucracy. He deals with bureaucrats in such a way that he can play the game of dice to his advantage. Secondly, the Supa Dam is very far from Bangalore—it is in Uttar Karnataka—a neglected district of the State. This project was a crafty design of Devaraj Urs to woo the people of this area. Thirdly, the celluloid patriot Rajkumar wants Kannada to be the State language, but most of the time he lives in Madras! Fourthly, it is uncharitable to say that Rao smiles occasionally at the Brahmins. Fortunately, this state is not as vulnerable as Tamil Nadu to the ravages of communalism. It still has a halo of cosmopolitanism. Finally, Mr Khanna says that the government employees are fond of their Chief Minister. People rightly say *Yatha Raja Thatha Praja.* Karnataka is the most corrupt State in India. Nothing moves without money. Naturally therefore, the employees are happy with the Chief Minister.

U.S. Iyer
Madras



Sir—"Poll Prospects In Karnataka" was very well-written. However it is difficult to agree with the optimistic forecast of the author. Both the opposition parties in the State are capable (whether united or otherwise). The ethos of the Karnataka people, which is of a peace-loving and docile nature, is the surest guarantee of the Congress (I) victory in Karnataka.

K. Govind
Kuttippuram

Lo The Lensman

Sir—Don't ever stop your visionary Third Eye Feature!

R. K. Ramanathan
Rameswaram

Sir—I am surprised that there is so little feedback from the readers of the WEEKLY on the excellent regular feature "The Third Eye". With the introduction of this feature you have given a boost to Indian photography in general and to individual lensmen in particular. Moreover, it has added a vital, new dimension to the WEEKLY which, unfortunately, is not drawing the appreciation it deserves from your readers. I, for one, would beseech you to carry on with the feature, regardless.

S. K. Nag
Editor
Publications & Information Directorate
New Delhi

Right On!

Sir—David Gunston's advice (December 5) to those who wish to enlarge the horizons of their knowledge to "write down all important facts they gather" is indeed valuable. As a free-lance journalist, over the years, I, too, have become compulsively addicted to this practice and it has paid me rich dividends. My special thanks for publishing such sterling counsel.

M.A. Aziz
Madras

Vintage Carts

Sir—Whenever I am held-up on the road by a bullock-cart while driving my car, I tell myself: "Here I am in a modern invention, stuck behind and reduced to the speed of transport model of Indus Valley vintage."Isn't this the story of our country in almost every field of activity? ("Transport, The Coming Debacle", December 5).

C.P. Belliappa
Coorg

Sher Shah Suri

Sir—In his otherwise well-researched article, "Mughal Coins" (December 5), Dinesh Mody has omitted the name of Sher Shah, the great administrator who became famous for his fiscal reforms. Though he was an Afghan, no study of Mughal Coins would be complete without acknowledging his contribution. Actually, Sher Shah's reformed currency lasted throughout the Mughal period and even the East India Company maintained it for a fairly long time. His reign was well-known for superbly minted coins of pure silver which bore the king's name. When Sher Shah came to the throne, he was disturbed by the debasement of the earlier coins. He abolished the old and mixed metal currency.

May I also quote the famous words of the historian Edward Thompson to support this view? "Sher Shah's reign constitutes an important test point in the assortment of Indian coinage not only in mint reforms but in correcting the progressive deterioration of previous kings and in introducing many reforms which the succeeding Mughals claimed as their own."

Ms Prabha Padmanabhan
Bombay

"Superficial" Suicides

Sir—Anoop Babani dealt with the subject of suicides in a very superficial way, merely offering the views of various "experts". The article read more like student's notes with some statistics. An analysis of psychosocial factors might have been more appropriate.

Amarnath Sinha
Wazaribag

"Callousness" Clarified

Sir—Apropos the article "Callousness That Caused Capsize" (November 28), I wish to make certain clarifications on behalf of the Bhakra-Beas Management Board.

As soon as the news of the boat accident was received, the BBMB authorities rushed fire brigade and ambulance services to the site of the accident. The rescued children were brought to the BBMB hospital for first aid. The BBMB divers along with the diving equipment were called from Bhakra Dam (13 km away). Our divers who participated in the rescue operations with the Navy team, recovered 17 out of 22 bodies. Suitable arrangements were made for boarding and lodging the bereaved families. The BBMB officers and their families, stationed at Nangal, also rendered all possible help to these unfortunate families.

The ferry crossing where the accident occurred is not within the jurisdiction of BBMB and is managed by the State Government under the Ferries Act; the license was issued by the civil authorities of District Ropar who are responsible for checking the water worthiness of the boats operating on such ferry crossings.

O.R. Mehta
Secretary
BBMB
Chandigarh

"Middle-of-the-Road Cinema" published in our December 12 issue was by Mr Suresh Kohli.

—Editor

"Mistaken" Mayfield

Sir—Some of your readers seem to have misunderstood Marlys Mayfield's poem "Animals" (Letters To The Editor", November 21). They imagine it implies an insult to Indians by comparing them with animals.

Actually, the poem praises Indians for accepting animals as part of the human scene, urban and rural. I presume the poet sees this as a contrast to the tendency in the West to exclude animals, except as pets, from the normal human routine.

Nissim Ezekiel
Bombay

Sir—Ms Mayfield's poem "Animals" (September 26) was not half as shocking as the indignant reactions of your readers one of whom even sought refuge in our age-old culture. Has our culture taught us to be so sensitive to criticism and so callous about our actual thoughts and conduct? Isn't it this very thought process which lies at the roots of the draconian Bihar Press Bill? The Marathi Saint Tukaram has said that one should always have a critic for a neighbour. That would make one constantly aware of one's drawbacks, which in turn could possibly initiate a process of improvement and elevation. We resent Americans criticising poverty and squalour in India. Nonetheless do we not avidly criticise foreigners? The fact remains that while we are very fond of praising our great heritage and culture all the time we in fact are mentally and spiritually a degraded people, having scant concern, much less respect for our very own down-trodden fellow-beings.

N.R. Bhatwadekar
Nagpur

Injured Feelings

Sir—Rukmini Varma may have sincerely wished to portray the beauty of the Hindu gods, goddesses and other celestial beings. But communal Hindus may fail to accept the explanation. Although the Hindus are less communal than any other community, it is not advisable to misuse their generosity. You should desist from baring at least their gods and goddesses.

P.M. Mehta
P.K. Patel
Gandhinagar

Postman, Please...

Sir—Aroon Tikekar's article "The Changing Face of Advertising" (September 19) along with fascimiles of old ads was not only extremely interesting it was almost too "credible".

Ever since the publication of our old 1910 advertisement (on page 25) to illustrate the article, we have been besieged by requests from readers to send them the "illustrated catalogue" advertised in the 1910 ad.

The post office has also been very efficient as the letters addressed to the Gramophone Co, Post Box 118, Bombay-1, our 1910 post box number have been correctly delivered.

May I, through your columns, take this opportunity to thank all the readers who wrote to us and regretfully inform them that the 1910 offer of the illustrated catalogue was valid only for the year 1910.

Rima Kashyap
Manager
Creative Services
The Gramophone Co of India Ltd
Bombay

Et Tu Cho?

Sir—"Cho" S. Ramaswamy in "The Rot in Tamil Nadu", (July 3) has erred on two counts. The first one is of propriety, in mentioning me by name. As an Editor of two decades' standing, he should realise the consequence of such mention which is also against accepted journalistic practice. Secondly, and more seriously, Mr Ramaswamy has got his facts wrong when he alludes to a wholly fictional sequence of events leading to my resignation. At no time was VIP's car booked nor was I reprimanded for it. My resignation was entirely due to personal reasons and has since been withdrawn. It is regrettable that a journalist of Cho's standing did not verify his facts before penning them and it is also saddening to note the lack of editorial discretion on the part of the WEEKLY.

Balachandran
Madras

Sir—The original report regarding Mr Balachandran's involvement in the incident mentioned by me, was published in the Madras edition of the *Indian Express* on March 29. Apart from this, a Tamil evening daily *Ethiroli* had also published a detailed report about the incident. For at least five months thereafter Mr Balachandran had not contradicted any of these reports. If, as he now claims, the incident to which I have alluded in my article never happened, then Mr Balachandran should accept the blame for having, by his failure to issue a denial, led me and the public of Tamil Nadu to believe the reported incident to be true.

Mr Balachandran has now shown himself in very bad light. If the incident had not happened, he has suppressed facts by not contradicting the earlier newspaper reports published in March. If the incident had happened, what he has now written to you is at veriance with facts. In either case, truth has become a casulaty. I wish that Mr Balachandran should regret his lepse instead of asking me and you to express regret.

CHO
Madras

Mr Balachandran's letter and Mr Cho Ramaswamy's comment are self-explanatory. The correspondence on the subject is closed

—Editor

The Illustrated Weekly Of India

VOL CIV 2 JANUARY 9, 1983 ESTD 1880

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Contents

8 COVER STORY: ***Indian Muslims: Persecuted Or Pampered?*** India awoke to freedom only to witness the bloody trauma of partition; feelings naturally run high on the issue of Muslim minorities. Whether the lot of Indian Muslims is wretched or wonderful is a hotly debated question. And it is particularly significant in the context of the recent social turmoil. Balraj Madhok, Syed Shahabuddin and Sitanshu Das present the cases for and against.

15 ANALYSIS: ***The Punjab Imbroglio.*** Darshan Singh Maini analyses the state of Punjab politics today.

22 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** A round-up of the latest events in Calcutta by Sumita Sandilya.

17 PROFILE: ***The Fabulous Aga Khan.*** The 45-year old Prince Karim is celebrating the silver jubilee of his accession to the Imamat.

23 ASTRONOMY: ***The Comet Is Coming.*** It will be a lucky astronomer who will first spot the legendary Halley's Comet in the 'eighties. By R. Ramadorai.

24 CULTURE: ***A German Scholar's 50 Years In India.*** Father Proksch completes 50 years of selfless devotion to his adopted land. Miriam D'Souza writes about the man and his work.

30 BEHAVIOUR: ***Loneliness In America.*** Louise Bernikow on how one can be very alone in the midst of America.

26 EXCERPTS: ***Afghanistan And Pakistan's Western Frontier.*** Continuing excerpts from Asghar Khan's *Generals In Politics*. The former Pak Air Chief takes a perceptive look at the Afghanistan-Pakistan problem vis-a-vis the Soviet Union and the United States.

32 PHOTO FEATURE: ***New Inroads Of Perception.*** A collection from the album of Vivek Tandon.

35 ELECTRONICS: ***Towards A Paperless Office.*** Rajib Ranjan Sen on the wonderful inroads the computer has made into offices.

40 SPORTS: ***Supple Asia.*** Colourful doublespread on those who excelled in the Gymnastics section of the Asiad.

43 LITERATURE: ***A Poet Of Eternal Youth.*** P.K. Nijhawan on the life and times of Hafeez Jalandhari, the poet with a conscience.

45 FINANCE: ***Sale 'N' Save.*** Ranjit Lal insists that we can save a lot of money by picking up goods at sales.

47 BOOKS: ***"Small Is Beautiful."*** The author holds "giantism" on the scale of economic operations responsible for almost all the ills that afflict man and society, says Kishore Valicha in his review of John Papworth's *New Politics*.

Plus: A review of Bhisham Sahni's *Balraj, My Brother* by V.N. Chhibber and Digvijay Singh's *Cooking Delights Of The Maharajas* reviewed by Thangam Philip.

49 FICTION: ***Money-Lender In Love.*** Short story by K.P.S. Menon.

20 IN THE STATES: ***And Now "Gorkhastan".*** Gautaman Bhaskaran on the Nepalis' search for a separate identity in the hill districts of Bengal.

Also: ***UP CM's Land Grab.*** K. Vikram Rao on how a widow was evicted out of her home to make way for Shripat Misra's son.

The Lacemakers. G.S. Reddy on the exploitation of the lace workers of Andhra Pradesh.

Plus: *The World Around Us: 29; The Weekly Pick: 46; That's Business: 37; New Products And Processes: 34; Health: 39; Stars: 51; Hal 52; Bridge & Chess: 59; Comics: 55.*

Next Issue

Spotlight On Tamil Nadu

"Without MGR, there won't be an AIDMK,but, without Karunanidhi there will be a DMK," is how a leading commentator looks at the political situation in Tamil Nadu today. From Dindigul in 1974 to Periyakulam in 1982 it has been a long and eventful journey for MGR. How firmly is he in the saddle today? V.R. Mani visits Tamil Nadu to find out.

The Matinee Idol Knows His Crowd

Noted satirist Cho Ramaswamy on the "profound" pronouncements of MGR in recent times.

Filmdom, Mother Of Politics in TN

The political hold of the cinema in Tamil Nadu seems strong as ever, with both Chief Minister M.G. Ramachandran and his chief rival, M. Karunanidhi, making full use of it to refurbish their sagging political images. Brian Laul makes a study.

MGR Deserves The Nobel Prize

Believe it or not, Jayalalitha, as the newest recruit into his cabinet, suggests, in all seriousness, that MGR should be bestowed with the Nobel Prize for the Midday Meal Scheme.

Plus: S. Viswanathan on the TN Industrial Scene and Sabita Radhakrishna on its Rites and Rituals.

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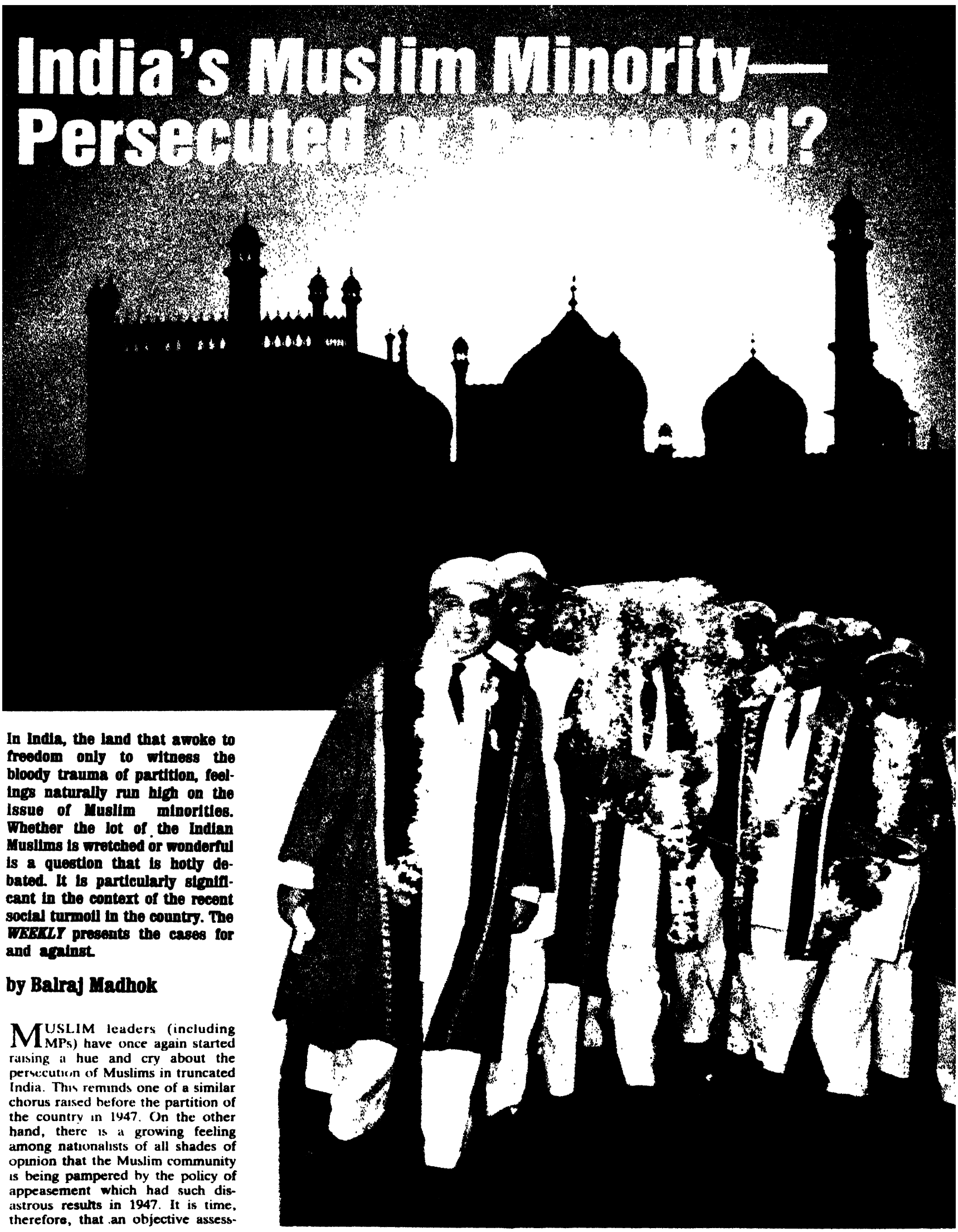
India's Muslim Minority—Persecuted or Pampered?



In India, the land that awoke to freedom only to witness the bloody trauma of partition, feelings naturally run high on the issue of Muslim minorities. Whether the lot of the Indian Muslims is wretched or wonderful is a question that is hotly debated. It is particularly significant in the context of the recent social turmoil in the country. The *WEEKLY* presents the cases for and against.

by Balraj Madhok

MUSLIM leaders (including MPs) have once again started raising a hue and cry about the persecution of Muslims in truncated India. This reminds one of a similar chorus raised before the partition of the country in 1947. On the other hand, there is a growing feeling among nationalists of all shades of opinion that the Muslim community is being pampered by the policy of appeasement which had such disastrous results in 1947. It is time, therefore, that an objective assess-

nent of the situation on facts were nade to determine if the Muslim ommunity is indeed being perseuted or pampered.

The first thing to be noted in this egard is that Muslims living in India ave no legal or moral claim or right n this country. According to the nalysis of the results of the crucial eneral elections of 1946 made by Asoka Mehta in his book, *Political Mind of India*, 93 per cent of the Muslim voters had voted for partiion; 7 per cent, who voted against, nainly belonged to Sindh, Punjab nd the NWFP which now constitute Pakistan. Muslims, who constituted ust 23 per cent population of the hen united India, got 30 per cent of he common territory, which then ecame the Islamic state of Pakistan. Even if Gandhiji's view, that partiion was just a division of assets etween brothers after the father's leath, is accepted, the 23 per cent of he Muslim population which reeived 30 per cent of the common erritory forfeited all legal claim to he 70 per cent of the land that is runcated India. Therefore, as Dr Ambedkar put it in his *Thoughts on Pakistan*, complete exchange of 25 nillion Muslims who were left beind in India with the equal number of Hindus left behind in Pakistan was he "logical corollary of partition".

The argument that the sins of the athers cannot be transferred to the ons does not hold good in this case. Once a property or a territory is livided between two brothers, the livision becomes legally binding on heir progeny as well. If the Muslims who stayed behind in India after partition feel persecuted in India, hey have the choice to go to their slamic heaven in Pakistan. They annot have the cake and eat it too.

It is to the credit of India and the Hindus that they not only tolerated he minority but even treated it as nore than equal. This is proved by he threefold increase in the Muslim population in India during the last 35 years. In 1951, the Muslim populaion in India was about 30 million. It jumped to 42 million in 1961, 57 million in 1971 and has now touched the 80 million mark in the census of 1981. Thus 11 per cent of the population of India are Muslims.

During this period, India has had wo Muslim Presidents, two Muslim Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, a Muslim Chief of the Air Staff and scores of Muslim Governors, Ministers and judges of High Courts. At present, India has a Muslim Vice-President and 3 Muslim Governors. There have also been Muslim Chief Ministers in the predominantly Hindu States of Bihar, Rajasthan and Maharashtra.

Even the Muslim League, which masterminded the two-nation theory and the partition of the country, has been allowed to revive itself and is sharing power in Kerela. New mosques are coming up all over the country and old mosques are being renovated. Loudspeakers blare *azan* at odd hours with impunity. Does all this point to the persecution of Muslims in India?

Compare this with the fate of the Hindus left behind in Pakistan. Hindus (including Sikhs numbering some 10 million) formed 23 per cent of the population of West Pakistan in 1947. They have now been reduced to less than a lakh and live as second-class citizens with no rights at all. Also, in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh), Hindus constituted 30 per cent of the population in 1947, numbering some 15 million. The population of Bangladesh has since doubled; but the Hindu-Buddhist population, instead of increasing proportionately, has been cut down to half. Millions have been killed or converted to Islam and about 10 million have been driven out as refugees into India. Recurring pogroms and persecution have made the life of the remaining Hindus and Buddhists miserable. Their extirpation is now only a question of time. Those who clamour about persecution of the Muslims in India have never uttered a word against the genocide of non-Muslims in our neighbouring countries.

The Aligarh Muslim University played a major role in the creation of Pakistan. This would be brought out by even a cursory glance at *Pathways to Pakistan* by Chaudhury Khaliq-Uz-Zaman, who was one of the architects of Pakistan. The University provided the intellectual leadership and the manpower for propagation of the two-nation theory in the country. No wonder, therefore, that about 90 per cent of its students and staff went away to Pakistan. It was then suggested that the campus be exchanged with the equally big campus of DAVCollege and allied institutions at Lahore. Instead, this University has been expanded without altering its communal and anti-national character. Ten crores from the public exchequer are spent on it annually to preserve it as a hotbed of Muslim communalism and separatism

Urdu, a Turkish word meaning army, was the name given to the language used by the foreign Turkish soldiers in their dealings with the local population in India. All its verbs are Hindi. But it has a good admixture of Turkish and Persian words and is written in the Persian script. As such, it is not a separate language but only a variant of Hindi which was primarily used in military camps and courts. It is not the spoken language of any region of India. The Muslim League used it as a vehicle for creating a sense of separatism among Muslims by projecting it as the language of all Muslims. So it played an important role in bringing about the vivisection of the motherland.

Urdu is again being projected as the language of all Muslims to perpetuate their feeling of separatism. The demand for giving Urdu the status of the second official language is fraught with grave dangers for national unity. It has already been conceded in UP and Bihar much against the will of the large majority. Even in Delhi, where people who claim Urdu to be their mother tongue constitute less than 5 per cent of the population, it has been given special status to the neglect of such national languages as Tamil and Bengali which should have been encouraged in the national metropolis to strengthen national unity Huge funds have been earmarked in other States also for the promotion of Urdu. Even the rational suggestion about Indianising Urdu by adopting the Devnagri script is being opposed.

A common law for all citizens and equality before law is the rule in all civilised countries. Article 44 of the Indian Constitution specially directs the State to have a common civil law for the whole country. But this constitutional directive has been flouted for all these years to please the Muslim community which wants the Islamic law to be applied to Muslims in regard to marriage and other related matters. The aim is purely political: to safeguard the right of polygamy and easy divorce for Muslim males much against the wishes of Muslim women,

FREEDOM FROM FEAR?...

—S.N. Kulkarni

.. OR SECOND-CLASS CITIZENSHIP?

—Ramesh Sanzgiri

FAKHRUDDIN ALI AHMED: Does a Muslim President of secular India symbolise the privileges enjoyed by the minorities in India?

so that the Muslim population may grow faster! As a result, we have the ludicrous situation in which a polygamous judge can try and punish a Hindu for infringing the law about monogamy

Emotional integration is an imperative necessity for national unity. One big impediment to it is the perpetuation of the depredations committed by certain Muslim rulers in places that the Hindus regard as holy. Mosques still stand at the sites of birth of Sri Krishna at Mathura and Sri Rama at Ayodhya and at the site of Vishvanath temple at Kashi. These are places of great emotional value for the Hindus but have no such value for Muslims. Repeated pleas have been made for their restoration to Hindus. I even made the offer on the floor of Parliament that Hindus would gladly build new mosques for Muslims if they vacated these places. But nothing has been done so far in this regard for fear of displeasing the Muslim community.

Some of the so-called Muslim monuments are really buildings built by the Hindus before the advent of Islam in India. For example the Qutb Minar in Delhi is a Victory Tower built by the Hindu rulers of Delhi before its occupation by Muslim invaders in 1192. Qutb-ud-Din-Aibak, who ruled over Delhi for just four years, destroyed the temple complex around it and built a mosque. His successor tried to build a replica of this Victory Tower but could not complete even its first storey during his reign of 20 years. No contemporary record makes any mention of Qutb-ud-Din Aibak having built this Tower. I raised this question in Parliament and suggested that a committee of historians should be appointed to go into the question. The Minister concerned kept mum in the House but later told me that the Government could not accept my suggestion because it would displease the Muslims!

Muslim rulers not only destroyed libraries and temples, they also renamed some of the cities conquered

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by them. For example, names of Bhagnagar, Karnavati, Devgiri and Ramgarh were changed to Hyderabad, Ahmedabad, Daulatabad and Aligarh, respectively. The Union Government has changed many names given by the British rulers to their original form. But all suggestions to restore the original names of the cities mentioned above are frowned upon for fear of incurring the displeasure of the Muslim minority.

Islam nowhere enjoins cow slaughter as a religious duty. On the other hand, total ban on cow slaughter has been an essential attribute of freedom of Indian States. This is clear from the treaties between Hindu princes with the Mughal emperors and British rulers. In an agricultural country, the cow has been the mainstay of the Indian economy. Cow's milk comes nearest to mother's milk. The cow has therefore been compared to mother in Indian tradition and literature. "You shall not kill cows" was the only condition laid down by Hindu rulers when they gave shelter to Parsis who sought refuge in India after Islamic persecution forced them to flee from Iran. Gandhiji is on record as saying that cow slaughter would be stopped totally as soon as India became free. A total ban on cow slaughter was the last wish of Vinoba Bhave, too. A large majority of the people of India have been demanding it for long. But the fear of Muslim displeasure has been staying the hands of the Government.

Jammu and Kashmir is the only State in India where Muslims have an overall majority of about 65 per cent. Although, the Kashmir valley is overwhelmingly Muslim, Jammu and Ladakh regions are predominantly Hindu and Buddhist. This State has never had a Hindu Chief Minister during the last 35 years despite the Gajendragadkar Commission's recommendations. The claim of D.D. Thakur, an able administrator and an ex-judge of the High Court, who was No 2 in Sheikh Abdullah's cabinet. to to the Chief Ministership,even temporarily, was ignored because he was not a Muslim.

Moreover, although the population has been rising in all parts of the country, the Hindu population in Kashmir valley is declining continuously. It was one lakh and ten thousand in 1971. It came down to 73 thousand in the 1981 census, for reasons that are obvious.

Lakhs of Hindu refugees from Pakistan in Jammu region have not been given citizenship rights even after 35 years of stay there They can vote for the Lok Sabha but not for the State Assembly. Yet steps are afoot to bring back Muslims who had gone away to Pakistan 35 years ago and even grant them full citizenship rights in the State! The patriotic opposition to the anti-national Resettlement Act is being decried as "Hindu communalism" and cited as an example of persecution of the Muslim community.

Secularism and territorial nationalism are an anathema to Islam. They go counter to the Islamic concepts of *Millat* and *Kufr* and *Dar-ul-Islam* and *Dar-ul-Harab*. No Islamic state has ever been a secular state and no true Muslim can subscribe to secularism and *Sarva Dharma Sama Bhava* (respect for all religions and their places of worship) because it cuts at the root of the assertion that Islam is the only true religion, that all other religions are false, and that their followers deserve no quarter. That was the basis of the two-nation theory and the partition of India. It is also the root cause of communal riots which continue to blacken the fair name of Bharat even after Muslims got Pakistan and British left India for good in 1947. All riots start in areas in which Muslims happen to be strong and are invariably started by them. The recent riot in Meerut is the latest illustration of this painful reality. Here a planned attack was made on police personnel but for whose timely action Meerut might have been reduced to a shambles.

In its craze for block Muslim votes, the Ruling Party, as also most of the Opposition Parties, are afraid of calling a spade a spade. Even enquiry commissions are scuttled when it is found that their reports are going against Muslims. This is what happened with the Aligarh Riots Commission. The Moradabad Riots Commission has not been able to start its work yet because the Muslims have decided to boycott its proceedings lest the truth be out.

Small wonder then that this has encouraged the Muslims as a community to revert to their pre-partition game.

The intolerable enormity of the situation is being felt by all patriots including the officers and jawans of the police and security forces who have to bear the brunt of communal riots and recurring Pakistani wars with India. It is time, therefore, the Government and the people paid heed to what the veteran Saint Prabhudatt Brahmachari of Jhusi (Allahabad) said in his recent communication to the Prime Minister. He wrote this letter after his Ashram was ransacked on October 28, the Moharram day, in the presence of the police which looked on as helpless spectators because of instructions not to displease the Muslim processionists. The octogenarian Brahmachari has written: "I was a companion in jail of your grandfandfather, Motilal Nehru, and your father, Jawaharlal Nehru, during the freedom struggle. Now I am very old. I do not know why my Ashram was attacked and why the police could not raise its little finger against the goondas. Have Hindus no rights in their own country even after partition and freedom?"He has ended his letter with the warning: "The situation has become intolerable. Even the police and the army is feeling the pinch. If nothing is done to remedy the situation, there will be an explosion which may blow up everything."

—Syed Ahmed

THE AURANGZEB MOSQUE at the site of the Visvanath temple in Benares.

It is clear that the Muslim community in India is pampered. Its problems spring partly from the fact that it had become accustomed to favoured treatment under the Muslim and British rules. Besides, it has been so pampered by the continuance of the policy of appeasement even after it got its pound of flesh in the form of Pakistan that it cannot brook equal treatment and accept the reality that India is a Hindu country committed to *Sarva Dharma Sama Bhava* and not an Islamic state in which Muslims have special rights. It wants to keep out of the national mainstream and preserve its religio-political identity as distinct from the Indian identity. Its sympathies lie with Pakistan, as was clear from the slogan raised by Muslim spectators at the time of the hockey final in the recent Asiad. It also wants full freedom to Islamise India and convert it into a *Dar-ul-Islam*, like Pakistan. The Hindu resistance to its plans irks it and it starts complaining about persecution. ■

A State Of Siege?

by Syed Shahabuddin

THE Muslim Indians are neither a pampered nor a persecuted community but a community which is subject to persistent discrimination, to occasional violence, and a permanent threat of cultural annihilation. It is a community which is fearful of the erosion of the Islamic dimension of its cultural personality.

For those who consider the Muslim Indians a privileged class, or a pampered community or a preferred group, the very existence of a Muslim in India as a Muslim is not acceptable. It goes against their understanding of the logic of partition. To them the Muslims are a hard nut to chew and swallow: other minorities they can deal with but it is the Muslims who in their eyes constitute the main obstacle in the path of transforming of secular India into a Hindu Rashtra. For such people, the Hindus are tolerance personified, the Muslims are congenitally fanatic. For them, a Muslim, as a Muslim, cannot be a reliable and useful element in the construction of a multi-religion democratic polity. To them Islam is the religion of violence, a divisive force. To such people, I have nothing to say.

But the common masses of India, who are indeed tolerant and practise peaceful coexistence as a norm of everyday life, for whom, till their religious passions are roused, all life is sacred and who, till the Hindu *rashtravadis* impinge on their mental horizon, believe that all paths lead to God, and that all world is one family, to such people, who are the bedrock of our secular and democratic order and who are its future, I have something to say..

Is it a privilege to live in the shadow of terror and insecurity? Is it a privilege to be subjected to pogroms every now and then, with no early warning system, with nothing to foretell the place of the next outbreak? Is it a privilege to see your father and brothers being butchered, shot down in cold blood before your very eyes, your mothers and sisters raped, your sons beaten up, tortured and taken to jail, your belongings looted, your house burnt? I know it does not happen every day and even when it happens in one little corner somewhere, the rest of the country is at peace. But violence casts a long shadow and the fear is in the air.

Is it a privilege to have your mosques desecrated and turned into houses, godowns, schools and temples? Is it a privilege to have your graveyards illegally occupied and built upon or turned into common pastures? Is it a privilege to have the bones of your ancestors bulldozed for the construction of flyovers? Is it a privilege to be refused permission to repair your mosques or denied burial in your own graveyards or to fence them? Is it a privilege to be refused use of loudspeakers for 3-minute *azans*, while *bhajans* and *kirtans* and film sangeet go on, night after night? Is it a privilege to be refused permits for *Qurbani*? Is it a privilege to have your religion insulted, your Prophet abused, your Holy Book misinterpreted, day in and day out, in books, posters, booklets, leaflets and be unable to seek redress? Is it a privilege to see history being rewritten in order to run down your ancestors, belittle their contribution and achievements, create a guilt complex in one group and inculcate hatred and revenge in the others?

The common Muslim, rooted in the soil, suffers in silence. He takes secularism as a joke, as a meaningless charade, a tale told by an idiot. He thinks that he is a second class citizen in a Hindu country, that "they" are the rulers and he is among the ruled. He knows nothing about the Constitution and the rule of law or of equality before the law. For him, the law is the police and in the police he has no place. Does he know or understand the theological distinction between *Dar-ul-Islam*, *Dar-ul-Harb*, *Dar-ul-Aman* and *Dar-ul-Ahad*? All he knows is that he is an Indian by birth and he has nowhere to go and he has to struggle for his daily bread, for his livelihood, for his job, for selling his products, a little more than does his Hindu neighbour, who has better connections, who has more contacts, who wields more influence, who has a say, who can protest without being dubbed a Pakistani. No wonder he feels frustrated. He cannot figure out the sins for which he is being penalised. Is it the sin of his forefathers who embraced Islam or the misdeeds of the rulers, who bore Muslim names and who kept harems and sometimes broke temples, or his own folly of having made the choice of making India his home? Is it a privilege to nurse a sense of deprivation and a sense of helplessness to change the order of things?

The Muslim Indian knows so little about and, in any case, has no leverage with Iran's Khomeini or with Arab princes, despots and assorted dictators ruling Muslim countries and yet he is at the receiving end because Khomeini executes his people mercilessly, because Iraq and Iran fight, because Muslim communities in Eritrea or South Philippines wage wars of liberation, because Sunnis and Shias are sometimes at each other's throats, because Pakistan ill-treats its Hindu minority, because there is an exodus of Hindus from Bangladesh, because there is revivalist or fundamentalist pressure in some Muslim countries. Does it make sense? And yet it is a fact of life that intelligent and educated Hindu Indians justify communal riots and Hindu chauvinism, as a "reaction" to all these. The Muslim Indian has no place in Pakistan and yet he is accused of being pro-Pakistan and asked to take himself away. Is it a privilege to have one's loyalty questioned, to be an object of suspicion and distrust, to be an "outsider", living at the margin of things, to be made to feel an alien in one's own land?

Balraj Madhoks think—perhaps they are just a wee bit jealous—that Muslims are permitted the "privilege" of polygamy. Of course, they deliberately blind themselves to the fact that polygamy is less prevalent among Muslims than among non-Muslims, without taking into account extra-marital and customary relationships. But they go further, from the institution of polygamy they draw absurd conclusions. It is all a part of the master plan to convert India into a Muslim majority state. A recent refinement is the paradoxical statement that India can be secular only as a Hindu Rashtra and so the master plan is a conspiracy to destroy secularism. Scientifically, the rate of growth of an endogamous community is independent of the marriage system, monogamy, polygamy or polyandry. Growth depends upon the male female ratio (even that is a little higher among Muslims than among non Muslims), upon the degree of utilisation of the fertility period of the female (early marriage and widow or divorcee remarriage are thus relevant), and finally, upon such economic status. If two random samples were taken from Hindus and Muslims of same economic levels, in the same social setting, there would be no differential at all between their family size. The higher inter-decadal rate of growth of Muslims which is the bogy raised by the Hindu chauvinist to frighten the Hindus, may very well be partly due to systematic under-numeration in the later census reports.

THE VICTIM of arsonists during the Jama Masjid riots in Delhi.

The Muslim Indian is at the receiving end also because he supposedly ill-treats his wife and divorces her arbitrarily. Alright I beat my wife, does it give you any right to take my life? I daresay that if a socio-economic survey were taken, perhaps the quantum of abandoned wives and of regular divorces taken together would be higher among the non-Muslims than among Muslims at the same socio-economic level.

Let us turn to the question of bread. Can anyone explain why, 35 years after Independence, the second largest community of India, 12% of the population has but a marginal presence in salaried jobs. I am not speaking of the private sector but about Government and the public sector from secretaries to chaprasis, from managing directors down to unskilled workers. Yes, the Constitution does not permit reservation on religious ground but the Constitution also grants equality of opportunity and prohibits discrimination on the basis of religion. But that is theory.

How about practice? One can understand the under-representation in early years after Independence. The Muslim Indian was in a dilemma, even when he looked around for a job, he did so half-heartedly: at the back of his mind was the call to the promised land, Pakistan. A few knocks and he would give up and run across. One can also understand why in a particular year, Muslims taken in are less than their proportion in the catchment area. But why are they never more? And why are they less, even in non-competitive jobs, as drivers, as constables, as jawans? And why is the same story repeated year after year, for 35 long years? Statistically this pattern amounts to systematic and persistent discrimination, reduces equality of opportunity to a mockery, to an illusion. What else can it signify? Is such discrimination an evidence of being pampered?

The Muslim industrialists and traders (and there are so few at the national level) complain of discrimination in grant of licences and quotas and of bank loans. The Muslim weavers complain of unfair competition and unsympathetic treatment in supply of inputs; the Muslim artisans complain of the economic exploitation by the Hindu intermediary, the Muslim drivers complain that they can get no bank guarantees for purchasing vehicles to ply. Check the number of telephones, cars, radios, TV sets and in any town, big or small, you will find the myth of Muslim "affluence" exploding.

Yes the Muslim are well-represented, as Prof Theodore Wright Jr has chronicled, in marginal occupations, in film, music and smuggling! So it would be, if the economic mainstream was closed to them. Is economic backwardness a sign of preferential treatment?

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Yes, there is one group of Muslim Indians—miniscule in size which has undoubtedly prospered since Independence—the group which provides the fig leaf to the system to cover all its anti Muslim manifestation Call them courtiers, or collaborators or profiteers they are self-centered traders of the name and honour of their community fattening themselves on its blood and tears Some of them adorn Parliament some of them hold party positions, some of them are raised to the Bench some become millionaires, some are included in boards of directors and delegations, some even become Ministers Governors and Ambassadors Very few are those who had the inherent merit to reach the dizzy heights, they all prospered because they had Muslim names

They are handed down the crumbs from the table of power and serve as drum-beaters and paean-singers and as comforters or as mute spectators, in times of crisis The common Hindus generally regard them symbols of appeasement of preferential treatment they have hit the bull's eye Ultimately, they serve to still the inner doubts of the system and calm its conscience What does it matter if in the Central Secretariat, the Muslims do not constitute one per cent of the work force? After all two out of 7 Presidents of the Republic have been Muslims What does it matter if in the Armed Forces the Muslims are not even one per cent of the officer-corps? We had a Muslim as the Air Force Chief What if out of the 500 fellows of the National Academy of Sciences only 6 or 7 are Muslims? A Muslim Indian led our first expedition to the Antartica!

And the wheels of assimilation go on churning The Muslim Indian feels that his contribution to the national cultural heritage is systematically underplayed, Urdu is a dying language because in its *watan*, the land of Ganga and Jamuna, it has received step-motherly treatment and a whole generation of Urdu-speaking population has come out of school without the Urdu language and literature The modern syllabus does not permit inclusion of Arabic and Persian as classical languages but a way is found to import Sanskrit Sanskrit also takes the cake when Government funds for development of classical languages are allocated

The Muslim personal laws are under constant attack as archaic, obscurantist, undemocratic Most State functions and ceremonies have a Hindu content in the name of culture, even office elevators and government buses have idols and pictures of gods and goddesses The Muslim's role in the freedom movement is ignored, even Maulana Abul Kalam Azad is forgotten In films and theatre, the Muslim stereotypes are caricatures, objects of fun or pity like the old man with a young wife, ready to believe that every one was ogling his wife, quick to take offence but quicker to apologise when faced with a tough! Then there is the young wastrel who runs after girls and recites *ghazals*! Is it a privilege to be depicted in this manner, to be projected as the very image of decadence and fanaticism?

No the Muslim Indians are not a persecuted minority because the object is not physical elimination—they cannot all be killed or thrown into the sea or driven across the border The object is cultural assimilation That is what proponents of Indianisation mean when they ask Muslim Indians to belong to the mainstream For them, India equals Hinduism and, therefore, Indianisation means Hinduisation If only the stupid Muslim would forget the Islamic dimension of his identity, adopt Hindu names and show reverence to Hindu gods and forget that he is part of the world community of Islam Here we are, prepared to recognise Mohammad as an avatar, but he is impossible!

It is not enough that the Muslim Indian joins a mass struggle against escalating prices or rising unemployment or worsening law and order or even if he lay down his life defending his country It is not always his privilege to bear arms (look at his proportion among the officers and jawans) but it is his privilege to have his loyalty questioned, to have himself labelled as a Pakistani spy, to be treated as a traitor, or as a fifth columnist What does it matter if most spies caught since independence happen to be non Muslims?

This old cat and mouse game of "Indian first or Muslim first" that Balraj Madhok loves to play is another trap, rather worn out with excessive use

This is a ridiculous game Human personality is multi-dimensional, multi-level, multi faceted The situation determines which dimension, level or facet is to come into play When I am with my children, I am a father first, when I am going to the mosque, I am a Muslim first, when I am working as a public official, I am an Indian first, and so long as India is secular and there is religious freedom, so long as Islam is not shackled, there is no conflict between Islam and the State, no dilemma exists in any Muslim mind But take away the secular foundation, force India away from multi-chrome plurality into drab monochrome wilderness of a Hindu Rashtra, the dilemma crops up Any effort to force 70 crores living beings into a common mould may further splinter rather than consolidate our national consciousness

And now the Muslim Indian has another cross to bear—the change of faith to Islam by some Harijans in quest of social equality Nothing to worry about, if the Harijan chose to become a Buddhist or a Jain or a Sikh, but Islam! No sir, the Hindu mind simply cannot accept it (so said the PM to a Muslim MP) And once again the search for alibis begins—foreign money, foreign hand, Islamic cultural centre, London, World Muslim Congress, Karachi, the Jammat-e-Islami, the Tablighi Jama'at, the Ishaat-e-Islam Sabha and the word goes round "Hindu dharma is in danger" There is a dark conspiracy time-bound, well-funded to convert 120 million Harijans and to turn the Hindus into a minority

Who cares if communal tension rises to a new pitch? It is time to give the Muslim Indian a few knocks on his head he has become too big for his boots, he even questions the Government reports How impudent! Ask for the evidence, there is none! Ask why the Government does not control entry of foreign agents, ban foreign contributions, there is no response! Ask why the Government cannot control misuse of foreign contributions, the law is weak! Ask why the Government cannot publish an annual list of recipients of foreign contributions, oh, the computer is occupied! The real reason is that if the

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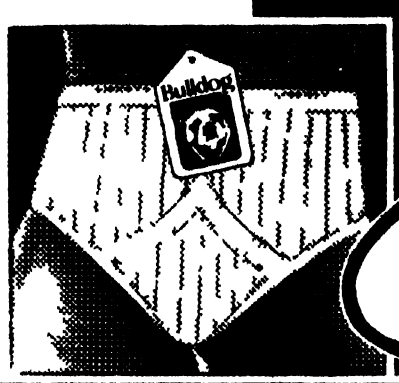

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Government did tell the truth, how will the myths be generated? And if there were no myths, how will the Hindu masses be mobilised in the great task of defending the "dharma". Who will join the Raksha Dals? Who will come to Virat Sammelans? Who will send his sons to the RSS Shakhas?

And in the open society—that we are so proud of, the data, the statistics, the information about Muslim Indians are slowly becoming harder to come by. The flow is being deliberately choked. In communal riots, whose major brunt is undeniably borne by the Muslim community, they would not tell you the Muslim share of lives lost, bodies broken, houses burnt, shops looted. The fiction of Hindu-Muslim parity in physical loss is maintained. In government employment, they would never tell you the number of Muslims in any service, department, in any cadre at any level, so that the myth of equality of opportunity is maintained. In education, they would never tell you the number of Muslim graduates; in professions, never the number of Muslim doctors, lawyers, chartered accountants, architects so that no one can raise the difficult question of Muslim backwardness and demand remedial action under article 16. In economic activities, they would never tell you of the share of bank credit available to Muslim Indians (neither would they let Muslims open banks of their own) so that no one can ask for more. They would never tell you whether the school dropout rate, the incidence of tuberculosis, the infant mortality rate or the life expectancy is higher or lower among Muslim Indians as compared to the general population; for then the uncomfortable fact of Muslim *mohallas* turning into ghettoes shall stare you uncomfortably in the face and smash your mask of self-righteousness.

They would never tell you how many Urdu-speaking children are being taught through the medium of Urdu at the primary stage or given an opportunity to learn Urdu at higher levels, for that will divert attention from the *mushairas* and the *ghazals* to the ugly fact of a dying language! They would not publish the statement of foreign contributions because that would reveal that a very small share comes to the Muslim community. They would not publish the statistics of Indians working in the Gulf, for that would prove that Muslim Indians are under-represented even in that area. India is the land of philosophy: we have the most secular Constitution in the world; that should be adequate proof of our secularism. Take your gaze away from the facts of life, they cease to exist, like the slums of Bombay fenced out of sight on your route from the city to the airport! After all, the world is but a play of illusions.

How terrible, the Muslim Indian, of late is not content with promises, guarantees, manifestos; he wants them fulfilled, applied and implemented, as well.

Yes, this is the privilege the Indian Muslims enjoy, a privilege that many Muslims across the globe do not: to protest, to criticise, to speak out, to denounce, to condemn, to complain. That is his right as a citizen. If only he had more education, a little more political consciousness, if only he knew how to plead his case!

I am reminded of the Muslim delegation from Himmatnagar in Gandhiji's Gujarat which had its first taste of communal riot last year—25 shops burnt, no life lost. The leader began his tale with the words "We have never been in politics, we have done no one any harm....." I cut him short. "No minority can survive in any country or can get its due in any society, without political consciousness, without participation in politics.

"Everything depends on politics and no one shall care for you if you are not in politics or if your politics is tied permanently to a single pole. Politics is the game of hope and fear. Some party should be afraid of losing your support and some should be hoping to get it."

Yes, this democratic privilege is his—that is all he has and his destiny depends on the use he makes of it, how, how much and when. ■

Problems Of Power

by Sitanshu Das

ANY generalisation about the vast and diverse communities of Indian Hindus and Muslims is bound to be somewhat unreal at the micro level. Yet the community, Hindu or Muslim, has a distinctive persona. At the risk of over-categorisation, it is possible, none the less, to draw general conclusions about that persona. Without these—call them conclusions or hypotheses—a discussion on Hindu-Muslim discord is bound to lose its focus and become a slanging match about who starts the communal riots—the Hindus or the Muslims.

Extreme manifestations of communalism—violence, ghettos and the injection of the irrational in politics—are another set of problems. The communal bodies, having taken their birth in existing antagonisms, deepen them in order to satisfy the political ambitions of groups which are currently out of power. Goons and lumpen elements whom ghettos breed are the combatants in these gang wars. Politicians behind the scenes guide these gangs. But the genesis of Hindu-Muslim discord is not to be found in communal riots alone. Its roots go deeper in the psyches of the two communities and explain why there is so much mutual incomprehension between these two social groups which have lived together for centuries.

Contemporary Indian thinking is mystified by the fact that not even partition of the country has stanched the running sore of Hindu-Muslim quarrels. It is easy to explain this puzzlement. To many Indians, the very thought of "vivisection" of Mother India was a blasphemy. When the die was finally cast and the partition was conceded in 1947, a vast number of Indians felt that they had paid an extremely heavy price to get rid of the tensions, troubles and tribal killings between the two communities. Now it seems that the sacrifice has been made in vain. All the evils of communalism are still with us.

To be sure, Pakistan has no Hindu problem. The land comprising today's Pakistan was the earliest settlement of Aryan Hindus. But that country has been denuded of Hindus and Sikhs. If there are minority problems in that part of the subcontinent, they concern languages, ethnic and regional identities—not religio-cultural divisions. Bangladesh has a Hindu-Buddhist minority whose number as a percentage of the population is dwindling steadily over the years.

In any event, in the absence of democratic rights, the Hindu-Buddhist minority has never been able to play its legitimate part in the new nation, nor has it been given a proportionate share in any branch of the Government. The Hindu-Muslim problem, in the sense in which it is understood in India, is not an issue in Bangladesh or Pakistan, the two frankly Islamic countries which have rejected the concept of equal rights for all citizens.

The puzzlement over India's failure to solve this problem derives from a gross error in (Hindu) Indian thinking. Even informed thought processes on social questions are attached to stereotypes. One stereotype in Indian thinking regards all socio-religious groups which are numerically smaller than other similar groups as "minorities". Arithmetic alone seems to be the decisive criterion, though the number alone should not decide the character of a group in relation to others. There have been elite groups which are numerical minorities but do not partake of the other attributes of a minority. Indian Muslims are a minority only in an absolute numerical sense. They do not, however, share some of the other attributes which are normally associated with minority status of a community or group.

One characteristic of a minority—the term in the context has a connotation of deprivation—implies that the group in its recent history has not had an adequate or proportionate share of political and economic power in the society of which it is a part. This test does not adequately qualify Indian Muslims for minority status.

In India's history, the present phase of Hindu-Muslim tension began when the Mughals—and with them Muslims—ceased to be the paramount power in the subcontinent. Before the lapse of Mughal power, tensions, rebellions and conflicts which had their origins in religious differences, were between subjects and their paramount Muslim rulers. These were no "communal troubles" but conflicts between the rulers and the ruled.

What happened roughly in the next 100 years has been interpreted mainly by two groups of Indian historians in widely divergent terms. Those who see Partition as the ultimate failure of the inadequately secularist nationalism pursued by the Congress and interpret the final division of the country in terms of tactical errors—amounting, they say, to a lack of gener-

—Mukesh (Courtesy "The Daily")

BANNER IN BARODA. The transfer of the Police Commissioner sparked off a frenzy of communal riots in the city

osity on the part of pre-Partition Congress leaders—also happen to have been born Hindus. Another group offers an economic interpretation of Hindu-Muslim group tension, seeing Indian Muslims as the underprivileged section Curiously, neither explanation—the one wistful and the other simplistic—has been wholly acceptable to Indian historians who happen to be Muslims

This divergence is probably to be found in the Hindu failure to comprehend that patriotism can have different connotations for the two communities. The Hindu concept of patriotism is geographic--devoted to the configuration of India Although the geographic configurations of the deified India have varied from time to time in history, there is a continuity in the Hindu identification of India with the holy land of Hindu legends, myths and scriptures. It so happens that the modern concept of nationhood, derived from Europe's experience after the breakdown of universal Christendom, coincides with the geographic content of the Hindu's sense of patriotism To this extent, the Hindu is lucky there is no conflict between his modern commitment and pre-modern beliefs embedded in his historical memory and religious thought.

The Islamic concept of patriotism is not geographic but ideological, related to true faith. There is thus a conflict in the Indian Muslim mind between geographic patriotism—which is what the European concept of citizenship and Indian nationalism enjoin on him—and the ideological pull the non-geographic concept of Islamic brotherhood exercises on him.

In countries where Muslims are in a majority the rigours of this contradiction are diminished in the sense that the issue there is how to fashion a political order in accord with Islamic thoughts and how best to conduct relations with other Muslim-majority states. In practice, of course, the contradictions between geographic nationalism and the pan-Islamic world-view cannot be satisfactorily resolved. But those problems are vastly different from the ones Indian Muslims have encountered after the collapse of Mughal power. In India, Muslim citizens *qua* Muslims cannot decide the political order they will live under. In this incapacity the Indian Muslim perceives a threat to his Muslim identity because he does not yet accept the dictum that give unto God what is God's and to Caesar that which is Caesar's.

It is best to keep this backdrop in mind if the basic dilemma of Indian Muslims is to be comprehended intelligently. It goes to the root of the sense of alienation which Indian Muslims and others complain about To say this is not to claim that all Indian Muslims suffer from this feeling of estrangement or that it is born of a conscious commitment to pan-Islamic ideals But great religions like Islam not only offer simple verities but also lay down intangible parameters of thought processes for their adherents. The latter are not easily modified, the less so when the call of reform appears to ensue from external sources in a hostile environment.

A reference to the Indian Muslims' sense of insecurity is inevitable in any discussion of the Hindu-Muslim problem. But, strangely enough, it is seldom admitted that the Hindu mind too is troubled by a deep collective sense of fear and inadequacy. And this contributes to the aggravation of the communal tangle. Let us not forget that after a lapse of many centuries Hindus are for the first time playing a predominant part in the exercise of sovereign power in peninsular India.

They are new to power, still a bit goggle-eyed and breathless about the reality of the changes that have taken place in their historical circumstances. Since democracy has rehabilitated them in their own homeland and democracy is head-counting, Hindus are apprehensive about their numerical superiority which alone can sustain their political power History has taught Hindus to fear the structural weaknesses of their society, though their capacity to remove those frailties appears to be limited. a hopelessly divided Hindu society is unsure of its future.

There is no other nation—save Nepal—from which Hindus can expect empathy on grounds of religion. A similar situation has induced among the Jews a strident bigotry. Paradoxically, the same situation predisposes Hindus towards secularism. There is no organised Hindu Church or priesthood to claim state support. Since, unlike Islam or Christianity, Hinduism is not an international force, Hindus, even those who are orthodox, see in secularism the only guarantee against persecution and discrimination on religious grounds.

That is why the secularism practised in India is, in some respects, more uncompromising than what is possible to enforce in more homogeneous Western Christian industrial societies. A British Labour Party Conference can begin with a Church service and nobody will think twice about the effect this produces on the secular and radical Labour movement. It is possible to levy a cess on the rate-payers of London for the maintenance of a Church. But this would be, should be, unacceptable in India.

Hindu secularism is the result both of Hindu catholicity and the practical consideration that Government neutrality towards religious matters, if practised by many states, will benefit adherents of Hinduism which is confined to one geographical area and cannot possibly secure international backing on the same scale as is available to Islam and Christianity.

A majority community, unsure of its standing and future, thus encounters the other and, in the Hindu estimate, a more cohesive community. The latter, which has lost political power comparatively recently, is still viewed as a threat by the Hindu majority. A great deal of neurosis in Hindu-Muslim relations derives from this. Indian Muslims are not just another minority. If there is in them a sense of deprivation, it stems as much from the community's perception of its lost power as from its economic backwardness. Those who see the problems of Indian Muslims only in terms of jobs, Urdu and mismanaged Waqf charities are in fact being frivolous about the community's deeper feelings. ■

The Roots Of Conflict

by K. C. Khanna

THE flare-up of communal violence in Baroda, Alleppey and Trivandrum is one more grim reminder that Hindu-Muslim conflict has increased, not diminished, since the early 'fifties. The tally of lives lost, people maimed and property destroyed no doubt varies from year to year. But the trend is unmistakable: it is up. This is a great shame. For communal eruptions, more than any other kind of lawlessness, undermine national self-confidence and tend to fracture the national psyche. Thinking people get infected by the incubus of religious chauvinism—as the three articles on the foregoing pages show—and begin to advance bizarre propositions to buttress, in a way the arguments that hooligans of both communities try to settle in the street with the knife or the gun. The Government has so far taken the view that the best way to deal with such "intellectuals" is to ignore them. The *Weekly*, however, believes that an ostrich-like approach will be self-defeating. Half-baked theories, rationalising rank communalism, are gaining currency at an alarming rate. They cannot be expected to die a natural death. They must be fully exposed and tested in the crucible of public controversy to restore a measure of sanity on an explosive issue.

Balraj Madhok, for instance, has propounded the amazing thesis that, since the majority of Muslims had voted for Partition, their progeny have no legal or moral right to live in India. The contention passes comprehension. For it implies that, even in a democracy, no one has the right to change his mind, that father and son cannot vote differently, and that if anyone votes for, say, the Congress, he automatically forfeits his claim to live peacefully under the successor regime if it happens to be Janata.

Nothing could be more absurd. True, millions of Muslims living in what is now the territory of India did vote for Partition and many of them did migrate to Pakistan for one reason or another. But hundreds of thousands of others weighed the costs involved, believed in the secular and democratic protestations of the Indian leaders and elected to stay. To suggest that they and their children have ceased to be Indian citizens is to hack at the roots of Indian polity.

Worse, it is to spit at the values that have been sacred to the Hindus through the ages. Tolerance, above all, has been the *leitmotiv* of Hindudom since time immemorial. Without this prime virtue, Hindu society could not have survived so many savage onslaughts on it from without. Nor could it have sustained and nurtured itself despite the myriad divisions and sub-divisions within itself. Indeed, if the essential unity of Hindudom transcends its seemingly fragmented structure, it is basically because Hinduism is not a proselytising religion. In a sense, it is not even a religion but a way of life that encompasses within its fold many ways of life. The Hindu has not one but several identities. That is why he is so assimilative and resilient. He was thus spiritually and mentally better equipped to absorb modern influences ushered in by British rule than the Indian Muslim. To suggest—as Sitanshu Das does in all seriousness—that the spectre of a revival of Muslim domination haunts the Hindu psyche today is to fly in the face of history. For, in the quest for modernisation, the Hindu had overtaken the Muslim long before the end of the British Raj. No one can say that, in pursuance of their policy of divide-and-rule since the middle of the 19th century, the British discriminated in favour of Hindu "laggards" and against "advanced" Muslims. In fact, they favoured the Muslim because only then their policy could work. Even so, the Hindu chauvinist who felt that Hindu society was under siege was in a hopeless minority in the community during the British Raj; he is even more so today. Madhok and others who raise the bogy of Hindurashtra are isolated even from their own political milieu—the Jana Sanghis and the like.

It is the greater pity, therefore, that sections of thinking Muslims who recognise and applaud the fact that Hindu society is basically tolerant are not above accusing it of brazen discrimination. Deliberately or otherwise, they burke the harsh truth that in India every section of the community—the worker, the peasant, the Harijan, the Brahmin, the small or middle entrepreneur, the big industrialist and so on—feels discriminated against. To claim, as Syed Shahabuddin does, that communal conflict in the country stems from a systematic attempt by the majority community at cultural or economic annihilation of the Muslims is utterly wrong; indeed, tension is generated and often erupts into violence precisely because the Muslims are making progress in an atmosphere of cultural and economic freedom and that they, like the Harijans and other backward castes, are claiming their rightful place under the sun.

In a word, the root causes of communal clashes in the country are secular, not religious. Competition for jobs, land, economic gain or political power is their mainspring. To cite desecration of mosques or temples by goondas as evidence of a systematic pogrom by one community against the other is as grotesque as to make out that depredations of hired hoodlums serve to promote Marxist ideology or that dacoits and *pindaris* indulge in pillage or murder for a lifetime only to vindicate Sarvodaya ideals by surrender. ■

Tag Jas courtesy The Tr (handigarh

AKALIS GHERAOING the Secretariat at Chandigarh Their demand for Khalistan is risible says the author

The Punjab Imbroglio

by Darshan Singh Maini

THE changes that have been wrought in Chandigarh during the last 15 years as a result of overt political attitudes and covert societal pressures are phenomenal This is no place, of course, for determining the psycho-cultural and covert social character of these changes though even a casual eye cannot miss the subtle chemistry at work For, appearances are, after all, related to essences and, in a manner, constitute the characteristic *address* or *signature* of both *persons* and *places* To put it differently even a city acquires a *persona* over a period of time, and the mask *becomes* the place, so to speak The fair face of Chandigarh, then, at once reveals and hides a host of dreams and distempers, a whole range of new amenities and new problematics

In an earlier write up some years ago I compared the city to a teenager conscious of her beauty and bounce, of her charm and promise, though a bundle of nerves when facing "the assault of reality, to use a Jamesian phrase To be sure, the period of her prolonged adolescence isn't quite over and there's still a hint of *hauteur* about her but she appears close to achieving "the age of reason" If she hasn't quite arrived it's not for want of will or opportunity or talent It's chiefly a question of time, for the settled serenities of life and culture are not had as a gift they have to be earned through continual effort and engagement

Which brings me to the point that culturally speaking, Chandigarh today has a fair amount of classical dance and music, *avant garde* art and drama, quality sports and fun fares, etc The really disquieting thing about it is the murkiness and the pettiness of its 'politics' And it's to this aspect that I must address myself at the outset As Thomas Mann once put it "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms

The "politics" *of* Chandigarh and the "politics" *in* Chandigarh somehow do not cohere for certain obvious reasons The "City Beautiful" has become, thanks to the Akali *morchas* and the irrationalities generated by it among communities, State Governments and the Centre something of an international *couse celebre* All its multiple enticements and felicities seem to have brought to the fore the unsleeping rivalries between politician and politician, between faction and faction

There are, indeed, so many wheels within wheels, so many "screens" and "blinds" and feints in this whole business that newspaper analysts and "mediators" are forced to take back their words even before their copies reach the teleprinter Whosoever is laughing now will not laugh beyond nightfall or daybreak Momentous news and rumours fill the air, making nonsense of nocturnal parleys and all such proceedings

In short, tragic as the *impasse* is, what we are witnessing here amounts to *the Indian Absurd* But, then, the Theatre of the Absurd has its own pathos and "gallows" humour The sad "comedians", I guess, do not require to be named

But let me be a little more specific, for the tribe of politicians is seldom known to have any taste for ideas, or for the metaphysics of politics In fact, most of them are too *small* for the *large* ideas they unwittingly set into motion To Chandigarh, then, I come Not to Corbusier's city of light and line, of colour and concrete but to that city which rises like a dream to the tumult of ancestral voices With Lahore gone, the surrogate capital was created to appease the wounded spirit of a proud and restive people When Chandigarh was born Haryana wasn't even conceived and the palpable irony of this fact cannot be lost upon those who keep playing the Haryana card This State whose record of political prostitution and buffoonery has made it the laughing stock of the country was as we all know a *by product* of the demand for the Punjabi Suba It had properly speaking never acquired its own steam or *raison d etre* till then

The Shah Commission's verdict had to be reversed because it was patently unethical in spirit, if not in letter It had violated all norms of language geography and history Plainly the Indira Gandhi award of 1971, too, was governed by the politics of expediency It was meant to complicate matters and make the Chandigarh issue almost intractable And we see the results now One recalls with admiration and nostalgia Jawaharlal Nehru's forthright denunciation of the Punjabi Hindus for their duplicity and doublethink in relation to their own mother tongue That mischief, unfortunately abides and so does the agon of it all

The roots of this reverse 'colonialism" lie deep in the psyches of the pre Independence communities inhabiting the then Punjab Both the Hindus and the Muslims confused their cultural language (Hindi or Urdu) with their mother tongue in a bid to meet the assault of English It was left to the Sikhs to make their mother tongue the organ voice of their dreams and poems and fabulations Essentially each community needed to affirm its identity and what happened at that time was perhaps the need of the hour

However, this confusion was allowed to grow into a powerful fiction even in free India when, indeed, it had lost its rationale To be sure, Sikh chauvinism, which has a tendency to get out of hand in moments of their identity crisis, has not a little to do with this regressive attitude but the right thing does not become wrong only because the wrong people are saying it That way the Punjabi Hindus have wronged themselves wronged the State and above all wronged a beautiful language—a language which informs their life from the cradle to the cremation pyre Their lullabies their wedding songs their 'keening and mourning are in their mother tongue and they may disown it at the risk of violating their own imaginative life

If the disingenuous and covert communalism of the Punjabi Hindus is now a matter of recorded history the communalism of the Akali Sikhs is so open and loud and abrasive as to need little comment On the face of it the demand for Khalistan which some of the extremists propound seems almost laughable except that sometimes even absurdities acquire a strange halo At any rate the analogy with Pakistan is entirely gratuitous if not mischievous No the Sikhs are not a separate nation but only a separate community within a congress of communities The great Indian nation subsumes all manner of peoples and religions and cultures

In any case Hindus and Sikhs have not only ties of blood and bone but also those of culture heritage and history Even the talk of discrimination against the Sikhs (except in Haryana) is largely a rhetorical ploy The discrimination in fact is against the Punjabis as a whole Their affluence and their enterprising spirit are resented by the less fortunate States and the Centre It may not be irrelevant to add here that the Akalis when in power push all these issues under the plush carpets for it does not suit their book at that time Clearly, they will not be required till they have a substantial part of the power cake

The question of Chandigarh thus brooks no further delay It ought not to be allowed to go the Assam way The two related issues—the future of the Abohar Fazilka area and the Ravi Beas water dispute—need to be tackled at the juridical level, not at the political Since each party suspects the *bona fides* of the other, there is no other way of restoring confidence and goodwill If the Centre continues to drag its feet in this regard, the unmistakable conclusion will be that it has a bad conscience about its past decisions and revisions

And finally a word about that prize political 'highjacker' called Bhajan Lal His calculated affront may yet cost him dearly in the end In imposing a blanket ban on the movement of the Sikhs *per se* for the period of the Asiad he has insulted a great religion and a great community It will not be easily forgotten or forgiven To my personal knowledge even a senior IAS Sikh officer an eminent Sikh surgeon and a visiting Sikh family from Kuwait were harassed and humiliated by the Haryana police One can imagine the plight of countless other Sikhs who suddenly found themselves aliens in their own land! The Akal *faux pas* regarding the Asiad was regrettable but more regrettable was the insanity engendered by it The Haryana Chief Minister perhaps exceeded his brief from Delhi But that's the man and his style He ought to have been bridled before the mischief had gone too far

From confused world of politics to the luminous realm of philosophy would appear something of a trip from the nether regions to empyrean heights The 57th session of the Indian Philosophical Congress held at the Punjab University had an unmistakable moral for the warring parties in the surcharged atmosphere of Punjab As Professor K S Murthy who inaugurated the Congress opined philosophy had little relevance if it was to remain tied up to mere abstractions and theorisings In the words of a Central Asian divine 'Knowledge begins where religion ends' This memorable and mystic aphorism which Professor Murthy quoted is so apposite in our present context that both the Akalis and the Hindu leaders would do well to ponder over it

As a postscript to this piece I am tempted to quote the following lines from W B Yeats' poem, "A Reason for Keeping Quiet"

I think it better that at times like these
We poets keep our mouths shut for in truth
We have no gift to set a States man right
He's had enough of meddling who can please
A young girl in the indolence of her youth
Or an old man upon a winter's night ■

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The Fabulous Aga Khan

The 45-year-old Prince Karim, the incumbent spiritual leader of the Ismailis, is celebrating the 25th anniversary of his accession to his Imamat with a tour to visit his followers all over the world. He is expected to be in India in the second week of January.

LIKE his famous grandfather, Sir Sultan Mohammed Shah (Aga Khan III), 45-year-old Prince Karim, the incumbent spiritual leader of the Ismailis, is known for his phenomenal wealth, a well-stocked stable of Derby-winning thoroughbreds outside Paris, and a vast business empire that includes the fairy-land holiday resort he has created in Sardinia.

Though he rubs shoulders with royalty, business tycoons and the jet-set, he also displays a remarkable passion for social welfare programmes in the Third World. And yet he manages to stay out of politics—and scandal.

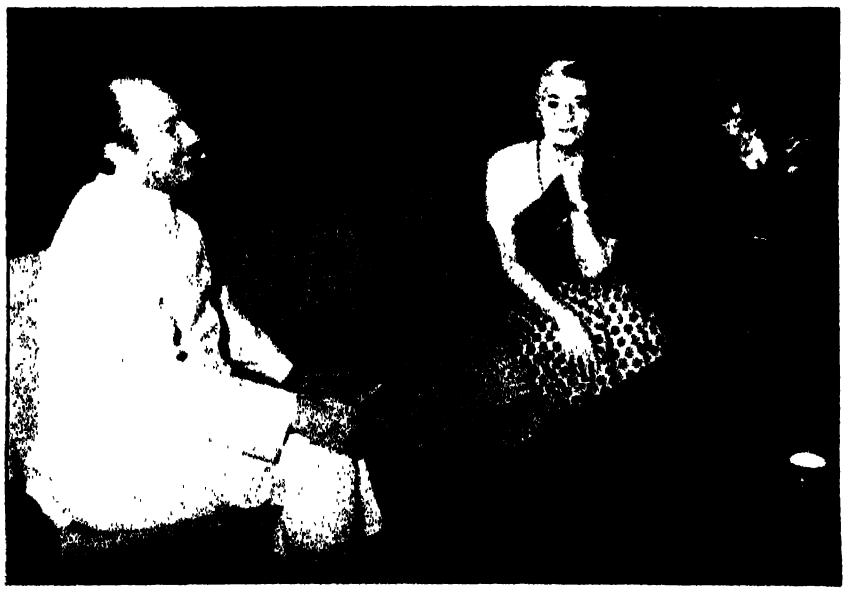
The 49th Imam of the world's approximately 15 million Ismailis is celebrating the 25th anniversary of his accession to his Imamat now with a tour to visit his followers. He is expected to be in India in the second week of January.

Non-Stop Work

The Aga Khan is not all charm, glitter and pervasive influence. Entrepreneurship and love for holiday resorts—he works non-stop for days together—led him to develop a chunk of Sardinia's coast into an emerald paradise. Twenty-two years ago he discovered this island tip, a piece of moonscape, where there were no roads, little fresh water, no electricity and, of course, no drainage. All it had was a 55-km-long ribbon of lovely snow-white beaches lapped by the crystal-clear waters of the sea. There he planned to build a de luxe holiday resort. And now it has everything one can aspire for—from a private police force to a subsidiary airline in which the Aga Khan shuttles in and out. Almost 2,000 villas, low-rise apartments and other buildings nestle in the craggy landscape with 6,500 more planned by 1990. Already people flock there for golf tournaments, sailing regattas and automobile rallies (on Sardinia's rough roads) and many more will come to work when the new 500-seat convention centre is complete.

From his father, Prince Aly Khan, whose spectacular life was snuffed out in a car crash, Prince Karim Aga Khan inherited the family's enormous fortune in bloodstock. "I knew nothing about horses and had no interest in them, unlike my grandfather and my father," he says, "but out of respect for family tradition, I decided to try it." The red-and-green colours of the Aga Khan have flashed home enough winners to make the "hobby", as he calls it, a multi-million dollar enterprise. He formed a syndicate and sold a million dollars' worth of shares. He is generally in Paris during the French racing season, and takes off to his other retreats—on the Mediterranean for a cruise, a little house in Normandy or the Swiss Alps for skiing.

Another colourful event in his life was his wedding to Lady Sarah Crichton Stuart (now Begum Salima). It came in the wake of many rumoured romances—including one with a Mexican heiress, Sylvia Casablances, and another with Mona Bedrawi, the daughter of one of Egypt's wealthiest landlords of the fifties! It was described in the international press as the Wedding Of the Year in 1969. The guest list read like a roll call of international celebrities.



WEST MEETS EAST. Lady Sarah Crichton Stuart (now Begum Salima), the wife of the Aga Khan, meets President Zail Singh (above).

A COMMON INTEREST IN THE THIRD WORLD. In both the Aga Khan and Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, a sense of Western urbaneness fuses easily with a personal history rooted in the East.

The Aga Khan has been moulded by manifold influences. Islam, Western education, hereditary reverence for private enterprise, coupled with the insistence that the material and spiritual aspects of his leadership complement one another. In him a sense of Western urbaneness fuses easily with a personal history rooted in the East.

Welfare Projects

Sir Sultan Muhammad Shah founded the welfare projects that his grandson now administers. His followers used to weigh the old Aga Khan in gold, diamonds or platinum, and the funds thus raised financed a number of orphanages, hospitals, health care centres, schools, cooperative banks, investment companies and housing programmes in Bangladesh, India, Pakistan and East Africa. Even now a 721-bed hospital and medical college is under construction in Pakistan. Many such development programmes are administered by the Aga Khan Foundation.

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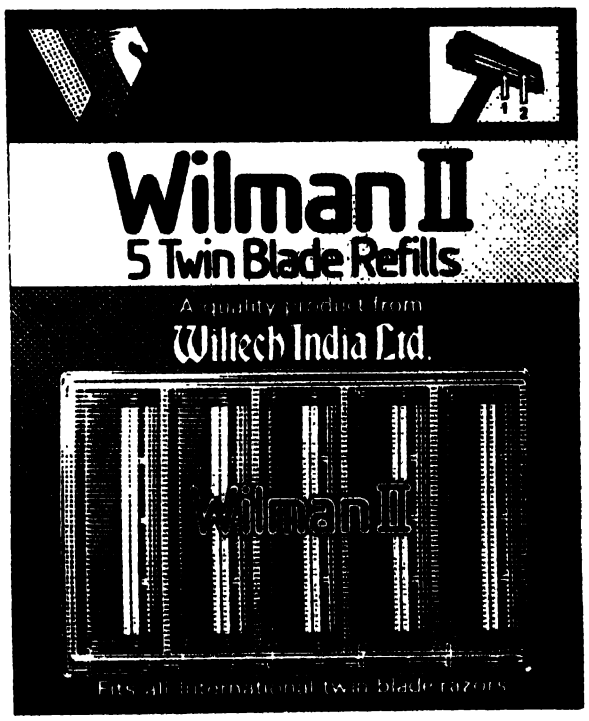

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tion. Indeed, Prince Karim devotes much more of his time to its ramified activities than to his personal business interests.

The Shia Imami Ismaili Muslims, generally known as Ismailis, belong to the Shia sect of Islam. Ismailis believe that Muhammad was the last Prophet of Allah and that the *Quran* was revealed through him. They also affirm that, after the Prophet's death, Hazarat Ali, the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law, became the first Imam, the spiritual leader of the Muslim community, and that his leadership—known as Imamat—continues thereafter by heredity through Ali and his wife Fatima, the Prophet's daughter.

Succession to the Imamat, according to the Shia doctrine and tradition, is by way of designation *(Nass)*. It is the prerogative of the Imam of the time to appoint a successor from amongst the male descendants. His Highness Prince Karim Aga Khan, the 49th Imam of the Shia Imami Ismaili Muslims, succeeded his grandfather, Sir Sultan Mohammad Shah, to the Imamat on July 11, 1957, at the age of 20. Ismailis the world over are celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his succession by launching a number of new development projects.

For, as the young Aga Khan observed, "It is the developing world which is suffering from the debilitating effect of recession. The projects marking my Silver Jubilee are conceived within the framework of this universal concern, and will emphasise that it is the people who are the greatest assets of the poorest countries."

The Aga Khan had created the Industrial Promotion Services group of companies (IPS) in 1963. IPS now operates in Kenya, Tanzania, the Ivory Coast, Zaire, Bangladesh and Pakistan. In an effort to stimulate economic development, IPS promotes industrial, financial and tourism projects by bringing together modern management, advanced technology and local know-how. With the participation of private investors, both foreign and local, and of government and international bodies, IPS has launched over 100 enterprises in areas ranging from the production of building materials and textiles to mining and tourism.

Promoting Muslim Values

As a Muslim leader, the Aga Khan is concerned about promoting an objective understanding of Muslim values. So he has instituted the Aga Khan Award for Architecture, the Aga Khan Programme for Islamic Architecture, and the Institute of Ismaili Studies. The eminent Indian architect, Charles Correa, for instance, is on the steering committee of the Aga Khan Award for Architecture which disburses prizes totalling $500,000 every three years. The Aga Khan Programme for Islamic Architecture was established in 1979 with an endowment of US $11.5 million at Harvard University and the Massachussets Institute of Technology (MIT) to promote Islamic art, architecture and urbanology. Earlier, the Institute of Ismaili Studies was set up to promote scholarship and learning in Islam and a better understanding of other faiths, beliefs and practices.

A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH INDIA. The Aga Khan has gifted his palace at Yeravada in Pune to the nation and has donated generously for the relief of flood and cyclone victims.

In India, the Aga Khan has donated his prestigious palace at Yeravada, Pune, to the nation, and it is now a national monument for it was here that the father of the nation, Mahatma Gandhi, was held under house arrest. He also gave generous donations for the relief of the victims of the Andhra cyclone in 1977, the flood in Morvi in 1979 and, again, the cyclone in Gujarat late last year. He has also made large contributions to the All India Women's Conference in New Delhi.

The funds collected on the occasion of the spectacular Platinum Jubilee of the late Sir Sultan Mohammed Shah were used *inter alia* to help launch several cooperative credit societies in India, as also an 87-bed modern hospital and nursing home in Bombay and 64 health centres all over India. These are open to all, regardless of caste, creed or colour.

In a word, the Aga Khan, much like his well-known forbears, is a unique combination of a spiritual leader, statesman and philanthropist. And, unlike some of them, he is no playboy. ■

By A Special Correspondent

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In The States

And Now "Gorkhastan"

DARJEELING: Politics in the hills of Darjeeling has centred, for decades, round two issues separate administration and recognition for the Nepali language. The local politicians know only too well that nothing can rouse the hill people as the question of that identity. It is claimed that even when the Nepali-speaking region of North Bengal was forcibly tagged on to West Bengal by the British as early as 1907, the hill leaders had demanded a separate administrative set-up for the area. In 1946, the undivided CPI manifesto had asked for "Gorkhastan" to be carved out of the hill areas of West Bengal. In 1973, the CPI (M), then out of power in West Bengal, had agreed with the Gorkha League's aspirations for Darjeeling district's autonomy; 45 subjects were to be under the control of a district autonomous body. However, the body would be under the overall control of the West Bengal administration.

Curiously, when the CPI (M) came to power in the State in 1977, it chose to forget its earlier commitment and this has been a bone of contention between the Marxists and the Gorkha League ever since. After the death of D.P. Rai, the Gorkha League's most respected leader, in 1980, the party called for the boycott of the Assembly by-election that year to press its demand for a separate identity. That, however, proved a costly mistake. The popular response to the call was poor and some radicals, like Mr Madan Tamang, General-secretary of the District Gorkha League, were expelled. Moderates, like J.D.S. Rai, now General-secretary, and Mr. P.T. Lama, President, took control.

The expulsions gave a new twist to hill politics and finally led to the birth of a radical party, Pranta Parishad, in August 1980. Its leadership includes former Gorkha League members like Mr Madan Tamang, ex-Congressman I.B. Rai and even a dissident Marxist, Mr Abdul Fazal. The Parishad claims that it is not a political party but an open platform for all those seeking a separate State for Darjeeling. With great fanfare, it gave a call for the boycott of the 1982 Assembly elections. Even today, the walls in and around the queen of hill stations bear some terse slogans: *No State, no vote. We want political separation from West Bengal. Vote hamro Shatru ho* (the election is our enemy).

The Pranta Parishad, violent in its approach, had one of its supporters, Krishna Subba, killed in police firing in September 1981. The police contend that they were merely trying to prevent a clash between supporters of the Parishad and members of the Students' Federation of India in the main Darjeeling bazar. The Parishad promptly erected a small minar in his memory and succeeded in getting a judicial inquiry instituted. This April, the Parishad clashed with the ruling CPI (M) in Sukay Pokhari and the police had to intervene. Also in April, the Parishad's members obstructed Chief Minister Jyoti Basu's car in Kurseong. Just before the May Assembly elections, large arrests had to be made in Walimpong before the Gorkha League candidate from there, Mrs Renu Leena Subba, could file her nomination papers. The Pranta Parishad took its boycott call one step further when it prevented Kurseong voters from exercising their franchise. So great was the fear psychosis that in several booths in that constituency just eight to 10 votes were cast.

Despite all this, the Parishad's call proved a failure. The May elections saw the setting of some records. Darjeeling could boast of a 60% polling, the highest in the history of the hill station; never had the polling percentage exceeded 42. Yet the Parishad, which had all along been saying that it would wind up if its boycott call failed, exists. But the coming Panchayat and Civic elections, probably in April or May 1983, are likely to see a vertical split in its ranks. Moderates, like Mr I.B. Rai, are certainly in no mood to let the radicals, like Mr Madan Tamang, dominate its councils.

In any case, it has little standing compared with the CPI (M) with its strong pockets of influence in the tea gardens and the Gorkha League that commands formidable respect even to this day. It has a long way to go before it can find its place on the political map. Some sources feel that the Parishad is at best a temporary affair, in spite of the fact that it has touched the core of Nepali hearts by voicing its demand for a separate State.

The aim of the Gorkha League, established in 1943, is not very different. It is also in favour of a separate State, though its leaders are guarded as far as words go. Besides, they point out that the demand is not new and was, in fact, given shape by British tea planters some 120 years ago. There were two causes for this. First, tea garden workers were mostly Nepalis, who frequently left Darjeeling for home in Nepal. The planters felt that if a separate State could be carved out for them in Darjeeling they would feel more at ease and visit their own land less often. Secondly their divide-and-rule policy envisaged the creation of a separate pocket of loyalty—Gorkha loyalty—in the midst of Bengal.

Another demand of the Gorkha League has been the inclusion of the Nepali language in the 8th Schedule of the Constitution, without which, it says, the local children will have to continue studying Bengali and Hindi, ignoring their mother tongue. It has other grouses against the Left Front Government of West Bengal. It argues that the money earmarked for the development of the hill areas either remains unspent or is diverted elsewhere. Unemployment among the locals has touched a new high and even the State Minister for Hill Development, Mr Dawa Lama, admits that the percentage is 25 to 30. The last four years have seen the closure of 10 tea gardens, further depressing the economy of Darjeeling. The hill

THE CALL THAT FAILED. This Pranta Parishad slogan forms part of the graffiti plastered on the walls of Darjeeling by the militant party. Inset: The memorial erected for a member of the Pranta Parishad allegedly murdered by the party bigwigs

—Gautaman Bhaskaran

UP CM's House Grab

LUCKNOW: For Begum Saeeda Wajahat Hussain, 75, widow of a Reserve Bank Deputy Governor, that particular Sunday dawned like any other winter day. Sipping tea with her daughter and daughter-in-law on the sprawling, lush green lawns of her 7, La Place bungalow, overlooking posh Hazratganj, the Begum first did not realise why two truckloads of Provincial Armed Constabulary jawans, some 150 hired labourers and officials of the Lucknow Development Authority (LDA) suddenly erupted all over the place. They had come to evict her from the house she had been living in since 1953 when her husband's friend, Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, had given this mansion to her. And C.B. Gupta, then Civil Supplies Minister, and a political foe of Rafi Saheb, had regularised the allotment in her name.

For the next two-and-a-half-hours the gangmen went about in a planned, seemingly rehearsed fashion and cleared the huge, spacious rooms of all their belongings, including her telephone connection. Soon the open lawns were littered with rare paintings, precious crockery, now in smithereens, furniture and, of course, the rich library.

The Begum was granted a stay order by Mr. Justice Umesh Chandra Srivastava of the Allahabad High Court's Lucknow Bench from his A.P. Sen Road residence on the Sunday but still the LDA officials would not be deterred. They insisted before the Court the next afternoon that the eviction was completed before they had received the stay order. The High Court, however, turned down the plea and ordered immediate restoration of the house to the Begum.

Why were the LDA officials in such a tearing hurry to take over the house? Their plea was that Begum Wajahat Hussain had built a house and rented it out to a private company and, therefore, she had for-

areas require more colleges and why couldn't North Bengal University be located in Darjeeling instead of in the plains, the Gorkha League leadership wants to know.

Despite such strong resentment, the Gorkha League differs from the Pranta Parishad in its approach. It would rather seek redressal of its grievances through the Parliamentary process than through bloodshed and violence. The party's present leadership admits that the boycott of the 1980 Assembly by-election was a costly error. Countering the boycott call has been time-consuming. Moreover, the party, faction-ridden after D.P. Rai's death, could not concentrate on electioneering.

Its General-secretary, J.D.S. Rai, lost to the CPI (M) candidate, Dawa Lama, in May 1982 by just 309 votes. Elsewhere, too, the League's performance was poor. Barring the tea gardens, where the Marxists are very well entrenched, the Gorkha League's prospects are bright, provided it gets over factionalism before the next polls. At the moment, there are signs of curious alignments. The Congress (I) at the Centre would aid the League to keep the Marxist influence in check and the CPI (M), too, would toe the Gorkha line to counter the Pranta Parishad's activities.

While these political forces are at work, one wonders if the common man in Darjeeling feels strongly for a separate State. Perhaps, not the Bhutias and the Lepchas, the original inhabitants of the Darjeeling hills, for they are sure to be bypassed by the later settlers, the Nepalis.

Gautaman Bhaskaran

The Lacemakers

NARSAPUR: For the two lakh women lacemakers of Andhra Pradesh the word 'worker' is repulsive. Though they spend six hours a day making lace, they prefer to call themselves 'housewives', to maintain their social standing.

Mostly belonging to forward caste *kadpus*, they are an invisible work force. Unorganised and helpless, they are exploited by the lace exporters, who pay just 80 paise per day to each worker.

The mansions of the lace exporters in Narsapur testify the huge margin that these traders make out of this business. While a 12' x 12' lace napkin priced at Rs 75 yields a profit of Rs 25, the lacemaker hardly makes Rs 20 for all her labour lasting 25 days. Even this paltry sum is paid after two months. Says a lacemaker Subbamma, "We know that we are being exploited. But we have no choice. This small amount supplements our income."

Many of these women, who work in dim lamplight during nights, ruin their eyes. Old women continue to crochet the lace, wearing glasses. Girls are taught the skill at the tender age of six. For them leisure is a luxury. They spend all their spare time making the lace and swelling the exporter's purse. The exporter, virtually living on the labour of these women, has no obligation towards the workers. When the strain of work tells upon the health of these women, they have to fend for themselves.

The exporters, who call themselves 'manufacturers', are free from any guilt, inspite of this brazen exploitation C.G. Rao the oldest exporter says: "The women should be grateful that we are providing them with work during their spare time. They need not come out of their houses. Our agents go and collect the finished product from their homes and pay them their money. They are housewives and not regular workers. What we are paying is reasonable because the work does not involve great effort."

In fact, these exporters, who have made it big during the last ten years, have a vested interest in sustaining the caste consciousness among these women and promoting the 'housewife' psychology. Being respectable figures in society with their newly acquired riches, they wield considerable influence in perpetuating the existing social norms. With their high connections, they have even silenced the district officials.

An effort was made to organise the lacemakers into a cooperative society. But bureaucratic wrangling turned it sick. The State Trading Corporation, which assists this society in marketing its products, has delayed payments and dissipated the members' enthusiasm. With a growing foreign market (Rs 10 crores turnover in 1980-81) this society could have succeeded if the officials took genuine interest.

A RAW DEAL. Lace exporters reap heavy profits out of the hours of painstaking work put in by needy housewives. Inset: A sample of their work.

The lace exporters need only Rs. 10,000 to get into the business. When a consignment for export is booked, he can immediately draw 60% of the value from the bank. Even after paying for the raw material, he will be left with at least 20 per cent of this amount. As payments to the lacemakers are usually delayed, he has plenty of money to turnover. The poor lacemakers are at his service.

G. S. Reddy

feited the right to stay in a rented house belonging to the LDA. But then there are at least some 500 bigwigs in U.P.'s capital who also have huge mansions in the growing suburbs, fetching them attractive rents every month and still they enjoy tenancy rights, living in Government and Municipal bungalows. Why was only the Begum evicted?

The High Court found that the bungalow was alloted to Rakesh Misra, son of Chief Minister Shripat Misra, living at 13 Mall Avenue, Lucknow. Mr. Uma Shankar Dikshit a former Union Home Minister and Karnataka Governor, who lives in B-6 Park Lane, a first-floor apartment in Hazratganj was originally allotted the La Place bungalow and Rakesh Misra was allotted another flat in Park Road. Misra swapped it with Dikshit but had to wait till the court case against the Begum by the LDA was decided. The allotment already stood in Rakesh Misra's name but the time to implement the order came finally when his father became the Chief Minister. Earlier, Shripat Misra was the Speaker of the State Assembly

BITTER DISORDER. PAC Jawans and LDA officials swooped without warning on Begum Husain and within moments reduced her tasteful furnishings to nothing. Inset: Chief Minister Shripat Misra.

Clearly the LDA wanted a cover-up. It cancelled the allotment order just a few hours before the eviction operation was launched so that the Chief Minister or his son would not be implicated. The plan, of course, was to take possession of the bungalow as its own property and later reallot it to Misra.

Things, however, did not go the way the Chief Minister evidently had envisioned. The High Court intervened in the Begum's favour to his chagrin and also that of the LDA.

What the CM did, observers say, is no different from what others before him have done, particularly his old mentor Chaudhuri Charan Singh who even had serving senior civil servants thrown out of their homes.

Mrs. Mohsina Kidwai, presently Union Minister of State for Labour, was one such victim. She was living in a Vidhan Sabha Road bungalow when the first (and also the last) Janata Party Chief Minister Ram Naresh Yadav ordered her eviction because she had lost both the ministership and the Vidhan Sabha membership in the 1977 Janata sweep. Her luggage and household articles were similarly scattered outside on the lawn. But then public opinion prevailed and the Janata Ministers intervened to bring Ram Naresh Yadav to his senses. There was no such political initiative in the case of Begum Wajahat Hussain, however.

And now ebullient DSP legislator and former State Minister Mukhtar Anis, 36, has dug out from official records shocking information.

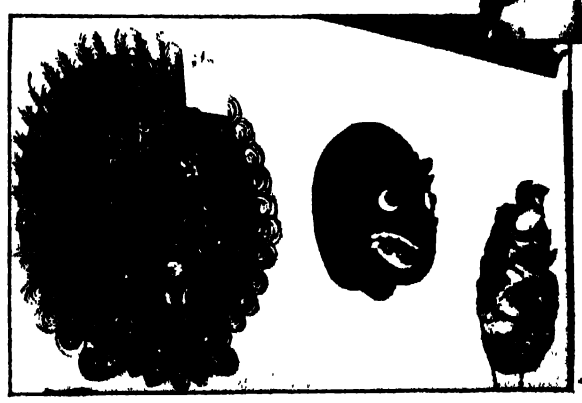
Says Anis: "Mr. Shripat Misra, after the fall of the Charan Singh ministry in 1970 (in which he was the State Education and Law Minister), had obtained a court's stay order when he was asked to vacate the official ministerial residence on the prestigious Kalidas Marg. Rent arrears to the tune of Rs. 57,000 have yet to be realised by the U.P. Estate Department from Mr Shripat Misra. But the Chief Minister is now proposing to bring forward in the budget session of the State Legislature, a bill writing off all rent arrears of all people."

The Assembly session, which Mr Shripat Misra has been delaying, is likely to be a stormy one. He has not summoned the winter session. It appears now that he will call only the budget session, for he has a lot to fear and answer for.

K. Vikram Rao

Letter From Calcutta

—Mona Chowdhury



CALCUTTA sports a new look with CMDA traffic lights.

ANANDAMATH—Bankim Chandra's historical masterpiece.

HANDICRAFTS at the Rural Development Fair held in Calcutta.

Not A Fair Day

FROM December to the end of February a pleasantly tingling cool lasts and the smog that hovers over Calcutta can easily be mistaken for the mist that used to rise from the Hooghly. It is the time for open air fairs and exhibitions. Most are inaugurated with dreary ministerial speeches, all are gaily festooned with coloured lights. Another feature in common is that the displays within are sadly disappointing.

Those with long memories will recall the exciting circuses, carnivals and fetes that used to enliven the Calcutta season—together with races, polo, Christmas shopping and late and hectic nights in restaurants—comprising its basic fare. More recently, the vast and exhilorating sprawl of the Bangiya Sanskriti Sammelan used to give a fillip to the city's cultural life. It brought us singers and instrumentalists of excellence, revived the old films of Madhu Bose or Pramathesh Barua, showed endless Laurel and Hardy shorts, and brightened up the shopping with puppet shows, magic and displays of classical and modern dance.

But the Left Front so exorbitantly raised fees for hiring a patch of the Maidan that the Bangiya Sanskriti Sammelan was forced out of business, much to the regret of all Bengalis. Instead, we were given a dull commercial series of trade fairs, export exhibitions and expositions of rural development under official patronage. But whatever the name, they are all equally uninspiring: a handful of familiar businessmen are always assured of stalls to sell handloom fabrics, stainless steel utensils, ceramics, readymade garments and leather goods at more than the market price. They don't even bother with permanent shops any longer, moving from fair to fair with dusty stocks that Calcutta has seen many times over.

Last Bastion

Mr Jyoti Basu is understandably indignant about the Congress (I)'s wooing of the Tripura Upajati Yuva Samity. For with Kerala gone, West Bengal is in danger of being isolated as the country's only Marxist ruled state. Tripura is a sociological oddity. Its adivasis — the "upajati" — once enthusiastically responded to the CPI (M)'s egalitarian philosophy which promised them economic redress, but the picture changed when thousands of Bengali Hindu refugees from erstwhile East Pakistan flooded Tripura and took over control. Marxism then became the creed of the rulers.

Tripura is also the stomping ground of the Amra Bengali party which believes that while one part of the Bengali homeland was lost at partition, West Bengal has been taken over by the Hindi-speaking north and by "Madrasis", which here means anyone who comes from south of the Vindhyas. They are right too in a sense; for if unashamed middle class Bengali living survives anywhere outside Bangladesh, it is probably in Mr Nripen Chakraborty's Marxist Tripura. The struggle, therefore, is for linguistic survival even more than ideology.

All For A Ball

Whoever said that politics should be kept out of sport? In Calcutta we know only too well that politics may not be sporting but sport is never anything but political. West Bengal discovered and exploited the nexus with a Minister of State for Sports under the United Front, long before New Delhi created the portfolio for Mr Buta Singh. The flamboyant Mr Ram Chatterjee, the first incumbent, was a familiar figure at football matches as he walked round the field, acknowledging the cheers of the galleries with a boxer's salute.

Mr Subhash Chakravarti, the present minister, obviously had an eye on next May's soccer season when he announced that the Left Front would spend a handsome Rs 40 lakhs on distributing 50,000 footballs and 5,000 volley balls, and that 37,000 villages, 10,000 schools and 350 colleges would benefit from the Youth Welfare Department's committee of experts guided by the veteran footballer, Sailen Manna.

Cricket and hockey do not evoke the same mass fervour and thus do not attract official support. And the government was downright cheeseparing with young Dibyendu Barua, West Bengal's brilliant young chess prodigy. But soccer is popular theatre. The three main clubs — Mohun Bagan, East Bengal and Mohammedan Sporting — inspire passionate group loyalties. The game draws big money, creates folk heroes and, in short, shapes youth power. Investing in this branch of sport is investing in votes.

Forever Amber

The Calcutta Metropolitan Development Authority is really going to town with complicated traffic management schemes and even more tortuous ads that promise "though late, let us move on into the 20th century (which is already four-fifths gone!)". Obviously, we are chasing the fag end of the century with signals of which the ad somewhat bewilderingly remarks: "If traffic management is not impossible in this city, to explain the signals by words, is".

The attempt is not outstandingly successful. The lights and signs set up on December 15 are even less so. Chowringhee and BBD Bagh (the old Dalhousie Square) are even more snarled up than before because of endless digging. But it is reassuring to note that in the four junctions where CMDA signals have been introduced, manpower is still in effective use. Constables stand beside the lights, and it is the arm of the law that cars and pedestrians obey.

Bankim Chandra

The unfortunate controversy over the Bankim Chandra Chatterjee celebrations, especially over his stirring romantic novel *Ananda Math*, again revealed the fragility of communal harmony and, even more, Congress (I) readiness to fish for goin in every stretch of troubled waters. West Bengal's Minister for Higher Education, Mr Sambhu Ghosh, organised the festivities which were attended by another Left Front minister. But when some Muslims took umbrage, the Left Front hastily disavowed the occasion, whereupon Mr Pranab Mukherjee, the Union Finance Minister, at once accused the Front of being unpatriotic.

Muslim touchiness is not at all justified since Bankim Chandra had nawabi feudalism in mind when he wrote at the novel's beginning of rescuing Bengal from tyranny. No one, for instance, has accused him of toadying to the British even though *Ananda Math* ends with the claim that a spell of British rule would enable Indians to shed introversion and become a more practical people. All such arguments have to read against the contemporary historical background, and cannot be twisted out of context.

There is no reason, therefore, for the Left Front to be apologetic. But the Union Finance Minister's fulminations are even more unconvincing since, as Mr Saroj Mukherjee, the CPI (M) secretary, tartly retorted, it was the Congress Working Committee under Nehru that decided against Bankim Chandra's nationalist song, *Bande Mataram*.

Liberal Vision

Off hand, I can think of two distinguished Muslims — both in the news at the time of writing — who would have been greatly pained by this unnecessary dispute over one of the greatest Bengali writers ever. Professor Abu Sayeed Ayyub, the eminent scholar and critic, who died on December 21, transferred his academic interests from physics to philosophy, published the first anthology of Bengali poetry, and angrily rejected all suggestions that Islam gave him an international identity. On the contrary, he claimed, the anglicised English-speaking Bengali was far more pan-national in outlook.

An editor of *Quest* before the Congress for Cultural Freedom was dragged into disrepute, Professor Ayyub can have had little in common politically with his brother, Dr M.O. Ghani, who was for many years a CPI MLA. But both brothers were equally committed to their different beliefs, honest in their opinions and able to explain their philosophies with erudition. Professor Ayyub was also convinced of the equality of the sexes long before Women's Lib became fashionable: his gifted wife, Gauri, continued to use her maiden name of Datta.

The other man of enlightenment is Bangladesh's much younger Mr A.Z.M.Obaidullah Khan, a member of the old Civil Service of Pakistan and now Agriculture Minister, who also came from a family of liberal beliefs: one brother is a noted Marxist-Leninist politician, another one of Dhaka's most outspoken editors. Mr Obaidullah, who is leading his country's delegation for the Joint Rivers Commission meeting in New Delhi at the time of writing, wrote his thesis at Oxford on the influence of the Upanishads on the later poetry of W.B. Yeats. He justified calling his elder son Parthasarathi (after Sri Krishna, Arjuna's chariot-bearer in the *Mahabharata*) on the grounds that such names belong to the common literary heritage bequeathed by the Bengali language. ■

Sumita Sandilya

The Comet Is Coming

by R. Ramadorai

OPEN your windows. Set up your telescopes. Zooming through the chill depths of star-spangled space, here it comes... the celebrated cosmic wanderer—Halley's comet, for yet another rendezvous with terrestrial astronomers...

Of the 600 odd comets known to man, Halley's is the most famous. And only a handful are as spectacular. Nor do we know how many times it has made its voyage around the sun. Its first recorded appearance was in 250 BC. Since then it has awed, terrified, and delighted mankind once in every 76 years. Its last grand show was in the year 1910. It started receding from the sun and the earth in the beginning of 1911 and it was seen fleeing into outer space at a mind-boggling speed of 58,000 km an hour! It disappeared in the month of May, 1911, among the stars.

Even with this frenetic speed, the comet could reach the outer limit of its wildly eccentric course around the sun only in 1948! It has since started its return journey toward the inner part of the solar system. It is still more than 1.5 billion km away from us!

Since 1977, almost every large telescope in the world, including the mighty 200-inch instrument on Mount Palomar, in California, has been aimed time and again at the same star-flecked region of the sky just north of the star Procyon to locate the reappearance of Halley's Comet! It will be a lucky astronomer who will spot it first! No wonder comet-hunting has reached such a feverish pitch.

To the Greeks comets were *aster kometes*—long-haired stars. The head or the coma of the comet was thought to be a star and the "fiery" tail of the comet was believed to be composed of hair. Comets are fuzzy tramps of the solar system. While the planets go around the sun in slightly elongated circular paths, the comets prefer to travel in a highly elongated elliptical "beats". In their peregrinations they wander so far that the sun's light may even take a full month to reach the place! (Think of the prodigious distance considering that light travels at the speed of 2,97,600 km per second!) From such far-flung "outposts" the comets sweep past the outer planets and become progressively brighter and grow in majesty and splendour for a short time when they get warmed up by the sun. Then, as if wearying of the glory, they begin to recede from the sun and hurry back into the cold, dark reaches of outer space away from the burning sun.

Although; spotting comets is held to be a spectacular pastime today, an earlier age saw no delight at all in comets. Men have been rather fearful of the spectral appearance of the comets. They came up unexpectedly. Their movements in the sky looked apparently erratic. Their appearances changed sometimes rapidly, all of which contributed to the halo of mystery, superstition and fear that surrounded the comets. Thus men refused to admire the strange beauty of the comets and evinced no interest in the phenomenon for a long time.

Although some ancient Greeks believed that comets were conglomerates of stars, there were others—Greeks and Romans—who thought that the comets were not in any way connected to the stars. Demokritos believed that comets were born when two planets came too close together. Artistotle, thought them to be "blazing exhalations" in the earth's upper atmosphere. According to Seneca, comets were heavenly bodies like the planets. But Aristotle's view prevailed until 1577. We will come to this later.

The common man however, associated cataclysmic upheavals, outbreaks of plague or ill luck with the appearance of comets. Some believed that comets were the bad breaths of the Gods. When a comet appeared, everyone of any importance—the kings, the nobles and the vassals, conferred anxiously with the astronomers and astrologers about the portends and the prophylactic measures to be taken. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Caesar's wife Calpurnia warns him on the day of his assassination to heed stormy apparitions of the night before. "When beggars die, there are no comets seen; the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Astronomers in the East recorded comet sightings more accurately than Europeans did until the 15th century. Indeed, when European astronomers started studying the comets seriously they had to rely on the Babylonian, Chinese, Japanese, and Korean annals for statistical studies and early sightings.

The Aristotelian view of the comets was overturned in the year 1577. In that year a great comet flashed across the sky. It was accurately observed by the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe and the German astronomer Michael Mustlin. By comparing observations made from different places (called the parallax method: to measure a heavenly body's distance from the earth one determines the change of its position relative to the "fixed" stars), they proved that the comet of 1577 was further beyond the moon, out in interplanetary space. This discovery not only shattered the Aristotelian view of the comets but also the notion of the "crystal spheres" that held the planets, stars, and astronomers' minds in an earth-centred universe.

Although comets were shown to be celestial bodies, one important aspect of the comets remained unsolved—their paths. Luckily a bright comet appeared in 1682 when Sir Isaac Newton was alive Before the appearance of that comet, Newton had already published his famous theory of gravitation. While the astronomers were busy observing and plotting the course of that comet, one British astronomer, Edmund Halley, who was then 26 years old, goaded Newton to utilise his new theory of gravitation to calculate the Comet's path. Newton proved that the comet of 1682 followed a near-parabolic path around the sun. His work showed that gravitational attraction that explained the nearly circular, elliptical motions of the planets also solved the riddle of the comets' orbits.

In 1703 Edmund Halley accepted the chair of geometry at Oxford University. While writing a book on the topic "Synopsis of Cometary Astronomy", Halley calculated the parabolic (open-ended) orbits for 24 comets seen between 1337 and 1698. He noticed that the trajectories of the comets which appeared in 1531, 1607 and 1682 were similar and that their appearances were separated by nearly equal intervals. Later, Halley noticed that a bright comet had appeared in 1456—an impressive object which struck terror in the hearts of the Turks during the battle of Belgrade—and probably another in 1378. He came to a bold conclusion and announced that the comets which appeared in the years 1378, 1456, 1531, 1607 and 1682 were not different comets at all but the successive apparitions of the same comet, whose orbit must be an ellipse (a closed orbit) with a period of about 75 years. He also confirmed that the comet was a member of the sun's family and it circled the sun as planets do. Halley predicted that the comet would return in the year 1758.

Halley wrote: "Candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." Halley did not live till 1758 to see his prediction come true. But posterity acknowledged him by naming the celestial wanderer Comet Halley.

Halley's comet figured prominently in ancient and medieval chronicles. The comet had been observed at every apparition as far as the year 240 BC. It should have been visible in 315 BC and 391 BC., but there are no actual records of its appearance in those years. The advent of Halley's comet was usually discussed in ancient and medieval chronicles in connection with some calamity or other, which it is supposed to have ushered in. It was seen in the year 66 AD, a few years before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman Emperor Titus and was described by the Jewish historian Josephus as the "Sword of God" over the doomed city. It appeared in 451 AD, at the time of Attila's invasion of Western Europe and again in 1066 when William the Conqueror invaded England. In the eleventh-century Bayeux tapestry,commemorating William's conquest, Halley's comet occupies a prominent place.

Halley died in 1742. Soon after his death three French astronomers independently worked and computed the comet's path in greater detail. Their calculations and conclusions came handy to astronomers in searching for the reappearance of the comet in 1758 in advance.

Charles Messier was known as the great French comet hunter. Night after night he searched the skies through his telescope to spot the "reborn" comet. He succeeded in January 21, 1759. But his jubilation soon soured when he heard one Johann Palitzsch, an amateur German astronomer spotted it on December 25, 1758!

This time the astronomers made extensive observations of the comet, which revealed that the predicted date of *perihelion*-closest approach to the sun—had been wrong by only 32 days...

The astronomers started their feverish bid to locate the comet as the winter set in the year 1908. Apart from a telescope they had another powerful tool at their disposal this time — photography. They started searching the sky as well as photographing it. One Max Wolf of Heidelberg spotted the small diffuse image of the comet on a plate exposed on 11th September, 1909.

The comet put up a spectacular show in 1910. More than that, what interested the earthlings was the news that earth would pass through the tenuous 80 million km tail of the comet. The Westerners became nervous as they thought that the tail contained poisonous gases like cyanogen, carbon monoxide, etc. Many people sealed their windows to protect themselves from the deadly gases!

How big is it going to look when it appears in the year 1986? Halley's Comet had a tail averaging 15° to 20° in length during its known appearances. Its tail had a record length of over 100° when the comet came very neur to earth in 334 and 837. It is calculated that the comet's tail will be 20° to 40° long when it appears in 1986. Yet this time the comet is not going to put up spectacular show There are reasons for it.

In November 1985, Halley's Comet may be visible to anyone with a pair of binoculars. As it moves towards the sun the comet will become brighter and its tail longer. Unfortunately, the nearest it can come to the earth as it approaches the sun would be 90 million km. Because of this huge distance between the earth and the comet, it would be visible to us only as a faint, small comet. When it comes closest to the sun— at perihelion — it will be at its maximum radiance and its tail at its maximum length. This would be around 9th February, 1986 But at this time, the earth would be on one side of the sun and the comet on the other, so the comet will not be visible at all to us! After perihelion the distance between the sun and the comet will gradually increase and so its brightness will diminish and so its tail. Simultaneously the comet will start coming closer to the earth. On 11th April, 1986 it is expected to reach the nearest position to earth but by that time it will be more than 160 million kms away from the sun.

The position of earth at that time will be such that only people residing in the southern hemisphere will sight the comet. They will have a grand view of the comet and its appearance may turn out to be a spectacular one. The tail may be 20° to 40° long. They will remember the comet for a long time to come. When it again becomes visible to the people residing in the northern hemisphere (which will be in early May 1987) its brightness will have dimmed to such an extent that the comet will not be easily visible to the naked eye.

DRAMATIC FORM. Fr Proksch teache students how to combine different danc forms.

A German Scholar-Dancer's Fifty Years In India

On January 9 this year, Fr Proksch completes 50 years in India, 50 years of love and devotion to his adopted land.

by Miriam D'Souza

A LITTLE boy and his mother were rowing across a lake in Silesia (then an eastern province of Germany, but after World War II, Polish territory) when, out of the blue, the mother said, "Son, one day you will row along the Ganges like this." The child did more than that He made the land of the Ganges his own

He arrived in India on January 9, 1933, as Fr George Proksch, SVD missionary—and proceeded to fall in love with the country

How did it start? Assigned to work with the tribals in MP, he was frustrated that despite long years of hard work he had not been able to put across his message of Christ's love to the villagers Seeing that visiting sadhus attracted a crowd of eager listeners, he began joining the groups around them, hoping to discover the secret of the sadhus' success. He observed that the sadhus did not merely speak of Hindu deities, but used music, dance, poetry and drama as well In short, they put Indian art form at the service of this message

The zealous priest made up his mind to do the same And that was the beginning of a beautiful romance with his adopted land

He began singing basic Christian truths to Indian folk tunes It had so much appeal that he was soon receiving invitations to sing even to purely Hindu groups in Lucknow and Indore. Transferred to Bombay in 1947, he began learning Indian classical music.

When he came to India 50 years ago, he knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and German, but no Hindi at all. Such is his capacity to master any subject, that just a year later he asked for and received permission to preach his sermons in Hindi

Interned by the British Government during World War II, he continued with his study of Hindi and developed a love for the language. Inspired by the *Ramayana*, he wrote *Christayana* in the camp. "His main contribution to Indian literature is *Christayana*, a unique biography," says Virendra Kumar Jain, a well-known poet and for ten years the Assistant Editor of *Dharmayug*, now the Editor of *Navneet* "Every event in the life of Christ is narrated. Such a detailed book was not available in Hindi before."

When released, he continued with his writings. Today he has around 35 books to his credit: poems, songs, plays, a novel, translations of the psalms, etc. They cover cultural, liturgical, religious and spiritual themes. All are published in Hindi.

Wishing to imbibe the wisdom of ancient India, Fr Proksch decided to study Sanskrit as well, and approached a renowned institute in Bangalore. He was refused admission on the grounds that Sanskrit was taught only to Brahmins! The scholarly priest thought it ironic that while the Principal of the institute had a degree in Sanskrit from a Berlin university, he should refuse admission to a German in India.

So he learned Sanskrit privately. He has read the *Vedas, Puranas, Upanishads* and other sacred Hindu texts His circle of friends grew larger and included such well-known figures as Mahadevi Verma, Sumitranandan Pant Maithili Sharan Gupta, Bhagwati Sharan Verma in the field of literature, Ravi Shankar, Laxman Prasad Jaipurwalla in the field of music and Krishna Pannikar Raghav Rao, Satya Vati, Bankin Sinha in the field of dance.

The Germans have a strong nationc sense. When Fr Proksch came to work in India, he gave his love and devotion to his adopted land. Someone once said of him that he loves Germany as his mother bu India as his bride.

Indianisation Of Christianity

He saw that Indian Christians, with their Westernised ways, lived like aliens in their own country. He wanted the people he had come to serve to be proud of their heritage. He believed that Christianit could and should be practised within th culture of one's own country.

In 1949 he set up the Hindi Sanskri Sangam in Bombay to teach India music, dance and Hindi. Occasionally the Sangam put up a cultural prog ramme.

The dedicated German has done great deal to encourage the use of Hinc in the religious services of the Roma Catholic Church in India. His bhajans compiled in *Mukti Marg*, are very popular He has even written a High Mass (wher all the prayers are sung) in Hindi.

He was, in fact, one of the pioneers c the Indianisation of Christianity. By blaz ing a trail, he made it easier for those wh followed. At first, his ideas seemed re volutionary to the majority of Christians and he had to face a lot of criticism an opposition. Fortunately he had the stron support of Cardinal Gracias.

Fr Proksch now began experimentir with different dance forms. Dr K.(Ginde, Principal, Shreevallabh Sangeet laya (Academy of Music and Dance who has worked with the priest for mo

SHEPHERD DANCE.

BHANGRA DANCE being performed for tribals in MP

MARWARI DANCE

than 20 years, is all praise for the German's genius. "When Fr Proksch started working on his dance dramas," Dr Ginde told me enthusiastically, "he took the bold initiative of combining, in the same programme, different styles depending on which would most effectively portray the character or the scene, eg Kathakali for the devil, Manipuri for a village scene, Bharat Natyam and Kathak for other roles. He also included folk dance so that these, too were given prominence.The impact was fantastic.This innovation has been an important contribution to Indian dance and has since been adopted by other Indian artistes."

"The credit for presenting Indian dance and music to an international audience must go to Fr Proksch," Dr Ginde told me animatedly. "The first time was in 1960 at the 337th International Eucharistic Congress in Munich, and then in 1964 at the 38th International Eucharistic Congress in Bombay. And on such a large scale! The ballet in Munich was an instant success. In addition it created history For the first time in the liturgy of the Church, dancers performed in the presence of the Holy Eucharist.

"There was yet another important contribution by Fr Proksch on this occasion. For the first time, western choral form was applied to Indian vocal music Traditionally, Indian music, even if sung in groups, is always in unison and not in voices."

So far, traditional Indian dance and music has had only Hindu themes. The German priest enriched it by bringing in Christian themes, so that now, apart from Krishnaleela and Ramaleela, there is also a Christaleela.

His artistry is astounding. Though he engages professional musicians and dancers to train his troupe as well as to perform in his dramas, the final directions are his.

Fr Proksch writes the music for all his dramas himself. He saw in Indian music a great potential for spirituality. In July 1961, at the World Congress for Church Music held at Cologne in Germany, he stated before world-famous authorities that Indian classical music is similar to the traditional Gregorian chant used in the Church. He went on to say that the development and extension which Indian classical music gave to Church music could not be achieved by the music of any other country. Naturally, this caused a stir. But when he demonstrated what he meant, the other representatives were full of admiration for his learning. Not that he gave up Western music completely; he still occasionally stages cantatas

Songs For Children

Fr Proksch was so versatile that not only could he stage spectacular dramas for an international audience, but could also write simple songs for kindergarten children In fact, this is another of his important contributions to Indian music. Traditionally, children were taught conventional songs (usually containing some moral element). On the lines of nursery rhymes, Fr Proksch wrote short, simple poems (about a butterfly or a train) and set them to attractive melodies These have become very popular. Some of them have been published in his book *Raag Parag*

A special contribution in the field of drama are his Hindi plays for children He translated German fairy tales and dramatised them Both *Himani* (Snow White) and *Chumchanan Chumantar* (Rumpelstiltskin) have been staged several times.

Fr Proksch's dream of having his own cultural and spiritual centre was realised at the Gyan Ashram in 1955. It is situated at Andheri amidst jungle surroundings. At present, the Guru has about 20 chelas—Christian men and women dedicated to spreading the Gospel through Indian dance, music and other fine arts.

So far, the Guru and his troupe have been to Europe six times, serving as ambassadors of Indian culture. Their popularity can be gauged from the fact that in 1965, their third trip to Europe, the group had engagements almost every day for a whole year! They have so far performed in Germany, Italy, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, Ireland, Belgium, Rome, London, Paris, besides many smaller places

They have performed all over India as well, inspiring Indian Christian youth to take up Indian music and dance. Following their conversion, Indian Christians had adopted a Westernised style of living, but viewing his dance dramas, they have begun to appreciate their own culture.

Another activity of the Ashram is Sangeetayan (Institute of Music and Dance). It is a three-month condensed course ending with an examination. Successful students get a certificate from the Bhatakande Sangeet Vidyapeth, Luck now, to which the Ashram is affiliated

As he made the transition from staging *Messiah* (at Indore in 1934) to *Christaleela*, Fr George Proksch also adopted the Indian way of life He changed his name to Guru Gyan Prakash Sharman He wears a sanyasi's garb (kurta and lungi) instead of a cassock and greets people with a namaskar He even celebrates Mass Indian style – sitting on the floor, with agarbattis, etc

On January 9, 1983, he completes 50 years in India Deeply spiritual, he continues his practice of spending much time in prayer. Every spare moment is spent in reading and writing

In his prime, the Guru was a dynamo with a commanding, impressive, radiant, magnetic personality which inspired people to work with him and for him devotedly. However, years of pushing himself too hard have left their mark For the past couple of years, his health has been failing and, at 78, he is rather frail

Asked if he would like to return home to Germany to recuperate, he said "No" For him home is India! ■

THE MAGNIFICAT by Mary in Kathak style

Afghanistan and Pakistan's Western Frontier

by Air Marshal Asghar Khan

This third instalment of excerpts from *Generals In Politics* forms a definitive chapter of the book to be published by Vikas. In it, the former Pak Air Chief takes a perceptive look at the Afghanistan-Pakistan problem vis-a-vis the Soviet Union and the United States and goes on to plead for a more rational relationship between Pakistan and India in their own enlightened self-interest.

THE FLOODGATES WERE THROWN OPEN, as it were, when Pakistan could only look on passively as Russia walked into Afghanistan. According to Air Marshal Asghar Khan: "The collapse of the US position in Iran and the political gains that the Soviet Union has made in recent years in countries of the Middle East and Africa make a Soviet presence in Afghanistan a matter of considerable importance in her global plans. The large population of Muslim ethnic origin in the southern states of the Soviet Union and the proximity of the oil-rich Gulf to the southern borders of Afghanistan, which is barely 300 miles away, lend special importance to Afghanistan in Soviet eyes."

PAKISTAN mishandled the Afghan problem and showed an arrogance in relations with its neighbour which its bureaucrats had inherited from their British masters. They appeared oblivious to the fact that such behaviour did not have the backing of an empire.

The point is perhaps illustrated by my own experience. I was invited to visit Afghanistan in 1967 as the Head of Civil Aviation in Pakistan. During my tour, the Afghan authorities asked for help on three main issues: they asked for the overhaul of their aircraft engines in our maintenance facility in Karachi; the training of some technicians; and permission for their airline to fly from Kabul to Delhi by the direct route over Pakistan, instead of a longer circuitous route to Delhi.

I took up the question of the overflights of their aircraft with the Foreign Office and other relevant agencies and met with opposition everywhere. It was argued that, by allowing them to fly to Delhi by the direct route, their increasing contacts with India would be facilitated and that this would not be desirable. Eventually, I saw President Ayub Khan, who appeared to agree with his advisers. I expressed the view that this attitude towards Afghanistan was not in Pakistan's long-term interests and, when he seemed adamant, I said that it appeared to me that we were being "bloody-minded" "There's no harm in being blood-minded sometimes," Ayub Khan replied.

Ayub Khan was perhaps right—that, occasionally, there is no harm done in being bloody-minded. However, I cannot help feeling that, in regard to Afghanistan, Pakistan has adopted this attitude more often than was necessary. We have at times behaved in a manner more befitting our imperial predecessors.

Afghanistan's request to extend the railhead at Landi Kotal a few miles into Afghanistan was repeatedly refused and restrictions were put on their transit trade—an attitude that they found irksome and irritating. Kabul's friendship with India was frowned upon and our Foreign Office, instead of endeavouring to draw Afghanistan closer by being friendly with her, tried, whenever it could, to punish her for what it considered undesirable connections with India. Afghanistan's spurious claim of "Pakhtoonistan" and her close and friendly relations with India were considered valid reasons for this attitude. As Pakistan continued to be "bloody-minded", Afghanistan moved closer to India and the Soviet Union. Pakistan closed its borders with Afghanistan in 1950, 1955 and 1960 and Afghanistan began to rely increasingly on Soviet technical and economic assistance. Her Armed Forces were equipped more with Soviet equipment and her defence personnel and technicians began to be trained in the Soviet Union in increasingly large numbers.

By 1966, the Soviet Union had constructed a first-class highway over the Oxus from the border of Uzbekistan to the principal Afghan towns. By 1967, more than 50 per cent of Afghanistan's trade was with the Soviet Union and, by the mid 1970s, a number of modern airfields and hydroelectric stations had been constructed with Soviet aid and supervision and natural gas from the gasfield of Mazar-i-Sharif was being supplied to meet Uzbekistan's industrial needs. By the time President Daud was overthrown in 1978, Afghanistan was squarely in the Soviet camp and both President Taraki and Hafeezullah Amin had little room for manoeuvre. However, in Pakistan's two wars with India in 1965 and 1971, Afghanistan maintained scrupulous neutrality.

Need For Vision

The present Afghan problem should, therefore, be seen against this background of neglect and a lack of understanding by Pakistan of her own interests in what—she should have realised—was a country of great importance to her security. Having got herself into a position in which she has at least contributed to the Soviet presence in Afghanistan, it is important that Pakistan should conduct her policies in this area with a clearer realisation of her strength and weaknesses, as well as the interests of the world powers in this region. Only then can Pakistan avoid the mistakes of the past and save herself from dangers in the future.

The collapse of the US position in Iran and the political gains that the Soviet Union has made in recent years in countries of the Middle East and Africa make a Soviet presence in Afghanistan a matter of considerable importance in her global plans. The large population of Muslim ethnic origin in the southern states of the Soviet Union and the proximity of the oil-rich Gulf to the southern borders of Afghanistan, which is barely 300 miles away, lend special importance to Afghanistan in Soviet eyes.

To the United States and her allies, a threat to the oil supplies from the Gulf, represented by Soviet control of bases within easy striking range of its sea-lanes, is a matter of serious concern. It must also see that the spread of Soviet influence in Pakistan would further erode the US position in what is now an area of great interest to her.

The limited extent of military aid to Pakistan—to which the United States has committed herself—suggests that she does not see any likelihood of overt military moves by the Soviet Union, directly or by proxy, in this area in the foreseeable future. The military and economic aid-packet of $3.2 billion over the 5 years is intended more to keep Pakistan in the Western camp than to confer any significant defence capability on her. Moreover, since the more important

items of military equipment are not likely to start to flow in quantity until 1984-85. It would be reasonable to conclude that the United States does not envisage any military threat that Pakistan may be required to face in the near future. In any event, it would be unrealistic to expect the United States to commit her land and air forces to fight in defence of Pakistan in any *local* conflict with a Soviet-backed country such as Afghanistan.

The aid that the United States has committed to Pakistan is, therefore, all that should be taken into account when planning the country's defence against a military threat to its western frontiers. In the event of hostilities with India, the United States is likely to discontinue the supply of spares and sophisticated equipment to Pakistan. China's interests in the area and her desire to keep Soviet influence out of Pakistan are likely to ensure steadfast support from her in the form of equipment and supplies. This capability is, however, limited and cannot meet Pakistan's major needs. In view of the interests of the major powers in this area, it would appear desirable for Pakistan to follow a policy that ensures her survival, without assuming a commitment that is beyond her capability. The cost of modern military equipment is exceedingly high. Pakistan is, therefore, faced with a choice between keeping herself equipped with whatever she can get with an increased political commitment or reducing her political commitment and making some adjustments in her foreign relations.

F-16: Effective Only In 1985?

The first alternative should be examined in the light of what the United States has found desirable to meet the defence needs of Pakistan. With each F-16 aircraft costing in the range of $20 million, $800 million of military aid would secure 40 aircraft. With spare parts, maintenance and test equipment and the cost of improving the ground environment, at least another $400 million would be required. The flow of such items of hardware is not expected to commence in quantity before 1984, so the F-16 aircraft would only begin to become effective some time in 1985.

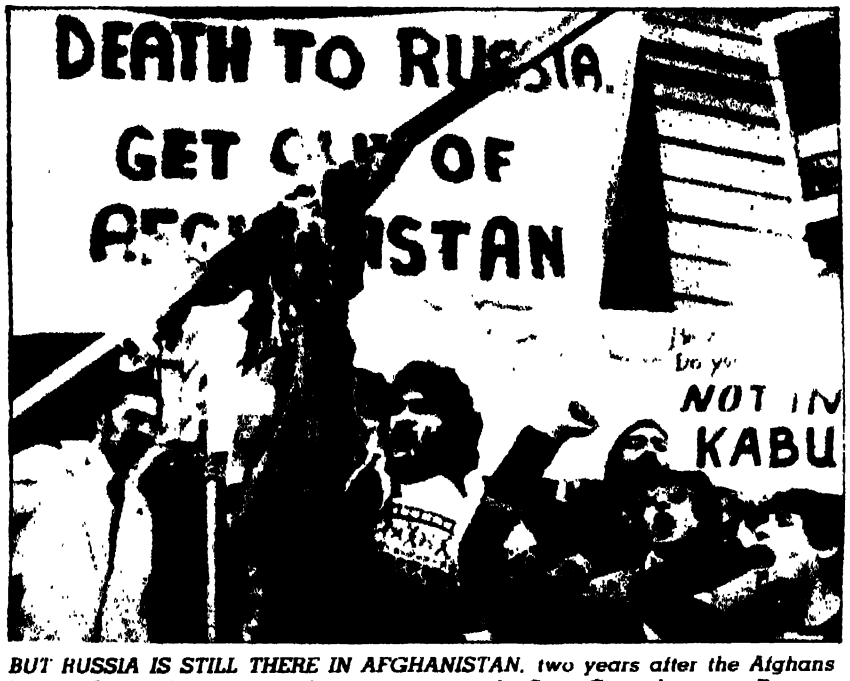
Similar, if somewhat lesser, problems will be faced in the induction of other equipment in the defence services. Considering Pakistan's defence problems, the small number of F-16 aircraft that the United States is committed to supply cannot be expected to make a significant contribution to Pakistan's defence against the threat visualised by her. Indeed it would be unrealistic for Pakistan to expect from the United States the level of aid and the quality and quantity of equipment that would meet her needs, consistent with the political posture that she has adopted in the Big Power tussle in this area. On the other hand, the political price that Pakistan would be required to pay is out of proportion to the strength that she would acquire.

The second alternative—that of reducing her political commitment with an attendant reduction in her military posture—is befogged with prejudices and fears that Pakistan has hitherto found difficult to overcome. No appreciation of Pakistan's defence needs is realistic without taking into account her assessment of the military threat posed by India to her security. With a population and resources at least 6 times those of Pakistan and land forces 3 times, air forces 5 times and naval forces roughly 10 times those of Pakistan, India is undoubtedly much stronger than her smaller neighbour. However, the answer for Pakistan does not lie in meeting the Indian military strength by building up her defence forces to match India's strength, because that could only be done by breaking the country's back economically or by agreeing to a mercenary role for a major power by mortgaging freedom.

"With a population and resources at least 6 times those of Pakistan, and land forces 3 times, air forces 5 times and naval forces roughly 10 times, India is undoubtedly much stronger than her smaller neighbour. However, the answer for Pakistan does not lie in meeting the Indian military strength by building up her defence forces to match India's strength, because that could only be done by breaking Pakistan's back economically or by agreeing to a mercenary role for a major power by mortgaging freedom."

Pakistan, therefore, has no sensible option but to improve her relations with Afghanistan and the Soviet Union. The question of Pak-Afghan relations, however, is complicated by the reality of the Soviet presence in Afghanistan and the presence of a large number of Afghan refugees in Pakistan. Afghanistan has never had a democratic representative government and the country has been ruled by various dynasties and, lately, by socialist parties of different hues. They have all come to power by the strength of their arms. The Soviets have argued that their involvement in Afghanistan is in response to the wishes of the people to support the socialist regime in Kabul and to prevent foreign interference in Afghanistan's affairs. The present Afghan Government, like its predecessors, cannot however claim to have been brought about by any constitutional process or by an expression of the popular will. The large-scale exodus of refugees from Afghanistan must also be taken as an expression of the Afghan people's disapproval of Soviet involvement in Afghanistan.

However, the stakes that the Soviet Union has in Afghanistan now make it most unlikely that she would abandon an Afghan Government of her choice and pull out of the country without reaching an agreement she considers reasonably satisfactory. Circumstances could, however, persuade her to agree to a solution that would, whilst ensuring Afghanistan's neutrality, provide reasonable guarantees for allowing her to maintain her links with that country. The neutrality of the Afghanistan Government would, however, have to be very real to persuade the refugees to return to their homes and it would be in Pakistan's interests to move towards a position that would make such an agreement possible.



BUT RUSSIA IS STILL THERE IN AFGHANISTAN. two years after the Afghans burnt a Soviet flag during a demonstration on the State Capitol steps in Denver, Colorado (on January 3, 1980)! "Having got herself into a position in which she has at least contributed to the Soviet presence in Afghanistan," notes the author, "it is important that Pakistan should conduct her policies in this area with a clearer realisation of her strength and weaknesses, as well as the interests of the world powers in this region. Only then can Pakistan avoid the mistakes of the past and save herself from dangers in the future."

Pakistan's stand not to negotiate with the Government of Afghanistan but her preparedness to meet with representatives of the Afghan Ruling Party was a continuation of the attitude that has bedevilled Pak-Afghan relations for over three decades. The argument advanced has been that the Afghan Government is not a legal government, for it has not been popularly elected and does not represent the people of Afghanistan. Unfortunately, this stand does not have any force, since the military government of Pakistan had itself not been elected by any constitutional process.

Pakistan's position would have been immeasurably strengthened if it was represented by a lawfully elected government which could speak with the backing of the people. The argument that negotiations could take place with representatives of the ruling political party but not with the Afghan Government—even if both are represented by the same people—was an example of political hair-splitting that could only obstruct the solution of the problem. It was also illogical that, while the Pakistan Government preferred to deal with the ruling political party rather than the Afghan Government, it did not permit its own political parties to function. That Pakistan had received international support on this absurd stand was not necessarily a measure of the correctness of her position but was more indicative of the extent to which some powers are prepared to adopt ridiculous positions if only these serve their interests. It suits them to have Pakistan adopt an intransigent attitude on this issue so that she could be built up as a base in South Asia to promote their own requirements.

Pakistan: A Test-Case For US

If Pakistan is prepared to move towards a truly neutral position, an agreement could hopefully be reached with Afghanistan that would safeguard Pakistan's interests as well as solve the problem on her western border. The major powers would also find that their interests are adequately served by denying this area to each other. James L. Buckley, the US Under Secretary of State, concluding his testimony (on September 16, 1981) before a Sub-Committee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee about US economic and security cooperation with Pakistan, said:

Unlike the Soviet Union, we do not seek a position of dominance in South West Asia. What we do seek, in admitted pursuit of our own self interest, is to prevent the Soviets from achieving their goals. This we can do by helping the nations of the area contribute to regional defence by making them better capable of looking after themselves. We believe this approach is not only the one most likely to succeed, but also the one most consistent with our own national principles of non-interference in other people's affairs. Pakistan is a test-case of this approach to regional security. We propose a balanced programme of economic assistance and military sales and credits to help Pakistan play its essential role. It is appropriate to Pakistan's needs and commensurate with our own interest in the area. I urge the Committee's understanding and support.

If this reflects accurately the United States' position in this area, there is no reason to believe that the interests of the United States in Pakistan would diminish with Pakistan moving towards a truly neutral posture in the Big Power struggle in this area. Moreover, there is no reason to think that a security agreement cannot be reached with the Soviet Union on the lines of that with the United States and, if this was done, it would reduce immeasurably Pakistan's defence burden and would give her effective

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security against foreign aggression She could reduce her own military expenditure from the present staggering figure of Rs 19 5 billion to one that makes some sense in economic terms and one which is not a crippling burden on her economy

It is possible that the United States as a quid pro quo would demand from Pakistan's military rulers an agreement to obtain certain facilities in Pakistan to strengthen her military position in the Middle East In that event James Buckley's testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee could be the first step —as the US sees it—in a graded response to her geopolitical interests in this area Such planning has important politico military implications for Pakistan as well as the United States and should be seen in the light of the history of relations between the two countries •

The Position Then

When Pakistan became a member of the Baghdad Pact (later known as Central Treaty Organisation) in February 1955 she was not regarded as a front line state Her north western border was at a relatively safe distance from the Soviet Union and Afghanistan was neutral in the East West tussle in this area Pakistan's position on Iran's eastern border however conferred on her an importance in the eyes of the Republican Administration of the United States that merited special consideration Moreover her position close to the southern states of the Soviet Union regarded at that time as the soft belly of the Soviet Union made her convenient for locating certain monitoring facilities Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile launching and nuclear test sites were being developed in this area and these could be watched with relative ease from Pakistan based monitoring equipment

As a quid pro quo for the military and economic aid that Pakistan received in the late 1950s and early 1960s, she allowed the United States to develop the so-called "communication facilities" which were, in fact, monitoring stations The most important of these was Badaber, close to Peshawar Badaber did not have an airfield but contained highly sophisticated electronic equipment. Its establishment was negotiated at the highest level and I believe that the Foreign Office knew little or nothing of its role or equipment. The Pakistan Air Force had nothing to do with it and was so divorced from its activities that no one from the PAF could enter its premises. Badaber gained prominence when a U2 plane which had "staged" through Peshawar on May 1, 1960, was brought down over the Soviet Union and Nikita Khrushchev, at a Foreign Embassy reception in Moscow told the Pakistan Ambassador that he had put a circle around Peshawar

U2 aircraft used by the CIA were fitted with monitoring equipment and powerful cameras and had an abnormally long range as well as a very high ceiling These aircraft could therefore, fly non stop from airfields as far apart as Peshawar in Pakistan and Bodo in Norway At its cruising height the U2 could not be intercepted by Soviet fighter aircraft For staging through Pakistan they were required merely to inform civil aviation authorities The particular U2 aircraft that was brought down over Soviet territory had staged through Peshawar in accordance with this practice In addition to providing bases for monitoring facilities for the United States Pakistan provided continuity to the defence of the so called Northern Tier (stretching from Turkey to Pakistan) and provided a cordon between the Soviet Union and the Persian Gulf Since Egypt was not well disposed towards the United States Saudi Arabia as yet not aligned fully with her and Israel not as yet secure within her borders the United States relied heavily on Turkey and Iran and to a lesser extent on Pakistan for strengthening the defence of her interests in the Middle East

The Position Now

Now a quarter of a century later the situation has undergone some important changes The Soviet Union has a foothold in Afghanistan and from there is within easy range of the entrance to the Persian Gulf The United States on the other hand although it has lost Iran as an ally has secure base facilities in Egypt Israel and Saudi Arabia in addition to her facilities in Oman and further south in the Indian Ocean- in Diego Garcia Moreover the development of communication satellites renders unnecessary any elaborate communication or monitoring facilities on Pakistan territory

Considering the environmental limitations and strengths of different countries in the area Pakistan would appear to offer facilities for the stockpiling of equipment and the launching of United States naval land and air forces for operations in the Gulf area It has the minimum defence infrastructure for US needs and presents possibilities for further development of her base facilities With the present severe restrictions on the press and the public it should be possible for the military junta to turn Pakistan into a launching pad for US military forces in the area This would not only be a quid pro quo for the US military and economic aid that Pakistan is receiving but would also satisfy the peculiar needs of a military machine direly in need of a morale uplift

It is, however, for the people's representatives to determine whether Pakistan should pay a price for military assistance which is inconsistent with the country's interests. Such an initiative on the part of an unrepresentative and unpopular regime would have no moral sanction and it is only a matter of time before such a commitment is repudiated by the people. The US would be unwise to make such an arrangement with Generals who have no right to speak for the people of Pakistan.

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Regardless of the nature of her relations with the United States and the Soviet Union, Pakistan must make certain basic changes in her defence concepts if the country's security is to be ensured By shedding colonial concepts of defence and evolving a strategy based on the needs of a free nation, a great deal can be achieved at lower cost The vast reserve of manpower can be mobilised to play its full role in the country's defence It is significant that no government has thought it fit to mobilise this great defence potential for only a popular government enjoying the genuine support of the people can trust its civil population sufficiently to arm them Modern wars are not fought only by professional armies Public participation at the national level in the fullest measure is necessary and a nation that can do this to a greater degree can influence the outcome of a conflict The highly professional land naval and air forces can then be organised with the armed backing of the nation

This backing has never been mobilised in Pakistan and no government which does not have full faith in its own people can ever try to do so Until such a government is established Pakistan will be forced to maintain large formations to do jobs which can be done infinitely more economically and more effectively by the mobilisation of the country's manpower Following a reorganisation of its defence services the highly disciplined and trained manpower rendered surplus could be used with advantage on productive work in the great task of nation building

THE PICTURE IN FEBRUARY 1980 a 10 year old Afghan girl holds her baby brother in front of a tent that is home to their family of 10 in Chitral An estimated 1 4 million Afghans have sought refuge in Pakistan following the Soviet intervention in December 1979

If India continues with her present level of defence expenditure this would undoubtedly further tilt the military balance in her favour, but public criticism in India, which is becoming increasingly conscious of the absurdity of Mrs Gandhi's assertion that Pakistan poses a threat to India's security, would be further strengthened In any case, Pakistan's security agreements with the United States and the Soviet Union and her long-standing relations with China should induce India to reduce her defence expenditure to a level more in step with her real defence needs It is also to be hoped that India will succeed in solving her border dispute with China so that the need for her to keep large forces against a possible threat from the north is removed

Having taken the fundamental decision Pakistan could seek economic and military assistance from the Soviet Union as well as the United States both of which since they would be vitally interested in her neutrality are likely to assist her with the modernisation of her reorganised defence services There is every reason to believe that the enlightened self-interest of the United States in this region (as expressed by James Buckley on September 16 1981) would require her to maintain her links with Pakistan to the mutual benefit of both countries For similar considerations and keeping in view the friendly ties that have existed for over two decades between the two countries China is also likely to continue her close links with Pakistan The national interests of both the US and China would be served if Pakistan survived as an independent country The Soviet Union if it is satisfied that Pakistan is not a base for the United States in this region should also be interested in seeing that it survives as an independent neutral nation

Key To The Problem

This policy would demand courage and imagination on the part of the country's leadership So long as this leadership is in the hands of an unrepresentative government and so long as it is with people who have a vested interest in feeding an overgrown military machine this change is not likely to occur The chances therefore are that until such a change takes place defence expenditure will continue to increase—until it has further impoverished the people and Pakistan has become a client state of those powers who need this piece of territory as a base for the furtherance of their national interests It could also be that the economic burden on the people of Pakistan and India, brought about by a senseless arms race, could bring nearer an explosion that could have unpredictable repercussions for the future of the people of these two countries One thing is certain that the next few years will prove crucial for those who inhabit this part of the world and who represent a large part of the human race

The key to the problem lies first, in converting Pakistan's western frontier as a border of peace. If Pakistan can make this change on a border that has for centuries been traditionally a turbulent area, she can also transform the climate on her eastern frontier and thus make a major contribution to the peace of the world

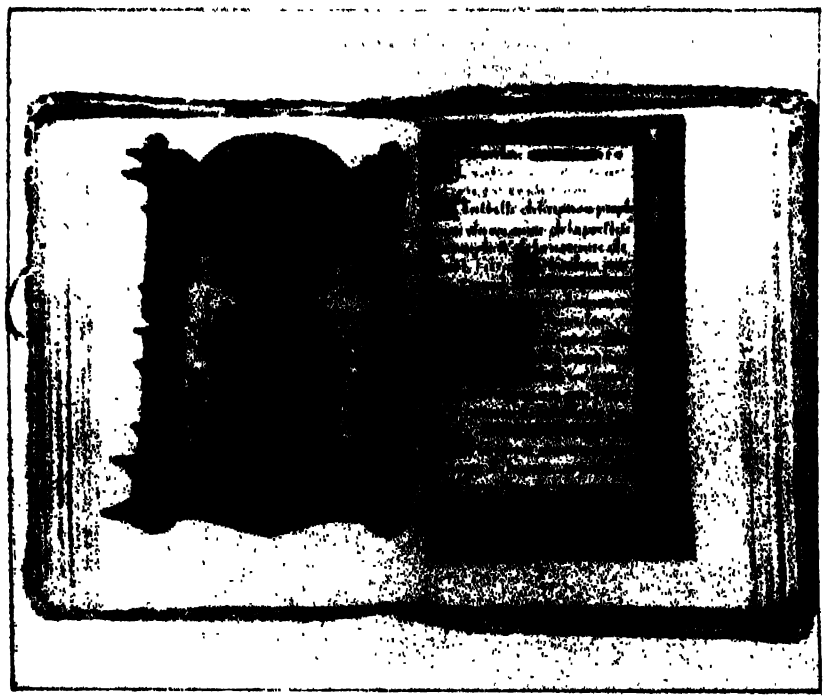
To Be Continued

THE WORLD AROUND US

SANTINIKETAN SALUTES SITAR MAESTRO. Viswabharati University's highest award "Deshikottama" was conferred upon Pandit Ravi Shankar by the Prime Minister at the annual convocation.

KID STUFF. The Princess of Wales with two Asian children on her visit to the Millan Asian Community Project in London.

PLUMES FOR A PLUM. Model Karen Preston shows off a black pillbox hat with a cream-trimmed fan.



GOING, GOING, GONE. This small book of Psalms, which belonged to Queen Anne Boleyn of England, fetched £154,000 when auctioned at Sotheby's.

MUSIC WIZARD ZUBIN MEHTA was one of the fifteen distinguished Parsis honoured by the trustees of the Parsi Panchayat at Bombay, on the occasion of its tercentenary. Mehta is in Bombay for location shooting for the docudrama A Quest For Zarathustra

Loneliness In America

Louise Bernikow

Loneliness may be one of America's most serious sources of disease in the 20th century. Besides causing emotional pain and self-destructive behaviour such as dependence on alcohol, cigarettes and drugs, researchers say, loneliness is also linked to such serious ailments as heart disease and hypertension.

JASPER EVIAN is the pen name of a New York author, divorced ten years ago. His daughter moved with his former wife to California, and Jasper's longing for his child is constant and dull, like a toothache. In spite of a web of connections with friends, business associates and transient lovers, Jasper has suddenly begun waking up at 4 am consumed by loneliness. "My ambition," he says, "is wholly personal now. I can't understand people pursuing worldly success. All I want to do is fall in love."

Linda, a Dallas bank executive, is driving home on the freeway. She has had a busy day at the office, handled a tricky negotiation, lunched with a colleague, dined with clients. It took years to achieve her current position as the highest-placed woman in the bank. She plans to work at home on Sunday, but she still thinks of Sundays as family days, and being alone then is like being a dateless teenager on Saturday night. "I've become a workaholic because I'm so lonely," she admits privately.

As early as the 1830s, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote about the loneliness of Americans, describing the citizens of this country as "locked in the solitude of their own hearts".

Lonely In A Crowd

The dictionary defines loneliness as "an absence of companionship or society", but anyone who has ever been lonely—and that's just about everyone—knows that it is not quite so simple. People can be lonely in isolation or lonely in a crowd; lonely because they have no one to be with or lonely because they are with someone they can no longer reach.

Yet Americans are also more than a little ambivalent about loneliness. Self-made men who battle to victory in business without aid or comfort are pointed out for emulation. (Women are not as often praised, in our history, for going it alone.)

A growing number of social scientists and mental-health professionals are now studying contemporary American loneliness. Some say that we are more lonely than in the past; others argue that we just think we are. More persuasive is the evidence that the physical and emotional consequences of loneliness pose greater dangers than anyone thought. Dr Stephen E. Goldston, Director of the office of Prevention at the National Institute of Mental Health in Washington, believes that "persistent and severe" loneliness can lead to alcoholism, drug abuse and suicide.

Current research reveals that the people who are loneliest don't necessarily fit the popular stereotypes. Adolescents appear to be more plagued by loneliness than anyone else; older people, surprisingly, may be less so. Success seems to offer scant protection against loneliness—especially for women. Geography has little to do with it either. The psychologists Carin Rubenstein and Phillip Shaver surveyed several rural communities and large metropolises and found no less loneliness in the small, friendly towns than in the big, unfriendly cities.

Experts say that the culture places so much emphasis on the acquisition of possessions and status that most people devote little time or energy to forming and maintaining relationships. Exaggerated expectations created by the idealised versions of life on television, in films and in the scores of "self-help" books on the best-seller lists may also play a role. And because of increasing freedom and mobility, ties to spouses, family, church and community unravel more easily.

More people live alone today than ever before—almost one-fourth of the population. Within this group are a large number of people under 40 who, for a variety of reasons, have chosen not to marry. The women in this group are often the first women in their families to live alone. A generation earlier, they would have become housewives; now they are working or going to school instead. Pursuing a career undoubtedly brings many women new fulfilment. But it may also take a toll that, until recently, has gone largely unexamined.

Many of those who live alone are divorced, separated or widowed, and the rising number of people in this category is also a cause for concern.

Ordinary people cope with loneliness in ordinary ways. They keep the radio or the television on for company. They smile back at the anchorman on the evening news when he says, "See you tomorrow". For companionship and society, they turn to soap operas that offer the illusion of involvement in other people's daily lives. People take tranquilisers and go to bed, read or go to a movie, join churches, evangelical movements or even cults, buy things they don't really want, go to doctors more often than necessary and dial the weather report just to hear a friendly voice. They think lineliness is to be lived with, like the weather. They don't think they are in danger.

Loneliness And Health

Dr James J. Lynch, a specialist in psychosomatic diseases at the University of Maryland School of Medicine, thinks they are wrong. Loneliness is dangerous, he believes, especially to the heart. A broken heart, Dr Lynch argues, is not a metaphor. His 1977 book, *The Broken Heart: The Medical Consequences of Loneliness*, made frightening connections between lack of human companionship and heart disease. A nurse's hand can slow a patient's pounding pulse; the simple routine of pulse-taking often calms arhythmic heartbeats. People often develop heart ailments when they lose love or companionship.

"The rise of human loneliness," he concludes, "may be one of the most serious sources of disease in the 20th century."

Since then, Dr Lynch has been studying other "loneliness diseases", especially hypertension and migraine headaches. In each case, he has found connections between loneliness and illness.

"Pain turned inward," is Dr Lynch's medical definition of loneliness, and "ruptured patterns of discourse". We are experiencing an epidemic of this, he says, and you see it "especially in self-destructive diseases like cigarette smoking and drinking".

Dr Robert N. Bellah, a Berkeley sociologist, sees the epidemic as a continuation of national tradition, intensified by recent history. A team of interviewers under his direction has been asking people what they believe in and finding that we still hold certain truths to be self-evident.

"Personal freedom, autonomy and independence are the highest values for Americans," Dr Bellah says. "You're responsible for yourself. We place a high value on being left alone, on not being interfered with."

Yet individualism is "a terrifying demand", Dr Bellah says. Throughout the country, he finds, "there is an element of loneliness not far below the surface".

There are profits to be made from all this loneliness. The promise of companionship and society sells everything from banking services ("You have a friend at Chase Manhattan") to phone calls. The telephone company's advertising aims directly at the lonely: "Reach out and touch someone."

Price For Companionship

A large and growing industry promises romantic companionship for a price. Increasing numbers of single people are willing to pay $400 or more to subscribe to video dating services. *Intro*, the first national singles magazine, claims an initial circulation of 100,000.

There lies a cross-fire between the sexes, a stalemate in expectations that explains, in part, why so many men and women who say they are lonely and looking for companionship never seem to find it.

Dr Sol Landau sees this stalemate at his Mid-Life Services Foundation, an organisation he has just set up in an office building near Dadeland, in south Miami. Dr Landau had been a practising rabbi for 17 years. Now he mostly counsels people in "mid-life" and finds the lack of companionship between husbands and wives a direct consequence of the women's movement and the inability of men to change.

"Men need to be mentors," he says, "and they're married to women who now need to throw off their mentors. The men I see are threatened by their wives working or going to school. They can still only function from the throne."

Unable to attach themselves seriously to someone else, often because men and women don't know what to expect of each other anymore, many people immerse themselves in their work. The most acute loneliness Dr Landau sees is in "the most successful men, workaholics, men unconnected to their personal lives". But an increasing number of women now fall into this category as well.

When researchers note that women say they are lonely far more often than men do, they interpret this, in part, as a greater willingness of women to talk about feelings, but it also suggests different expectations of companionship and intimacy.

When the Berkeley sociologist Claude Fischer asked adults whom they talked with about personal matters and whose opinion they considered in making important decisions, he found that women, married or not, were likely to have several confidantes. Many unmarried men said the same, but a substantial number indicated that they had no one in whom they could confide. The most significant difference, however, was that married men usually named only their wives as confidantes. And the older a man was, the less likely he was to have a friend or relative in whom to confide.

Adolescents, more than others, complain of having no one to talk to.

The elderly, on the other hand, may not be as badly off as we expect. A Harris poll conducted last year showed that 65 per cent of non-elderly persons considered loneliness "a serious problem" for the aged. But only 13 per cent of people over 65 agreed. This may have something to do with lessening expectations in old age. But it may also show, according to Dr Anne Peplau, a psychologist at the University of California at Los Angeles, that "older adults value privacy and independence. They view living alone as an achievement rather than a sign of rejection by others."

Friends, she says, are more important to older people, in terms of

away, women replace them. Men don't as often."

Working has traditionally offered opportunities for companionship and society, but increasing numbers of people work alone, and some suffer immensely because of it. This was made clear one recent sunny Sunday morning in Houston. Volunteers were answering the "crisis-line" telephone in a small, partitioned office. Most of the volunteers had come to work at the "crisis-line" because they were new to town and this was their way of being around other people.

A man called, weeping. He didn't give his name. His wife, he said, had left him because "I blew up and hit

No one who cares. Dr Harvey Greenberg, a specialist in adolescent psychiatry and a professor at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, believes loneliness in adolescents stems from "a breakdown of the family, the fact that there are now lots of only children, lots of older parents and working mothers".

Dr Greenberg adds that loneliness in adolescents is an important factor in the increase in teenage suicide, which has risen 300 per cent over the last 25 years.

companionship, than children or relatives. Indeed, several studies have found greater loneliness among those who live alone or with friends.

Dr Peplau, who has been studying loneliness and aging, finds gender differences significant in terms of how people handle loneliness. "Men rely on wives and girlfriends for social relationships, for intimacy. If their wives die before they do, men are in trouble. Women usually have both a heterosexual relationship and a reliance on friends. They seem to keep making friends throughout the life cycle. If friends die or move

her". The volunteer on the phone suggested he find someone to talk to, perhaps a friend at work. He was silent. Then he said, "I can't. Where I work I stare at dials all day. There's no one around."

Eroding Families

Yet out there in the desert of eroding families and unfulfilled hunger to connect with other people, oases are being discovered or built.

Crystal Lugo found one. She lived in a section of east Los Angeles that, she says, "was all retired people. There was no one to talk to". She watched soap operas and talked on the telephone. Then her marriage broke up and she was left with a 4-month-old daughter. A social worker told her about the community's Displaced Homemaker's Programme. Now she is learning office skills, but she is also learning how to be with people.

This is a precarious solution because the programme, federally funded, is in danger of being cut next year.

Mildred Murray has found yet another kind of oasis. A 68-year-old woman, she has been divorced three times and is not interested in another marriage. A year ago, she was living in a trailer on property owned by one of her three sons. "I thought I had it licked by the tail," she says, "but I started feeling very lonely. All my friends died off or I just lost touch with them."

She heard about a new programme in southern California matching senior citizens with each other as housemates. Gene was a widower living in his own home in Van Nuys. Neither of them had ever thought about such an unconventional arrangement, but they decided to try it.

Older Housemates

The night Mildred Murray moved in, she lay staring at the bedroom door. "I knew he was clean, but I didn't know if he was a moral person." A year later, she can't imagine living any other way. Sometimes she makes Gene's bed and cooks his meals. She likes visiting her children or taking a trip and "not having to report to him". She is not lonely.

The people creating such oases have several things in common. They don't deny their loneliness, they don't castigate themselves for being alone, and they recognise the need to build bridges to others, rather than waiting for their loneliness to simply go away. Too many of us, however, are ambivalent about the spaces between us. We want independence and a faithful lover, we want the support of a family but not its demands, we want a community but we don't want to conform to its codes.

We speak of "networking" and "interesting", but underneath that we're really looking for people we can depend on, people who will laugh at our jokes and listen to our nightmares. We don't really want to interface with our networks. We want to cuddle our grandmothers and take walks with our lovers. Above all, we want some to talk to.

By special arrangement with *The New York Times*.

The Third Eye

New Inroads Of Perception

I really began taking photographs only two years ago. I like photographing nature, but I especially enjoy taking pictures of people. I learnt photography from my father, from enjoying what I see and from enjoying good photographs—and also with the help of a good book on the subject. Nevertheless, some of my work is mediocre or worse. These I keep to myself.

From my own collection, my favourite photographs are those which come off unexpectedly or unintentionally. Because the mind has not explored their possibilities before,their full impact comes suddenly, like the first slap of cold water. They create new inroads of perception and suggest new ways of using the camera.

Photographs and Text by Vivek Tandon

Useful Products And Processes

Making Life Easier

Prestidigitation!

USING microvascular surgery a team of plastic surgeons from the Stanley Medical College Hospital, Madras, recently restored the function of the amputated fingers of a 10 year old boy by successfully transferring a toe from the patient's own foot to the mangled hand.

Four fingers from the right hand of the boy, Govindan from North Arcot, had been reduced to pulp by a sugarcane crusher a few months ago. With just a thumb intact his hand had been was rendered useless for all practical purposes. His case was taken up by Dr Professor R Venkataswami, a dedicated plastic surgeon who has specialised in hand reconstructive surgery. Prof Venkataswami was assisted by Assistant Professor Dr Nirmala Subramaniam.

Microvascular surgery involves the suturing of the minute micro vessels and can only be conducted with the aid of a microscope. The instruments and materials required are also miniaturised to the point of invisibility to the naked eye. The incredibly intricate operation on Govindan's hand lasted a gruelling 10 hours and demanded prodigious concentration, stamina and a high degree of skill, previously rehearsed only on animals. The reward: the functional use of Govindan's hand is largely restored and the progressive Stanley Government Hospital team, so far the only one of its kind in the country, extends a definite hope to those who have suffered the loss or damage of a fundamentally essential extremity.

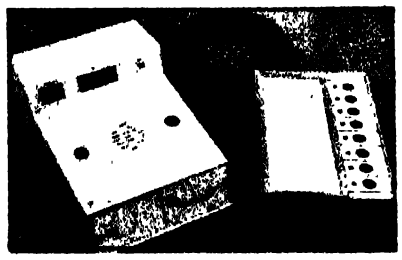
—Rina Kamath

"Electronic Election"

HERE is ECIL's electronic voting machines with which we can choose our rulers. (It was used experimentally in the Parul constituency of Kerala in the Assembly elections on May19—the first time in the country when an electronic voting machine was used at the polls.)

It is based on the latest microprocessor technology and is very simple to operate. It consists of two units—the control unit which will be with the presiding officer or senior polling officer and the balloting unit which will be in the polling booth where the voter will cast his vote in total secrecy.

The names of the candidates and their symbols will be on the balloting unit. There is a button and a light against each name. The voter votes by pressing the button provided for the candidate of his choice.



The recording of the vote is indicated to the voter when a light is lit in the balloting unit. Simultaneously a beep sound alerts the control unit. The control unit and the balloting unit are so interlocked that a voter cannot press more than once.

The control unit has a register giving the total votes polled for the benefit of the presiding oficer and polling agents.

The voting machine also makes it possible to declare the final result on the same day.

Beating The Bacilli

EVER since the discovery of the leprosy bacillus in 1874, scientists have been trying to cultivate the organism in an artificial medium but to no avail. Now that epochal breakthrough has been achieved by an Indian Researcher, Dr N. Veeraraghavan of the Voluntary Health Services Centre, Madras.

According to Dr Veeraraghavan, the synthetic medium he has developed is simple to prepare. It does not contain proteins and is non-toxic to guinea pigs and mice. the sensitivity of the medium is such that isolation and cultivation of the organism could be made from the material collected by the slit and scrape method routinely used for making smears for diagnosis. The method of cultivation itself is amazingly simple and can be carried out in any clinical laboratory having an ordinary household refrigerator. The organisms multiply quickly—2 to 6-fold in 18 to 40 hours—thereby making diagnosis easy and rapid.

The Veeraraghavan technique opens up enormous possibilities: synthetic vaccines can now be produced in large quantities. The testing

Dr Veeraraghavan

of anti-leprosy drugs on bacilli in culture can be speeded up. A close watch on drug resistance can also be maintained. And as Dr Veeraraghavan says," Apart from the leprosy bacillius the technique (with some modification) has been found effective in the case of tuberculus bacteria too"!

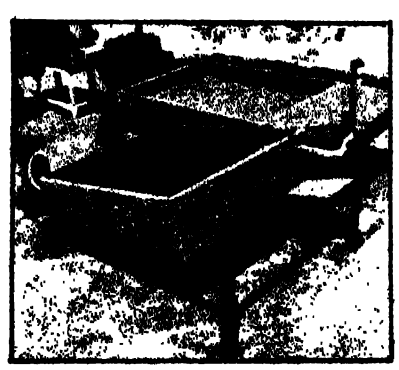
—D.K. Dixit

"Solar" Papadams

A Solar papad dryer has been designed and developed for the first time in India by the Field Research Unit of Tata Energy Research Institute, Pondicherry, headed by Dr C.L. Gupta. It is useful for drying papads on a large scale small space. The prototype has been designed for the final drying (*i.e.* after sun drying) of papads to increase their shelf life. Clearly it is meant for the manufacturers alone.

It consists of a solar water heater with inbuilt storage which absorbs radiation. The hot water is circulated through a fan coil heat exchanger by a pump. The air is drawn in by the blower. It passes between two glass sheets and is first heated up by direct solar radiation and then by the additional heat supplied from the fan coil unit in the dryer-cum-preheater unit. The hot air then passes over the conveyor belt on which the papads are placed. The belt can be hand-operated.

There is provision for coupling auxiliary heat from a fuel-fired boiler for use when there is insufficient or no solar radiation. To operate the blower and the pump electric power is required, 0.25 and 0.05 H.P. respectively.



Two hundred papads per hour can be dried but only between 11 AM to 4 PM.

—Dhirendra Kumar Dixit

Jolly Good Ply!

NOT too long ago, a young entrepreneur, Arvind Jolly, had the bright idea of manufacturing prepainted sheets called "Jollywood" and "Jollyply", they now come ready to use in various thicknesses, woodgrain patterns and pastel shades. They are cheaper than laminated sheets. They can be directly glued or nailed on to the batons. Because of their thickness, they do not require the conventional plywood backing required for laminates. Moreover, such pre-finished sheets need no maintainance or finishing. They are heat-fire-and-moisture-retardant and termite-proof.

Besides panelling they can be fashioned into furniture, wardrobes, cabinets, bed backs, office tables, kitchen cabinets, bus interiors, television and radio cabinets or whereever a durable, washable and dentproof sheet material is required. These sheets do not chip or warp.

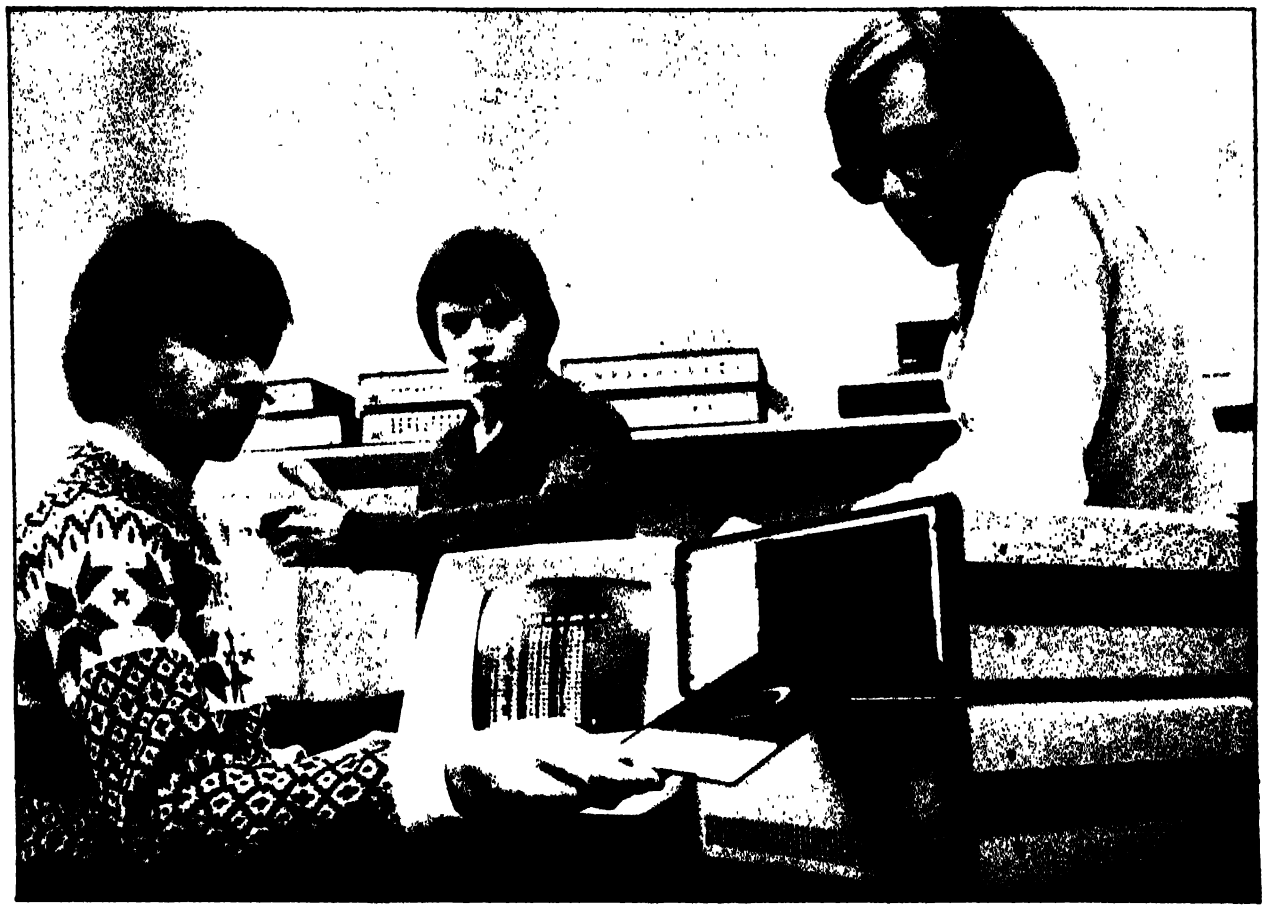
"Jollywood" is also available in perforated patterns as tiles with a mineral wool backing—the ideal acoustical and thermal insulation material. These tiles provide an optimum balance of sound absorption, lightness, strength and dimensional beauty. They are available in varied patterns and designs to make ceilings of enduring beauty.

—H. K. Varma

Towards A Paperless Office!

Today, Ramesh Sharma needs to shuttle only between his office and home for his livelihood. Tomorrow, he may never have to—in fact, he may not even need to go to his office to keep his business going!

by Rajib Ranjan Sen



WHEN Ramlal wants to communicate with someone in his village, he simply goes down to Delhi's General Post Office. There he dictates his letter, pays his fee and walks out.

Ramlal dictates to a man who knows Hindi, English, Punjabi and Urdu. Without being a scholar in any language, this man has developed his own expertise in understanding the thoughts of his clients and transcribing them with pen and paper into written missives.

Ramlal is satisfied with his system, if not his lot.

Not so Ramesh Sharma. Ensconced in his 15th-floor, centrally air-conditioned chamber in the heart of Delhi, Sharma no longer dictates to his secretary. He is far too busy adding to his earnings even to notice her flashing smile. He dictates only as and when he is able to and at places convenient to him. For the greater part, he uses a pocket-sized cassette recorder.

In office, at home, on the ground or in the air, this handy gadget is always with Sharma. Its miniature cassettes record everything he says, allow Sharma to pace and correct himself without embarrassment and it is a facility available to him 24 hours of the day. All this without having to make his secretary work overtime or taking her off *other* jobs she could get done when not "wasting time" on avoidable dictation.

The cassettes that Ramesh Sharma gives to his steno-secretary are clicked into a desk-top unit that plays back the recording. In order to type and simultaneously control the flow of words, she uses a foot-pedal control that frees her hands for typing.

Only, she does not use a typewriter. She uses a word-processor that resembles a typewriter only to the extent that the keys are in the same chaotic sequence. Beyond that, a complexity of electronic gadgetry makes her output the ultimate in perfection.

Magnetic discs, for instance, record everything she types. Apart from doing away with the need for carbon copies and filing, this facility enables Ramesh Sharma's secretary to project whatever is on the disc on to a television-like screen before her. There, every communication that is to go out is refined for clarity, construction, grammar, punctuation and all the little niceties that literally make it letter-perfect. Only then does actual typing start—without the typist having to type at all!

Letter-Perfect!

The machine can do more than merely type the text corrected on the screen. Depending on the "instructions" it is given, the word-processor will type out *identical* personal letters to *different* people so that each believes he got the *original*! Or it will make minor changes in each letter so that, for instance, appointments do not clash. It will even retype an entire multiple-page legal document (already done for one client) by *automatically* substituting one name for another. What is more, it will make short work of complicated, time-consuming forms that need filling—complete with the relevant arithmetic.

All this done at about double the 40 words-per-minute of the average typist! And Ramesh Sharma has merely to ensure that the first draft (which is seldom the last anywhere) is properly proof-read and perfected on the screen.

In this fast-moving world, Sharma is waiting for the day when telecommunications will make it possible for the product of his word-processor to be flashed on the screen of the person to whom his letter must now go by post. It would then be automatically filed in the electronic memory of that word-processor—as would its reply to Sharma. Loss of documents through human error would be eliminated because no files would *physically* exist. The records would be available on tapes and discs, each of which could be duplicated in a matter of minutes from an inviolable master—for recall or reference.

According to their advertisements, UCL word-processors use discs (resembling gramophone records) that concentrate 500 pages of text in just 20 cm (8 in). With such 500-page discs, it is easy to see how 4 such devices can send a 4-drawer filing-cabinet into oblivion and make the expensive office space it occupies available for *other* purposes. It follows then that the obsolescence of the filing-cabinet will herald the advent of the paperless office.

Already, vast volumes of paperwork (including personal correspondence to family and friends) have been excluded from Ramesh Sharma's life. Subscriber trunk-dialling has made that possible. Abroad, sitting in Manhattan, he holds simultaneous conferences with his managers in Chicago, San Francisco and New York without troubling any of them to come down to New York.

The dictating machine, the word-processor and the telephone are only three elements in Sharma's futuristic world. Years ago, he had called in an international computer company to streamline his company's functions to feed him up-to-the-minute information for snap decisions. Constantly updated and upgraded, his system now encompasses every aspect of his corporate operations. Every employee has a number and is paid without mistake. Full 10,000 items of inventory have been codified and costs reduced through timely and economic purchasing procedures. Unprofitable products have been lopped off Sharma's range even if they provide the most revenue.

Similarly, the discovery that his best sales territories were not the most profitable have resulted in a radical restructuring of Ramesh Sharma's entire distribution network. Finance, R & D, sales promotion and advertising—there is no aspect of corporate activity that is not touched by the fingernail-sized silicon-chips in Sharma's computer system.

Today, Ramesh Sharma needs to shuttle only between his office and home for his livelihood. Tomorrow, he may never have to—in fact, he may not even need to go to his office to keep his business going! ■

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Forhan's Fluoride

protects both gums and teeth.

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

DR RAM GOPAL AGRAWAL's untimely demise on December 19 has removed a well-known figure from the capital's economic scene. His home-spun ubiquity and considerable erudition will be sorely missed at business get-togethers and in the inner councils where decisions are made.

Poignantly, it was only in November that he took over as Secretary-General of the Associated Chambers of Commerce and Industry, shifting there from the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, which he had joined in 1947 and where he had risen to the position of Deputy Secretary-General. Dr Agrawal's long tenure at FICCI was, however, marked by an interregnum when, in an ill-advised move, he resigned to go to Zambia in West Africa as an economic adviser. Soon there was a coup and he singed his fingers, returning hurriedly to resume his old job at Federation House.

Dr Agrawal's expertise was not infrequently utilised by the Government as well as United Nations agencies like UNDP and UNCTAD. His forte was foreign trade. Perhaps his friends would like to bring to fruition a book on Indian joint ventures abroad which he was planning to have published in early 1983.

Unproductivity Year

1982, designated as the Year of Productivity ended on an unproductive note. Agricultural production is down, industrial growth rate has slackened, the trade gap has widened, foreign exchange reserves are eroding, tax collections are poor, expenditure has soared and, therefore, the budgetary deficit has increased.

The *coup de grace* to the beleaguered economy is provided, of course, by the 11-month-old Bombay textile strike involving 1.50 lakh workers. Perhaps the biggest and longest strike in world history, it has given 1982 the dubious distinction of recording the highest number of man-days lost—about 60 million—since Independence. The production loss can be gauged from the country's inability to supply the Soviet Union more than 150 million square metres of cloth in 1982 against a commitment of 200 million square metres.

Foray Into Indonesia

The Raunaq Group is making a notable foray into Indonesia. Construction work on two joint ventures, for producing nylon tyre chords and plasticisers, is to start in March, according to Mr Raunaq Singh.

The nylon tyre chord unit will cost $62 million and have an initial capacity of 6,000 tonnes which will eventually be doubled. The plasticisers unit will cost $14 million and have a capacity of 30,000 tonnes. The two units will be located on adjoining sites about 30 kilometres outside Jakarta.

In accordance with that country's law, both the ventures will have a minimum of 20 per cent Indonesian equity to be held by banks. The Raunaq Group will control the ventures, holding 50 per cent equity in each through a mix of financial participation and machinery exports. The rest of the money will come from overseas banks, led by the European Asian bank of Singapore, and non-resident Indians.

RAUNAQ SINGH

Technology for the plasticisers unit is being provided by West Germans who are doing a lot of business in Indonesia. For the nylon tyre chord unit, the technology will come from the South Koreans who have established a world-wide reputation in the field. The South Koreans are also likely to put in some money. "I will be going to Seoul towards the end of January to formally sign the agreement," says Mr Singh.

Hard Bargaining

The fresh textile agreements entered into by India, under the Multi-Fibre Agreement with the EEC, USA, Canada, Finland and Australia came into effect on January 1—initially for a period of four years. The agreements are extendable by one year.

Mr B.K. Zutshi, Joint Secretary (Textiles), who was the principal negotiator for India, says: "The agreements were reached after a lot of hard bargaining, particularly in the case of the EEC and the USA. We have struck a better bargain than before."

According to him, the number of restrictions on garments may not have changed, but the quantitative limits have been raised. The dispute whether machine-stitched handloom garments should be categorised as hand-made products or not has been resolved by skirting the classificatory issue and fixing quotas on an *ad hoc* basis for these items. "In the event, we managed to secure higher limits than would otherwise have been the case." Mr Zutshi estimates

B.K. ZUTSHI, Joint Secretary (Textiles)

that India's access to these garment markets should increase by Rs 250 crore from the present export level of Rs 550 crore.

In the case of made-ups and fabrics, there has been liberalisation and few limits remain. How much our exports of these items can increase from the present levels of about Rs 200 crore and Rs 300 crore, respectively, depends on our production capability

Ding-Dong Battle

Thanks to the support of share-holding financial institutions, the Walchand group has, for the time being, managed to frustrate the efforts of the Goenkas of Duncan to wrest control of Premier Automobiles Limited. However, if market reports that the Goenkas have cornered over 80,000 PAL shares are not exaggerated, the ding-dong battle is likely to be resumed sooner than later.

The widely-published tussle—reminiscent of the battle of yesteryear between Mr C.H. Bhabha of Spencers and Mr Mallaya of United Breweries—brings to the fore the need to have a proper regulatory mechanism for take-over bids. At present, under Section 111 of the Companies Act, a management can refuse to transfer shares if it suspects a take-over bid, and under Section 113 of the same Act the purchaser can appeal to the Company Law Board. If the matter is not settled, it goes to the High Court.

Officials in the Union Finance Ministry candidly admit: "There is need for a stipulation that a party trying to corner shares by offering a high price should be obliged to offer the same price to the minority parties as well. This is stipulated in the City of London Code of Conduct on Takeovers and Mergers, which is based on convention but has the force of law."

In a financially less mature country like India, the stipulation could only be enforced through law. The Companies Act or the Securities and Contracts Regulation Act could be amended. Alternatively, the rules pertaining to listing of companies could be amended to provide for de-listing of companies which do not play the take-over game fairly. Why, then, the delay? "We are aware of the problem but presently our hands are full with setting up stock exchanges in Rajkot, Ludhiana and Jaipur, all of which should start functioning within six months."

Beyond The Golden Triangle

Mr P.L. Kirloskar, who branched out into hoteliering instead of joining the manufacturing empire of his brother, is sore that nothing is being done to tap Maharashtra's tourism potential.

He says: "Uptil now efforts have been concentrated on promoting tourism along the so-called golden triangle of Delhi, Jaipur and Agra. Now that tourism has been categorised as an export-oriented industry, they should also look in other directions."

In a paper entitled "An Integrated Plan for Regional Tourism", and submitted to the tourism departments both at the Centre and in Maharashtra, Mr Kirloskar makes three points: Since Bombay is overcrowded, develop Pune into a centre for holding international conventions; develop the coastline into beach resorts by building cottages and approach roads; and provide tourism infrastructure at hill stations like Mahabaleshwar, Matheran, Lonavala and Khandala.

P.L. KIRLOSKAR

Mr Kirloskar's five-star hotel in Pune, the Blue Diamond, is sustained mainly by businessmen.

Country Of The Future?

The *World Money Analyst*, published from Hong Kong, is one of the world's leading newsletters on gold, silver, stock markets, diamonds and other investments. Commenting on India for the first time, its editors state: "India is Asia's new sleeping giant. Watch India." India's highly entrepreneurial population is best evidenced by the many Indians operating their own businesses in the rest of the world. As the world's second-most populous nation (after China), India has a potentially huge domestic market, with most of the skills in one form or another poised for rapid economic growth.

"But marginal evidence suggests the Government is moving towards deregulation. Some controls have been relaxed (not lifted), with encouraging results. It's too soon to know if this is the beginning of a new trend. Should it be, India could become the new powerhouse of Asia."

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— Dr. Subhash C. Arya

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Osteopathy is the New Way!

Simple Cures For City Ills

by J. Radhakrishnan

It is not surprising that the city-dweller of today is condemned to a life of aspirins, analgins and all sorts of "pain-balms"? Mental tension, migraine, stiff-necks, eye strain, slip discs have all become a part of urban existence. The bus queue in Calcutta and Delhi, the train queue in Bombay and Madras, the ration queue and the school-admission queue everywhere! Soaring prices, non-availability of daily necessities, as also all the unrequited desire of life are enough to cause mental and physical misery to millions of city-dwellers.

But there is no need to despair. The most nagging urban ailments can be obviated by osteopathy. Osteopathy is essentially "manipulative therapy"—because the treatment is based on the theory that most of the ailments are due to structural abnormalities of the body, and can be cured by p proper manipulation of the muscles in the affected parts.

Osteopathy is nothing new, either. It is as old as Sushruta, the 10th century BC Indian medical seer He called it *Asthi-Chikitso*—treatment by manipulation of the ailing part with his finger. An osteopath's hands are his instruments.

Long ago, an Indian ruler is said to have suffered from a severe backache. He turned, tossed and rolled in bed because of the unbearable pain. The best ministrations in the kingdom proved to be of no avail. About this time, an unknown physician arrived from nowhere. He ordered the royal horse to be kept without food or water for four days. The horse was then brought to the king who was asked to mount it. The thirsty animal noticed water in a ditch nearby and galloped towards it. As the horse bent to drink, the king had to grip hard to save himself from falling. In the process, the king's back "clicked" and the ache was gone!

Besides legend, there are two recorded cases involving historic personalities. Napoleon Bonaparte, who generally enjoyed good health, once suffered from lumbago The court physician asked Napoleon to disrobe and lie across a table. He then administered a sound and well-aimed slap on the hips. The stunned Napoleon turned in fury and during that sudden movement the painful contraction of the lumber muscles disappeared! The painful lumbago was gone.

Another European potentate of recent memory, Adolph Hitler, is known to have suffered regularly from severe body pain. This could be relieved only by osteopathic treatment. And so, an osteopath was always with Hitler even during visits to the war fronts.

Why then has osteopathy not received due recognition? Why is it not so widely practised? For the simple reason that the curative manipulation is generally attempted by laymen. Lack of recognition may also be due to osteopathy's strange "revival" towards the end of the 19th century, and its haphazard growth since then.

The "father" of modern osteopathy is Dr Andrew Tailer Still, born in 1828 in a Virginia farming family. When 10-years-old, Andrew suffered a severe headache. In desperation he took a rope, made a swing between two trees about 6-inches above the ground, and placed his neck on it. He lay flat on the ground with his head hanging over the swing and went to sleep. When he got up 20 minutes later, the headache was gone! Thereafter, whenever the headache recurred, he used the swing-sleep method. Though he went on to secure a medical degree, he realised that medical science was not so advanced and people were subjected to purges, emetics and strange concoctions, often with dangerous consequences.

Dr Still was determined to develop a system of treatment to enable the body to heal itself in accordance with the laws of nature. His experiments in osteopathy were simple. He fitted a stout bench-like table in his consulting room. It was long enough for a person to lie on, but not wide enough. The patient was placed on the table. Sensitive fingers would run over the spine, there would be quick movements, and the agonising pain was gone The patients could not understand why a doctor would only push and pull to treat a patient, instead of prescribing the usual pill or a bottle of mixture.

The news spread fast and with it Dr Andrew Still's fame. With the cooperation of other doctors attracted to his new method, he founded the Osteopaath Medicine Group and launched the first College of Osteopathy in Kirksville, Missouri, in November 1892. From America osteopathy soon spread to England and Europe The British Osteopathic Association was formed in 1911, and then came the London College of Osteopathy

Dr Modi began as an orthopaedist at the Safdarjang Hospital in New Delhi In treating complicated cases, he became aware of one anomaly "We are so effective in the treatment of fractured bones and other ailments Yet why is it we cannot help the patients with chronic aches and pains?" This led Dr Modi to specialise in osteopathy at the London College.

Dr Modi regrets that while in America and England osteopathy is encouraged in its "homeland" of India, it is neglected A pity, he feels, because with simple osteopathic treatment, millions of people, specially in the lower income bracket can get relief from chronic aches and pains that afflict city-dwellers ■

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE also depended on osteopathy.

ADOLF HITLER, believe it or not, took his osteopath along with him even to the battlefield

Cures That Endure

Bust The Myth

Breast feeding like stilettos goes in and out of fashion for reasons certainly not medical! But whatever else changes in the field of infant rearing, there is no doubt at all that milk from the breast is ideal for a baby's intake of nutrients. And of course, the natural mechanism of the human body is so perfect, that the temperature is always regulated. So no heart-breaks over scalding milk or reheating in sub-zero conditions.

Like every other organ in the human body, the breast is a marvellous organ—in fact you might be slightly surprised to know that it is basically only a gland, that too a sweat gland, modified of course but understandably enough, extremely complex: it has 17 milk producing units! The stems of these units end in a nipple and the main constituents of this organ are fat (which gives it the necessary protection) and connective tissue (which acts as an *internal bra).*

The breast is almost utterly dependent on hormones—mainly *oestrogen* and *progestin*—during pregnancy, and they help in increasing the growth of the milk ducts and units while *prolactin* (as the name suggests) secreted by the pituitary gland induces milk flow after the birth of the baby. Initially, the two breasts together produce about a pint of milk a day. This requires the circulation of several gallons of blood each day.

From the blood the alveoli pluck glucose, or blood sugar, which the enzymes change into lactose and other sugars acceptable to the infant body. It is the same process for amino acids, building blocks for *casein* and other complex milk proteins that the baby needs for its development and for tissue repair. Fats undergo other transformations. From the circulating blood the alveoli also pick out minerals, particularly calcium for bone building and vitamins essential to health.

The usual fears that the infants sucking might ruin your contours are groundless. Nursing has no effect whatever on stretching the ligaments of the internal bra. After the nursing period (usually about two months, although lactation can easily continue for six months) with no stimulus from a hungry little mouth the glandular components drift off to sleep again and the breasts resume their normal weight. The immunity of the baby is also enhanced because it is exposed from an early age to the germs already on the mother's breasts. Undoubtedly, it learns to face the world—fortified!

Julie Bijaipita Chatterjee

THE JAPANESE, supreme in Asian Gymnastics up to now, never really challenged the Chinese at *ASIAD 82*, so much so that they had to rest content with the 3rd place--behind China and North Korea.

Photographs by Amiya Taraidar

India's position in Asian Gymnastics was succinctly summed up by the Chinese coach when he said that, to surface on the international scene, our gymnasts must practise 8 hours a day for at least 2 years from now. At the moment, our performances are marred by faulty landing and lack of grace and rhythm.

by Barid Baran Misra

FINESSE, fitness, callisthenics and grace were at their height at the Ninth Asian Games. So much so that the audience at the Indraprastha Stadium sat enthralled by the wonders created; yet never once forgot to come out of the trance and applaud whenever the performance touched a peak meriting a hand.

Records at *ASIAD 82* significantly showed China's almost unchallenged domination of and Japan's fading away from the gymnastics discipline. Pictures of perfection, grace and con-

fidence, the Chinese gymnasts meant business from the word go and ultimately romped home with a rich medal haul of 12 gold, 9 silver and 2 bronze.

As for India, despite a 2-year tenure with East German Coach Dieter Struck, our gymnasts were nowhere in the picture. How far do we lag behind and when we will be able to make an impact on the gymnastics scene are the two questions that must have racked the brains of the think-tanks, the cynics and the critics. In this regard, the coach of the Chinese Gymnastics Team said pointedly that, to surface on the international scene, the Indian gymnasts must practise 8 hours a day for 2 years from now.

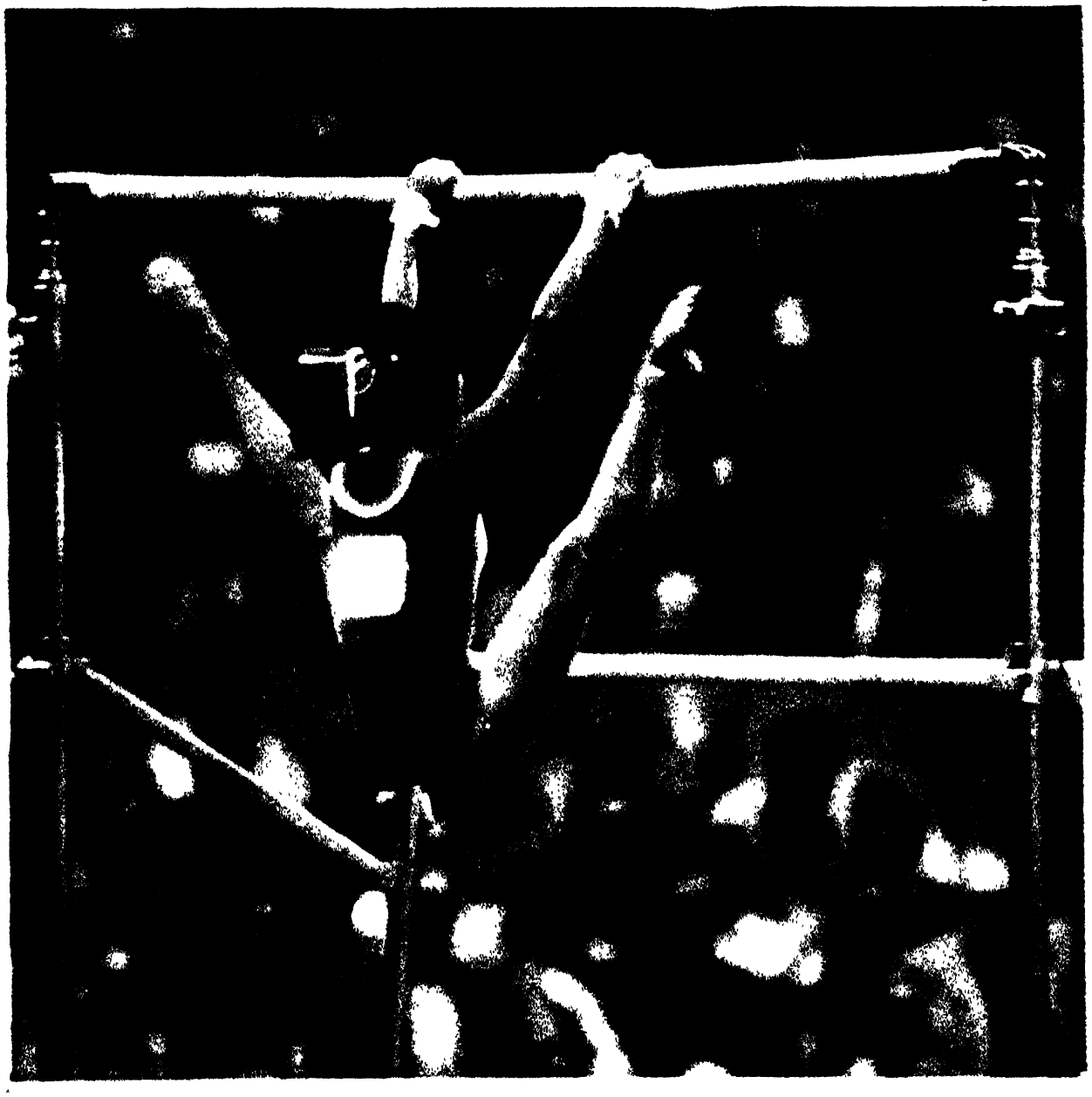
Our limitations have been exposed, but one should not forget that our gymnasts had their *baptism* at the 1982 Asiad Gymnastics Championships. By and large, their performances were marred by faulty landing and lack of grace and elegance. Women's National Champion Sanjivini Karandikar and Men's National Champion Balram Sheel suffered visibly in comparison with those leading the Asian field, but our gymnasts are catching up and one can only keep one's fingers crossed for the next Asian Games.

There were altogether 14 golds at the 4-day championship. China ran away with 11 of these 14 crowns—they got the bonus gold in a rare triple tie in the Men's Vaulting Horse Individual Event, where the 19-year-old World Champion, Ning Li, his compatriot Li Xiaoping and North Korea's Li Chol Hon shared the title,being locked at 19.800 points.

The 1982 Asiad Gymnastics Championships not only produced class but also a chestful of wonders, besides two unprecedented Perfect 10s scored by China's 16-year-old wonder girl, Wu Jiani, and Japan's male gymnast, Hirata Noritoshi. A jampacked stadium saw the 16-year-old Golden Girl, Wu Jiani, chalk up the first Perfect 10 on the Balancing Beam in the Overall Individual Women's Championships, equalling Romanian Nadia Comaneci's record, set in 1976 at the Montreal Olympics. On the 10-cm-wide beam, Wu Jiani showed perfect poise and balance, performed immaculate flick-flacks, two belly-circles, a neat handstand split, followed by an impeccable double-back somersault dismount.

Japan's Hirata Noritoshi tamed the Horizontal Bar in the Men's Individual Apparatus Championship. Before Horitoshi performed, China's explosive boy, Tong Fei, did his favourite one-hand giant circle, reverse splits and triple-back somersault dismount to send the electronic scoreboard spinning and notch up 9.95 points. Generally, it affects a gymnast's performance when an opponent has already registered 9.95, but Noritoshi had an ace up his sleeve Whatever Tong Fei did Noritoshi emulated, but punched his manoeuvres with greater risk, finesse and ease to score the Perfect 10

THE CHINESE received their Team Championships medal at the hands of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. It was noticed that the Chinese performers *(below)*, slim and slender, made their body subservient to their intellect. On the Uneven Bars, they vaulted, split, somersaulted, belly-circled, landed perfectly and did every other thing with grace and poise. This was especially true of China's Golden Girl, Wu Jiani, who chalked up the first Perfect 10 on the Balancing Beam in the Overall Individual Championships



The Championship belonged to China's 19-year old sensation, Ning Li, who came to India with the World Cup title in his bag—won at the Zagreb meet in Yugoslavia early this year. Ning Li got the largest number of medals in the gymnastic meet of *ASIAD 82*, including the Individual Championship crown Ning Li bagged 3 gold (Individual Championship, Side Horse and Roman Rings) and 1 silver (Parallel Bars) Gifted with extraordinary physical abilities, Ning Li kept the audience on the edge of their seats with his whiplash flying-scissors on the Pommell Horse, as also floor, triple somersault dismounts and inch-perfect vaults, all off the apparatus Nobody in the stadium could challenge Ning Li s superiority

Although the Overall Individual Event in the Women's Section was won by China's Yongyan Chen, her more graceful compatriot, Wu Jiani, stole the show Elegantly paving her way to 2 gold and 2 silver, Wu Jiani made her body subservient to her sharp intellect Slim and slender, Jiani excelled on all the apparatuses, especially on the Balancing Beam and the Uneven Bars. After taming the Balancing Beam, Jiani gave a golden performance on the bars. She vaulted, split, somersaulted, belly-circled, landed perfectly and did every other thing with the grace of a Bolshoi ballerina. She made the others look mediocre with her radiance.

Slowly but firmly making their presence felt are the relatively unknown North Koreans, who clinched the 2nd place, behind China, thanks to the 17-year-old girl, Choe Hong Sil, and her male compatriot, Li Chol Hon. Both gymnasts performed superbly and were in hot pursuit for the top honours. But, besides sparkling once in a while, they gradually faded away in front of the Chinese. That is to say, the Japanese never really picked up the gauntlet, although they came 3rd. ■

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Hafeez Jalandhari

Poet Of Eternal Youth

by P.K. Nijhawan

THE name Hafeez Jalandhari evokes among the literate, several images a king of *mushairas*, a poet of many moods, an experimentalist with diction and prosody who evolved his unique idiom and style, an editor of a top literary magazine, a master of children's verse, a Government media officer, *Shair-e-Islam*, and the *Shair-e-Pakistan* which means the Poet Laureate of Pakistan Which one truly represents him? Going by what most people think of him, none of these perhaps! They know him best as the poet of *Abhi To Mein Jawan Hun* (I am still green, I am still young)

For over two generations now, commercial services of the Radio Sri Lanka has been broadcasting a highly popular weekly programme of hit songs of Hindi films under the title *Sada Bahar Geeton Ka Programme* As this programme opens, it greets the listeners with the mellifluous voice of Mallika Pukhraj, pulsating with a very evocative beat without any encumbrance of the usual orchestra Soon the notes *Abhi To Mein Jawan Hun* fill the room The young and the old start humming the tune or even repeating the *words in chorus In fact, it is a fitting* protestation of love, full of desire, before the lover takes his beloved to the bed What greater tribute can the common people pay to Hafeez Jalandhari? The poet lightens the mood by saying

Strange are you O Sheikh!
Tell me what you may
The age called youth
Can you separate ever
From living in love?

I have transcreated these two lines of this immortal song for the benefit of those who do not follow Urdu or Hindustani (Let the readers judge for themselves if this can not be the theme of a hot disco number!)

Another equally famous song of Hafeez is *Jaag sax-e-Ishq Jaag, Jag kam Devta* The famous song of *Anarkali, Jaag Dard-e-Ishq Jaag* is a crude version of this very song

Hafeez Jalandhari was as much gifted as his talents came to be recognised Among his peers in the sub-continent—and he belongs to a generation that produced giants like Josh Malihabadi, Firaq Gorakhpuri, Jigar Muradabadi, Faiz Ahmad Faiz and Ali Sardar Jafri—he could be described as the most natural poet He did not have to strain for his verse, it came to him almost naturally

Ripe Old Age

Born in Jullundur at the turn of the century (January 14, 1900 to be exact), *Abdul Asar alias Hafeez Jalandhari lived* up to the ripe old age of 82 and saw Urdu poetry develop from one plane to a different plane—from Maulana Hali to Kumar Shah and even the modernists At that time, in its highly conventional world, to go into the world without some great Ustad was like running the race with a big handicap But maybe this stood Hafeez in good stead He could feel free to experiment—and he did a lot of it

He was born in a family of Hindu Rajput converts (he kept up the taboo and did not eat beef) with no pretensions If he had started life as a petty official in the Municipal Committee or the local court, that would have perhaps been more than enough for the down-and-out family But he was cut out for a different type of life His first verse came to him at the very young age of seven years It must have boded ill for the family's future (for he was roundly thrashed for it!) But he could not do anything better than running away from home by taking away whatever he could lay his hands on and that, too, as often as possible, even though he was deeply attached to his mother He left school after he failed in the seventh grade examination Earlier, he had changed as many as four schools in Jullundur Not that he was not intelligent In a way, he was even precocious But then, like Tagore, arithmetic was his undoing Perhaps it is so with many other poets!

To curb his irresponsible ways, the family employed the same strategies as the Buddha's father in his day He was married This did make him a family man though he hardly knew how to keep the wolf from the door He did many odd jobs, including working as a supervisor in the Railway Labour Force

During all this time, poetry remained his first love There was no good Ustad he could have There was a group of Urdu poets in Jullundur but they were mostly Hindus Many of them followed Pandit Labbo Ram Josh as Ustad Mulsiani

But Hafeez did not look to him Perhaps Josh Malsiani himself was not duly established at that time Eventually, Hafeez sent a few of of his ghazals to Maulana Girami, a Persian poet of Jullundur who was then in the Deccan He refused to correct them but advised him that it would be better if he submitted them to the dictates of self criticism This was a tall order for someone still well under 20 To be self-taught in the conventional Urdu poetry is one of the most difficult things to achieve but he did it

Too Critical

As the reputation of Hafeez spread, the purists in Lucknow and Delhi started noticing him, with a somewhat too critical eye But he was too natural a poet to accept defeat At the young age of 21, when most other poets start with first lessons in poetry, Hafeez had taken to experimenting with new forms—and succeeded beautifully He brought back into Urdu poetry those sweet Hindustani words that Nasikh, the Great of Lucknow had ruled as banished from Urdu poetry between 1830 and 1850 He adopted *geet* (lyric) in Urdu poetry Embellished with utterly soft Hindustani words of utmost beauty and sensuousness these lyrics attained instant popularity It was around this time that he also shifted to Lahore, a big enough metropolis and quite a rival to Lucknow and Delhi as a centre of Urdu poetry

In Lahore, Iqbal was the unrivalled king of Urdu poetry He was a philosopher poet In fact, he provided a new *raison d'etre* to the Muslims of the sub-continent and goaded them to recapture their old ardour Those were also the days of the *Khilafat* movement which galvanised the Indian Muslims into a united, organised political force Those were also the days of Mahatma Gandhi and his non cooperation Heady talks of Hindu Muslim unity were in the air Hafeez absorbed all these influences He wrote some patriotic verse His poems on Lord Krishna made him very popular Then the spell of Iqbal's thought impelled him to write *Shah Nama-e-Islam*—a history of Islam running into thousands of verses Iqbal was known as *Shair-e-Mashriq* (The Poet of the East) and Hafeez came to be known as *Shair-e-Islam* or the Poet of Islam—a rare tribute for a Muslim

It was at Lahore that Hafeez started reciting his compositions in poetical symposia with *Tarannum* He was gifted with a singer's voice The type of lyrics he was writing are admirably suited for this type of soulful renderings The result was that in no time at all he became the undisputed king of *mushairas* He quit here Sagar Nizami, though Sagar's patriotic verse and style was also pretty popular Soon Hafeez was invited to revive and edit *Makhzan*, once the top literary magazine of Lahore About this time he also had the privilege of becoming the court poet of Khairpur state in Sind But he could not stomach the moral depravity prevailing in the atmosphere there He wrote a stinging poem *Raqassa* (The Dancing Girl) and was forced to quit the State within hours Hafeez did remarkable work in the field of children's literature when he became the editor of *Phul* His verses for children are unique because his diction is simple and direct While his literary verses appeared in three collections, his verses for children were published in four volumes Though not a pioneer in this genre, these verses of his bear the hall mark of spontaneity

Guileless Child

Yes, in many ways he reacted like guileless children do In 1938, he went to England There he asked a friend of his, "You have been living here for 14-15 years now When do you propose to return home?" The brown saheb asked in return, "What is there in India to go back to?" Stung by this answer he wrote a long poem I reproduce the transcreation of the first and last stanza of this poem captioned *To The Indians Living In England*

This Motherland mine
Has everything one can ask for
This garden of ours verily excels
The Garden of Eden
Not only in flowers
But in flower like damsels—
Delicate of structure,
Silken of touch,
Their mouths opening like buds,
Their gait more majestic than Leila's
Their tongue more honeyed than Shirin's
(Leila and Shirin—the two best of beloveds)—
And still you call it
Deserted and desolate!

Conceded
The present is not as resplendent
As was the past
Still it's the home of
All learning and arts
Through Tagore spoke
The magic of Bengal
And through Iqbal
The pride of Punjab
And though the lowly me
Is down and out
Yet
Come and see everything is here

With Hafeez's death ends an era He was a unique representative of that era in the matter of language, rhythm, music and spontaneity of his verse His heart ached at the unseemly Urdu-Hindi controversy of the 1930s and 1940s and so he summed up his anguish better than, perhaps, the best when he said

Hafeez apni boli muhabbat ki boli
Na Urdu, na Hindi, na Hindustani

(O Hafeez! It is the language of love that we the poets of India are known to speak It is neither Urdu, nor Hindi, nor Hindustani) ■

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Sale 'n'Save

by Ranjit Lal

AMERICA will convince you that the only way to save money is to spend it at a sale. The newspapers scream this at you and forget to give the news; the television makes you feel like a fool for sitting on your behind and watching it instead of being out and saving a fortune by buying (ironically) a Japanese car even if you've already got three. And if you don't want another car never mind! Sooner or later you can send your saving shooting up as sooner or later every item on the market goes on sale — be it *Wrigleys Spearmint*, a meal at a junk food restaurant or an excursion to Hawaii. Even the supermarkets with names like *Payless*, *Thrifty* and (for the obtuse) *Pay 'n Save* (but akns no *Don't Pay*) reassure you that you save as you splurge.

And you do of course. A simple thing like a luggage trolley marked as $ 15 is yours for five, saving you a tenner. Which you can spend on a pair of jeans, which after being marked a horrifying $ 25 have been scratched down to $ 15 and then coyly offered to you for $ 9.99..... But then as you look around you, it becomes increasingly obvious that the great US economy is not being done out of ten dollars on a luggage trolley and fifteen bucks on a pair of jeans, recession or no recession. And the first ego-deflating doubts begin to surface about exactly *who* has got the better of the bargain. Do the salesgirls give secret, laconic snorts as you pounce excitedly on a 'Sale' tagged item and slam down your cash before the management takes the stickers away? And then, when you walk into the next shop and see those identical jeans being offered to you for $ 7.99... No siree, you know something's not right and you have a nasty suspicion that its a mark up.

The one place where you *can* positively get the better of the bargain however, is at the Garage Sales held in the gardens and backyards of hundreds of American homes every weekend. There are thousands of American households where things are threatening to stage a coup and in order to avoid this inglorious materialistic end — must be got rid of. In most cases however, it is *old things* (brand new onwards) that are threatening the takeover and in order to be taught a lesson must be sold off and replaced by *new things*. (Which maybe bought at fantastic savings at a Sale..:) The net result is a Garage Sale.

Reality, Suspicion, Distrust

For a visitor from India, clutching a cache of $ 500 that must often provide, wine, women and a bit of song, there could be no better place for the accumulation of things imported. And particularly if you've got a sharp eye and are swift at maths. But first, there's one thing you've got to jettison. Coming from a country where no one sells anything unless its to fleece you naked or pass you off with a no-no, you bristle with suspicion and distrust. You eye the colourful array of clothes hanging on sale and are convinced that they are full of moths, lice or both. That cutglass decanter and the sparkling set of six wine glasses are obviously full of invisible cracks. The moment you fill them they'll split and spill the wine in your lap and cut your hand in the bargain. There's no point checking out the music — the records are bound to be scratched and warped beyond belief.

In reality — and fortunately for you — the general level of middle-class honesty and trust bobs up at a rather higher level than it does at home. Articles that are defective in any way have their defects clearly advertised on their price tags — a policy that would make any self-respecting entrepreneur weep. You can fill that decanter and all the glasses as many times as you want — (and if you are a sport would drink a toast there and then). You can examine the clothes as closely as you can for rips, stains or dirty collars (and can fit out in the bathroom). Electrical goods (no use to us unless dual voltage) can be plugged in and tried A lady selling a digital clock-cum-radio said that it worked fine — but warned that the alarm might prove defective. When tried out, the alarm like the rest of the clock worked fine. Basically you've got to remember that the chief purpose of selling these goods is not to make a killing or an ass out of you, but to get them out of the owner's hair. And obviously, any right-minded American who has to spend his precious weekend mucking around with things he does not want, must be paid for his trouble. Sure there's beer and lemonade going round and a bronze tan being laid on the limbs but then every job has its perks.

Dream Prices

And the prices are marvellous. Here you can shop guilt-free and keep the exchange rate in mind without flinching. A Rosenthal coffee set that may have been used once, goes for fifteen dollars. You may not want a Rosenthal coffee set—but just the concept of one going for $ 15 makes it worth it. A top quality tote bag is yours for $ 4. Two days later you spot the same thing in a shop in much the same condition going for $ 40. (Saving you $ 34... here we go again!). An immaculate 20-year-old pair of brushed steel binoculars that fit in your palm is yours for a fiver. A three-piece suit for $ 15. Beer glasses at a quarter (25 cents) apiece. And so on.

Obviously a number of items being sold *are* genuine junk, but the degree of its junkiness generally depends on the *'neighbourhood'* of your garage sale A *depressed* neighbourhood (one battered *'69 Impala* in the driveway) naturally has more down-at-heel offerings than a relatively better-off one (last year's *Buick Skylark* and this years' Honda Accord in the driveway).

Cheaper By The Dozen

A cardinal rule about Garage Sale shopping is never to pick only a single item. Instead, pick up two or three, add their prices, divide by two, and suggest the price to the owner as though you're doing *him* a considerable favour. If you are lucky, he will be without a calculator and therefore quite helpless. However, he will play up your ridiculous suggestion a bit, you will play it down in turn, and soon enough an honourable compromise will be reached. Even if he *is* armed with a calculator the hassle of pressing all those buttons on such a glorious morning will prove to be too much and he'll give up in exasperation midway.

Sometimes however, you encounter resistance to comply with your absurd suggestions. So you promptly feign immediate disinterest and proceed towards your car or the next Garage Sale across the street. (Garage sales are arranged so that all houses in a particular neighbourhood wanting to hold them agree to do them over one particular weekend). Then halfway through, you pause, turn back and re-suggest your price. A couple of such trips and you're through, clutching your spoils and reeking with triumph You can however carry your triumph too far. Just because the prices are so silly — and your ego has been ballooning because of your bargaining prowess — you tend to buy up a lot of things that you will never need. To justify that, you create a need and when you do that, you generally have to spend a lot more money. And what is worse, by collecting so much clutter, you, a frugal ascetic from the East who abhores materialism, will have fallen headlong into the trap of Offlooding Materialism... and be a disgrace to your race.

As a visitor, another problem could be one of time. These sales are held only over weekends and you generally have precious few of them to go gallivanting about residential suburbs. In such cases it is worthwhile to keep a lookout for the Flea Markets which are basically a macro version of the same thing. Here, hundreds of stalls are set up in parking lots along with such truly American entertainment as sledgehammering a 1960 Cadillac at 25 cents for three blows. The prices quoted will be higher here — remember the stalls cost money to set up — and there are professionals who make a living out of Flea Market Selling! But you *do* get a wider variety of things (from tortoise shell combs to Morris Minors) from one place.

Another problem you could run into if you overdo things is with the dear old Customs. They're going to be highly sceptical when you tell them that the sophisticated stereo system in your baggage cost only $ 50 and that the swanky decanter and wineglasses all came for five bucks. True as that may be But then go take a walk down the Green Channel...

The Weekly Pick

Mahatma Gandhi, His Life And Influence

Chandra Kumar and Mohinder Puri
Heinemann £ 5.95

The book is essentially an illustrated biography with extracts from Gandhi's own prolific writings. *The Formative Years* is a recounting of *The South African Connection* and poignantly handled.

The photographs are good — especially in the chapter entitled *India Observed* — where Tagore is prominently featured. The Mahatma is the "in" thing now. And with the film about to be released it would be a good idea to do your homework prior to the screening.

Crime in Our Society

S Venugopal Rao
Vikas Rs 75

Crime has always had that compelling power behind it! Rao has now added to his list of bold and provocative books on criminology. Contemporary trends are effectively exposed — even white-collared workers and their Black money! The perspective is political and the studies are made more interesting by bringing forth the *culture conflict* . Sociological questions are posed and the emerging analysis is quite unique.

The Arya Samaj

Vable—Vikas 125

Innumerable youngsters have found shelter and solace in the Arya Samaj in recent years. Most socially disapproved matches have been solemnized under this banner. Unfortunately, that is all we care to know about this "sect" which began as a tremendous reformatory movement in the last century. The author's thesis says that this movement is entitled to the Same freedom as is granted under the Constitution to other religious minorities.

The Dean's December;

Saul Bellow; Pocket $ 3.95

Assessed as one of the greatest since Faulkner and Frost, Bellow once again gives us a wonderful sensitive story. The novel opens with Corde in Bucharest, sipping plum brandy as he watches the snowfall. Minna has a power latent in her and as her character unfolds the effect is gripping. The wheel turns full circle and we travel to America at the end. With Malamud and Updike, Bellow is surely the best US can offer by way of literature

Julie

Dr Kotnis In Chinese

China has made a colour feature film on Dr Dwarkanath Kotnis who was a member of the Indian Medical Mission sent by the National Congress in 1938 to help the Chinese fight against Japanese aggression. The film will be shown in Beijing as part of the activities to mark his fortieth death anniversary. The part of Dr Kotnis is played by a young actor, Zhu Smao, who won great acclaim for his role in the film *The Herdsman*.

—The Times of India

Lemmon Tree, Very Funny

When Jack Lemmon did his first picture, *It Should Happen To You*, he was called by Harry Cohn, the boss of Columbia Pictures, who told him he would have to change his name from Lemmon to Lennon if he wanted to work again. Cohn told the actor he was afraid people would say Lemmon was a lemon, the studio was a lemon and the picture was a lemon. Jack told him, jokingly, that the name Lennon might make people think he was a Russian revolutionary. Cohn, in all seriousness, said that would be Leneen.

—American Film

The Lady's A Perfect Whore

Alfred Hitchcock on Grace Kelly: "Poor Marilyn Monroe had sex written all over her face Brigitte Bardot wasn't very subtle either. But Grace Kelly was something different I was after the drawing room type, the real lady who becomes a whore once she's in the bedroom. She was perfect for that. Perfect "

—The Guardian

Count 'Dracula' Carandinis

The English-born actor Christopher Lee, who shot to fame in the Dracula role, is actually a Count in real life too, coming from the best Italian aristocratic stock, and when he is in Italy he can use the title Count Carandinis. The family name is prominent in the 1,000-year-old history of the Holy Roman Empire and the Carandinis were descendents of Charlemagne.

—Movie

Jackie

Old Is Gold!

Tamil Nadu Express, one of the earliest of the superfast trains, is losing its charm while the Grand Trunk Express continues to occupy a "grand" position among the services run between Madras and New Delhi.

There used to be a craze for TN Express ever since its introduction in 1976 but the GT, in the run for a number of decades, has stood the weather as reflected by the shift in preference in its favour — it is no longer rare to observe berths in the TN Express going vacant when at the same time passengers wait to get accommodation in the GT Express.

—Indian Express

Much Married

An Indian who allegedly cheated over three dozen young girls at home and abroad on false promises of marriage was arrested in New Delhi.

Forty-five-year-old P.N. Kashyap alias Hala alias Frank Phillips used to make "lofty" promises to the girls and their parents seeking life partners for their daughters through matrimonial columns of Indian newspapers. A divorcee with whom he has lived since 1975 cheated him in marrying at least five women.

He has duped many girls and their parents of lakhs of rupees.

—Free Press Journal

A Security Risk?

Sonia Gandhi should herself ponder over the matter of changing her citizenship now that her husband is a possible successor to Mrs. Gandhi. It does look odd that the wife of a person who aspires to be the Prime Minister should continue to be a foreign national.

—Kuldip Nayar

Ingrate Hippo!

A helping hand by the Zoo keeper to feed a hippopotamus proved fatal at the new zoological park at Vandalur near Madras.

The hippo suddenly caught the keeper by his shoulders and threw him to the ground.

The keeper bleeding profusely from the fall died on the way to hospital.

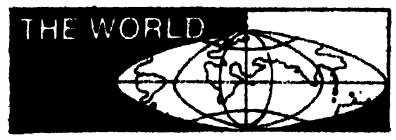
—Indian Express

Tail Piece

Instead of New Delhi, General Zia ul Haq of Pakistan should have stopped over at Patna; he could have taught Dr. Mishra a lesson or two on how to gog the press.

—Last Letter In Sunday

Goldie



Parting Shot

In his last state-of-the-nation speech former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt said, "You always make friendly remarks, Mr Kohl, but you don't say what you are thinking. Perhaps you don't think at all."

—Newsweek

Bereft And Beleaguered

Monaco's citizens have become increasingly concerned about the effect that Princess Grace's death may have on their royal family. The tragedy seems to have quieted the once-rambunctious Caroline. Its effect on a grief — ravaged Prince Rainier cannot yet be measured. Still, it never pays to underestimate a Grimaldi. Back in 1297, when the family first conquered Monaco, its strategem was to disguise attack troops as Franciscan monks. Two monks with raised swords still adorn the family coat of arms — a reminder of an imposing track record for surmounting unpromising odds.

—Elizabeth Peer

Respecting Ike

Eisenhower's frequent obscurity at press conferences was deliberate, says Professor Fred I. Greenstein He wanted to preserve his freedom of manoeuvre and had a profound horror of the unguarded presidential remarks. Warned by his press secretary, James Hagerty, not to be too explicit regarding a delicate matter likely to be raised at a news conference, Eisenhower replied: "Don't worry, Jim, if that question comes up, I'll just confuse them." And he did.

—The Economist

Sports Films

Canberra: Techniques used by the Commonwealth's best athletes, photographed in slow motion by a University of Queensland team during the Brisbane Commonwealth Games, will be studied internationally to improve sports training.

Under what is now the Commonwealth Games Biomechanics Project, about 20,000 ft of film were taken at high speed during the Games; and the film is expected to provide researchers round the world with one of the most complete slow motion records of elite athletes in top-grade competition.

—Australian Information Service

Gigi

"Small Is Beautiful"

A Review by Kishore Valicha

THIS is not a book of scholarship or erudition, but a practical, down-to-earth treatise based upon common sense.

The author, John Papworth has a diagnosis and a solution for the evils that govern modern societies and political systems. While one may question his solutions, his diagnosis will determine the merit of the book. He belongs to a school of thinkers who believe in the tenet laid down by the late G.F. Schumacher: 'Small is Beautiful". Any creed that advocates a radical solution arouses scepticism and doubt and, yet,anyone who is seriously concerned with the social realities of today can hardly afford to overlook what Mr Papworth has to offer.

Papworth holds "giantism", or the scale of political and economic operations responsible for almost all the ills that afflict man and society. Mr Papworth begins by noting that the modern world has created new forms of political power, embodied in the radio, television, mass newspapers, mass advertising, transport, electricity and, above all, party structures, trade unions, retail and wholesale marketing, semi-monopolies, etc. Each of these has tremendous political power that compared to them, the citizen has become so microscopic as to be a non-entity that he is unable to influence any of the decisions claimed to be made on his behalf. This is the absolute and total march of power.

There is something frightening in this. For man in a mass society lacks identity which is only an indication of his helplessness. State power and citizen power are related inversely. As one grows more and more powerful, the other grows more and more powerless. Citizen powerlessness is the price man pays in a mass society.

Mr Papworth certainly has a point when he says that just as in the economic field, division of labour leads to diminution of democracy and the riches derived from the vastly expanded productivity accrue to the owners of the capital employed and not to the workers, so in politics the increase in the factor of power from growth accrues to the centre and not to the citizens.

However, Mr Papworth ignores that it is the inevitable dissensions and conflicts within the political structure which give it a semblance of democracy by posing a constant threat to the ruling party. That is what may be called a de-stabilising factor in democratic polity.

Notwithstanding this, Mr Papworth makes out his case with splendid skill. While on freedom, he rejects the classical notion of freedom as the absence of restraint, describing it instead as *"its condition is one of perpetual and active opposition to the forces that would accomplish its negation... freedom requires minimally citizen access to undiluted information, a way of life that enables citizens to determine things that jointly and locally affect them..."*

This is in keeping with his humanistic perception of the balance between individual and society where he states, *'In a genuinely humanistic society we must surely expect a balance to prevail between the forces that promote the interest of the collectivity and those that enable the individual members to express their humanity and individuality."*

Papworth finds the future of man rather bleak in this structure. Man is crushed by the enormity, and the impersonal and terrible power of the myriad social organisations that have sprung up and keep growing more and more complicated and vast. The trade union, for example, has its tentacles so widespread and so invisibly that the member-worker has hardly any genuine sense of participation.

Advertising is another very powerful media which is able to condition and control the way people think and act. It is one of the most formidable institutionalised affronts to human dignity and freedom. *"In modern times,"* writes the author, *"the destruction of the power of large-scale advertising has become a principal precondition of freedom."*

And the scale of operations or the scale of economic and political organisations is itself determined by the moral nature of man. Therefore what the author wants is in effect a moral transformation of man, a new man who will find fulfilment in the small-scale organisations of society and to whom the social and political organisation will have an immediate and intimate meaning. Ultimately, this is what Marx, Russell and Schweitzer stood for. Mr Papworth is therefore in good company.

"NEW POLITICS" by John Papworth; Vikas; Rs 125

An Eclectic Humanist

A Review by V.N. Chhibber

WHAT made Balraj Sahni different amongst our celluloid fraternity was his passionate commitment to causes outside the sphere of the tinsel world of make-believe. Given the glamour, public adulation and the money which a successful film career brings in its wake, it is indeed a rare actor who would refuse to submit himself wholly to its demands.

In what is Bhisham Sahni's maiden publication in English, he analyses his elder brother's complex personality with intuition and insight and an uncommon objectivity. The work fills certain vital lacunae left in Balraj's autobiography published posthumously in an English translation in 1979 (where there is hardly any reference to the personal trials he had undergone or to his marital life).

Balraj, the man, was a student of life itself, and a very gifted student at that. He had that rare faculty to combine in his geist such diverse disciplines as the revolutionary thesis of Marx and the down-to-earth, humane philosophy of the Sikh gurus.

Yet Balraj the versatile character-actor—of such memorable films as *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Garam Hava*—has all along tended to make both the Indian intelligentsia and the public at large oblivious of Balraj the progressive intellectual who had made a study of almost every problem that confronts a tradition-bound society in its march to socialism.

The first half of the book, describes Balraj's gradual alienation from the orthodox influences which had moulded his childhood and early adolescence. The process of alienation was accelerated in the mid-thirties when he joined the elitist Government College, Lahore, where as a student of English literature he excelled both in the class room and on the college stage.

His mental horizon thus began to widen till finally at the end of a stint as a teacher at Santiniketan and his subsequent stay at Sevagram, followed by a four-year assignment with the Hindi News Service of BBC, London, he emerged as an eclectic humanist. Later when he tried to secure a foothold in the cine industry, he had to face several disappointments and setbacks, which however merely fortified his resolve to succeed.

The author quotes from the many letters Balraj wrote to him from time to time—which help the reader to get to know the actor sans his grease paint. His personal tragedies—the unexpected deaths of both wives, especially the blow of the second death from which he never really recovered, also figure in this work.

It is as well that the junior Sahni (a well-known Hindi writer in his own right) devotes a whole chapter to an evaluation of Balraj's essays, travelogues, pen-portraits and polemical tracts.

Balraj's stature is revealed when it comes to light that he was once offered a nominated seat in the Rajya Sabha which he declined on the ground that politics was not his cup of tea. Among other honours that came his way was an invitation to address the convocation of Jawaharlal Nehru University in New Delhi and a membership on Guru Nanak University's senate. Premature death in 1973 deprived him of the principalship of the Film and Television Institute at Pune.

Bhisham Sahni writes in an easy, informal genre which makes the life story absorbing. The National Book Trust deserves credit for the choice of the biographer.

BALRAJ MY BROTHER by Bhisham Sahni; National Book Trust; Rs 9.

BOOK REVIEW

"For Expensive Palates"

says Thangam E. Philip

A RECIPE book is written for two purposes: to preserve traditional recipes and to introduce innovative recipes. *Cooking Delights of the Maharajas* by Shri Digvijay Singh, has certainly achieved the first objective in presenting to the world some of the traditional dishes of his own State and some of the neighbouring States. This book will be specially welcome to Chefs who want to introduce regional recipes in the menus of gourmet restaurants.

The recipes are presented lucidly and the description of the ingredients (type or kind) is clear, concise, accurate and readable. Anyone with a reasonable skill can follow the instructions easily. The preparation time and the cooking time given for the precise yield of each recipe will be very helpful to housewives and novices alike.

The book is attractively brought out and the illustrations add to its appeal. But there is a snag. A few sample dishes selected at random were tried out by this reviewer and they were rated against similar dishes normally prepared by households, institutions and commercial establishments. In all cases, there was no increase in acceptability, although the costs were most often three times or more! For those who would like a change and do not mind the expense, some of the dishes will certainly provide an interesting variety, although, personally I prefer to "keep it light".

COOKING DELIGHTS OF THE MAHARAJAS by Digvijay Singh; Vikas; Rs 98.

Get on to the world's latest... Vespa XE

Vespa XE, for greater power, greater economy,
greater safety and comfort... a performance
that's engineered to last a lifetime.

He laughed uproariously. He simply could not conceive of a state of affairs under which woman could be equal, let alone superior, to man.

Money-Lender In Love

by K.P.S. MENON

QUEEN Elizabeth, having seen Falstaff in one of Shakespeare's historical plays, is said to have expressed the desire to see him in love. And so *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written. If Her Majesty had expressed a desire to see Shylock in love, I doubt that even the bard would have been able to comply. Yet I once saw a money-lender in love.

That was in Sri Lanka, or Ceylon as it was then, where I was the Agent of the Government of India fifty years ago (1929-33). That was the most idyllic period of my service.

In Ceylon I came in contact with one Kabir Bhai. He was one of that tribe of money-lenders who used to prey on Ceylon in British days. Among them were some called Afghans.

The Afghans charged exorbitant rates of interest. Peter, our Sinhalese servant, told me that once he had borrowed twelve rupees from one of them to buy a birthday present for his wife and that he agreed to pay interest at one rupee per month and the principal at the end of the year. He could not, nor did he care to, calculate how much the rate of interest came to.

The Afghan flourished, because no one else would lend to the kind of people who borrowed money from him. He lent money without any security whatever. He seldom went to court for the recovery of his dues;he collected money through the sheer force of his personality. On pay-day, and on succeeding days, a couple of hefty Afghans could be seen, patiently sitting like hawks in front of every office, ready to pounce on their debtors as soon as they emerged from the office with the pay in their pockets. More often than not, they would pay it up out of fear—not so much physical fear of the Afghan giants, armed with sticks, but fear of an un-

Illustrated by P.B. Kavadi

seemly altercation in the presence of their colleagues and possibly superiors.

The Ceylonese regarded the Afghans as a lower order of creation. I, however, had spent a number of years among them on the North-West Frontier, and liked them. I was aware of their weaknesses, but they had many virtues as well. They made good friends. If an Afghan, or a Pathan, was your friend, he would be your friend unto death. He was eminently hospitable; he had a code of honour in which hospitality came first. He was distinguished by his courage and his capacity for endurance. He was independent, too, in his own way; the British, who conquered all of India, found it impossible to subdue the Afghans. And they remain intractable to the present day.

Before I went to Ceylon, I had spent three years on the Frontier and I knew that I would be posted back again there. I had picked up Pushtu in Peshawar and wanted to keep it up. I was on the look-out for someone in Kandy with whom I could speak Pushtu. Peter, overhearing our talk, introduced Kabir Bhai to me.

One day Peter announced Kabir Bhai's arrival and asked me where I would like to receive him. I said, in my office room in the house.

"That won't do, Master," said Peter. "You can see him in the garden or at the most on the veranda."

"Why not in the house?" I asked.

"It's never done," said Peter.

I said that after all Kabir Bhai was going to be my teacher or Guru and that in India one ranked one's Guru with one's parents.

"As Master likes," said Peter, with a quizzical look which seemed to say, 'What an eccentric master I have!'

AT first Kabir Bhai appeared a little lost in a well-ordered room inside the house. I greeted him with the Pathan greeting, *Sthademashe*, which means 'May you never be tired!' and he replied *Khawarmashe*, which means 'May you never be poor!' I spoke a few sentences in Pushtu, and this at once established our relationship on a footing of cordiality. I told him I would like to have a talk with him for an hour on three days of the week and asked him how much he would charge. "We can think of the charges later," said Kabir Bhai.

At the end of the month I asked Kabir Bhai what his fee for the month was.

"Fee, Sahib?" he said, "fee for you? What do you think I am? It is I who should give you a fee for the honour of your company."

I tried to put three ten rupee notes into his pocket, but he brusquely refused.

"No, Sahib," he said. "You and I are friends. There is no question of a fee between friends. We regard even a friend's friend as a friend."

Just then Peter entered the room with a cup of coffee for Kabir Bhai and myself, and Kabir Bhai ostentatiously tore up the pronote for twelve rupees which Peter had given him.

I gave Kabir Bhai a handsome present and he gave me a present of equal, if not greater, value. Every now and then he would bring my wife presents such as an embroidered handkerchief or a silk purse or a pair of Peshawari slippers. Once he gave us a small Bokhara carpet.

The Ceylonese simply could not understand the relationship between Kabir Bhai and myself. They borrowed from the Afghans, but kept them at arm's length. Whenever Kabir Bhai met me, he would greet me joyfully and embrace me in the true Pathan style. One day, a Ceylonese friend went to my chauffeur, Rama Kurup, and told him, "Your master must be getting a good pay. Why does he borrow from these Afghans?" That was the only relationship they could conceive of with an Afghan.

One day I was at the railway station in Kandy and had just got a first class ticket for Colombo. Kabir Bhai happened to be there.

"Why do you buy a ticket," he told me. "Come with me and you won't need a ticket."

"Why not?" I asked. "Perhaps you have a season ticket."

"I haven't," he said, "we Afghans can always travel without tickets. No one will ask us for tickets." That was only too true. The entire railway officialdom in Ceylon was in debt to the Afghans, and no railway official dared to ask them for tickets.

I always enjoyed my lessons with Kabir Bhai. Our conversation opened a new world to him, a world of which he had no inkling at all. Very often it opened a new world to me, too. Sometimes we talked of politics and personalities in Ceylon and in India. Kabir Bhai listened wide-eyed, and his occasional comments were shrewd and spicy. Sometimes we talked of more personal matters. When I had known him long enough, I reminded him that Islam had prohibited usury. Kabir Bhai called himself a Muslim and yet he was practising usury. Wasn't he committing a sin?

"No, Sir," he said. "I don't commit usury on my co-religionists."

"Then you wouldn't mind committing usury on me?" I asked.

"But you are a friend," said Kabir Bhai, "and a friend is more than a co-religionist. On the contrary the people here treat us as barbarians, so we behave barbarously towards them."

On another day we talked of the state of women in society. I asked him why his people paid so little respect to women, whom they seemed to treat as chattel.

"But we buy our women," said Kabir Bhai. "Among us the bride-groom has to pay a dowry for the girl. Among you, on the contrary, the bride has to buy you with a dowry. This shows that among us women have more value than men."

"That is simply because there are fewer women than men on the Frontier," I said. "In my own community of Nairs, dowry never existed."

I explained to him that we followed the matriarchal system, under which the woman was the head of the family and property descended through the woman.

Kabir Bhai laughed uproariously. He thought I was pulling his leg. He simply could not conceive of a state of affairs under which woman could be equal, let alone superior, to man.

These tri-weekly talks with Kabir Bhai were wholly delightful. Our lesssons were ostensibly for one hour. Kabir Bhai would stay for three hours, sometimes for four.

IN the third year of my stay in Ceylon, however, I noticed a change in him. He did not seem to have his heart in his talks with me. Often he was absent-minded. Something seemed to be oppressing him. Perhaps he was feeling homesick, I thought; he had not been home for eight years. Once or twice he seemed on the verge of telling me something and then thought better of it.

One day Kabir Bhai took me aback by saying, "Sahib, I want to tell you a secret. A woman is in love with me. She says she cannot live without me."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I like her, too," he said shyly. "I thought I did not love her, but now I think I love her."

"Then, why not marry her?" I asked.

"But she is already married," said Kabir Bhai.

"What does that matter?" I said. "After all you people are Muslims and you can have more than one wife."

"But she is not a Muslim," said Kabir Bhai. "She is a Christian and she has three children."

The situation was getting more and more complicated. So I asked Kabir Bhai to tell me the whole story.

He said that her husband was in Government service. "He borrowed a hundred rupees from me to start with," said Kabir Bhai, "and now he owes me a thousand. I often used to go to his house to collect the money. Sometimes, a young and rather handsome woman would look down at me from the window and I would look up at her. She would smile at me and I would smile back. My visits as well as her smiles became more frequent. Last month, when I went to the house, her husband was not there and the children had gone to school. She came out and told me she was fond of me, that she loved me, that she could not live without me and I must take her away. What shall I do, Sahib? What shall I do?"

"What do you want to do?" I asked, "and what do you want *me* to do?"

"She will come to you one of these days," said Kabir Bhai. "I have told her that you know me. You must speak well of me to her. You must also speak well of my people and my country. I told her that you knew my country well. These people here have such fantastic ideas about us."

"I shall certainly speak well of you to her," I said. "Also about your people. As for your country, well, I like it personally, but if the idea is for her to settle down on the Frontier I shall have to tell her that she will be most uncomfortable there."

"Please don't tell her that," said Kabir Bhai. "If you don't want to tell a lie, don't say anything about my country. But please don't tell her that she won't be happy there."

IN fact I did not have to tell her anything. She came and saw me. It was quite clear that she had made up her mind.

"I love Kabir Bhai," she told me. "I cannot live without him. If he goes away without me, I shall kill myself. I am prepared to go anywhere with him—even to hell."

I wished her good luck.

The next day Kabir Bhai went to her house. Seeing Kabir Bhai, her husband, who thought that he had come to claim his money, tried to hide.

"Don't run away, Sahib," Kabir Bhai shouted to him, "I have some good news for you."

He came out. Kabir Bhai told him that he was going home in a few days, that he had already got enough money from him by way of interest and that he did not want his capital back. Saying so, he tore up the pronote for Rs. 1000.

The husband was happy. He went to his wife and told her that after all Kabir Bhai was a decent fellow.

"An uncut diamond," he said.

"I always thought so," said his wife.

The next week Kabir Bhai left Colombo for Karachi en route to the Frontier in an Arab dhow which had been engaged in smuggling gold, and she went with him.

Many years later, I went to Ceylon and enquired about her and Kabir Bhai. She had come back, a physical and mental wreck, and was in an asylum. And he had become an outlaw.

The course of true love never runs smooth. ■

(This story is published as a tribute to the fluent pen of the late author who was a great diplomat, a brilliant civil servant and, above all, a man of wide sympathies.)

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

You will turn a new leaf in your career within a week or so. Those retiring from existing jobs will prefer to start a new business rather than enter into another employment. Financially although a draining week, you will also earn enough to replenish the empty coffers. You may have to travel in the early part of the week.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Try to keep yourself away from the busy schedule of work this week and mix up with your friends and family members. Job activities will be rather slow. You are likely to involve yourself in a neighbour's activities by token of discharging obligations. Money gains are satisfactory early in the week. You will generously spare funds

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar 20

The drive and initiative within you will make a surprise appearance in the next week. Your services will be recognized and honoured. Actors and sportsmen will make a mark in their respective fields. Youngsters will convince elders of their choice of a partner early in the week and elicit their consent for marriage by midweek.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr. 20

Consistency and patience will pay good dividends in the next two weeks. Be tactful while dealing with outsiders. You may find yourself on the defensive while doing social work. Financially, no specific worries provided you curb extravagance early in the week. You may hold secret meetings midweek. The weekend is good.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

Forget the past and keep up with the present in coming weeks. A new and ideal partner will suddenly emerge on your horizon and help you to make a headway in business. The terms and conditions of any contract you make must be framed in consultation with legal experts. Enormous physical resources will be at your disposal.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

Journalists, authors and lawyers have a very lucky six weeks ahead of them. Appreciation of work and job satisfaction will bring extreme happiness. Do not break old ties while forming new alliances. Clear all government and court matters early in the week. Midweek brings certain surprises. Money gains will ensue.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Although a tiring week you will rejoice with new friends and associates. A new job will be in sight but make it a point to take it up only in late February. Seniors will extend whole-hearted support to your schemes and projects. You will make a good bid early in the week but similar luck does not hold good for later.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

Your health may be delicate and may handicap your activities in the next few weeks. Trusted friends and co workers will have to be entrusted with responsible jobs in your absence. Do not precipitate quarrels for petty reasons with family members in the early part of the week. Midweek brings some consolation career-wise.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

Do not expect any leisure in the next few weeks. Tiresome travel and dealing with the opposition will be your chief activities and these may considerably exhaust you. However, domestic life will be blissful and family members will help you to maintain the tempo. Make the best use of all the available resources. Conserve your energy.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

A lucky period for those in service. Social activities will flourish but normal professional activities are likely to be unwittingly neglected. Finances are good in the early part of the week. Certain new developments in business emerge. Grasp the changes. Do not rub up seniors the wrong way. The weekend is for rest and relaxation.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov 22

Things begin to change in your favour now and the tide of luck runs your way in the coming weeks. Put greater emphasis on building up finances rather than expanding business. Domestic chores keep you busy early in the week. Certain financial gains are likely. A steady and matter-of-fact attitude could get you places.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

Vehicle, property and land matters will occupy you considerably in the next few weeks Youngsters can look forward to settling down in life in the near future. Rents, interests and dividends will all come your way together, adding considerably to your finances. A long put-off family reunion will bring bittersweet experiences your way

STAR FOCUS

1983 For You-II

Taurus: Everything hinges on how you adapt to the changes already effected or whether you are still willing to effect more adjustments in the near future or in the last quarter. You must be cautious and careful in all walks for better success in the month of April and October. Health and finances should not be neglected. In brief, this is a year of preparation rather than execution.

Gemini: You may find it difficult to project your personality effectively. You are likely to be swamped and eclipsed by others. However, you will manage to run the show successfully. Your partners, relatives and those interested in your well-being will voluntarily come forward to render all kinds of assistance and aid. You should take of care of health and conceal any rancour.

Cancer: A year when you must be very cautious. Family responsibilities will recede into the background but business and career will occupy your mind considerably. Do not neglect your job by involving yourself too heavily in social and group activities. Dealers in liquids, chemicals and medicines should take maximum care while investing fresh capital. September is likely to be tough.

Leo: A more prosperous and colourful year than 1982. An elevation of status lies in store for sportsmen, political leaders, actors and chief executives. All the same, there will be tiresome domestic burdens which can be dealt with well with tact, wisdom and patience. Older people will celebrate a family occasion in the first or last quarter of the year. Youngsters will settle in career as well as life.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, January 16

An eventful year which will bring independence in career, profession and business. You may go in for a new venture if opportunity beckons before March, otherwise it will be more prudent to wait until October. Financially, a good period.

Monday, January 17

The prospects are bright for a career in the next few months and again in October/ November. All the same, you will aspire to establish your own business rather than continue with a partnership. No specific problems with regard to finance.

Tuesday, January 18

It is absolutely essential that you work steadily and purposefully with a view to keeping up the existing business until July and thereafter to expand it. In August and September be discreet about your personal affairs.

Wednesday, January 19

You have ahead of you months full of contradiction but nevertheless it will be a progressive period. Calculate all your moves, especially in June and July. Be careful with your investments in August and September.

Thursday, January 20

A year full of mixed happenings You will have to struggle hard to maintain status quo. Be prudent in all actions you take. You will be taxed hard in every single effort you make to establish your business on a small footing.

Friday, January 21

A year full of happy occurences. Both in personal life as well as in career, you will forge ahead. Mid-1983 will usher in a new phase but do not effect any radical changes until October. The last two months are excellent.

Saturday, January 22

Budding industrialists and amateur artists and sportsmen will find themselves enlisted among experts. Of course, actual success comes

THE man went to his doctor and said, "I am not well."
"What is wrong? What are you feeling?," asked the doctor.
"You are the doctor, you have to find that out," said the patient.
"Then you've come to the wrong place. You should go to a veterinary doctor. Only he can diagnose without asking questions," quipped the doctor.

THE rather fat man had difficulty playing golf. If he put the ball where he could see it, he could not reach it, and if he put it where he could reach it, he couldn't see it.

HE wanted to reply to a rude letter, in the same language, but he was a gentleman. So the reply started as follows—
"I, being a gentleman, cannot say what I want to say, and my secretary being a lady cannot take it down even if I say it, but you being neither will understand what I want to say."

THE election agent knocked at the cottage door. It was opened by a giant of a woman, who growled, "What do you want?"
"I want to know which party your husband belongs to," said the agent. "I'm the party he belongs to," roared the woman.

BEING a career woman is harder than being a career man. You have to look like a lady, act like a man, and work like a dog.

DOctors will tell you that if you eat slowly you will eat less. Anyone who grew up in a large family will tell you the same.

IF a man owes Rs. 50 he is in debt;
If he owes Rs. 50,000 he is in business:
If he owes Rs. 5,000,000 he is a big industrialist;
If he owes Rs. 50,000,000 he is Government.

TWO sheep were grazing in a meadow.
"Baa-baa," said one.
"Moo-moo," said the other.
"What do you mean, Moo-moo?," asked the first.
"I am learning a foreign language," said the other

A CIRCUS elephant had broken its tether, and wandered into the town. At night, it entered and began eating up an old lady's cabbage patch Hearing the noise the lady woke up, and never having seen an elephant reported to the police on the phone. "There is a big black animal in my garden. It is pulling up my cabbages with its tail, and stuffing them you know where..."

THE professor of medicine held up the sample of urine to his students.
"And so," he said, "To test acidity"—he dipped his finger in. The students did so in the samples they had.
"You put your finger in the mouth," and as he did, they also followed wryly.
"but you'll notice that I didn't put the same finger in," continued the professor.

"MUMMY, how was I born?" asked the little school boy.
"A big white stork brought you," said mummy.
"And how were you born?" he asked again.
"A big white stork brought me to granny," said Mummy.
"And how was granny born?" the boy continued.
"The same stork brought her," said Mummy.
Next day, in school, he began an essay on his family as follows: "There has been no natural birth in our family for three generations".

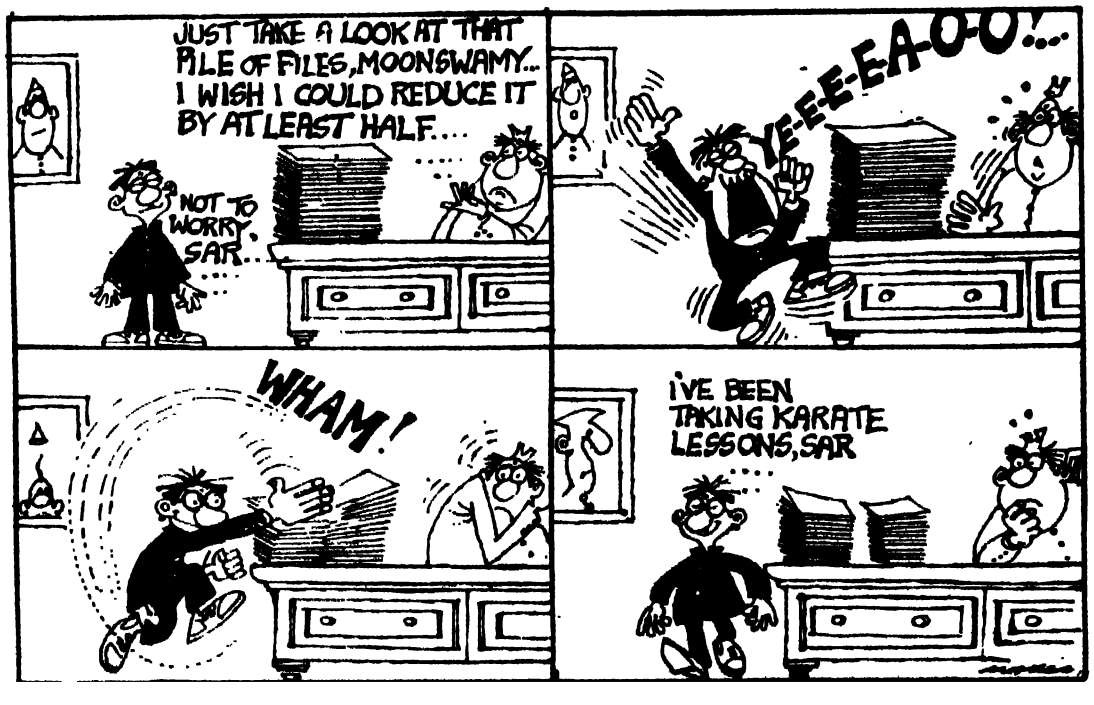
WHEN supplies were air dropped in the North-east, the airways were paid by the distance in a circuit. The bill for one such drop showed much more distance than the standard circuit. Naturally, the accounts department asked why. "The pilot lost his bearings due to fog," was the reply. The accounts department sent a note. "The bill is passed, but the cost of bearings must be recovered from the pilot."

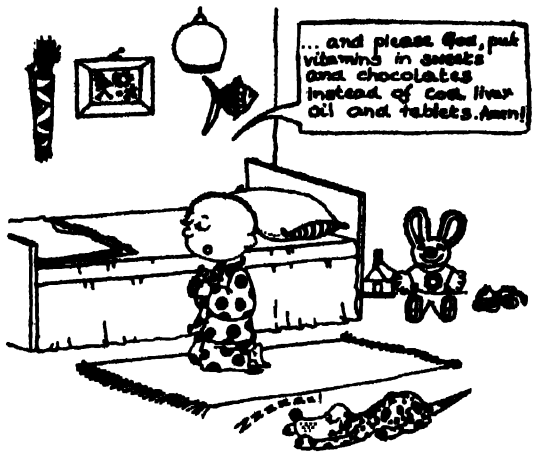
NEWS item in a Women's Lib paper—"A policeperson fell into a person hole today".

HE was going to that city for the first time and all his friends told him about the hotel he was to stay in being famous for its soups. But he did not like soup.
The first night at the hotel he went down to dinner, and the hostess asked him what he would order. "No soup," he said. "No soup, Sir?" the hostess was aghast, and sent for her manager but he could not persuade the diner.
After dinner, he went to his room and went to bed. Now it so happened that there was a power failure that night. And in the next room there was a sick man who had to have an enema. In the dark, the doctor blundered into our man's room by mistake, and gave him the enema.
He returned home and the friends came to ask him about his stay. "You are right," he said, "It is better to have their soup, for you will have to take it, one way or another."

THE reporter was phoning in his story of a visit to the nudist colony.
"I went to the hotel and knocked. The butler opened the door..."
"How do you know it was the butler?", asked the editor.
"Well, it certainly was not the maid..." continued the reporter.

THE HON'BLE MINISTER BUNDALDASS . mario





Babs

"I AM happy to hear you play that Bhajan every morning", said the old man to his young neighbour.
"Oh, I play it daily. It gives me the exact timing to boil eggs".

THE politician ridiculed his rival and said, "You've only to give him dinner, and out comes a speech."
The rival retorted: "In his case, give him a speech and out comes your dinner."

A CLEANER in an office had taken up a job in the neighbouring office and asked his wife to work for him in the first office. In due course this was discovered, and being against rules, a memo was issued: "It has come to notice that you are working elsewhere and that your wife is carrying on here..."

GENERAL Choudhry, as Chief of Staff, used to ask ordinary jawans for their views on plans. When there was an idea to have regiments made up of men from each State, he asked a Gurkha, jawan what he thought of the idea.

The Gurkha was against it. "See, Sir, look at the Bengali babus. They can't fight." Then he realised who he was talking to and recovered beautifully, "but, Sir, they make g-g-good Generals."

TACT: The plumber walking in on Memsab in the bathroom, and withdrawing, saying, "Sorry Sir."

THE lunatic caught hold of his warder on the sixth floor terrace and hugged him saying, "Let us fly away like birds."
Nothing the warder said would change his mind, and they were slowly moving to the edge. Suddenly the warder had an idea. He told the patient: "Look, anyone can fly down from this height. But to be really great we must go down and fly up here," And thus he escaped.

A LADY went upto Bernard Shaw at a party and gushed: "Mr. Shaw, I have taken a bet that I'll make you say at least three words to me."
"You lose," said Mr. Shaw.

EINSTEIN's neighbour apologised, as her little son was always with the great man.
"It is all right," he said, "I like the way he arranges my papers and he likes the way I do his sums for him."

THE patient asked the doctor his advice on what to take to control the sexual urge.
"Take tomato juice," advised the doctor.
"Before—or after?" asked the patient.
"Not before, or after—instead of," said the doctor.

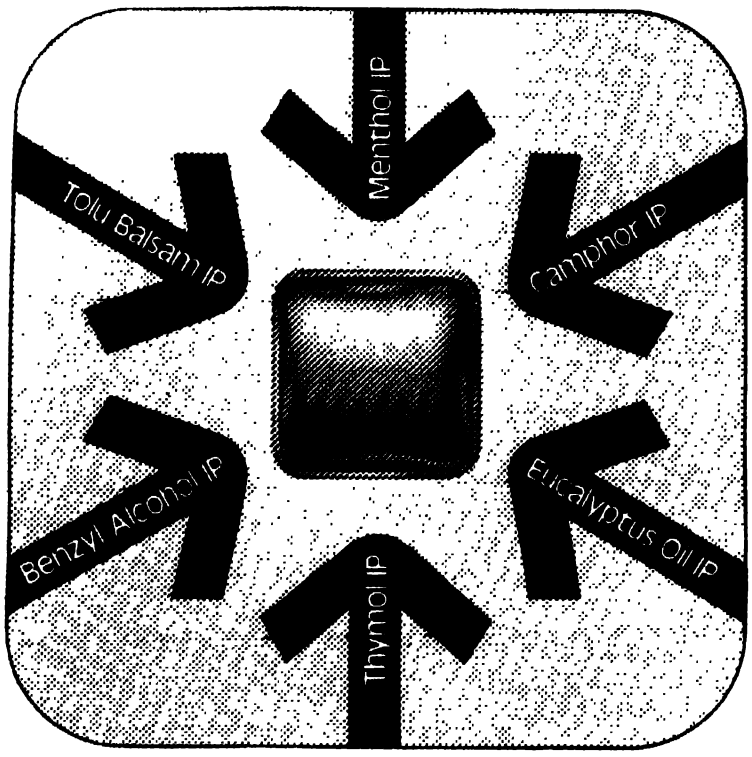
HE was interviewing candidates for the post of Secretary. He selected a pretty girl and asked her what salary he expected.
"rs. 1000 a month", he said.
"With pleasure," he said.
"With pleasure it will be Rs. 2000," she said.

"THAT is where the enemy is," hoarsely spoke the young officer pointing over the trenches
"Where? How far is that?" whispered back the press reporters with him.
"There, that is one kilometre away," said the escort hoarsely.
"Then why are you whispering?" asked a press man.
"I don't know about you, but I have a bad throat," said the officer.

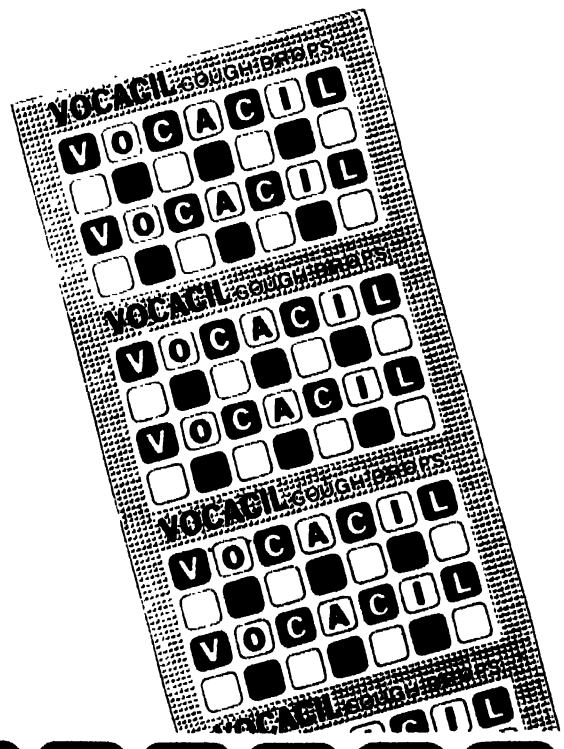
Compiled by Teeceekay

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep

Six ways of soothing a sore throat.



With one Vocacil.



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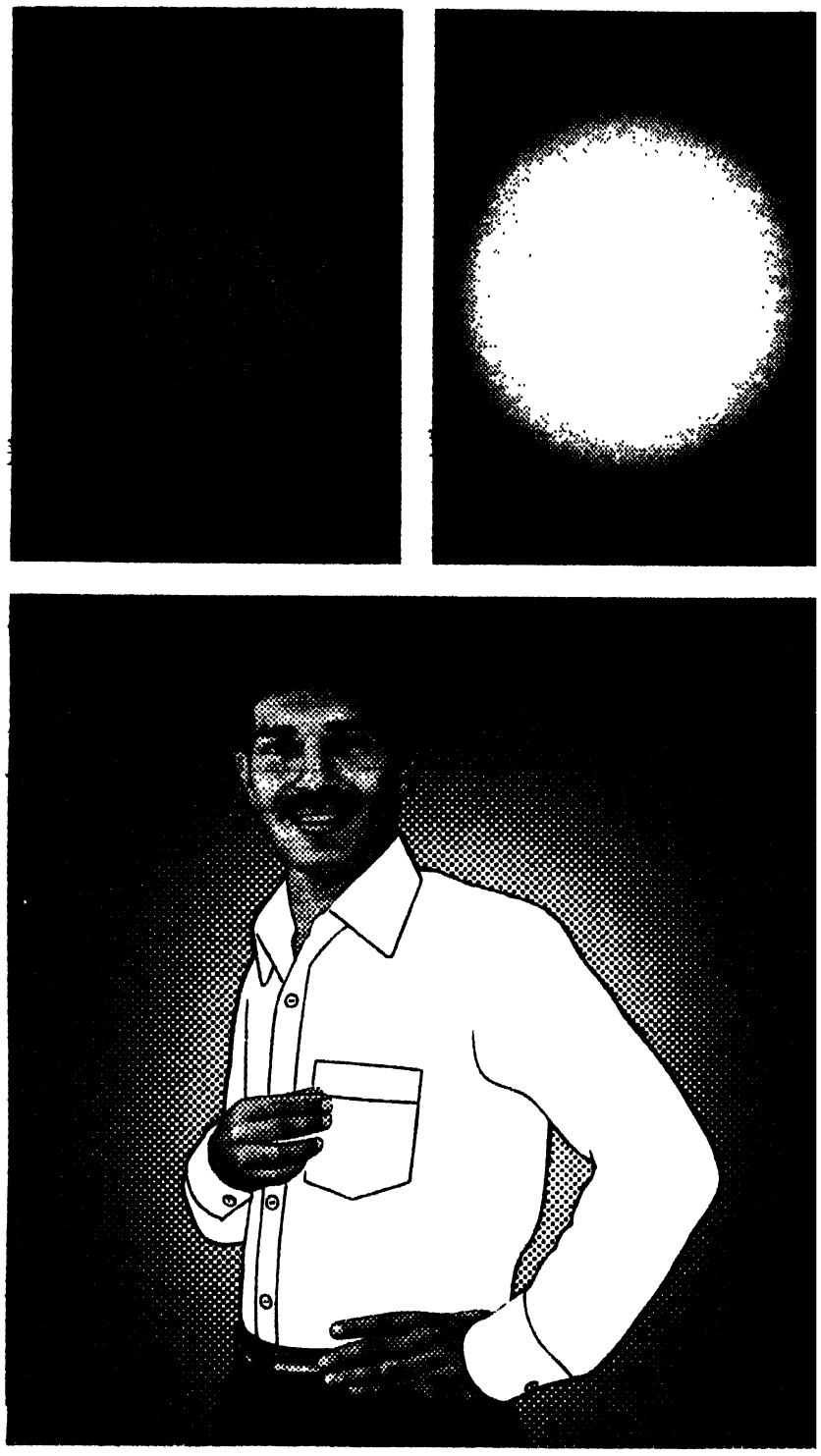
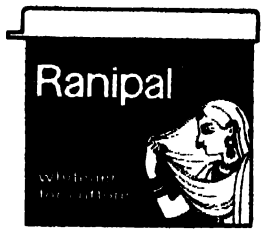
RANIPAL makes your clothes white



That's why every detergent wash should be followed by a Ranipal rinse



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Ranipal-S for synthetics and blends

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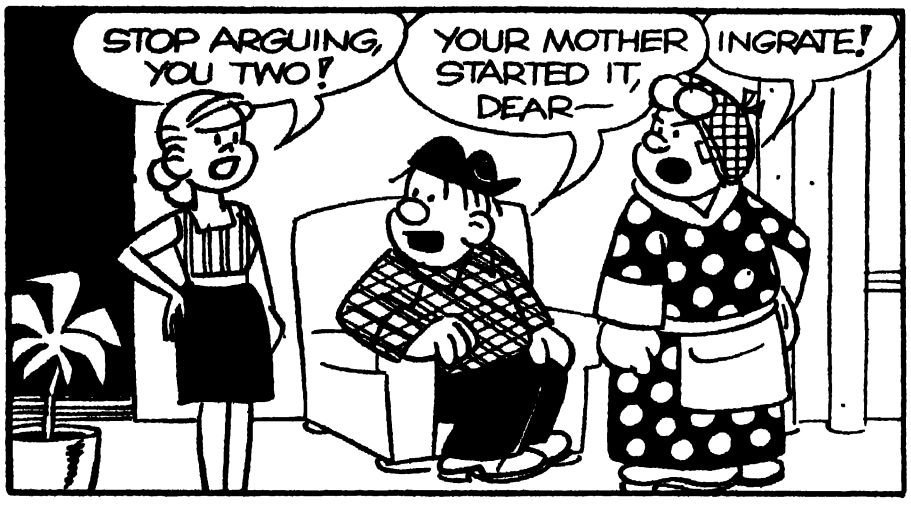
by Dick Wingert



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by Hank Ketcham

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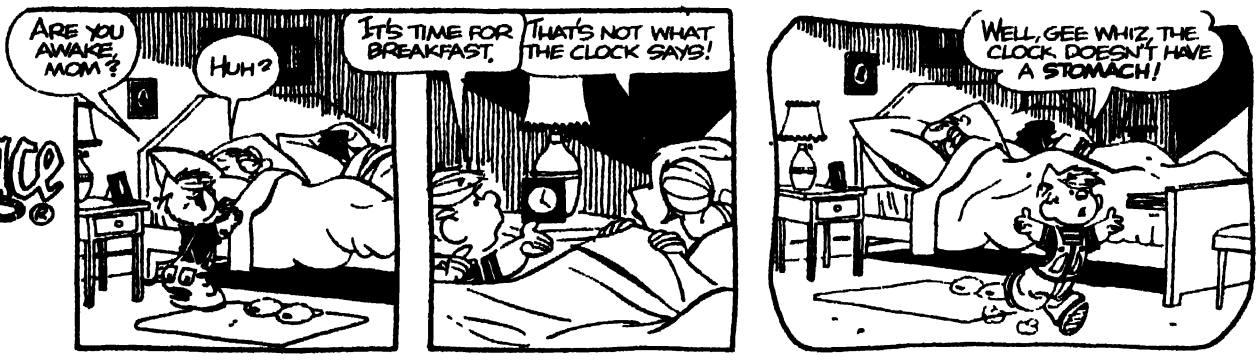

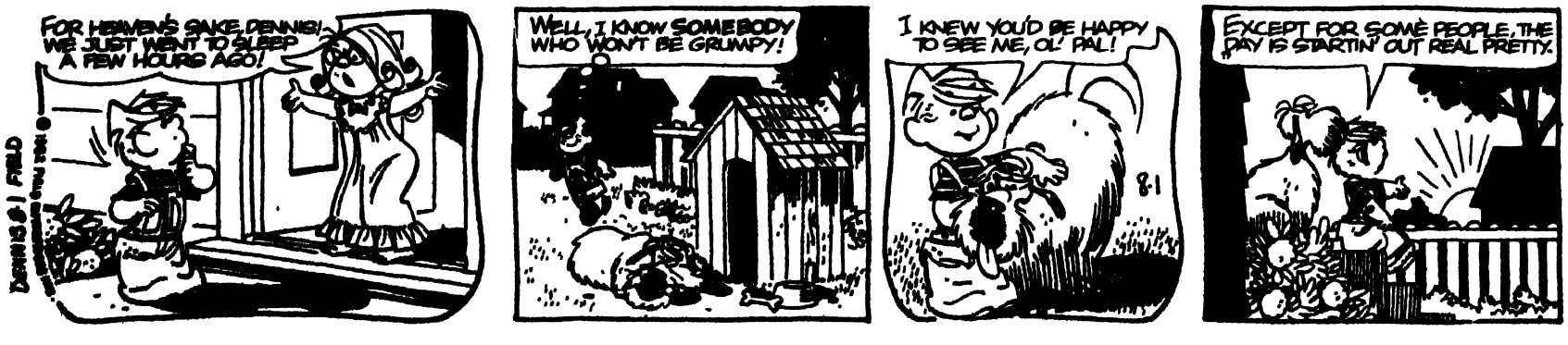

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the PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

SEEN THESE PEOPLE... WHITE LADY AND HER KIDS ?
NO USE. THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND...

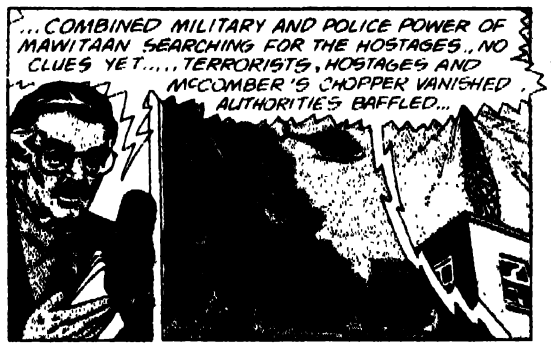
NOBODY HERE. BUT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SOME COFFEE.
COFFEE ? NOW ABOUT BEER ?

THE NATIONWIDE SEARCH FOR THE TERRORISTS AND THEIR HOSTAGES...
BRING US ANOTHER BEER, POP.
YEAH... ME TOO.
IT'S HOT OUT THERE.

MOMMY... I'M HUNGRY !
SHHH !
!

DID I HEAR A KID.. UH..!
NO,.. YOU IMAGINED IT, SOLDIER. STAY PUT !
!

TIE THEM IN THE CELLAR. GAGS, TOO !


...COMBINED MILITARY AND POLICE POWER OF MAWITAAN SEARCHING FOR THE HOSTAGES.. NO CLUES YET.... TERRORISTS, HOSTAGES AND MCCOMBER'S CHOPPER VANISHED. AUTHORITIES BAFFLED...

ONE MAN IS NOT BAFFLED.. AS JUNGLE WATCHERS POINT THE WAY...
MAN-BIRD.. TO SETTING SUN, O GHOST WHO WALKS.
by BARRY 1/4

5,000 MEN SEARCHING, GROUND AND AIR. NO CLUES YET, SIR.
WHEN THE TERRORISTS CALL AGAIN, PUT IT THRU TO ME !

THIS IS PABLO.
ONE MOMENT. THE PRESIDENT WILL SPEAK TO YOU NOW.
PRESIDENT ! WOW !

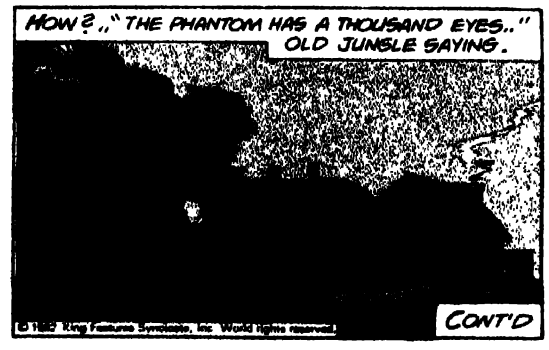
FINAL NEWS
NO CLUES TO HOSTAGES OR TERRORISTS.. NATION-WIDE SEARCH GOES ON
I WANT PROOF YOU HOLD DIANA.
MISTER PREZ ! FREE OUR THREE GUYS.. WITH ONE MILLION CASH AND A PLANE !
THE TERRORIST AND THE PRESIDENT.

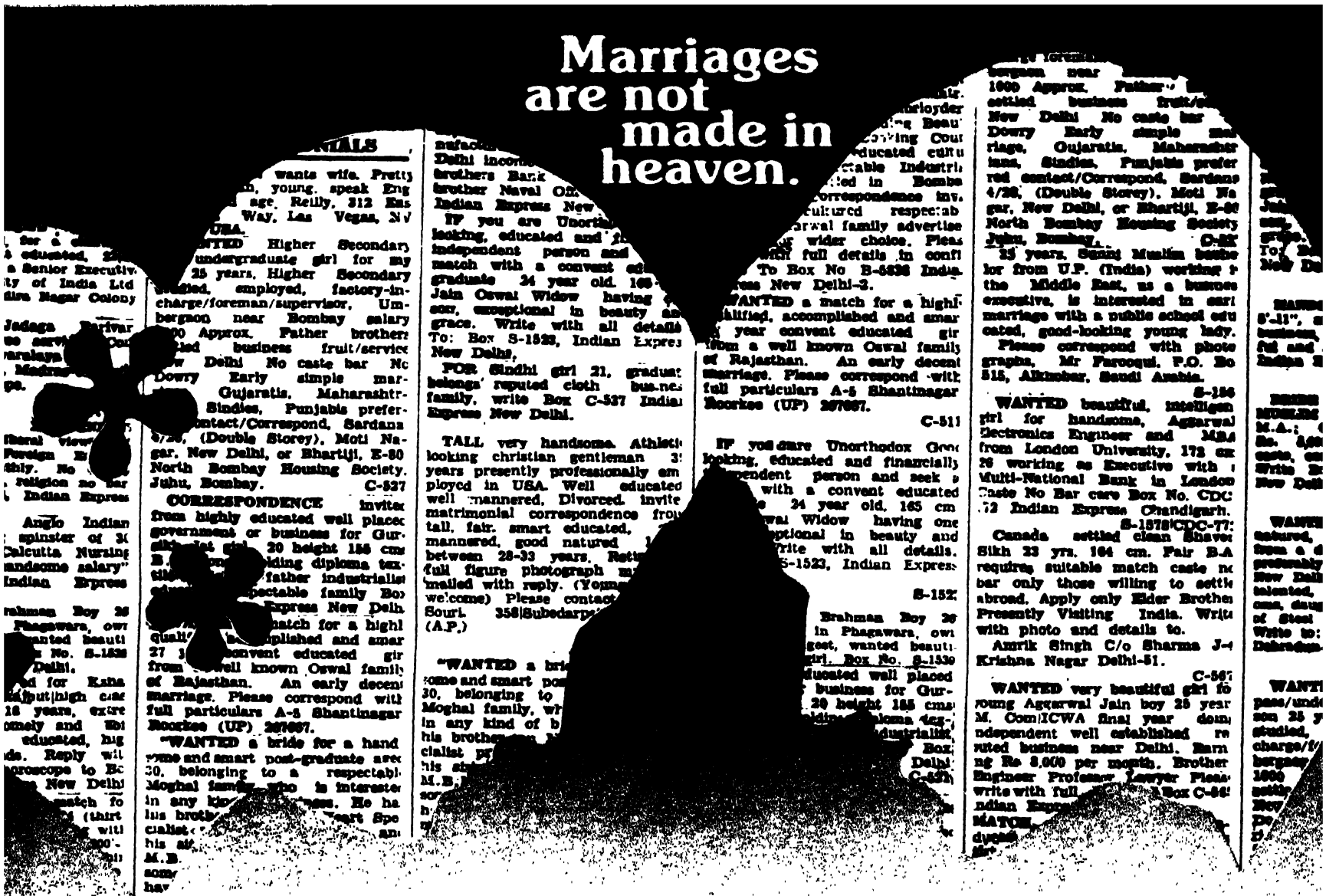
HE WANTS PROOF. TALK !
LAMANDA... YES... THE CHILDREN AND I ARE HELD BY THESE AWFUL PEOPLE...
ENOUGH !

...ENOUGH... (CLICK)
FREE THOSE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS ? OR RISK THE LIVES OF DIANA AND THE CHILDREN ???

HOW ABOUT THAT ! THE PRESIDENT, HIMSELF ! PALS ! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BE SO VALUABLE. NOW... WE RAISE THE ANTE TO FIVE MILLION !.. PUT HER BACK IN THE CELLAR !
!

MOMMY, WHEN CAN WE GO HOME ?
MOMMY... WHERE'S DADDY ?
HOME.. SOON.. DADDY WILL.. FIND US... (I HOPE.. HOW, I DON'T KNOW)
Sy BARRY 7/11


HOW ?.." THE PHANTOM HAS A THOUSAND EYES.." OLD JUNGLE SAYING.
CONT'D



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This Week's Bridge
1982 WORLD PAIRS OLYMPIAD-I

THE 1982 World Pairs Olympiad, held every four years, took place at Biarritz, France, in the first fortnight of October. Open Pairs, Ladies Pairs, Mixed Pairs and Open Teams were the main events played at these Championships. India had a fairly sizeable contingent, participating in all the events, but barring one or two flashes of brilliance, the overall performance was disappointing.

The first event was the Mixed Pairs. A record number of 450 pairs started this event played over 4 sessions. With the same boards played in different sections, and matchpointing somewhat different from the usual methods used in one local pairs event, the top on each board was 388. At the halfway stage Mrs. Rao and Vishwanathan of Bangalore were seventh, with a score of 12084, and Nina Bonnerji and Robi Roy were fortieth with a score of 11412.

Mrs Rao and Vishu then fell away, but Nina and Robi kept climbing, and at the three quarter stage were eighth, with 17825, only 800 matchpoints or a little over two tops behind the leaders. Ultimately they finished 12th with a score of 23031, 1000 points behind the eventual winners Dianna Gordon and George Mittelman of Canada. No other Indian pair finished in the first fifty.

Gordon and Mittleman's win was the first ever for Canada in a World Championship.

Dianna Gordon and George Mittelman, both of Toronto, have been partners for 12 years, George is a bridge pro, and Dianna a Travel Agent.

They play a relatively Natural system, souped-up of course with plenty of gadgets.

Here are some of their hands, taken from the Daily Bulletins of the Championships, brilliantly produced and eidted as usual by Dorothy and Henry Francis of the A.C.B.L.

On The Road To The Championship:

The first deal is a repeat of the hand on which Gabriel Chagas of Brazil executed his Angel Coup—but Dianna made 11 tricks a different way. The deal took place in the first session.

Board-20: Dealer West, Both Vul.

	♠A764 ♥AJ43 ♦Q652 ♣4	
♠J109 ♥85 ♦10984 ♣AKJ 10	N W E S	♠KQ ♥KQ976 ♦AK73 ♣87
	♠8532 ♥102 ♦J ♣Q96532	

The Bidding:

West	North	East	South
Dianna		George	
P	P	1H	P
1NT	P	2D	P
2H	P	2NT	P
3NT	All Pass.		

The Spade lead was taken by the King, and Dianna cashed the Diamond Ace, noting the fall of the Jack. The Club finesse then worked, and she successfully passed the Diamond ten. She led a Heart to the Queen, then knocked out the Spade Ace. North continued with a Spade to the Jack, but now Dianna had 11 tricks—four Diamonds, four Clubs, two Spades and a Heart. That was 350 points.

Three boards later the champs got to a minor suit game that was worth 303 points.

Board-23: Dealer South, All Vul.

	♠AQ92 ♥9873 ♦107 ♣QJ10	
♠4 ♥A654 ♦AKJ ♣A8732	N W E S	♠873 ♥KQ ♦Q984 ♣K96
	♠KJ1065 ♥J102 ♦6532 ♣5	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Dianna		George	
			P
1C	P	1D	P
1H	P	3C	P
3D	P	3H	P
4S	P	5C	All Pass.

The one Diamond response was nebulous—sort of like a waiting bid. But, with the Kaplan—Sheinwold structure being used, Dianna's rebid of one Heart showed four Hearts with at least five Clubs—unless she had a 4-4-4-1. She bid three Diamonds to show a fit, then when she heard the welcome three Hearts, she splintered in Spades. At this point, George had a choice—Four No Trumps would have said "I have the best hand I could have for this bidding," but his five Clubs bid carried the message that he had nothing to add to what he had said already. Armed with this information, Dianna passed—for a fine result.

...(to be continued)

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Bishop Has To Wait

IN the conduct of a King side attack the Queen Bishop has sometimes to wait for a long time to play its part. In position No. 293 White's Queen Bishop's first move is the 29th move of the game forcing Black's resignation. In position No. 294 the Bishop comes out as late as the 30th move with decisive effect.

Manoj Kumar-Dr. R. Nagendra Calicut 1982

1.e4, c5 2.Nf3, d6 3.Bb5ch, Bd7 4.Bxd7ch, Nxd7 5.00, Ngf6 6.Re1, e6 7.c3, Be7 8.d3, 00 9.Nbd2, d5 10.Qe2, Qc7 11.e5, Ne8 12.Nf1, b5 13.g4, c4? 14.d4, b4 15.Ng5, bxc3 16.bxc3, Qa5 17, Qc2, g6 18.h4, Nc7 19.f4, Ba3 20.f5, Rab8 21.h5!, exf5 22.gxf5, f6.

Position No. 293: 23.hxg6!, fxg5 24.Qh2!, hxg6 25.fxg6, Rxf1ch 26.Rxf1, Nf8 27.Rxf8ch, Kxf8 28.Qh7, Ke8 29.Bxg5!, 1-0.

3.Bb5ch) Sicilian Defence; Nimzowitsch-Rossolimo Attack.

4...Nxd7) Theory prefers 4...Qxd7 5.00, Nf6 7.Nc3, g6 8.00, Bg7.

9...d5) To be considered is 9...Re8 and Bf8/...g6/...Bg7 leaving to White the onus of acting in the centre.

11.e5) This Pawn wedge cramps Black's position on the King side and gives White attacking chances.

13...c4?) The fixing of the centre suits White; after 14.d4 he has a free hand on the King side with his e5-Pawn well guarded and a line of attack for his Queen in the diagonal b1-h7.

A reasonable continuation for Black would be 13...Rb8 intending ...b4 as well as ...Rb6 (to support e6) and ...f6.

17...g6) Preferable seems 17...Bxg5 getting rid of an attacking piece.

19...Ba3) There is not enough punch in Black's Queen side attack to divert White's attention from his King side attack. 19...Nb5 to increase a force on c3 can be met by 20.Re3.

21...exf5) Even after 21...Bxc1 22.Raxc1, Qa3, 23.Qh2, Rb2 24.Qh3 White's attack is unmeetable.

23.hxg6!) A nice sacrifice leading to a speedy conclusion.

29.Bxg5!) Here comes the Bishop with the inevitable mate threat 30.Qf7.

Broine-Frois Groningen 1981

1.d4, Nf6 2.c4, g6 3.Nc3, Bg7 4.e4, d6 5.Be2, 00 6.f4, c5 7.d5, e6 8.Nf3, exd5 9.cxd5, Bg4 10.00, Re8 11.h3, Bxf3 12.Bxf3, Nbd7 13.g4, Nf8 14.g5, Nfd7 15.h4, Rb8 16.h5, b5 17.Ne2!, Qb6 18.Ng3, c4ch 19.Kh1, Nc5 20.Qc2, Nd3 21.f5, Be5 22.Qg2, b4 23.hxg6, hxg6 24.f6, Nh7 25.Qh2, Nxf6 26.gxf6, Bxf6 27.Bg4, Be5?

Position No. 294: 28.Rxf7!!, Kxf7 29.Qh7ch, Bg7 30.Bh6, Rg8 31.Be6ch, Kf6 32.Nh5ch!, Ke5 33.Bxg7ch, Rxg7 34.Qxg7ch, Kxc4 35.Nf6ch, Kf3 36.Bg4ch, Kf2 37.Qh6, Qd4 38.Qd2ch, 1-0.

6.f4) King's Indian Defence; Four-Pawns' Attack.

9...Bg4) More frequently played continuations are 9...Na6; 9...Re8; 9...b5.

10.00) 'Kurs Dyebutov' gives 10.e5, Bxf3 11.Bxf3, dxe5 12.fxe5, Nfd7 13.e6, Ne5.

13...Nbd7) The Knight may be more usefully deployed via a6-c7 to support ...b5.

16...b5) It seems necessary to break White's Pawn roller by 16...f6.

21.f5) Despite his advanced Knight on d3 Black is helpless against White's menacing King side Pawns.

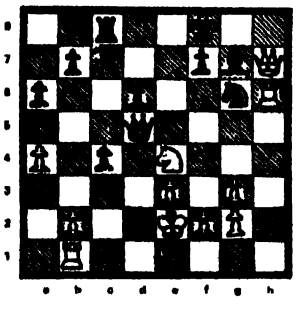
24.f6) The threat Qh2-h6 compels Black to give up his Knight for two Pawns.

25...Nxf6) If 25...Kh8 26.Qh6, Rg8 27.Kg2, followed by 28.Qxh7ch!, Kxh7 29.Rh1 mate.

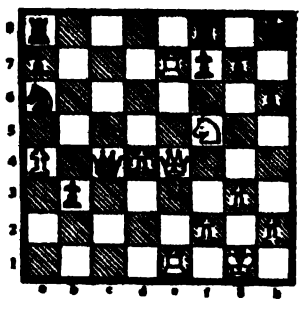
27...Be5) Permits a crushing Rook sacrifice. 27...Bg7 might have offered some chances of resistance.

32.Nh5ch!) 32...gxh5 33.Qf5ch, Ke7 34.Qf7ch, Kd8 35.Qd7 mate.

R. B. SAPRE



No 295 White to play



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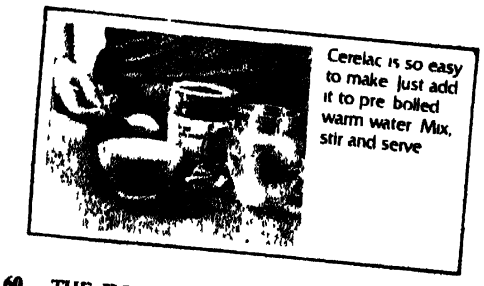

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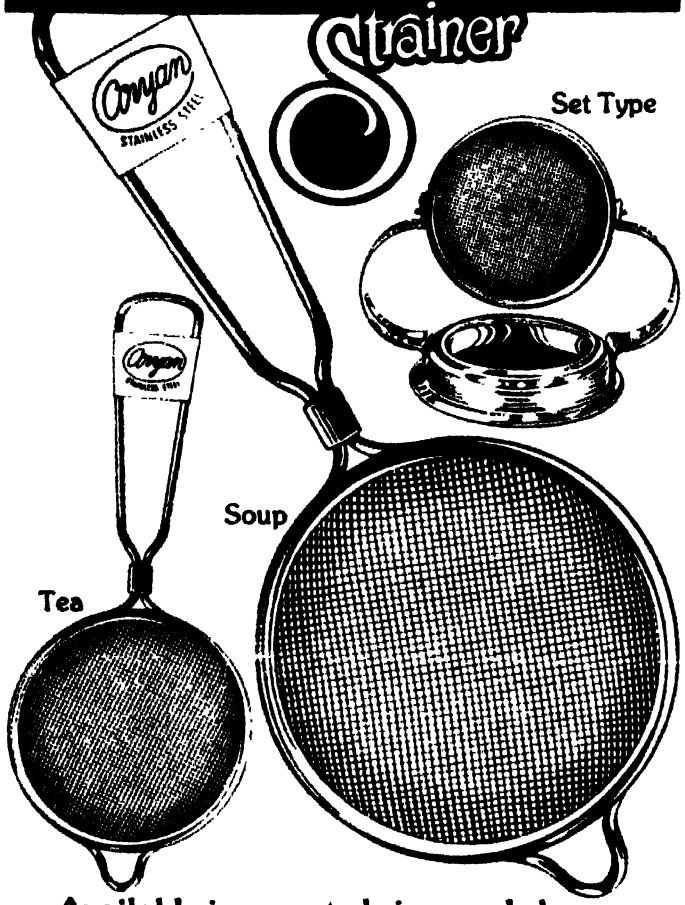

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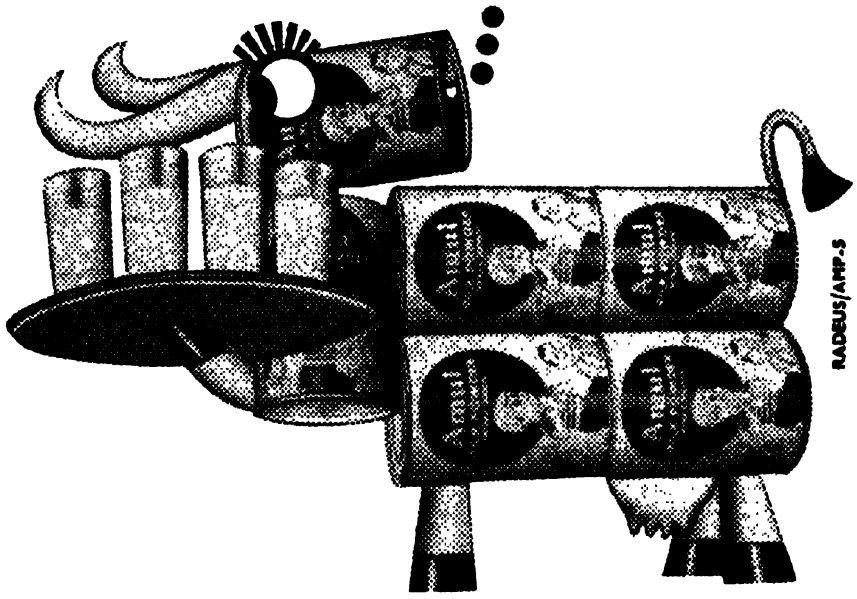

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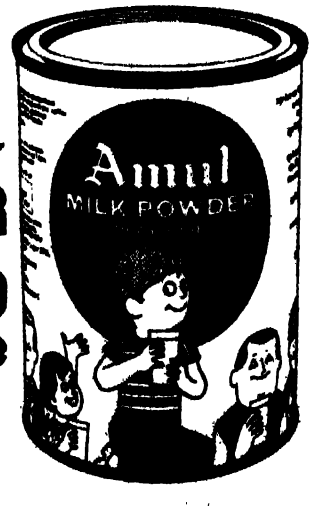

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The Illustrated
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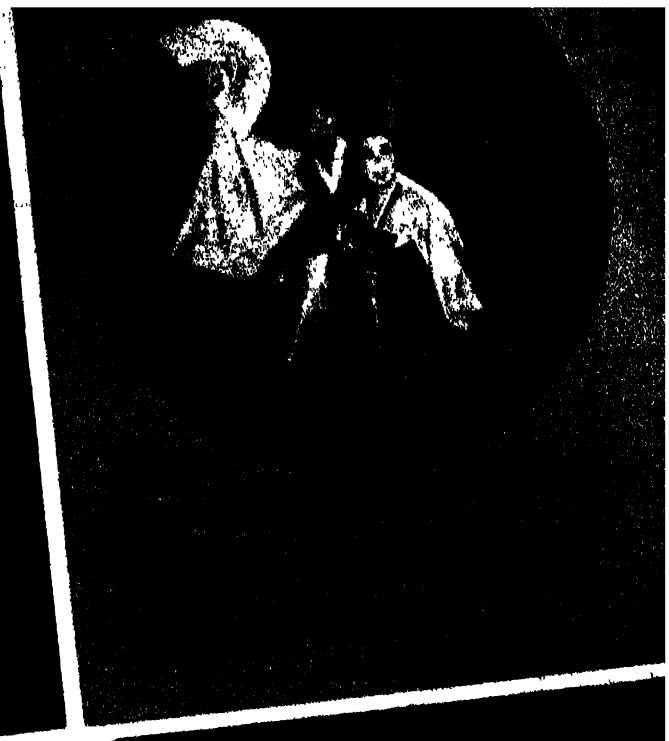
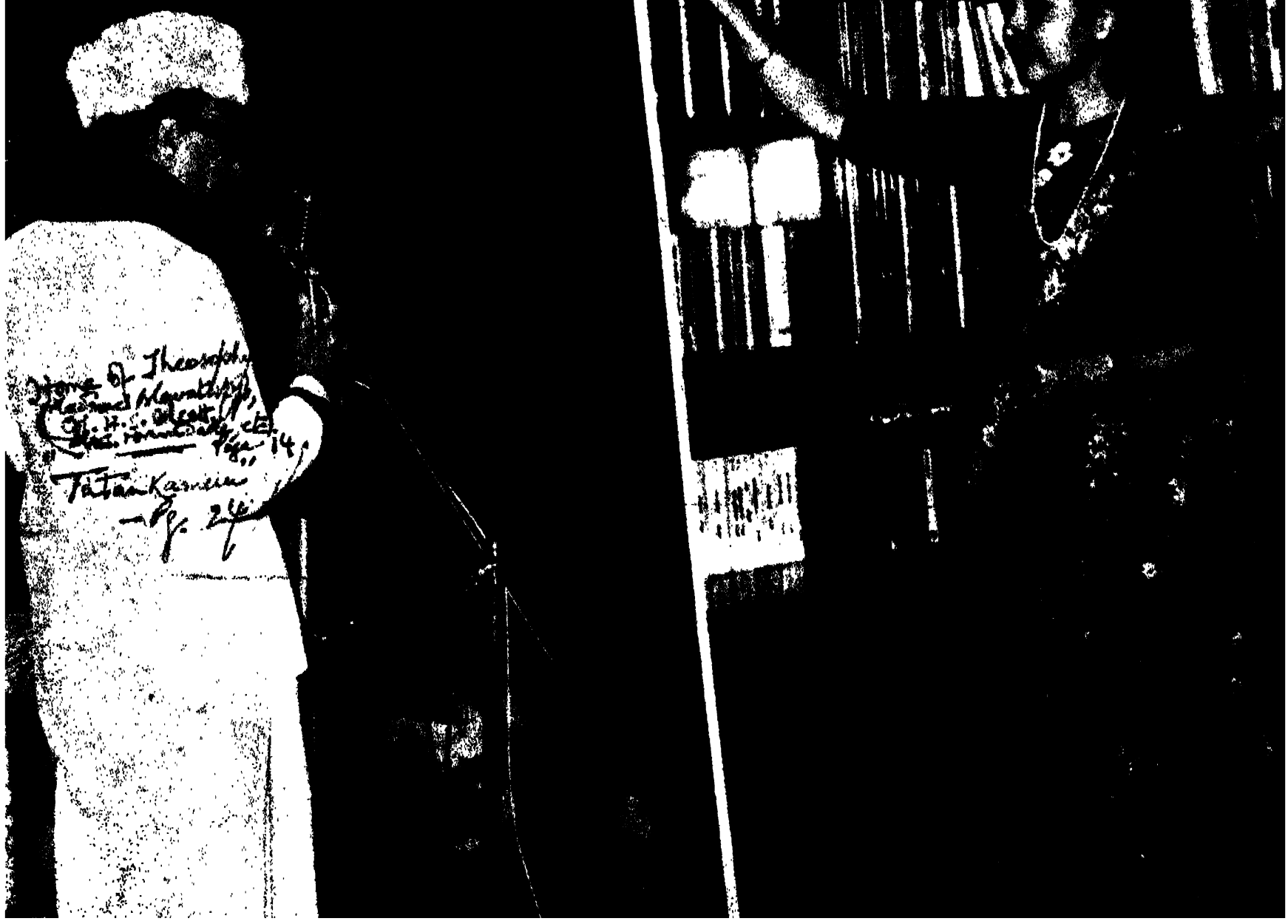
Spotlight On Tamil Nadu





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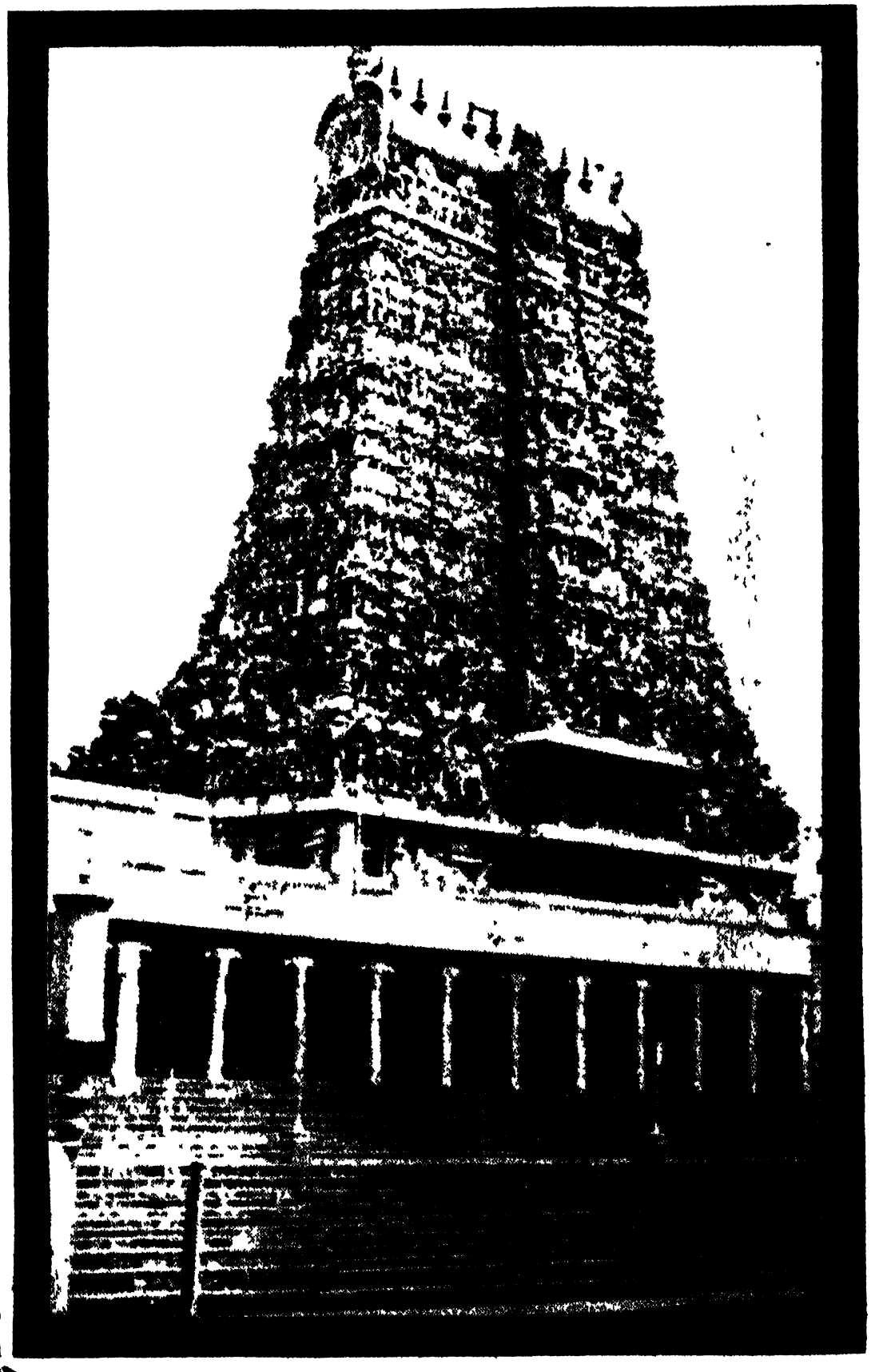

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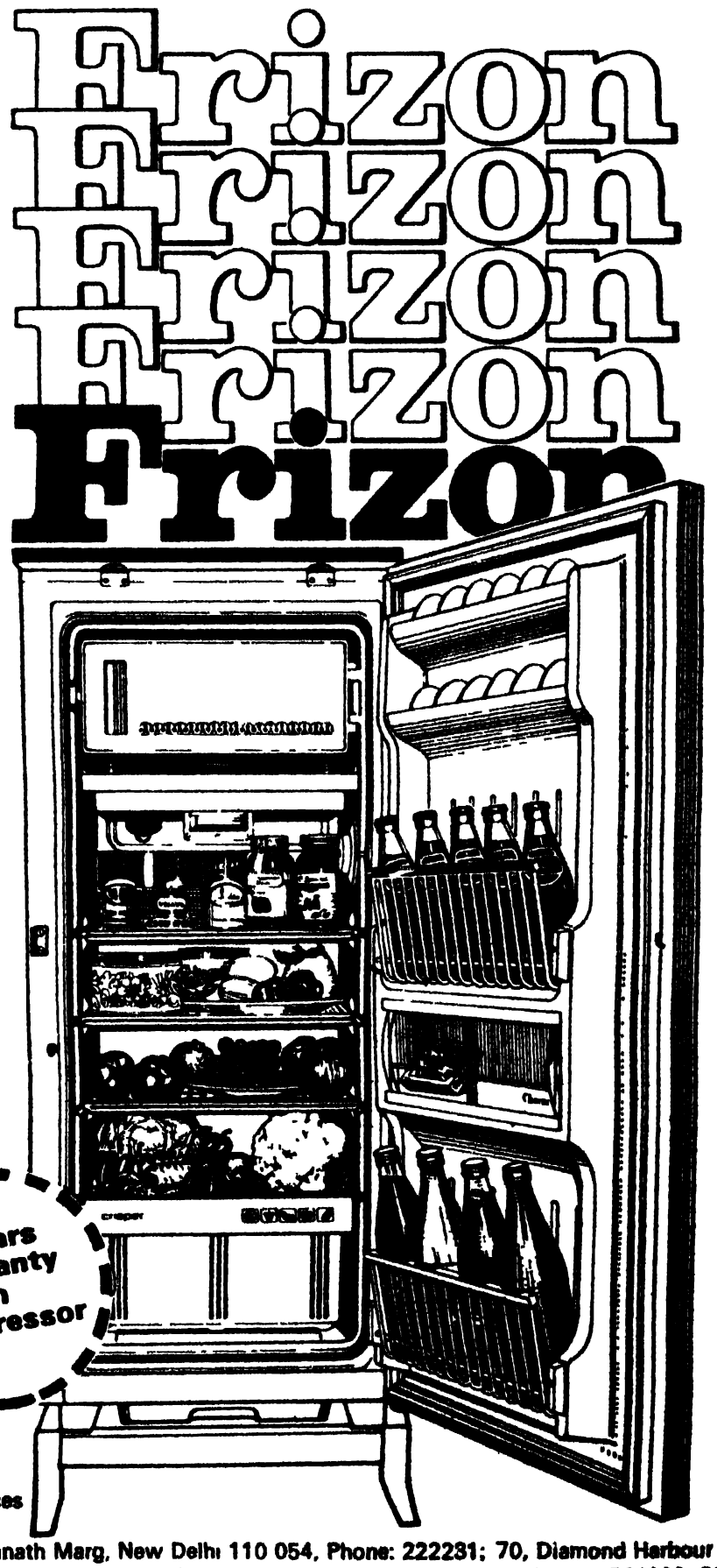

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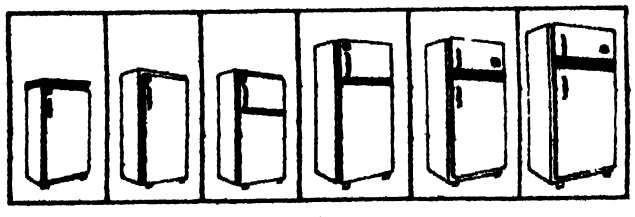

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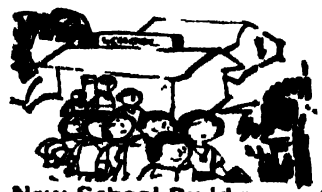

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Excellent X'Mas

Sir—Congratulations for the excellent Christmas issue (December 19). In our struggle for the Indianisation of our Church amidst strong opposition, such issues help us immensely. The cover page of Mary in Indian style as also the article "Christianity In India At Crossroads" were much appreciated by us.

Fr Hilary fernandes
Director
Jeevan Darshan Kendra
Hassan

Sir—Mathai Zachariah's article "Christianity In India At The Crossroads" (December 19) was a lucid and analytical study of the plight of Christianity in India today. It is no longer an alien religion here. Actually, conversions have done more harm than good to the ideals of Christianity. We hear much about the conversions of Harijans and Girijans these days. They are converted with the lure of money and other benefits. They are totally ignorant about the birth, life, teachings, death and the ultimate resurrection of Christ.

There are so many Hindus in India who accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour, Guide and Master. They need not get baptised or change their Hindu names. *Give Christ charge of your life "God is our refuge and Strength, a very frequent help in trouble* (psalm 46:1).

K.N. Sudhakaran Pillai
Belgaum

Sir—Mathai Zachariah's vision of Christianity in India envisages another Parsi community which created no communal problems in India ever since their migration here a thousand years ago. But Christianity resembles Islam in India as it also arose with political invasions of foreign powers. Naturally these imported religions find it hard to merge with the national mainstream, which erupts into communal riots frequently. If only the Christians had developed national consciousness apart from mere religious consciousness, they would have produced very many national leaders and would have raised the nation high up among the comity of nations. But alas! their only aim seems to be convert poor Hindus to enable them to reach "father in heaven". Now as Hindus also are becoming communal (thanks to the RSS) Christianity will one day find itself in the same position it "enjoys" in China and Russia.

C.T. Vairavan
Madras

Sir—He belongs to the Society of the Divine Word, does Francis Barboza (December 19) and so he makes it his business to make the Word known through the means which are his forte. Doubtless one can't please everyone—least of all the Fundamentalists and Traditionalists—and so it is not at all surprising that the "Laity" should have had something to say. It and its adherents are all confused in trying to maintain that progress in the direction in which Francis is going is "Hinduisation" when it is actually "Indianisation". Mercifully his superiors have allowed full rein to his ideas and all right-thinking people should welcome Francis's venture into this field. Sylvester Lobo has done well to bring into focus this new trend.

A. Brito
Bangalore

Sir—According to the Bible, salvation for mankind springs up from the redemptive act of Jesus on the Cross. It has nothing to do with the dictates of conscience and innovations of the Vatican Council.

C. Vijaya Kumar
Machilipatnam

Sir—Christianity emerged and flourished as a world religion with its unique Gospel of salvation in the name of Jesus. The apostles never preached that salvation is available outside the Church (*ie*, in other religions). No Protestant can be pleased at the way in which some theologians are downgrading Jesus as the saviour of the world.

P.M. Ratna Bai
Vijayawada

Sore Sikhs

Sir—Sitansu Das has aptly analysed the Akali agitation (December 12) which strongly resembles the Muslim League's method of bargaining before partition and independence. The Akali case seems to be even worse. Many Muslim intellectuals had actively opposed the Muslim League's policies in the former case not a single Sikh intellectual is coming forward to condemn the obscurantist Akali demands which are based on a brand of religious fundamentalism like Ayatollah Khomeini's.

K. Sunita
Calcutta

Sir—The author has missed some alarming aspects of the explosive situation in Punjab. There may or may not be merit or sanctity in the claims and demands of the Akalis but there can be no gainsaying that their activities are fiercely anti-national. Their obstinate stance to disrupt the ASIAD and thereby bring national humiliation and disgrace was rightly and effectively rebuffed by the public and the authorities.

Time has now come when it should be made known to all sects and people of our great nation that a fanatic, extremist and violent approach to obtain acceptance of demands would just not pay. It would be an act of indiscretion and weakness on the part of the Centre to reward the Akalis for their intransigence at the expense of those who are non-violent.

Summoning the services of the ex-army personnel by the Akalis is absolutely the last straw. This is intolerable under our Constitution and the Centre should act before it is too late.

Jagdeep Dhankar
Jaipur

Lemme Die!

Sir—Apropos Anoop Babani's "The Growing Menace Of Suicides" (December 11), in the animal world only lemmings and human beings are known to commit suicides. Lemmings rush into the sea and kill themselves when their population shoots up. This seems to be a form of population control. No such biological instinct drives human beings to take their own lives. It is the lack of identity that forces one to take the extreme and irrevocable step.

Dr M.K. Koul
Srinagar

Watch The Language!

Sir—The intro to the article ("Observations Of An Itinerant Bird Watcher", December 12) makes an attempt to do away with the difference between birdwatching and ornithologist. The article has more or less proved that Mr J. Banerjee is not an ornithologist but a mere birdwatcher.

Ornithology is a science, birdwatching is merely a hobby, which many a times supplements the science with firsthand observations of great importance. However the terms are by no means interchangeable.

S.J. Naik
Margao

True Titan

Sir—Girija Prabhakar deserves our thanks for the piece on Auguste Rodin (December 12), without a blemish of doubt, a genius of sculpture. To be frank, I was thrilled to see the marvellous sculptures, I would have cried if they were in colour.

Prakashakumar M.
Mulky

Daring Dacoit

Sir—The story "One More Dacoit" by G.P. Nagar (December 5) kept me glued to the WEEKLY till the last word.

Vishal Maheshwari
Jaipur

Old Man And The Tree

Sir—What is Suresh Kohli trying to do? Kill your magazine? Delude the readers? First that atrocious article—"Bombay By Night" (October 31)—and now a downright absurd one ("Another Western Wave From Dev", December 19). I have seen the movie; how can anyone stoop to compare a 60-year old man prancing around like a youth less than half his age and the Father of our Nation? The day you stop publishing Dennis and Phantom, you might as well close down your office.

Veena Krishna
New Delhi

Whither WEEKLY?

Sir—What benefit you are providing to the society by publishing such patently obscene photographs in your recent issues! It is beyond our comprehension. We are mortified to see your magazine stooping so low.

S.S. Agarwal
Hon. General Secretary
Cine Film Reform Association of India
Calcutta

Hail Hinduism!

Sir—Mr Nijhawan's article (December 26) could have well been titled simply "Hinduism", for it is one religion which has never been nor can ever be in a crisis. Hinduism, the oldest of the world's great religions has stood the test of time. It maintains that the cosmic cycle cannot be altered even by God Himself. Each one must find one's own salvation. It is *Karma* which decides our fate. It requires a rare type of moral courage to be a real Hindu. Apostates who turn to other religions are seldom led by spiritual reasons or genuinely theosophical considerations. The three reasons given by the author leave out the most potent of them all—money! For a poor man, bread is more real than subtle God. From Aurangzeb's *Jizia* days to modern times, people have been enticed and seduced by wealth.

K.M. Tandon
Kota

Sir—Prolonged foreign domination has caused the grafting of many myths and legends upon Hinduism. It is made out to be a dogmatic religion, inferior to other teachings. It was conveniently forgotten that Socrates and Copernicus only followed the rich Indian tradition of enquiry and research followed by the ancient Indian *rishis* who held that everything must be put to the test of reason and relevance before applying it in real life situations.

Brahm P. Gupta
New Delhi

Sir—The article further complicates an already tangled thicket of issues. The author marvels at a worshipper of the Bhagvadgita praying to the

demi-gods. But hasn't the Gita dealt with this? ("For verily whosoever worships other gods worships me because "I" am the object and Taker of all worships.")

However, no one can deny that the modern Hindu is indifferent about his religion. He is thus rendered rootless and exposed to foreign ideologies like Marxism.

Sujash Kumar Mic
Calcutta

Sir—The author's analysis is entirely based on semitic faiths. In fact Hinduism is a corrupt and degenerate version of a much older Vedic religion. In modern times Swami Dayanand re-interpreted it and showed that unlike the semitic beliefs', Hinduism was based on pure monotheism. And it did not need the mediation of a Prophet or a Messiah between Man and God.

Dattatreya Vable
Ajmer

Sir—Mr P.K. Nijhawan is guided by a narrow concept of religion. No wonder he is unable to fit Hinduism into his concept. Vivekananda rightly described Hinduism as the "mother of all religions", although Mr Nijhawan considers this a blasphemy. Hinduism is like sunlight which, though white in colour, comprises all the colours of the spectrum. The ancient *rishis* of India discovered the highest truth, "That art Thou". This is the central message of all the Upanishads. To see God in oneself and also in everything in the universe is the highest realisation. Religion is meant to help us on the path to this Truth. It is the spirit and not the form of religion that matters. I agree with the editorial comment that tolerance is not enough. Let us love all.

G. V. Sastry
Ranchi

Model Middle

Sir—"Middle-of-the-Road Cinema" (December 19) was readable. In a country like India with its vast population of illiterates, isn't it worthwhile to produce and screen commercial films than the so-called "art" films? After all, one goes to a theatre for entertainment and not to strain one's mind!

Husain E. Beguwala
Bombay

Not A Blunder?

Sir—You have referred a news item culled from *The Hindu* under the title "What A Blunder" in your "Weekly Pick" (December 19).

The picture of Krishna aiming an arrow at a moving fish by looking at its reflection with archer Arjuna looking on is not a misrepresentation. The only mistake it was stated to be a scene from Mahabharata, while it actually from Bagavatham.

The stamp *is* available for sale. I purchased the stamp at New Delhi Head Post Office on 22nd December.

R. Purushothaman
Madras

The Illustrated
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VOL. CIV NO. 2 JANUARY 16 1983 ESTD 1880

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Sri Lanka

9 COVER STORY: Focus On Tamil Nadu
It's MGR vs DMK
MGR is AIADMK and AIADMK is MGR, whereas there will be a DMK, whether M. Karunanidhi is around or not. On a visit to Tamil Nadu, S.V. Mani takes a close, hard look at the MGR Government and its performance.

8 MGR Deserves The Nobel Prize
[redacted] actress-turned-politician Jayalalitha, recommends in all seriousness that MGR deserves the Nobel Prize for introducing the Midday Meal Scheme.

12 ECONOMY: A None Too Flattering Record
S. Viswanathan, Editor, *Industrial Economist*, presents a revealing balance-sheet.

20 HISTORY: Rediscovering Tamil Nadu. RGK examines how Tamil Nadu represents the synthesis of Aryan and Dravidian ideas.

14 PHILOSOPHY: Home Of Theosophy
Rukmini Arundale has the credentials to speak on the subject and does so with authority and penetration.

15 CULTURE: Its Cultural Heritage
Tamil Nadu is a land of temples where some festival or the other is always being celebrated. A survey by Sabita Radhakrishna.

10 SATIRE: The Matinee Idol Knows His Crowd
Famed satirist Cho S. Ramaswamy on some of the recent profound pronouncements of MGR.

16 CINEMA: Where Cinema Is Politics And Politics Is Cinema
Brian Laul tells us how the two Kazhagams have effectively harnessed cinema to politics.

23 HAPPENINGS: Verdict Against Corruption
Stunning as the results of the Andhra and Karnataka Assembly elections are, they once again testify to the collective wisdom of the electorate, says K.C. Khanna.

30 IN THE STATES: When Government Fiddled While Trivandrum Burned
Sujata Anandan visits the scene of the Kerala riots and reports that it was Government and police inaction that resulted in the large-scale escalation of violence.

24 ARCHAEOLOGY: The Pharoah Who Woke After Thirty-three Centuries
The fascinating story of the discovery of this legendary Pharoah's tomb in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. By Partha Basu.

26 INTERNATIONAL: Generals Play Havoc
In the concluding instalment of excerpts from *Generals In Politics*, Air Marshal Asghar Khan discusses how the power politics of the Generals has reduced Pakistan almost to the level of a client state. He also reveals how these Generals have ruined the nation's economy.

41 PROFILE: Hotelier Extraordinaire
Ellen Chau on Hari Harilela, one of Hong Kong's wealthiest men who began as a small Indian boy selling newspapers and ended up with a number of hotels and trading companies.

43 LITERATURE: The Lebanese Vates
With Lebanon still blistering in the aftermath of the war, Kahlil Gibran, the Vates, still exercises universal appeal. Hari Prasad Nayak writes an appreciation.

32 DANCE: South Korean Ballet—Spirit In Motion
The traditional dances of a country reflect the cultural ethos of its people; the dances of Korea belong to the northeast Asian cultural sphere and the traditional repertoire includes items that trace their origin to the courts as well as community celebrations. By S.V.V.

37 HEALTH: Stammering In Children
J.P. Gupta on how care, attention and correct speech therapy can cure it. Also tips on Golden Turmeric by Bijalpita Chatterjee.

39 PHOTO FEATURE: The Dancing Desert
A collection from the album of Shivji.

49 FICTION: Brahmin Is As Brahmin Does
Short story by Indira Parthasarathy.

Plus: *That's Business:* 35; *The Weekly Pick:* 45; *Hal:* 46; *Stars:* 55; *Bridge & Chess:* 59; *Comics:* 56

Next Issue: Republic Number

Our Freedom In Peril?
On the 33rd anniversary of the Republic, regional and communal forces seem to be stronger than ever before. External threats are menacing and the economy is in a bad shape. Is all this merely part of a passing phenomenon or does it portend a darker future? Will our sovereignty as a nation get eroded by foreign pressures and internal discord or will we muddle through as in the past? An agonising soul-searching by a galaxy of writers and thinkers including R.G.K., Dr Ashok Mitra, Sitanshu Das, Shobha Kilachand and K.C. Khanna.

Troubled North-East: Assam Imbroglio.

Today, 62 years after Mahatma Gandhi's eulogy to Assam, the Assamese still nurse a wound—an injury caused by the invasion of their land by "foreigners" and by the consequences that flowed from it, says H..S. Sethi, while Kirit Bhaumik insists that Assam provides a unique example of how political instability can encourage different interest groups to adopt irreconcilable positions giving rise to knotty and insoluble problems.

Also: H.S. Sethi writes an accompanying piece on Mizoram.

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BEAUTY-TURNED-BALSEVIKA: Jayalalitha, M.G. Ramachandran's co-star in 28 films, says "the charge that MGR has introduced the Nutritious Noon Meal Scheme only to boost his personal popularity just does not wash". It may interest readers to know that Jayalalitha was Dharmendra's unsuccessful Hindi co-star in T. Prakasa Rao's *Izzat* (1968).

Midday Meal Scheme

MGR Deserves The Nobel Prize

After Mother Teresa, who? None other than MGR, if those who award the Nobel Prize are to accept the recommendation of the most glamorous personality [redacted] Jayalalitha is also a member of the High Power Committee set up to implement the Midday Meal Scheme.

by Jayalalitha

THE time is a few minutes past noon. At a primary school in the Chengalpattu district of Tamil Nadu, 200 children (between the ages of 5 and 10) are seated on mats laid out on the floor in neat rows. The cook and an assistant (both Harijan women), aided by two teachers, are serving them a hot meal of boiled rice with *sambar*, vegetables and a side dish of greens. At the doorway stands a woman, bejewelled, wearing a Kanchipuram silk sari, obviously well-to-do. Clutching her hand is a little 5-year-old. A teacher looks up and notices the lady. "What are *you* doing here? Surely, your son doesn't need *this* free meal?"

The mother looks embarrassed. Helplessly, she says: "What am I to do? He simply refuses to eat at home. He insists on eating here, together with all the other children. I brought his lunch from home and tried to feed him here, but he demands the same food as is served to the other children."

The incident is not so trivial as it may seem. It comes, in fact, as a revelation. It speaks volumes for the efficacy of the Free Nutritious Noon Meal Scheme in achieving one of its major objectives: the creation of a casteless society devoid of communal and sectarian prejudices, as envisioned by MGR, its author. This programme was inaugurated in all districts of Tamil Nadu on July 1, 1982. It is aimed at providing at least one square meal a day to 67 lakh underfed children in the 2-10 age-group living below the poverty-line.

The Nutritious Noon Meal Scheme is comprehensive. It is a major socio-economic measure aimed at establishing a hungerless, egalitarian society through promoting the healthy growth of young children by nourishing not only their bodies but their minds as well.

The scheme has won universal acclaim and sparked a chain reaction. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and the CMs of other States—notably those of Karnataka, Andhra and Gujarat—have evinced keen interest in it. The Andhra Government has even announced implementation of a similar scheme in the State from November 11.

The scheme has had a tremendous impact on the enrolment of children in primary schools. An additional 2.63 lakh children in the 6-11 age-group had been enrolled in Standards I to V within 10 weeks of its inception. The target set by the Planning Commission for the year 1982-83 is enrolment of an additional 1,00,000 children in this age-group. This target has not only been reached but surpassed! The scheme has, in addition, generated gainful employment for some 1,47,000 people—mostly widows and destitute women. The total number of beneficiaries under it are 66,27,643 children (as of October 31, 1982), divided into two age-groups: 2 Plus to 4 Plus & 5 Plus to 9 Plus.

The total number of Noon Meal Centres in the State is 62,852. At each centre, a trained Balsevika, a cook and an assistant attend to the work. The Balsevika is paid Rs 175, the cook Rs 90 and the assistant Rs 60 per month.

The Balsevika in charge of a centre is also entrusted with the responsibility of imparting pre-school education to the children. Educational aids and toys are supplied at a cost of Rs 600 to each centre, cooking utensils, plates and tumblers at Rs 2,000 per centre. Each centre catering to children in the 5 Plus-to-9 Plus age-group is staffed by one cook and one assistant. Here again, cooking utensils, plates and tumblers are supplied at Rs 2,000 per centre. In the case of schools with a strength of over 500 children, one additional cook is permitted.

The centres are being built according to a Government-approved type design, which includes a kitchen, a storeroom and a dining hall, with provision for a kitchen-garden and a playing-ground. It is proposed to teach the children gardening as well.

It has been stipulated, after consultation with a panel of nutrition experts, that the midday meal should comprise: rice 100 gm, oil 7 gm, *daal* 15 gm and vegetables 50 gm per child for those in the age-group 5 Plus to 9 Plus; for the age-group 2 Plus to 4 Plus, the quantum is: rice 80 gm, *daal* 10 gm, oil 7 gm and vegetables 50 gm. The cost of a meal has been fixed at 45 paise per child.

In terms of narrowing social differences, we find that food cooked and served by some 27,000 Scheduled Caste women is freely eaten by 66.27 lakh children belonging to all castes and communities. This is a significant achievement in any context.

The scheme has come as a godsend to the poor of Tamil Nadu. Most of these children had never eaten vegetables before—in fact, even a daily meal of rice and *sambar* was until now a pipe dream for them. Their staple diet till now consisted only of *cholam* (maize) or *ragi*. As one poor farmer in the North Arcot district admitted: "Previously, we could afford to cook rice in our homes only one or two days in the year—on the festival days like Pongal and Deepavali. It seems unbelievable that our children are at last getting a full meal of rice and *daal* and vegetables every day. God bless MGR!"

Charismatic Leader

The charge that MGR has introduced this scheme only to boost his personal popularity simply does not wash. Why, even before the inception of this scheme, MGR's numerous achievements had already secured for him a permanent niche in history. This charismatic leader has no need at all to resort to any cheap publicity gimmicks.

The scheme is undoubtedly a signal achievement and a great personal triumph for MGR. With regard to its impact and effect on society, it is no less noble and humanitarian in intent than the work done by Mother Teresa, which won for her the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1979.

Here, in fact, is the most deserving contender for the Nobel Prize in the same category: MGR, Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. ■

It's MGR vs DMK

They are ceaselessly at each other's throat—MGR and M. Karunanidhi. MGR is evidently working for a mass exodus from the DMK. One political commentator summed it up succinctly when he said: "Without MGR, there *won't* be an AIADMK but, without Karunanidhi, there *will* be a DMK." However, while the two Kazhagams fight it out furiously, Tamil Nadu still groans under the burden of grinding poverty. The economic outlook is far from bright and, 5 years after he came to power, MGR's "Man-Clean" image lies shattered.

by S.V. Mani

AFTER MGR who? Jayalalitha? No Karunanidhi? No The answer (that would nonplus even the most seasoned political quiz master) must remain a progression of negatives For, although MGR's All-India Anna DMK is dubbed a one-man affair, nobody is as yet gazing into the future minus the matinee idol "MGR will go on as long as he likes," is the cryptic remark one often hears in Madras

MGR is over 65 A routine of physical exercises and a diet of sizzlers would seem to have enabled him to maintain a schoolgirl complexion But, looking closer, one can see pouches under his eyes and jaw

There lies some mystery behind those goggled eyes and under that merino-skin fez-cap These are constant subjects of gossip, with some saying that MGR's vision is so bad that special machines are used for typing matter meant for him to read

Mystery lurks behind Karunanidhi's dark glasses, too The grapevine has it that his eyes have been affected by a dreadful disease and that the self-confessed atheist went to Tirupati and offered a pair of golden eyes to Lord Venkateswara

Fierce Rivalry

Talking about the future of the two DMKs, the argument one confronts is this The fierce rivalry between MGR and Karunanidhi is nothing but a clash of personalities However, talking to the *WEEKLY*, Karunanidhi maintained that the fight was not between MGR and himself, "it is MGR versus DMK", adding "But, if MGR thinks Karunanidhi is the DMK, I can't help it MGR is my friend "

The rivalry is fuelled by the continuing quest for the spoils of office in the case of the AIADMK and by the accumulated spoils of yesteryears in the case of the DMK Gullible, fanatic supporters add muscle to the two sides and a dazed populace watches on

This being the case, will the two parties come together in a spirit of brotherhood once either or both quit the scene? Efforts to merge the two DMKs during the 1980 Assembly Elections failed Recently, Karunanidhi himself ruled out a merger But, as one leading political commentator pointed out, when MGR quits the scene, the two Dravidian parties might indeed merge though, without him, they would have lost much of their clout "It's then that some national party might try to cash in," notes this commentator, who also believes that Karunanidhi will finally end up as a Dravida Kazhagam (DK) leader, anti-Brahminism being his main plank

Whatever happens, as a highly respected scholar-journalist (who wished to be anonymous) said "Without MGR, there *won't* be an AIADMK but, without Karunanidhi, there *will* be a DMK " Because, he said while the DMK was a solid cadre based party, the AIADMK was just a network of former Fan Clubs Once the two parties come together, the 70-year-old Dravidian movement, now bereft of vim or vigour may gain a fresh impetus Under a new generation of leaders and thanks to mounting socio-economic pressures (as manifested in the controversy over reservation and the like), the movement may acquire a new militancy Already, the DK as well as the DMK—which sees itself as more Dravidian than the AIADMK—have strongly opposed MGR's moves for concessions based on income Reservation for jobs is as high as 68 per cent though a Supreme Court ruling clearly states that in no case should it exceed 50 per cent (In professional colleges, reservation is 50 per cent, though)

Subnationalism: Still A Force

Should, however, the Congress, which was wiped off the State's map in 1967, rear its head again and adopt authoritarian tactics, the circumstances might throw up a dark horse—Bhindranwale style.

It is noteworthy that the DMK [redacted] given up its slogan for State Autonomy Strident outbursts by Dravidian leaders—"If Northerners continue to amass wealth in Tamil Nadu, it'll become another Assam!" and so on—are few and far between today and they make no impact anyway But then Tamil subnationalism (despite all the treachery of the two DMKs as regards the Tamils in Sri Lanka) has yet to die down

The beauty and richness of Tamil poetry, literature and culture might have been swamped by bawdy film lyrics and the all-round prurience spawned by film culture; Tamil culture may be decaying, yet Hindi continues to rouse passions So far, the language issue and a fierce hate campaign based on racism alone have sustained the Dravidian parties The Brahmin—who was, in any case, never wealthy—has been thrown in the dumps, but the lot of more than 70 per cent of the Tamils has become worse over the years

All talk of the future is in the realm of speculation, since one cannot see a counterforce to the Dravidian party (ies) emerging in the distant future The Congress (I) has no organisation worth the name and the base of the two DMKs is pretty solid

For the present, however, they are at each other's throat. The DMK, whose

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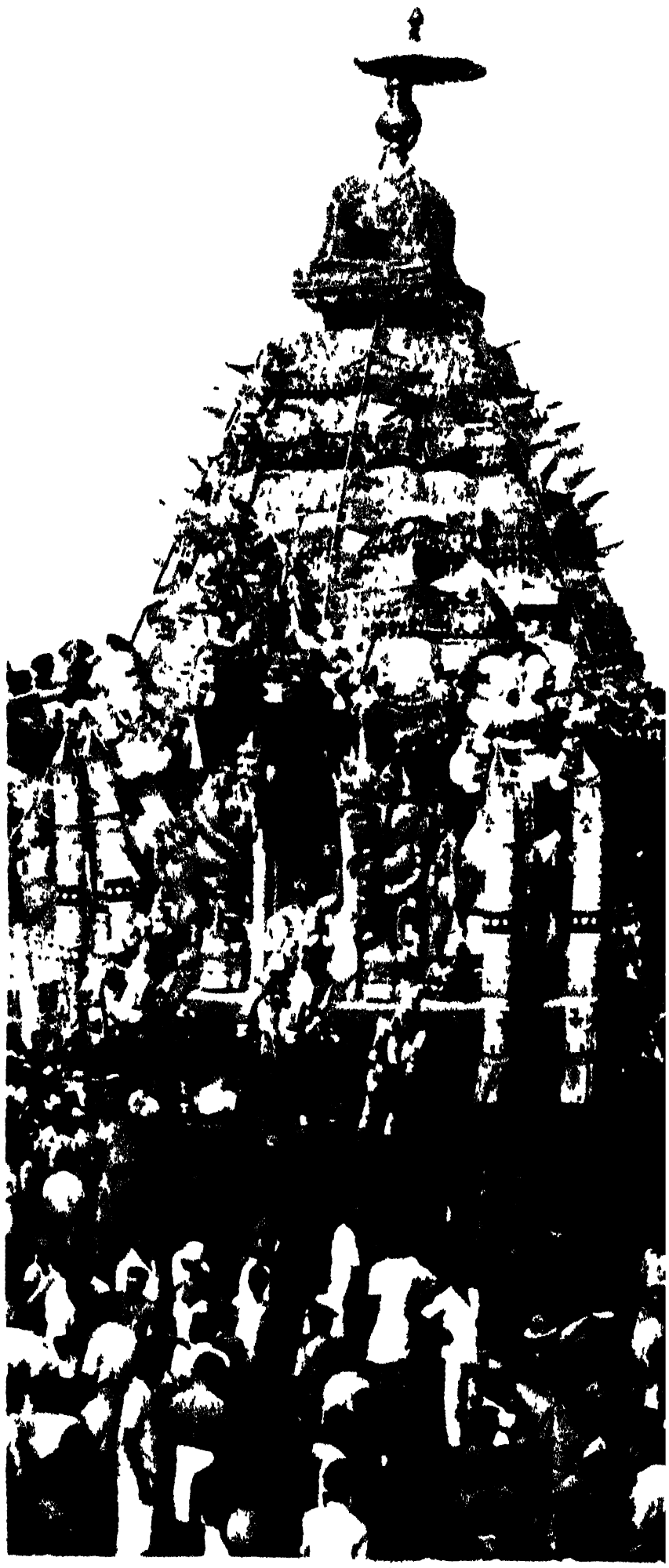


THE HOLD OF RELIGION continues to be strong as ever in Tamil Nadu for all the atheism propounded by the Kazhagams.

popularity has been sliding since 1974, has been rocked by defections to the AIADMK. MGR is working for a mass exodus from the DMK—something which has yet to happen. It is significant that Karunanidhi's second-in-command, K. Anbazhagan, who was given an open call by MGR to join his party, was recently appeased by Karunanidhi. A glittering show was launched the other day to mark Anbazhagan's 60th birthday at which an Ambassador car was presented to him. Going by the DMK formbook, pretty soon he may be weighed against gold or currency. (Karunanidhi has been weighed in this fashion several times.)

Moon-faced actress Jayalaitha has emerged as an extra-constitutional authority, though epithets like "heir-apparent" may be far-fetched. But MGR has been exploiting every opportunity to project her. On December 16, State power was deployed to organise a 5-lakh-strong procession of women to mark Poet Subrahmanya Bharati's birth centenary. Leading the line-up—which marched through Madras City's main arterial road, the Mount Road, to the accompaniment of revolutionary songs and film tunes—was Jayalalitha. She is the manageress of the multi-crore midday meal scheme, so close to MGR's heart.

Dehumanising Poverty

While actors, actresses, con men and assorted politicians are engaged in feathering their own nests, Tamil Nadu groans under dehumanising poverty. At a time when several other States are experiencing an industrial boom, in Tamil Nadu even existing industries are being closed down. Many technocrat-entrepreneurs are in the dumps. Having invested sizeable sums in small and medium units, these young men with drive and enthusiasm have had to down shutters because of the crippling power cuts.

It is pointed out that the AIADMK administration lacks a sense of urgency in tackling problems. That files keep piling up is old hat. Owing to MGR's meekness towards New Delhi, Central investment in recent years in the State has become negligible. Prestigious projects (like the one of the Railways at Karaimedu, near Coimbatore) have been lost. And now a Hindustan Photo Film unit, which was to be set up at Ooty, has been all but given to Uttar Pradesh.

The ill-conceived meals scheme is proving to be an albatross round MGR's neck: he has already announced that, for 19 days in a year, the children will not get Government meals. (While launching the scheme, he had promised to feed them all the 365 days, including holidays. Also, the scheme has cast a heavy burden on the teachers, who spend more time at ration shops and groceries and kitchens than in classrooms.

More importantly, it has put immense pressure on the food stocks, the public distribution system and the price line. Even AIADMK Ministers and officials see a food shortage on the horizon. However, at one level, schemes such as this have become necessary because of long years of neglect.

Improvisation of the masses, especially rural, has produced its own violent backlash. Tamil Nadu has witnessed one of the country's strongest left extremist movements and the most disturbing conversion of Hindus to Muslims at Meenakshipuram. That this should have happened in a State where the Dravidian parties have reigned supreme has its own implications.

The extremist movement is being met with unprecedented repression. Even those like the eminent jurist, V.M. Tarkunde, who tried to expose incidents of police torture and deaths in jail, have been dealt with severly. Tamil Nadu has become notorious for its attacks on the press and civil rights activists.

Damage To Image

Corruption has not yet become a way of life (as under the DMK regime), but there *is* corruption at *all* levels. The "Man-Clean image MGR enjoyed not long ago lies shattered. Though he had levelled grave corruption charges against Nedunchezhian, Rajaram, Madurai Muthu and a whole lot of others when they were on the other side of the political fence, MGR did not have qualms in admitting them into his fold when it suited his designs.

MGR himself is now facing serious corruption charges, which are being probed by the Ramamurthi Commission. Its sittings and the depositions before it have received wide publicity and evoked great interest. That the outcome may have little impact on MGR's popularity is quite another matter.

From Dindigul in 1974 to Periyakulam in 1982, it has been a long and eventful journey for MGR. His nominee, Maya Thevar—who crushed the DMK, the Congress and splinter parties (in fact, all these parties put together could not muster the number of votes the AIADMK alone got)—is now with the DMK. Indira Gandhi, who was with MGR in the 1977 elections, tossed him overboard in 1980. She teamed up with the DMK in the elections held subsequently. Now she keeps both the Kazhagams guessing.

The Periyakulam poll held last September convincingly proved that MGR even now enjoys great popularity: his good-guy image from films still clicks. Men like Sivaji Ganesan are no match for him. Sivaji's character roles—especially in tear-jerkers over the years—have become a liability for him. MGR cleverly stuck to his roles as the swinging saviour of the downtrodden and of damsels in distress.

Still witness the rapidly expanding poverty scene: the thousands living like worms in the slums and pavements of Madras; the hundreds walking miles for a pot of drinking water in the villages or long water queues in cities; human beings suddenly emerging from sewerage wells and shaking off the muck and slime while Ministers jaunt abroad, allegedly to study waste disposal; the crater-ridden, ribbon-sized two-way roads in Madras; the early-morning serpentine queues at Fair Price Shops for a can or two of kerosene; the flourishing tribe of pawnbrokers in every nook and cranny of the State; the overflowing grog joints at the rate of two a street, wasting bodies lying outside these, mouths frothing, dhoti askew, senseless and lost to this world.

This is the reality, the outcome of the politics of illusion. ■

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO MGR! However, the Midday Meal Scheme, though immensely welcome at the "common-man" level, is supposed to have brought an immense pressure on the food-stock position, the public distribution system and the price-line. The detractors of the Scheme see a food shortage on the horizon.

The Matinee Idol Knows His Crowd

The author, in his own inimitable style, divides the MGR reign into *BC* and *AD* periods: *BC* standing for *Before Crisis* and *AD* for *After Dismissal*.

by Cho S. Ramaswamy

BEFORE the crisis of facing Indira's wrath and losing office in 1980, MGR's Fan Club, known as the AIADMK, ruled Tamil Nadu for 2¼ years from 1977. And, coming back to power after getting sacked by the Centre, MGR's AIADMK Government is now 3 years old. His two terms in office, which could be conveniently differentiated as the one *Before Crisis (BC)* and the one *After Dismissal (AD)*, are as different in character as the two periods of history: BC and AD.

During the *BC* years, MGR did try to keep his rule free from graft, perhaps out of the unfounded fear that otherwise he would meet the same fate as Karunanidhi, who had been thrown out by the people because of his corrupt rule.

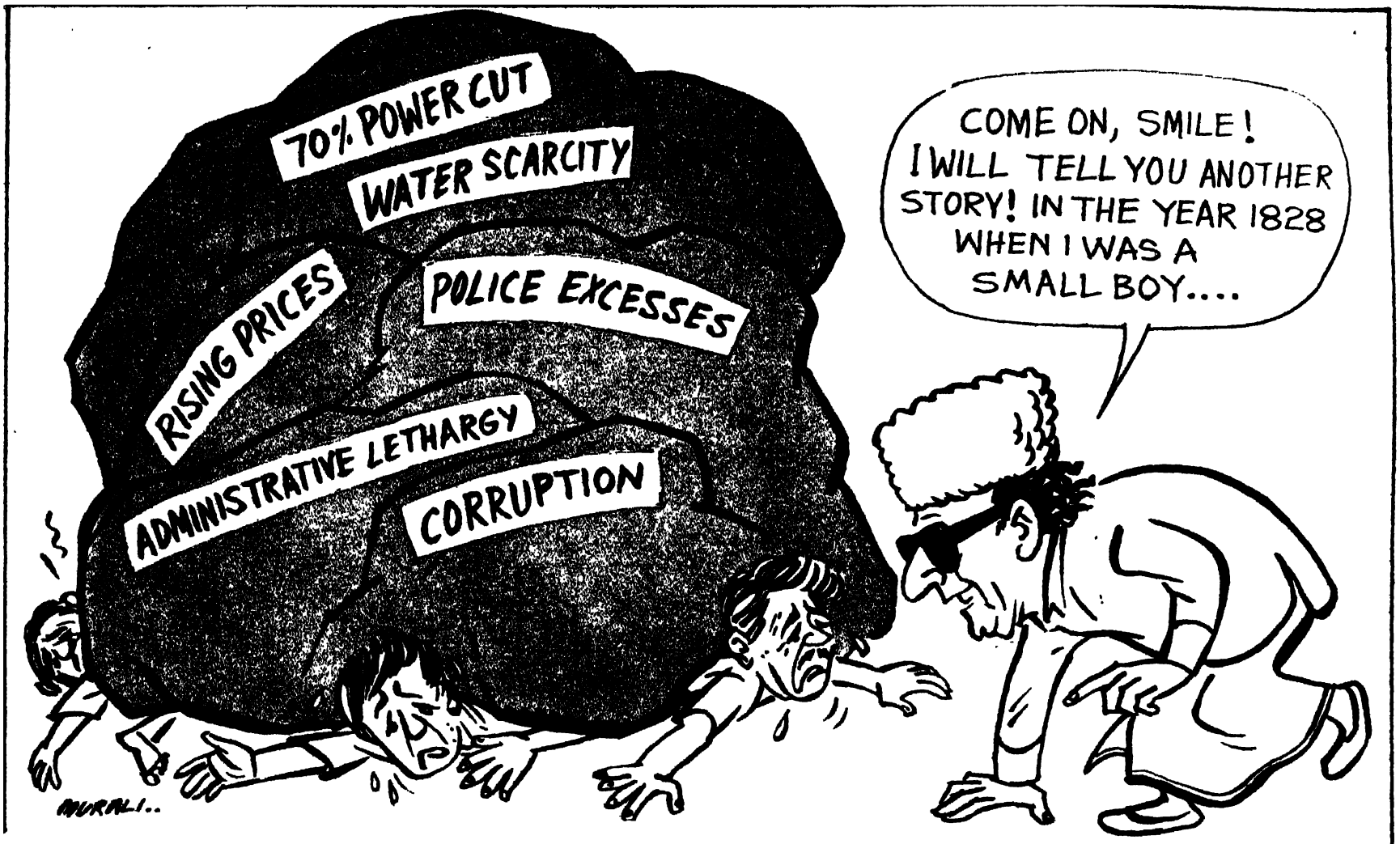
In total contrast to this amateurish approach of the first term, now, in the *AD* period, MGR has realised that corruption is bad only if it gets exposed.

While the *BC* period saw MGR attempting to be as different a Chief Minister from Karunanidhi as possible, now he has transformed himself into a great disciple of Karunanidhi, emulating all the techniques of the latter for perpetuating himself in power and amassing wealth.

In his *BC* rule, MGR exhibited a lot of hesitancy in administrative matters. A favourite argument of his apologists then was that he was only trying to avoid being misguided by a corrupt bureaucracy.

The hesitant MGR has now, in his *AD* rule, become a man in a hurry. His administration is now a scramble to make hay while the rising sun—the election symbol of the DMK—is not shining.

If during MGR's first tenure the files did not move, now they travel with great acceleration in the reverse, so that the person who is interested in the forward movement



of any file would be prepared to pay the price demanded.

Remarkable as these changes are, they are but mundane developments when compared with a revolutionary trait which MGR has started unfurling now. He is creating history—liberally. To be more precise, he is rewriting history. If Karunanidhi was MGR's magnificent obsession during the first tenure, it is now necessary to rewrite history. Undaunted by the criticisms of the DMK supporters, he is going about the task with a singular determination, as if he is a man with a mission.

The Tamil Nadu Chief Minister recently recalled the patriotism of the Justice Party leader, P.T. Thiagarajan, and his involvement in the National Movement by telling the people how the Justice Party leader had gone about distributing khadi clothes to the Congress workers during their picketing of arrack and toddy shops in the year 1932. The political history of Tamil Nadu would now have to be revised. This character, P.T. Thiagarajan, passed away in 1927 but, as MGR has resurrected him to play a role in the 1932 Congress movement, authors of political history have to prolong the life of the dead Justice Party leader by at least 5 years.

The Communist leader, P. Jeevanandam, died in 1963. But MGR has claimed that, when he resigned his seat in the Upper House of the Tamil Nadu Legislature in 1964, Jeevanandam came to him with words of appreciation and consolation.

Historians, please take note. Jeevanandam lived one year after his death to provide consolation to MGR!

Let not the people of other States complain that the Tamil Nadu Chief Minister is confining himself to the political events in the State alone. In the latest exercise of MGR, in his self-appointed task of setting history right, he has travelled North. The Tamil Nadu Chief Minister last month condescended to take the public into confidence regarding a political secret. He said: "When Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose and Pattabhi Sitaramayya were locked in a contest for the Congress Presidentship, I was a 15-year-old boy and an active member of the Congress Party. Bose lost that election because Gandhiji said that Pattabhi's defeat would be his defeat. Unable to bear Gandhiji's interference in the electoral process of the Congress Party, I left politics."

Rewriting History

For anyone who wants to have a second look at history, there cannot be a better justification than this statement of the Tamil Nadu Chief Minister. That MGR has given his year of birth as 1917 in his autobiography, that having been born in 1917 it was a superhuman achievement on his part to have reached only 15 years of age in 1939, and that, anyway, the Congress Party never had persons below 21 years as active workers are all insignificant data compared with the crucial one—that, in the election referred to by MGR, it was Bose who won, and not Pattabhi! Now that MGR has made this revelation, the ball is in the court of the political historians of this country. Let them revise their narration of national events.

As far as MGR is concerned, he cannot be less concerned with dates. In fact, he announced his decision to revolutionise history by saying, a couple of years back, that he had seen the 1914 floods in Madras as an 8-year-old—unmindful of his autobiography, which said that he was born in 1917. Who knows? He might have been referring to a *Poorva Janma* of his.

MGR's new-found zeal for rewriting history has spread like an infection in the State. He has made every political party delve deep into the historical records by offering to prove that it was the Justice Party which started the Free Meal Scheme, not Kamaraj. The Congress (I) entered the fray with the assertion that it was a Chola king who thought of it first. The burning topic of discussion in Tamil Nadu now is not the drastic power cut which has plunged the State into darkness. Nor is it the scarcity of drinking water in Madras City. Every political party in the State is now bent on proving that the Free Meal Scheme, which has converted all schools into canteens, teachers into cooks and students into beggars, was originated by *its* leader.

Not satisfied with having initiated this great debate, MGR is now frantically in search of an incident which he could flaunt as the seed that has flowered as the Free Meal Scheme.

History tells us that Asoka, because of his remorse on seeing the dead and maimed in the Kalinga war, walked away from his palace, renouncing his kingdom, because, we are told, he was touched by the misery of the people. In history, every effect has a cause. So it is but natural that MGR, having presented the effect called the Free Meal Scheme, should now be anxious to disclose to the people of his State the cause also.

MGR has been trying many alternatives. When the Scheme was launched with fanfare, he said: "Myself and my brother underwent untold misery in our boyhood due to want of proper food. It is only the memory of our plight then that has inspired me to launch the Free Meal Scheme."

Not satisfied with the appropriateness of this cause, after about a week, MGR proclaimed that he had implemented the Scheme only because doctors had told him, years back, that the hospitals would not be so crowded if only people had taken nutritious food in their boyhood.

A lesser man would have remained content with having advanced two entirely different reasons as the one reason which compelled him to act in a particular way. Not so MGR. Being the perfectionist he is, he continued his search for a dazzling reason and then said: "When I went to the United States and France, I saw children being provided with free meals there. That is why I've formulated this Scheme in Tamil Nadu."

History As Recreation

Tamilians are sure that they have not heard the final pronouncement from their CM on this subject. The Great Chronicler is capable of coming out with a new theory, equipped with a new date and armed with a new anecdote.

History may repeat itself elsewhere but, in Tamil Nadu under MGR, history is getting recreated.

Yes, recreation—that is what MGR in his second tenure is dishing out to the Tamilians. Entertainment drives away worries and problems. The matinee idol knows his crowd. ■

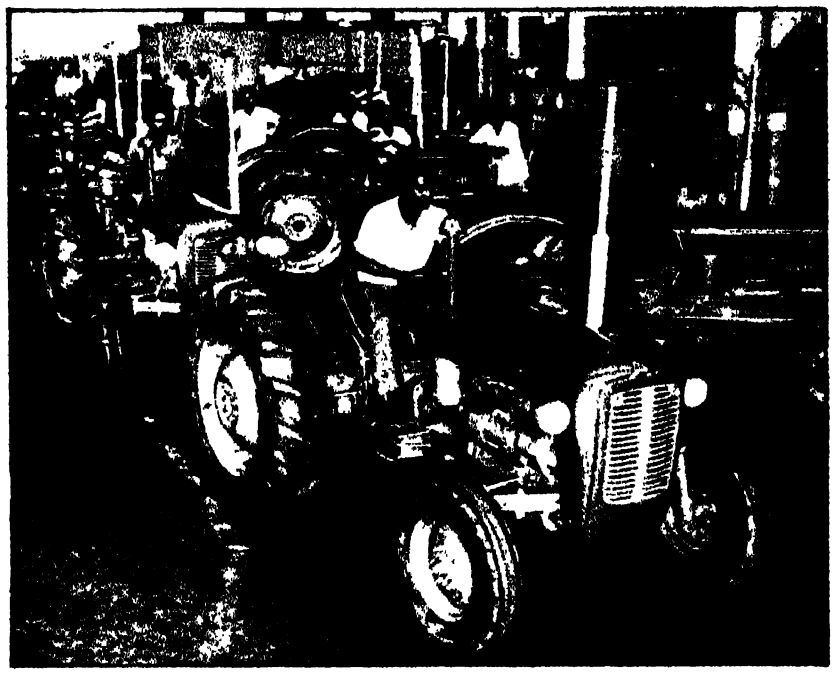
The Industrial Scene

A None Too Flattering Record

A combination of factors has contributed to the current state of stunted growth: neglect by the Centre; a State leadership indifferent to industrial investment; an entrepreneurial class that seems to be conservative and contented; and an administration that is evidently demoralised and reduced to inaction by maltreatment at the hands of the political leadership.

The author, Editor of *Industrial Economist*, presents a revealing balance-sheet..

by S. Viswanathan



TRACTORS ROLLING OUT OF THE ASSEMBLY SHOP at the TAFE Sembiam Factory. The present recession in demand for commercial vehicles has affected Tamil Nadu most, with its overconcentration of industries built around the automobile. The author points out that between 1967 and 1976, when the DMK was in power, not a single new unit was set up in the public sector in the State.

HOSUR was a sleepy, small town on the border of Tamil Nadu, just 40 km from Bangalore. It had a Government cattle farm that was sick and stagnant And some sericulture. This was Hosur of the early 1970s.

And then Hosur was notified a backward area. An imaginative Area Development Programme was launched. The infrastructure was improved. Incentives were provided for locating industries. And, for a while, there was also the ban on industrial expansion in and around urban centres. Which also directed investments to Hosur.

In just over 5 years, Hosur became one of the fastest-growing centres in Tamil Nadu. Today, it accounts for an investment of over Rs 200 crores and for employment to over 7,000 people. There is practically no major industrial group in Tamil Nadu that has not located its new projects in Hosur. The Hosur experiment also helped Tamil Nadu get Rs 10 crores (out of the total of Rs 65 crores provided by the Centre) as subsidy for siting industries in a backward area.

Now look at the current scenario. Hear the wail of a representative of small-scale industrial units in Hosur: *Since November, owing to the severe power cut and worse, owing to total stoppages extending up to 20 hours a day, there's near paralysis of industrial production!*

Reeling under a 60 per cent power cut and with the outlook for the coming months far from bright, the industrial scene of Tamil Nadu is indeed gloomy. Production in several industries—aluminium, automobiles, cement, caustic soda and textiles, among the major ones—is much below projections. Understandably, there is no great enthusiasm on the part of entrepreneurs to expand or diversify. An index of this is provided by the relatively small number of new issues for public subscription for locating industries in Tamil Nadu despite the tremendous spurt in activity on the national scene.

A combination of several factors—such as neglect by the Centre, largely as a result of the loss of a political base for the Congress (I) in the State, a State leadership not alert in encouraging industrial investments, a class of businessmen that seems to be conservative and contented and an administration that appears demoralised and reduced to inaction by maltreatment by the political leadership—together seem to have contributed to the current state of stunted growth.

Excellent Start

The State had an excellent start, though. In the 1950s and 1960s, among the States, Tamil Nadu recorded perhaps the fastest rate of industrial growth. From the very small base of textiles and a few engineering units it had in the early 1950s, new investments flowed into a variety of sophisticated industries: automobiles and ancillaries, aluminium, cement, heavy chemicals, paper, viscose...

The State leadership played a key role in catalysing these. The State Financial Corporation, the oldest in the country, took the initiative and boldly participated in the equity of several units, which provided a timely fillip and confidence to a new class of entrepreneurs. A number of Development Corporations were set up, charged with the special task of aiding large, medium and small industrial units. A programme of setting up industrial estates all over the State also helped in dispersing development.

Tamil Nadu holds to this day an enviable record in this area. Its industrial development is not overconcentrated in a couple of districts, as in West Bengal or Maharashtra.

Central investments played their own part in this development. The setting up of the Neyveli Lignite Corporation (NLC), with an investment of nearly Rs 200 crores, contributed substantially to the production of power. The NLC is among the earliest and best examples of a pit-head thermal station with mining and production activities well integrated. One of the best-operated power stations in the country, this 600-MW thermal station has been consistently meeting some 40 per cent of the power needs of the State for several years.

The high-pressure boiler plant of Bharat Heavy Electricals, set up in the 1960s, soon grew into a model for corporate growth. The policy of contracting out production of less sophisticated structural fabrication, sub-assemblies and components to smaller units helped the Tiruchi unit of BHEL record vast increases in the tonnage and value of its production right from the beginning. And this policy was of immense benefit to hundreds of small-scale industrial units in Tamil Nadu.

The State also witnessed a rapid growth of the automobile and ancillary industries. The location of Ashok Leyland and Standard Motor Products, both in collaboration with British firms, helped in the establishment of a large number of ancillary industries, mostly with British collaboration. Today, several of these have grown into major suppliers of components to the Indian automobile industry.

Some Bright Spots

There are a few areas in which the State provides the model for development elsewhere. Handlooms offer the most striking example. Nearly 1,000 Primary Weavers' Cooperative Societies have been federated under the Tamil Nadu Handloom Weavers' Cooperative Society (Co-Optex). Co-Optex provides inputs—such as credit at low rates of interest, quality yarn, dyestuffs, silk, polyester fibre and *zari*. It helps co-ops in dyeing, processing and finishing. And it markets their products through some 500 retail outlets spread all over the country. Polyester-blends account for some 30 per cent of the sales of Co-Optex, testifying to the vast strides made in keeping pace with consumer demand. And Co-Optex is a mighty business enterprise, with the sales in the current year targeted at Rs 100 crores. The well-integrated operations in the handlooms sector, apart from encouraging traditional skills, have improved the lot of nearly 3 million people of the State dependent on handlooms.

Equally impressive progress has been made by the State in setting up khadi and

village industries Their output, at around Rs 120 crores, accounts for a fifth of the total all-India production The most striking of these is the safety-match industry, concentrated in the Sivakasi-Sattur belt Production of safety-matches from the village industries of Tamil Nadu in 1979-80 amounted to Rs 26 crores, which formed over 80 per cent of the total production from this sector in the country

However, in other areas, the State missed the opportunity to build on the excellent base laid earlier In the 1970s, the record has been dismal

Significantly, between 1967 and 1976, when the DMK was in power, there was not a single new unit set up in the public sector in the State Even the crying needs of the NLC for the provision of some essential blancing equipment were delayed It was only during President's Rule in 1976-77 that the investment proposal on the Salem Steel Plant was cleared for a cold roll-mill to produce stainless steel out of imported hot rolled-bands. And, thereafter, the much-delayed Neyveli expansion plan was sanctioned

Ancillary Units In Distress

The present recession in demand for commercial vehicles has naturally affected Tamil Nadu most with its over-concentration of industries built around the automobile Likewise, the slowing down of power development programmes and the fall in growth of revenues of the Electricity Board owing to crippling shortages have caused widespread distress among suppliers of power equipment to the Electricity Board

The State lacks large consumer industries Though its textile industry is an old one, it is predominantly a producer of yarn The large composite mill of Binnys seems to have become incurably sick (with an awful lack of modernisation) and is kept alive by continuous oxygenation

Tamil Nadu has limited natural resources and, even in areas where it has some special advantages (as in sugar or cement), there is near stagnation Compare, for instance, the record of the sugar industry in Tamil Nadu with that of Maharashtra During 1972-82, the number of sugar factories in Maharashtra increased from 42 to 78, the average annual sugar production for the 3 years ending 1971-72 was 10 35 lakh tonnes, which increased to an average of 21 68 lakh tonnes for the 3 years ending 1981-82 In this period in Tamil Nadu, the number of sugar factories increased from 16 to 21 and the 3-year average production increased from 2 72 lakh tonnes to 5 18 lakh tonnes. This 9 per cent annual growth over a small base was rather modest for the potential, Tamil Nadu has the advantage of the longest crushing season

AS A CROWD-PULLER, MGR may still be a great force but, on the economic front, the State has been steadily sliding. Since November, owing to the severe power cut and total stoppages extending at places up to 20 hours a day, there is near paralysis of industrial production

Again there has been poor growth of the cement industry in the 1970s The years of severe power shortages and low retention prices pushed the industry towards sickness and there has been little enthusiasm on the part of entrepreneurs to avail of the handsome concessions offered for setting up cement units, as there has been, to such spectacular effect, in neighbouring Andhra Pradesh

Wasted Opportunity

For a State lacking in basic raw materials, the easy availability of naphtha from the Madras Refineries and a range of coal chemicals from Neyveli should have triggered impressive development in chemicals and petrochemicals downstream But failure to comprehend the tremendous scope for these provides a glaring instance of wasted opportunity Madras Refineries and Madras Fertilisers in the public sector, set up in collaboration with American and Iranian interests, have been among the best-managed public sector undertakings, with enviable records of production and profits Even now when the capacity of the Refineries is being doubled at a cost of around Rs 225 crores there is little activity to set up downstream units to take advantage of the copious availability of naphtha

Again, the State did pioneering work in introducing the concept of the joint sector. The Southern Petrochemicals Industries Corporation (SPIC), the largest producer of urea in the country is among the most interesting instances of joint ventures. Yet Tamil Nadu did not persist with the experiment and seems to have been stupefied by some of the earlier reverses Neighbouring Andhra Pradesh seems to have taken up the cue and provides a glorious instance of joint sector development

The abundance of skills available in Tamil Nadu, it was thought, would trigger the growth of the electronics industry In the 1960s, the State conceived of an industrial estate exclusively for electronics and instruments The Centre's policy on production of television sets was also put to excellent use by the small-scale sector in Tamil Nadu The State today accounts for nearly half the production of television sets in the country But it seems to stop just at that. The share of Tamil Nadu in the total production of the electronics goods in the country is less than 5 per cent

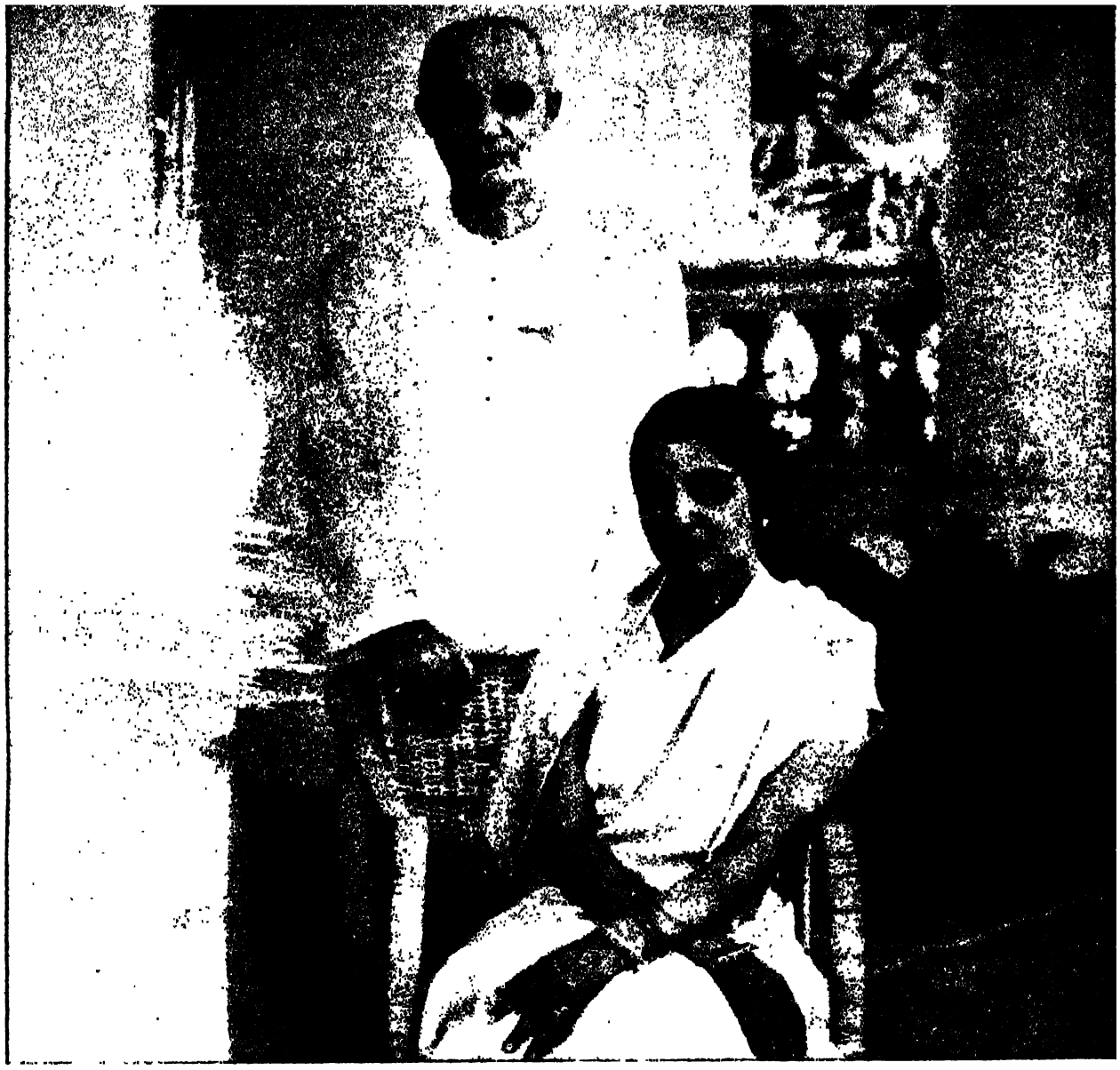
Demoralised Civil Service

There is an overconcentration of bureaucracy in the shape of heads of industrial units, Development Corporations, the Electricity Board and even the State Electronics Development Corporation While this in itself may not be objectionable, the DMK leadership and its successor have treated the Civil Service with scant regard bordering on contempt The power and the independence of the Civil Service have been curtailed, and there have been frequent transfers The State Electricity Board with its complex generation and distribution network (a manpower of nearly 100,000 on the payroll and mounting losses), has seen a dozen Chairmen (all IAS officers) in 13 years The demoralisation in the Civil Service ranks is illustrated by a number of brilliant officers opting for voluntary retirement

A senior industrialist reminisced with nostalgia

R Venkataraman as Minister for Industries in the Kamaraj Government set a target of opening at least one industry a day He ensured this by maintaining regular contacts with industrialists, by meeting them frequently or by telephoning them The rapport thus created was highly beneficial for the rapid industrialisation of the State In several cases, Venkataraman backed up our efforts by bold commitment of Government support In contrast, it is so difficult today to have access to the Chief Minister in whom all powers are concentrated He meets industrialists very rarely and has little time to understand or appreciate their problems

The effect seems to be quite damaging to Tamil Nadu Several of the industrial houses, frustrated by the apathy of the State Government and crippling power shortages, hint at plans to move out of the State In this, they are also very considerably influenced by the pressures brought to bear on them by the Union Minister for Industry, who seems successful in putting subtle and sometimes not so subtle, pressures on locating such expansions in and around UP ■



FLASHBACK. The author with her husband, G.S. Arundale—two names indissolubly linked with the Theosophical movement. It was the association of Madame Blavatsky and Col H.S. Olcott that resulted in the establishment of the Theosophical Society in India. Col Olcott was a man of erudition and the Adyar Library in Madras is a standing monument to his vast love of learning. (Rukmini Arundale, it may be recalled, was favoured by Morarji Desai to become the President of India soon after the Janata came to power in 1977. However, the party's final choice fell on Sanjiva Reddy.)

HOME OF THEOSOPHY

"Theosophy is a philosophy and the Theosophical Society was founded for a global effort to foster brotherhood and bring true knowledge to the world. The organisation is not an end in itself. As in every organisation, the individual—great, dynamic and dedicated—is the only true representative of Divine Knowledge, whether he be a member of the Theosophical Society or not."

by Rukmini Arundale

WHEN we assess the effect that Theosophical teaching has created in the minds of men, it would be well to consider the background against which the Theosophical Society was established by H.P. Blavatsky and H.S Olcott.

It will be remembered that the Society was established in 1875, though the formulation and the idealism preceding the foundation had gone on in Madame Blavatsky's mind for many years before that. The Industrial Revolution had turned men's minds to the amassing of wealth. Materialism had conquered the world in the wake of growing production and prosperity. The exploration of nature's laws by the great scientists, especially the advances made in evolutionary science following the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, had made serious inroads into the realm of religious beliefs. Even faith in God was called into question by such great intellects as Huxley, Tyndal and Herbert Spencer.

It was into this world of material, intellectual and spiritual revolution that Madame Blavatsky was born. From early childhood, her interest centred on the world that could not be easily perceived by the ordinary senses. This interest flowered and bore fruit as she grew. She travelled in inaccessible parts of the world (such as Tibet and Peru), met outstanding men and women, was a disciple of the spiritually enlightened and amassed, in her very retentive memory, an enormous amount of recondite knowledge. This amazing wealth she displayed at all times—the great intellectuals of the age, the great scientists who were her friends, were struck with wonder at the range and depth of her knowledge. She was of the opinion that, for a true understanding of the spirit, one had to turn to the East and not to the West. She also held that great sages, *rishis* and saints directed the destiny of the world. These great ones, whom she called masters, inspired her.

Col H.S. Olcott

H.S. Olcott was a distinguised American lawyer. He held the military rank of Colonel because he had enlisted in the Federal Army during the American Civil War. He was also interested in life beyond death, had studied the problem thoroughly and was spiritually mature. He and Madame Blavatsky came together in a common investigation of psychic phenomena. Their association resulted in the establishment of the Theosophical Society. Olcott was a man of erudition and the Adyar Library, which is one of the great libraries of the world, is a standing monument to his vast love of learning.

In the early beginning, the objects of the Theosophical Society were stated as follows: *To collect and diffuse a knowledge of the laws which govern the universe*. The final form of the objects, as known all over the world, came to be:

1. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.
2. To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science.
3. To investigate the Unexplained Laws of Nature and the Powers Latent in Man.

It would be safe to assert that Western familiarity with Eastern religions and philosophy is mainly due to the spread of Theosophical teachings and to the work of the great leaders of the Society, such as the two main Founders, Annie Besant and others. The idea of the common basis of all religions, the unity of all life, the teachings of *karma*, reincarnation, etc, now so well known in the West, have become widespread for the same reason.

From the earliest years of my life, I had heard of Madame Blavatsky, the great seer and teacher born in Russia whose vision brought to the world what we now call Theosophy. Although this word was coined by her, the meaning is age-old—*Brahma Vidya-Theo-Sophia*: meaning Divine Wisdom. The ideal translation would be Divine Wisdom, as all religions believe in the wisdom coming from religious teachers, philosophers and mystics. It is not Theosophy which is new but the interpretation, the application and the presentation, for all ancient truths need to have a new form in order that new generations may understand the teachings even of their own religious philosophy and culture, particularly as applied to the times in which they live.

Madame Blavatsky was a dynamic seer of truth and a messenger of great spirituality who revolutionised modern thinking and inspired even the greatest people of the world. Though born in Russia, she seemed more to be a bridge between the East and the West and between nations. Like all great pioneers, she was misunderstood and persecuted by the people of the West, especially by the fanatically orthodox. Her pronouncements explaining the laws of nature, *karma*, reincarnation and in general the teachings of the Eastern religions, as well as of other faiths, were considered so heterodox that the Theosophical Society was at first started as a secret Society. Added to all this was her capacity to prove the unlimited powers of man and nature by performing what would be called miracles.

Today, this is considered neither miraculous nor witchery, as thousands of Westerners crowd round Sai Baba, Panrimalai Swami and others who similarly perform these miracles, either for helping others or to create a belief in God. I know at first hand from those closest to me—such as Annie Besant, Miss Francesca Arundale (who adopted Dr Arundale whom I married later) and, even more, from my father and others of his generation—that Madame Blavatsky's intention was merely to prove that there were powers greater than man and that there is an unfathomable existence beyond us which we must recognise and revere. This higher knowledge should affect us to live a greater life to serve humanity.

Madame Blavatsky, whose character was like a sparkling diamond, so convinced thinking people that great scientists like Flamurian (the astronomer), Sir William Crooks, A.R. Wallace, Annie Besant and other accepted these truths she called Theosophy. In India, where through her travels and adventurous life the doors of Inner Knowledge were opened to her, hundreds revered her, called her blessed, termed her Saraswati. It was a new experience for Indians who had been belittled by foreign rulers to listen to a woman of Russian birth speak-

ing on the Vedanta, the Upanishads, Buddhism, Christianity and Sufism, thus making it clear that she was one who knew answers to much of life's mysteries. Swami T. Subba Rao, a great sage, and others accepted her. Among this galaxy of learned people was my father who remained a deeply convinced Hindu or, as he called himself, a true Hindu, because of the light that was shed by the truths revealed by her. Madame Blavatsky truly chose a wonderful motto: *Satyad Nasthi Paro Dharma* ("There is no religion higher than Truth"), for behind all forms is the One Truth, the One Life and the One Unity.

Madame Blavatsky had as her associate Col H.S. Olcott, a great man, a marvellous organiser and a compassionate leader. Though born an American, Col Olcott became part of India and the East. No Buddhist can forget him as it was Col Olcott who showed to the Buddhists of all persuasions the truth behind the Sakyamuni's teachings as represented by different sects, such as Hinayana, Mahayana, Vajrayana, Zen and other groups.

Annie Besant should not need an introduction to Indians. She was British, offered her total service and energy to Madame Blavatsky and came to serve her motherland, as she called India.

I regret to say that many false stories are spread even about her. Madame Blavatsky was indirectly a promoter of the Indian National Movement The National Congress was established by A.O. Hume, who was her disciple. The cause of freedom was taken up by Dr Besant in order to encourage constructive reforms, the Home Rule Movement, true education, the starting of colleges and schools along Indian lines (including the Central Hindu College which was the seed of the Banaras Hindu University to come), the Indian Women's Association, Montessori Education...

Social reforms of every kind were initiated by Annie Besant. Her services to this country are too numerous to mention. In the early period, she brought outstanding people to India, such as Dr G.S. Arundale (my husband), his adopted mother, Francesca Arundale, Dr James Cousins, Mrs Margaret Cousins and many others who remained in India and worked for her till the end of their lives.

Col Olcott's and Madame Blavatsky's teachings followed by that of Dr Besant's transcendental work brought many members into the Theosophical Society including Gandhiji—as told to me by him—Motilal Nehru, Jawaharlal Nehru, Bhagavan Das and his son, Sri Prakasa. Though these were inspired by the leaders of the Society, they discovered their own way of Service—as they were meant to do

It must be understood that Theosophy is a philosophy and the Theosophical Society was founded for a global effort to bring brotherhood and true knowledge to the world. The organisation is not an end in itself. Like in every organisation, the individual—great, dynamic and dedicated—is the only true representative of Divine Knowledge, whether he be a member of a Theosophical Society or not If they are members—as some were—they brought credit to the movement The criterion is not only the teachings but the practice and the example and their application in daily and national life. Ultimately, as the Upanishads and the Gita say, what matters is the knowledge of the One Life, the realisation of brotherhood and the service rendered to humanity, to every living creature, because brotherhood must be understood to mean the brotherhood of all life, not only the brotherhood of humanity. ■

Its Cultural Heritage

Tamil Nadu being a land of temples, some festival or the other is celebrated almost every month in the State. The author touches upon the more popular of these festivals.

by Sabita Radhakrishna

THE rich heritage of Tamil Nadu going back several centuries flows through many channels of culture. Besides literature and poetry, cultural landmarks of Tamil Nadu included architecture, crafts, Carnatic music, classical dance (like Bharata Natyam) and popular folk-dances (like *Kummi, garakam, poikal kudirai* and *bommalattam*).

One of the most colourful aspects of the Tamil Nadu heritage is the Temple Festival. Time has not obfuscated its splendour nor have the rituals been diluted very greatly. The romance of the related legends lingers in the minds of the people to this day.

The Temple Festivals were sociological events, knitting together the entire community, obliterating caste differences and family squabbles—as organised effort was necessary to ensure success. Rituals connected with domestic festivals fell to the lot of the womenfolk, who were happy to indulge in the festivities, with the menfolk sometimes away from the home. Those who had their men at home had support not only from them but from the older children as well. The children delighted in the merry-making and learnt the legends and folklore. The philosophical aspect of festivals has been kept alive for centuries.

At home, certain disciplines are practised on the day of the festival. The early-morning purifying bath is a must. The courtyard is cleaned and intricate patterns in rice flour are drawn at the entrance of the house. The doorways are festooned with green mango-leaves and other leaves dextrously patterned into imaginative forms. The lamp with the oil-wick is kept continuously burning. And sandal paste, turmeric and *kumkum*, with *agarbatti* and camphor, are kept ready for worship. Flowers, plantains and other fruits, along with coconuts, form an important part of the *puja* rituals. The *mantras* which are recited are supposed to set up certain cosmic vibrations, which strengthens the soul of the worshipper.

Land Of Temples

Since Tamil Nadu is a land of temples and since temples and festivals are hardly dichotomous, some festival or the other is celebrated almost every month of the Tamil calendar. Since each one of these festivals cannot be documented here, I have touched upon the most popular. The Tamil word for festival is evocative. it is *vizha (vizhavu)*, arising from the root *vizhai*, meaning to desire and to love.

Tamil New Year's Day (the month of Chitrai) falls somewhere in mid April. It is a red-letter day when old accounts are closed and new ledgers are opened. One legend describes it as the first day of Brahma's work of creation, the other claims it to be Rama's victorious day of return from Ayodhya.

The Thiruvannamalai Legend

Kartikkai Deepam is observed, in households and temples, in the month of Kartikkai, originating from the Thiruvannamalai legend. Vishnu and Brahma quarrelled as to who was the superior of the two. Siva appeared before them, in the form of a brilliant column of light, and said that the one who could find the limit of the light—that is, the crown or the foot—would worst the other. Brahma promptly assumed the form of a swan and flew up, while Vishnu became a boar and burrowed into the earth: to find the foot. When neither could succeed, they realised their folly and, bowing to Siva, beseeched him to be ever present in that place in the form of a *linga*.

The entire hill is considered to be the *Siva linga* and the legend is celebrated on Kartikkai Day in all Siva temples, with a lighted column of fire in front of each temple. Devotees fast. And they break their fast only after dark. The houses and the temples look very festive, with a host of little lamps twinkling in the dark. The symbolic fire at Thiruvannamalai can be seen for miles, as it burns all night. Sri Arunachaleswara (Siva) is taken out in procession round the courtyard.

The dancing Nataraja has always inspired concepts of art (besides philosophy and religon) and his various dance-forms are sculpted documents of stone in the panels of the Chola Temple at Thanjavur and on the Chidambaram Temple. It is here that the Ardradarsana Festival is celebrated—for 10 days, being an important one for the Saivas. Beginning with flag-hoisting, the deity is taken out in a Temple Car drawn by thousands of devotees.

Harvest Festival

Thai, which is considered to be an auspicious month for the Tamils, ushers in Pongal, really a harvest festival, with prayers offered to the Sun God for bountiful giving. Pongal brings in a 4-day celebration and special *abhishekas* are offered to Lord Siva in temples.

Devotees of Ramalingaswamy of Vadalur celebrate Thai Poosam, as this was the day the saint disappeared from the earth. His form is worshipped as a *jyoti* (flame). Tamilians the world over also celebrate Thai Poosam in honour of Subrahmanya as Kartikeya. Small processions with the Lord's image are taken out, some devotees pierce their tongue and other parts of the body with small spears, as they carry the *kavadi* (a symbolic arch borne on the shoulders).

Kumbakonam celebrates the Mahamagam Festival once in 12 years, an event similar to the Kumbha Mela at Prayag. All the holy rivers are supposed to have their confluence on this particular day and the festivities take place in the temple tank

The legend goes that Siva advised Brahma to place seeds of all forms of life in a clay pot, soaking in nectar, and to position the pot on the peak of a particular hill. The *kumbha* (or pot) floated to Kumbakonam. Siva's arrow split the pot, scattering the seeds all over the earth. The spreading nectar settled in a place now called Mahamagam Tank. Kumbeshwarar is the leading deity. The *utsava* lasts 10 days and is witnessed by a large crowd of devotees. Lord Kumbeshwarar and his consort, Mangalambikai, are taken out in procession and all the presiding deities of the Siva Vishnu temples are brought out and stationed in erected pavilions. The holy dip marks the conclusion of the festival.

Velankanni (near Nagapattinam) draws tremendously big crowds to its shrine (dedicated to the Virgin Mary) during the Velankanni Festival, so also the 14-day Nakur Kanturi Festival, which marks the anniversary of a great Muslim saint, Hazrat Syed Shakul Hameed Kadir Ali. There are fireworks and the symbol of a boat is carried to remember the saving of a stranded ship by the great saint.

Cultural Symbiosis

Appreciation of our culture combined with the need for unity is a message that gets across to even the unlettered through these visual extravaganzas. Status, caste and family differences are all levelled out at the time of rejoicing, when Brahmin and Harijan rub shoulders as they wheel out the Temple Car.

Indeed, the festivals of Tamil Nadu have created a kind of cultural symbiosis, with their age-old legends, music, dance, temple sculpture and colourful pageantry. It is this that has kept the Tamil way of life both stable and vibrant through the centuries. ■

SRIDEVI IN *DEIVA THIRUMAGAL*. Hindi film buffs will recall Sridevi as the heroine of *Solvan Sawaan* (opposite Amol Palekar). That film was directed by the South's Bharathiraaja. Now Sridevi is to appear (opposite Kamalahaasan) in another Hindi film, *Sadma* (remake of the Tamil *Moondram Pirai*), under the direction of cineaste Balu Mahendra. Scoring the music for *Sadma* is Ilayaraaja, the R.D. Burman (or is it now the Bappi Lahiri?) of the South.

Where Cinema Is Politics And Politics Is Cinema

The influence of the cinema in the body politic of Tamil Nadu is so powerful that no aspirant with a purely *political* base can apparently dream of effectively winning over the masses. That is why perhaps MGR recently inducted Glamour Girl Jayalalitha into the hierarchy of his AIADMK.

by Brian Laul

AUDIENCE tastes are changing Or so the "newer-wave" directors of Tamil Cinema would have us believe s they dish out their genre of non-ero oriented, realistic film. With char-cteristic aplomb, directors like Bhar-thiraaja and Mahendran search out ew talent and grapple with 10,000 netres of celluloid spanning unem-loyment, hunger, suicide and sadism n quest of the loaves and fishes of ox-office. Cinegoers now no more ve in a land of fantasy "They want levant down-to-earth themes pre-nted well on the screen," says Bhar-thiraaja, blinking his way out of the ubbing theatre. Naturally, in the cir umstances, the "star" name hardly natters to them any more.

Even so, the political hold of the nema in Tamil Nadu seems strong as ever-- of distinct use to political rivals M.G. Ramachandran and M. Karunanidhi (both from tinsel backgrounds) to refurbish their sagging political images. At a time when there was no end of mudslinging from the Opposition, MGR swiftly released his old films in the districts to arrest the tarnishing of his image. Set screenings today dot the routes of his tours, so prefixed by the State Government as to ensure that documentaries show the capped matinee idol donating something or other at some public function or other to some charity or other The effect is electric. MGR draws mammoth crowds wherever he goes. Public criticism is thus muffled.

Take K. Balachander's recent film, *Thaneer Thaneer*, centring on the water problem in a certain village and focusing on various bureaucratic idiosyncrasies and fallacies, a film ostensibly scripted to denigrate the MGR Government. Much to my amusement, however, I heard someone in the audience wryly comment that, if only MGR had acted as the hero instead of playing "a common man" (Guhan), it would all have been a different story. (For then MGR would have, by some supernatural means, broken the rock and channelled the water to the village, with the officials standing there and shouting an enthusiastic encore!)

Jayalalitha's New Role

The message is loud and clear. The influence of the cinema in the body politic of Tamil Nadu is so powerful that no politician with a purely *political* base can apparently dream of effectively winning over the masses. That is why MGR recently inducted Glamour Girl Jayalalitha into the hierarchy of his AIADMK—not already without its fair share of film luminaries: S.S. Rajendran (leading actor of over 100 films), lyricist Pulamai Pithan, Musuriputhan (Chief of the All-World MGR Film Fans' Association), producers Jaypeeyer and R.M. Veerapan (the Information Minister).

"MGR hasn't yet told me what exactly he expects from me, but I suppose the task will mainly be to build up the party's women's wing," smiles Jayalalitha. In short, her role in the party will obviously be to enhance MGR's charisma by *personal* contact—capitalising on her double identity—through bouts of extensive touring. For, considering their close relationship in the past (a relationship that flourished through 28 films and survived a suicide attempt by the actress during 7 years of estrangement), Jayalalitha is undoubtedly one of MGR's closest confidantes.

Jayalalitha's appearance in the local political galaxy is unique—two other Tamil actresses, Padmini (Congress 1967) and Latha (another of MGR's heroines with whom he was romantically linked), *have* dabbled in the business before her. But Jayalalitha's re-emergence certainly picks up the threads of a tradition—a tradition of a close, powerful link between Tamil movie stars and local politics.

For a true insight in such matters however, we have to go back to the early 1900s. It was a time when the talkie was fast gaining ground in the South. Stage personalities, with their stylised acting and eloquent oratory were beginning to desert the theatre to try their luck in movie studios like Vel and Srinivasan Cinetone. "The need of the hour in the talkie is a producer who has the genius to translate the gripping questions of social and political life into the language of talking pictures," said Satyamurthy who was later to be instrumental in forming the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce.

KAMALAHAASAN IN K. BALACHANDER'S *VIRUMAYIN NIRAM SIVAPPU*, which has now been remade in Hindi under the title of *Zara Si Zindagi*. Kamalahaasan now a superstar in the South and the North alike, managed to reach the top in Tamil Nadu without any sort of political base.

Satyamurthy thus realised early the immense political potential of this nascent medium. As did another Congressman named Narayanan, a sound engineer, producer and studio-owner. The group soon included most other Congress leaders of the Madras Presidency and famous film men of their time, like M.V. Mani, K. Gopalakrishnan and Subbaya Bhagavathar. In fact, in the first Tamil talkie, *Kalidas*, T.P. Rajalakshmi sang a totally out-of-context song in praise of khadi: *Ratinam kai baanam* (The chakra is a hand-weapon), just because its concept was pro-Congress.

With the 1930s came the era of the Tamil social: *Menaka* was for women's rights, *Dumbachari* was anti-prostitution (both lay claims to being the "first" Tamil social), *Sati Leelavathi* (scripted by S.S. Vasan) focused on the labourer's plight and marked MGR's screen debut. With censorship coming down on nationalist propaganda, "social reformers" seized the opportunity to project their views in tell-tale detail, tackling burning issues calculated to fire the public imagination. From here grew the power of the Dravida Kazhagam.

Some 'Street Performers'!

But then there was trouble among the heroes themselves. When in 1949 "Periyar" E.V. Ramasami Naicker married a girl almost 40 years his junior, he committed sacrilege in the eyes of his righteous DMK followers. Popular script-writer C.N. Annadurai (whose *Vellaikaari* launched Karunanidhi and MGR on the road to success) and actor K.R. Ramaswamy led a revolt. N.S. Krishnan, the legendary comedian, decided to play Big Daddy to the "new party". And the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (DMK) was formed. It was dismissed by the Congress as "a party of street performers"—till the street performers turned round and trounced them in the 1967 General Elections.

Inspired by Satyamurthy, Annadurai, too, decided to cash in on "filmi" glamour. The Dravidian movement, being essentially anti-Brahmin, had all along been denied use of much of the Brahmin-controlled local press as a propaganda medium. And the DMK electorate, being largely an illiterate one, could not be reached effectively by what was left of the press to the party.

This is where the *visual* medium of the cinema came ready to hand. Through films like *Manthiri Kumari* (Minister's Daughter), fans were encouraged openly to give vent to their feelings—boo the villains and cheer the heroes (who always stood for DMK ideals in some dubious way). Heroes became heroes all the more with calculated party build-up.

Thus Karunanidhi's *Parasakthi* skyrocketed to fame "Periyar's" protege, Sivaji Ganesan, in 1952. An MP today (he replaced Nargis in the Rajya Sabha), Sivaji got his first sniff of the political wind as a lad of 7. "E.V. Ramasami Naicker was a neighbour of our drama school," recalls Sivaji. "Every evening, he would give lectures to his *sishyas* (like Annadurai and E.V. Sampath Kumar) and, after my classes were over, I'd run up and sit down on the verandah with them."

Sivaji does not quite recall what exactly fascinated him so much about the bearded EVR: "Perhaps it was childish fascination, so that I, too, might one day be a Kattabomman!" (*Kattabomman* was a role Sivaji later played with signal success.)

Sivaji vs MGR

Then suddenly, one day, Sivaji broke off from his mentor, EVR—probably the result of his new religious qualms breaking through a stoic atheism that was characteristic of the DMK. Following the break, Sivaji joined the Congress under Kamaraj—who has remained his hero ever since. When Sivaji so "rebelled", an infuriated Karunanidhi put all he had into an MGR starrer. *Malaikallan* (Bandit of the Mountains)

The film clicked and how! MGR's bandit characterisation captured the mass imagination and, with subsequent hits shrewdly created for him, was formed an image of the "Messiah of the Tamils", an unfailing upholder of the poor man's rights, a man who, like the Phantom, could never die! And, on and off the screen, MGR was careful to live up to his new image, refusing to die even when the film villain and his political rival, M.R. Radha, shot him, wounding him critically in the gullet. (The scene was, of course, later recreated with scornful symbolism in *Engal Thangam*—a film in which MGR leapt out of a coffin to sing: *I died and came back alive... I laughed at Death!* And the people laughed with him.)

The poor little boy from Kumbakonam had grown into a compelling reality. "If MGR shows his face, the DMK will get 40,000 votes; if he utters a word, 4 lakhs!" Annadurai had acknowledged. Most political meetings of the DMK would have MGR on the dais—mainly to bring the crowds in. Following Annadurai's death, after the DMK had barely come to power, an unsure Karunanidhi stuck to the same formula of using MGR. So much so that MGR graduated from being a consistent contributor of funds to the party into the office of its Treasurer.

And then, somewhere along the line, the link snapped—over a question of party leadership after Annadurai's death. But, even as MGR broke away from Karunanidhi's band to form his own Anna DMK, his political rivals sniggered at his political aspirations and underestimated his fan following, gloating over his "administrative inadequacy"

The Gimmick Worked

The tug-of-war had begun. MGR saw it all as a befitting real-life climax to the populist role he had time and again essayed on the screen—that of a messiah. And he was not going to allow any sniping to deter him. Shrewdly, he repeatedly took refuge

→

"NADIGAR TILAGAM" (GEM AMONG ACTORS) SIVAJI GANESAN with K.R. Vijaya in *Dharma Raja*. Sivaji, long considered a political lightweight, has grown in stature following his entry into the Rajya Sabha (at the expense of Amitabh Bachchan?). Without quite bidding for the Nobel Prize, Sivaji has managed to make the voice of Tamil Nadu effectively heard in Parliament.

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in his greasepaint charisma—something with which he was sure of at least initially drawing the women to him. (They have since formed the core of MGR's "people's" support.)

"I may not know the intricacies of high finance and I don't claim to be a pundit in economics," MGR declaimed. "But what I do know is hunger and starvation. I've felt it for days on end, as my mother had nothing to offer us children when we returned home from school. I also know how it feels to be without work—without the money it brings. I've gone up and down countless steps, looking for a job, and I've been confronted a thousand times with the dreaded words: *No Vacancy.* I'll do everything I can so that mothers in Tamil Nadu don't suffer as my mother did years ago."

The gimmick worked. When The Messiah finally left the screen to head his own AIADMK Ministry, Karunanidhi did try to set up his son, M.K Muthu, as a hero to counter MGR's popularity. But the gambit failed.

And Karunanidhi's latest attempt to boost his own film image, too, has failed. The film, *Thooku Medai* (The Gallows), for which he wrote the dialogue, has not been successful. (Karunanidhi, incidentally, sneaked into this film 190 metres of his Madras-to-Tiruchendur march, hoping to mobilise public opinion in favour of his demand for action on the Paul Commission Report. But the censors scissored this portion off as being totally irrelevant.)

The same censors had, not too long ago, almost fouled up Information Minister Veerappan's anti-Naxalite evangelism. When the State was in the throes of the Naxalite problem, Veerappan, a former producer and manager of the MGR-controlled Sathya Studios, scampered back to the celluloid world to make a Rajnikanth starrer: *Ranuva Veeran* (The Army Hero). The film had an anti-Naxalite theme that was said to be inspired by none other than MGR himself.

The New Order

All in all, the sudden boom in new faces and unknown directors in Tamil Cinema has certainly had its effect on the Ruling Party. Result: a new set of film men from the political scene have stomped their way into the movie industry. For instance, AIADMK MLA Kovaithambi provided the story and the dialogue for *Payanangal Mudivathillai*, which took the box-office by storm. Another MLA, Pollachi Ratnam, too was associated with this film. While yet another prominent MLA, Navaraasan G.K. Subramaniam, is all set to make his film debut, party strongman Tirupur Manimaran has already scripted *Nizhal Thedirum Nenjangal*. Vijayabalan and Samarasam (two more AIADMK MLAs) are trying their hand at acting.

Meanwhile Sivaji Ganesan, long considered a political lightweight, is growing increasingly in stature, thanks to his new links with the Centre. With 225 films to show in 30 years, Sivaji has the distinct advantage of still being active on the screen—as always, as the hero. His Fan Clubs (1,500 in all) are being subtly used to burnish the image of Indira Gandhi and her Congress in Tamil Nadu. The fan power that this *Nadigar Thilagam* (Gem Among Actors) commands was amply evident when AICC (I) General Secretary G.K. Moopanar deserted him to recommend Amitabh Bachchan for the Rajya Sabha seat: Moopanar discovered that he had lost a plus-2 lakh following overnight!

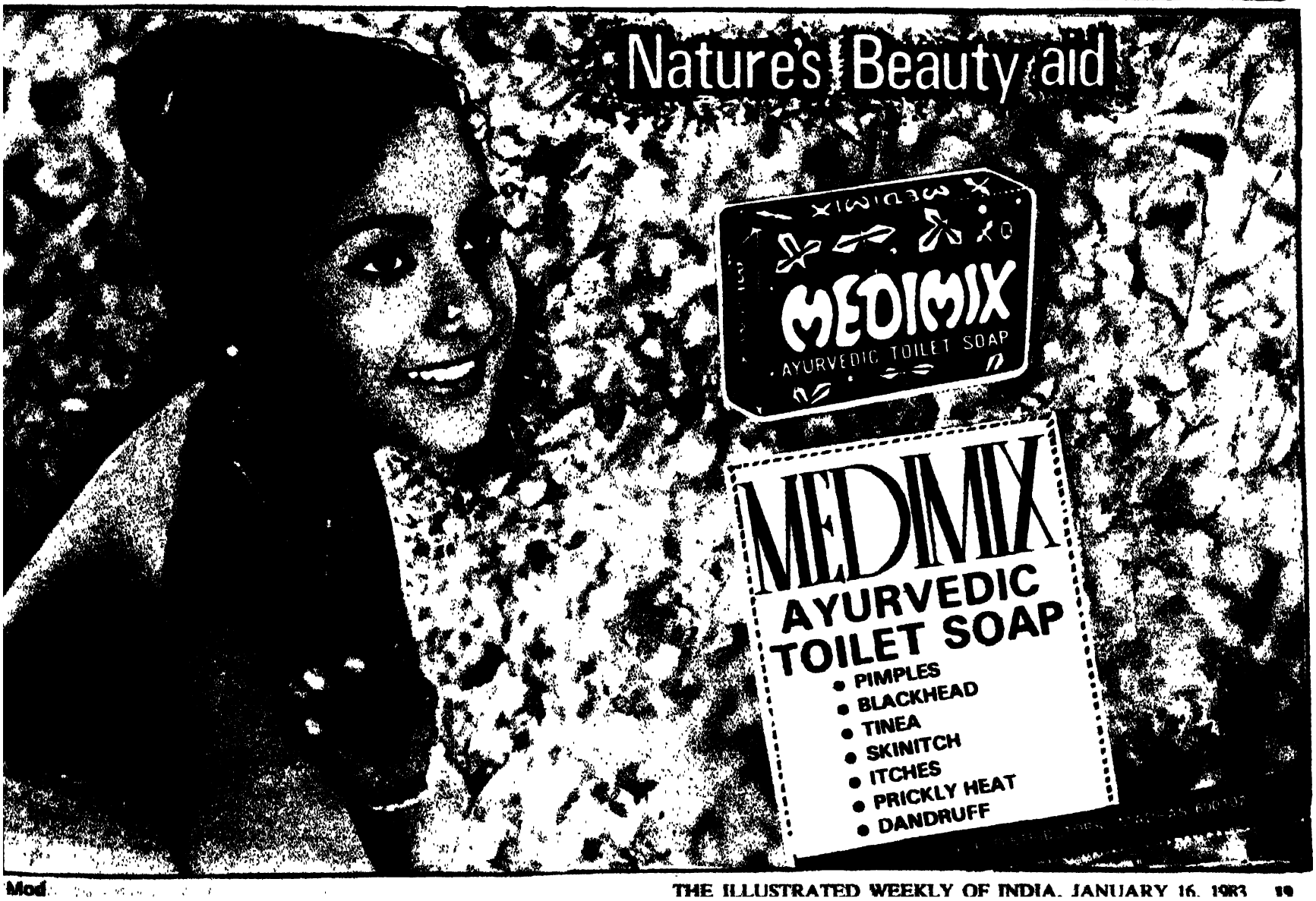
Then there is Bhagyaraaj—another to break box-office records—who is living out a rags-to-riches story with aplomb, careful all the while to see that the lower-middle-class public identify with his celluloid characters. "I've never given a thought to politics so far, but now that you ask me..." exclaims this actor uncertainly.

And who knows? After all, in MGR's Tamil Nadu, don't they all start off this way and end up screeching out election promises?

Truly is the cinema the mother of politics in Tamil Nadu. ■

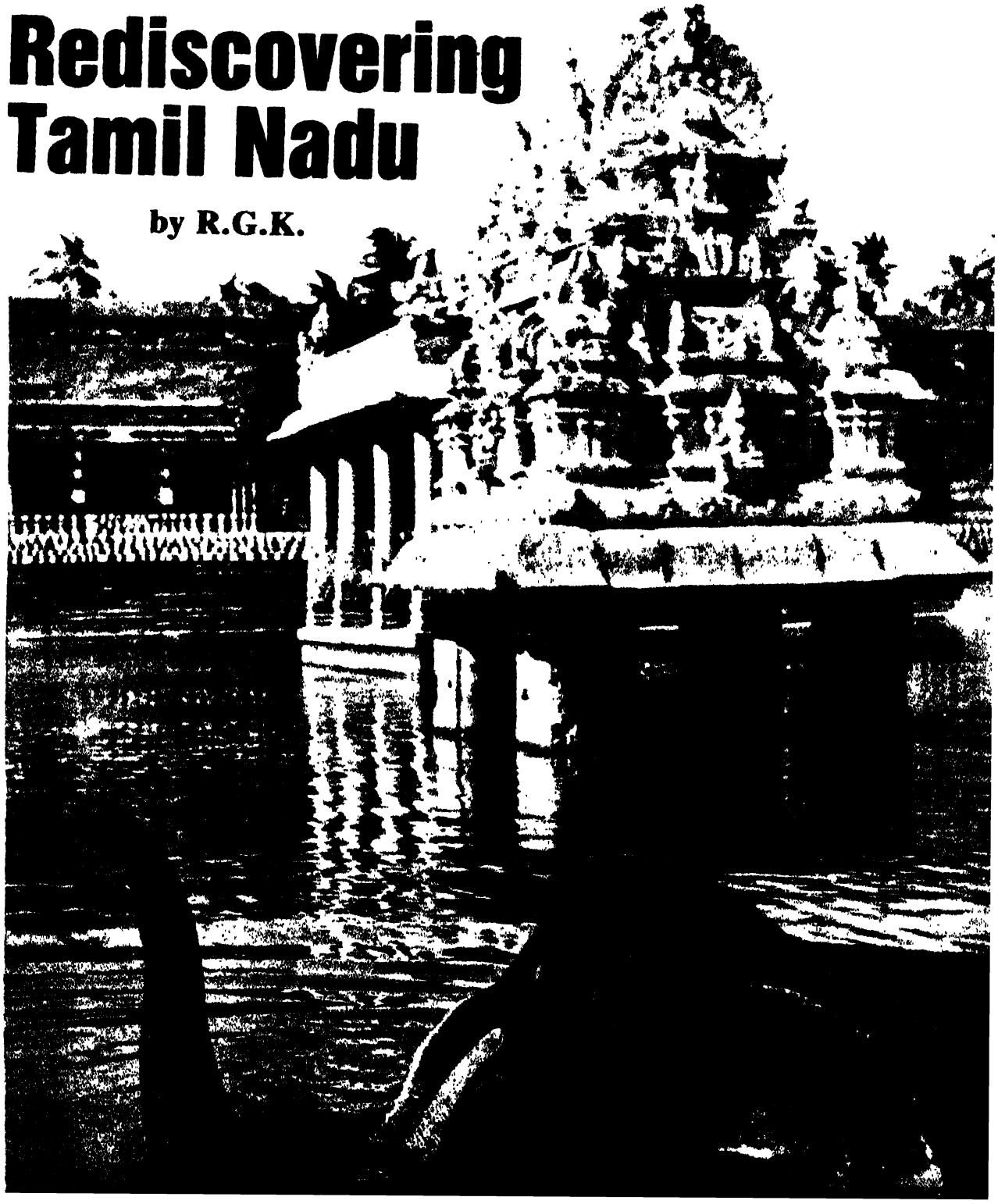
—P.G. Anandan

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE... K. Balachander's *Thaneer Thaneer* (centring on the water problem in a certain village) was ostensibly a film designed to denigrate the MGR Government. But the effect was evidently the opposite: the CM's fans in the audience commented: "If our MGR had been the hero, the water-pots wouldn't have remained empty!"



Rediscovering Tamil Nadu

by R.G.K.



THE South today does not have a sense of participation in the affairs of the nation. So far as Tamil Nadu is concerned this has been largely due to the separatism nurtured by the Dravidian movement. Let us briefly recount the origins of this movement. In 1914, Dr C. Natesa Mudaliar founded the Dravidian Home, a hostel for non-Brahmin students. Later he and his associates—Sir P. Theagaroya Chetty, Dr T.M. Nair and the Raja of Panangal—were encouraged to form the Dravidian Association. In 1916, they constituted the South Indian People's Association which issued the Non-Brahmin Manifesto. A year later saw the birth of the South Indian Liberal Federation which became better known as the Justice Party.

The JP, when it passed into the hands of Periyar Ramasami Naicker, was transformed from a body of upper crust non-Brahmin caste Hindus into an instrument of mass action. In 1944 it was reborn as the Dravida Kazhagam. Periyar had under him a band of young men, including C.N. Annadurai, who were ready to lay down their lives for the Dravidian cause. The DK managed to awaken the Tamil people and instilled fear in the Brahmins (even physical assaults were not infrequent), but it could not be an effective political force against the Congress. In frustration it raised the bogy of Northern domination and demanded a separate Dravidian state. "Anna" himself was a secessionist and a fearsome opponent of Brahmins and Brahminism *(parpaniyam)*. But he mellowed a bit and changed his stand on India becoming independent: he broke away from Periyar to start the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam. In 1967 he was unexpectedly propelled into power. His party was voted to office solely on account of the anger of the electorate with the Congress arising out of the declaration of Hindi as the official language of India in pursuance of Article 343 of the Constitution—the declaration in 1965, when Lal Bahadur Shastri was Prime Minister, triggered anti-Hindi riots all over Tamil Nadu (then still Madras).

Tamil Nadu at present is ruled by the all-India Anna DMK which claims political lineage from Periyar and Anna. The fear of the "impositions" of Hindi and anti-Brahminism are still the major factors that keep the Dravidian factions alive. The Dravidian movement has contributed to the growth of racism and pulled away Tamil Nadu from the mainstream of national life. At the same time it has failed to generate forces capable of bringing in egalitarianism

There is need today to re-examine the roots of the social and cultural conflicts in Tamil Nadu. This is a difficult task since it means rediscovering the history of Tamil Nadu and India, a history often made up of conjectures. My own thinking, however, is that we will discover enough to show that, during the past few decades, we have been engaged in thoughtlessly pulling down an edifice built millennia ago—a religious, cultural and social edifice jointly built by the inhabitants of India.

We still do not know enough about Aryans and Dravidians. The Aryan invasion of India is a theory that has received wide acceptance, but it has not been conclusively established as a fact. The original belief that the Indus Valley Civilisation was Dravidian has of late been questioned by some archaeologists. Who were or are the Dravidians? If the Aryans pushed out the Dravidians, whom had the Dravidians pushed out before?

The Agastya legend deserves to be studied as containing a possible clue to the origin of the Tamil people. The rishi is traditionally believed to be the creator of the Tamil language and of the river Kaveri. The poet Villuputtanar says that the "beautiful lady", Tamil, is a gift of Agastya. In Tamil literature the sage is often affectionately referred to as "Kurumuni", the short-statured rishi. He is thought to have composed a work on Tamil grammar, music and drama. *Tolkappiyam*, the earliest extant work on Tamil language and grammar, is said to be the work of one of his disciples. References to Agastya are so persistent in Tamil literature and among the Tamil people that the Agastya myth cannot be dismissed as of no value.

Some years ago I wrote in the *Weekly* an article on the Aryan-Dravidian conflict in which I made a wild suggestion—that Agastya had a connection with the Augean Sea. The idea occurred to me on the basis of the theory that the Dravidians were a Mediterranean race. Legend also claims that Agastya drank up the ocean and that he pounded down the Vindhyas: it points to the exploits of a hero, his conquest of the sea and the mountains. During the marriage of Siva and Parvati, when everyone flocked to the Himalayas to see the pageant, Agastya was sent to the South to keep the balance. My idea appealed to Dr Suniti Kumar Chatterji. I myself, though, feel that phonetic resembalances are not often the surest guide in the writing of history.

Remember also Agastya's encounter with the "Aryan" Nahusha when that ruler was on his way to take up the reins of temporary Indrahood. The Agastya myth thus tries to unite three elements: the foreign "connections" or origin of a short-statured hero who came into conflict with an Aryan personality, his becoming a rishi and his being one of the associates of the gods and his work among the people of the South. If we think the Aryan-Dravidian theory has any validity, the story of Agastya goes to illustrate how the two races came to be integrated.

The relations between the Indian subcontinent and West Asia and

Egypt are a fascinating subject for study. Tamil manuscripts have been discovered in Egypt but the significance of this canot be exaggerated. It must, however, be noted that there are similarities in the hieratic systems of temple worshhip in Egypt and the South. The resemblances between Egyptian and Dravidian architecture cannot be dismissed as accidental. Caldwell and Rask held that Dravidian is allied to what they called Scythian languages, Turkic and Finno-Ugrian. John R. Marr says: "The most promising archaeological link with the admittedly tenuous theory of the Mediterranean affinities of the Dravidian is provided by the South Indian megalithic culture... Gordon Childe has seen possible links with Mediterranean and Caucasian megaliths of sites such as Brahmagiri *via* the Sialk B graves, in Iran; this connection may have been by sea."

An important point to consider is whether the Dravidians, whoever they were in early times, were to be met in all parts of India. The Brahui language in the north-west of the Indian subcontinent is, according to some scholars, proof that the Dravidians, once upon a time, inhabited parts of the country other than the South. It is, however, wrong to correlate language and race. According to D.D. Kosambi, "the Brahuis are not of Dravidian race, so far as I am aware of the results of modern anthropology". Is it, then, right to say that all South Indians—particularly all Tamilians—are Dravidian racially? The theory that Tamil Brahmins are Aryan and that Tamil non-Brahmins are Dravidian is absurd. It is as absurd as claiming that all North Indians are Aryan. No one can claim racial purity in India. Unfortunately politics in Tamil Nadu revolves around racism which has no scientific basis.

Leaders of the Dravidian movement ridicule Hindu gods and goddesses. Periyar himself expressed his contempt for Hindu mythology by breaking images of Ganapati. He debunked the Ramayana and the *Puranas*. In his preface to his "True Reading" of the Ramayana he says: "The veneration of the story any longer in Tamil Nadu is injurious and ignominious to the self-respect of the community and of the country." Naicker did not realise that some of the gods and goddesses he wished to destroy are, according to some authorities, the products of the very Dravidians whose cause he had taken up. And Ravana, whom he glorified, was the son of a Brahmin, the grandson of a Prajapati or "progenitor" of mankind.

One of the problems of the evolution of Hinduism is the rise of the so-called non-Vedic gods: Siva, Krishna, Ganesa, Durga, Kali, etc. Whether or not the Indus Valley Civilisation was Dravidian, the figure shown with animals is taken to be "proto-Siva" (Siva as Pasupati). To emphasise the non-Vedic character of Siva, scholars point to contemptuous references to the lingam as *sisnadeva* in the Vedas. How do we explain the acceptance of Siva and some other deities in the Hindu pantheon? The only explanation for this, according to the view now predominantly held by indologists, is that what is called popular Hinduism is not exclusively Vedic Aryan in origin but the product of various racial strains. It especially reflects a synthesis of Aryan and Dravidian beliefs.

I have had occasion to write in the past about the word *puja*. The origin of this word is of crucial importance to the question of the evolution of Hinduism. According to Dr Dandekar *puja* is derived from the Dravidian *pusu*, to anoint. It refers to a form of worship not perhaps known to the Vedic Aryans. It is reasonable, then, to think that the very rituals—associated with the worship of deities—condemned by men like Naicker and Anna originated among the Dravidians. The name of the repository of Hindu rites, the *Agamas*, suggest tradition, folk-lore, custom handed down from generation to generation. the *Agamas* are a compendium of Dravidian-Aryan beliefs and practices.

Tamil, as is well known, is a very ancient language. Its antiquity is a matter of pride for Dravidians. South Indian Brahmi inscriptions date from the third century BC. The grammar, *Tolkappiyam*, is believed to be by Tolkappiyanar. *Tol* means old (one is tempted to find in this prefix an echo of the Greek *tele* meaning "at a distance"). But is *kappiyam* derived from the Sanskrit *kavyam*? The terms for grammar and literature—*ilakkanam* and *ilakkiyam*—are from the Sanskrit *lakshanam* and *lakshyam*. The influence of Sanskrit can be seen in some of the earliest Tamil works.

The fact is Sanskrit and Tamil, Aryan and Dravidian thought, interacted more than two thousand years ago. *Chilapatikaram*, one of the great Tamil epics composed in what is now Kerala between the second and the fifth centuries AD, describes a festival in honour of the great Aryan god Indra held at Pumpuhar. Tamil has a considerable volume of secular poetry which is in some respects superior to Sanskrit for its spontaneity, terseness and freedom from sentimentality. The classification of poetry into *akam* (inner or interior) and *puram* (outer or exterior) is one of the special insights of Tamilians: it is original and not suggested by Sanskrit poetics. Tamil has an immense corpus of religious or sacred poetry. In no other language, barring Sanskrit, is the volume or quantity excelled. These Tamil poetic works, relating to the Hindu, Jaina and—to some extent—Buddhist traditions are an eloquent expression of the Aryan-Dravidian synthesis. They are not all of them translations or commentaries of Sanskrit or "Northern" texts but original contributions to the development of religious thought.

The leaders of the Dravidian movement are proud of Tiruvalluvar's *Kural*. This work indeed deserves a place among the world's classics. But it is not as if—as claimed by some—the *Kural* stands in isolation from the heritage that is common to India and its search for values. S. Gopalan says in *The Social Philosophy of Tirukkural*: "... it is not surprising at all to find in the *Kural* ideas which may be identified either as typically Brahmanical, or as characteristically Jaina, just as they may also be referred to as basically Buddhist." Tiruvalluvar, in one place, uses the term *tenpulattar* for *pitrs*—a clearly Vedic idea for departed ancestors. (In the Vedas the terms for *uttarayana* and *dakshinayana* are *devayana* and *pitryana*.)

The elder Sankaracharya of Kanchi makes a point of the utmost importance: that Tamil is the only language which has its own words for Vedic terms. The Vedas themselves are known as *Marai* (that which is hidden), *yajna* or *yaga* is *velvi*, the chanting of Vedic hymns is *ottu*. Brahmins are called *Parpans* (seers)—the word has become a pejorative, almost abusive, term. They are also referred to as *arutozhilor*, i.e. those who are engaged in the sixfold duties or *shadkarma*. The rebel poet, Subrahmanya Bharati, described Tamil Nadu as a land of the Vedas—or to translate his words clumsily as a land "filled with the Vedas".

Tamil, actually, has the status of a sacred language: it may be regarded as the only sacred language in India other than Chhandas (the language of the Vedas) and Sanskrit. For Vaishnavas, especially the Tenkalai sect, the *Nalayira-diyva-prabandham* has a sanctity that is no less than that of Vedic texts. Other Vaishnava and Saiva hymns are also *ceremonially* recited in temples and homes. *Triuppavai, Tiruvempavai, Tiruppukazh, Tirumantiram*—these are indeed sacred and have kept alive the faith of thousands of people in Tamil Nadu. This reminds me of another important fact. Tamil Nadu is the home of the *bhakti* cult. The concept of *bhakti* probably originated with the Bhagavadgita. But it is recognised that *bhakti* as a movement got to a start in the Tamil land with the songs of the Saiva Nayanmars and the Vaishnava Alvars (sixth to the tenth centuries). They were all saint-poets whose outpourings are unmatched for their fervour and depth of meaning and poetic imagination. They roamed Tamizhakam or Tamilakam and spread the message of love, devotion and moral excellence.

Some of the great minds of Hinduism belonged to Tamil Nadu. Among them was Tirujnansambandhar, a name not sufficiently known in the rest of India. He was a child prodigy like Jnanesvara latter in Maharashtra and is perhaps referred to as *Dravidasisu* (the Dravida infant) in *Saundaryalahiri*. It may be claimed that Sankara himself belonged to Tamilakam. The age in which he lived is still a matter of controversy. But even if we accept his period as the 8th century, it was a time when Kerala was a part of Tamilakam. It is believed that Sankara first proclaimed his Advaita doctrine at Tiruvidaimarudur (Madhyarjunam) in Thanjavur district. According to one version he attained *samadhi* in Kanchipuram. Ramanuja (11th-12th centuries) was another great philosopher, the founder of Visishtadvaita, who belonged to Tamil Nadu. His teachings, which provide a philosophical basis for *bhakti*, have influenced Indian thought no less profoundly than the teachings of Sankara.

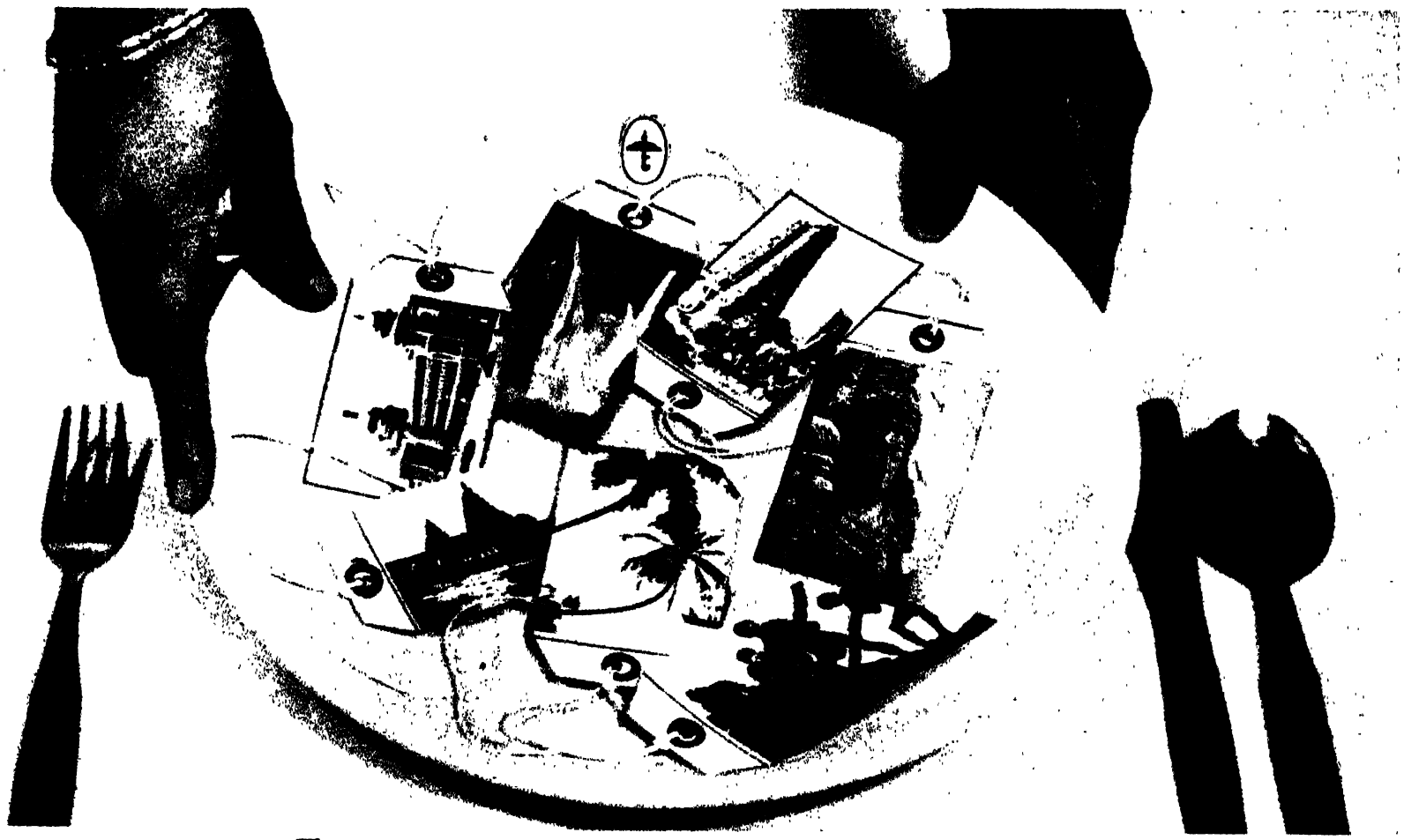
One often hears that Tamil, unlike the other three Dravidian languages, has developed without being influenced by Sanskrit. This is only a half truth. Admittedly Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam contain more Sanskrit words than Tamil. But it is forgotten that Tamil has more *tadbhava* Sanskrit words than the other three Dravidian languages. I am referring to words like *ilakkiyam* and *ilakkanam* which are indeed the Sanskrit *lakshyam* and *lakshanam* that underwent a mutation, so to speak, by long usage. (Such examples could be multiplied.) The predominance of *tadbhava* words in a language is a sure indication that it has been longer exposed to Sanskrit than another tongue in which there is a preponderance of *tatsama* words. There is no need to count the two types of words to realise that there has been an interaction between Tamil and Sanskrit. The traffic was not one-way: Sanskrit also borrowed from Tamil or its proto-Dravidian predecessor.

In my rediscovery of Tamil Nadu I do not want to mention the heritage of the State that is there for all to see. For example, its great temples, its world-famous bronzes, its music and dance. All these have a characteristic Dravidian flavour, but at the same time they belong to the common Indian patrimony.

The Dravidian genius and the Aryan genius together wrought a common heritage. Aryans, Dravidians and other racial or ethnic groups together fashioned Hindu religion and thought, Hindu art and philosophy. The fabric so beautifully woven together and embroidered with loving and infinite care by different communities is now sought to be destroyed by thoughtless and ignorant politicians and chauvinists. The ignorance, thoughtlessness and chauvinism have taken such monstrous shape that we are all intimidated. Tamilians use—consciously or unconsciously—Arabic, Persian, Protuguese, English and French words. They have a Hindi word even for a music recital—*kacheri*, as they say. But they want to turn down such a beautiful Sanskrit-Hindi word as "Akashvani".

In the din created by politicians the Tamil people have become deaf to the voices from their own past, the voices of wisdom. They will be able to listen to the voices of ether or the sky only when they regain their faculty to listen to their own inner voice. ■

Good organisation



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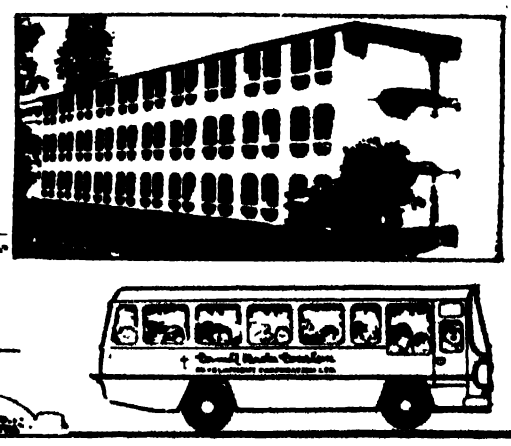

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Verdict Against Corruption

by K. C. Khanna

A MIGHTY wave of anger has swept the Congress (I) out of power in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh, the two States that were the party's strongholds for almost 35 years. With the force of a tornado, the Southern voter has demonstrated—even as the Northern voter did in 1977—that he will not tolerate feudal rule. Most pollsters and pundits, beguiled by his gentle exterior, had grossly underestimated the fury of his rage against the coteries of corrupt, inept or nondescript Chief Ministers foisted on the two States by New Delhi. This writer is no exception. Stunning as the results are, they testify once again to the collective wisdom of the electorate. Every thinking Indian must salute its perception and the feelings that moved it.

And that includes Indira Gandhi. Since Sanjay Gandhi's death, and for some years even during his lifetime, she has been living, in a sense, in Cloud-cuckoo-land. She has taken too much for granted. Though perhaps she knew better than most of the sycophants with whom she has chosen to surround herself the odds against her in both of the Southern States, she did too little too late to repair the damage. She possibly thought that, when it comes to the crunch, her personal charisma will carry the day. In the event, a man whom she had contemptuously dismissed as a "regionalist" and a "celluloid hero" has decisively trounced the Congress (I).

Though her party has fared a lot better in Karnataka, it is nowhere near an absolute majority. Indeed, it even trails behind the faceless Kranti Ranga-Janata combination, which had only about 18 members in the outgoing 224-man State Assembly. In both States, money power has failed to work. The caste barriers have been broken. The vote-banks have crumbled. Mrs Gandhi's own strenuous 15 days on the campaign trail have proved to be of no avail. It has been her personal defeat.

—Hasmukhrai

RIDING ON THE CREST of the N.T. Ramarao wave in Andhra Pradesh, the Sanjay Vichar Manch of Maneka Gandhi, too, managed to win 4 of the 5 seats it contested in the State Assembly Elections that proved such a rout for the Congress(I). Mrs Gandhi well knew the odds against her in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, but did too little too late to repair the damage. She banked on her personal charisma carrying the day.

"Stunning as the results are, they testify once again to the collective wisdom of the electorate. Every thinking Indian must salute its perception and the feelings that moved it."

Obviously, the consequences for the country and the Congress (I) will be far-reaching. As it is, the party does not control the State Governments of Jammu and Kashmir, Tamil Nadu, West Bengal and those in most of the North-East. Worse, it is riven by internal dissension and plagued by scandal in just about all States. In fact, if elections were held tomorrow, it may lose everywhere. In any case, now almost the entire South is out of its grip. This is bound to weaken the authority of the Central Government, the Congress (I)'s dominance in Parliament and Mrs Gandhi's leadership in the party over which she presides, not to speak of the country at large.

We Still Need Her Strong Hand

It is tempting, in the circumstances, to suggest that Mrs Gandhi should resign, call a Parliamentary election and seek a fresh mandate. The nation needs a strong hand at the Centre, particularly when its sovereignty is being threatened by a sharp deterioration of its strategic environment and domestic economy. The resurgence of sectarian, secessionist, regional or parochial forces in Punjab, Assam and elsewhere, on the face of it, only reinforces the argument.

But Mrs Gandhi is not the sort of person to be daunted by defeat. Nor is it certain that she will be well advised to throw up the sponge. No party or combination of parties is in sight that can be relied upon to form a stable, let alone a strong government at the Centre. It is possible that, given the opportunity, the electorate may throw up a leader who can govern the country with greater wisdom than Mrs Gandhi has displayed since her comeback. But will it be a reasonable gamble when the present Government has only two years more to go and, in the event of a mid-term poll, the Central authority will virtually cease to exist for a few weeks before and after elections? In any event, the odds are that Mrs Gandhi will not harbour any thought of resigning under pressure but summon her inner resources and fight back.

For all her weaknesses, Mrs Gandhi is the tallest and most skilful of Indian political leaders and she can even now win back her popularity if she takes a true measure of the crisis that looms so menacingly large on the horizon. The challenges she faces are basically moral. For the smooth functioning of democracy, specially in a country in the throes of rapid social change, mere hoisting of electoral trappings is not enough. They must be clean and *seen* to be clean. But, as things are, they have been smeared over the years by big daubs of black money. All parties may be to blame. The fact remains, though, that the Ruling Party is always the worst culprit and, in the last three years, the Congress (I) has beaten all previous records. Its penchant for collecting electoral funds by means fair and foul is the biggest single cause of rampant corruption and inefficiency at all levels of authority.

Secondly, apart from holding periodic elections, the Congress (I) Ministers at the Centre or in the States have displayed no concern for the sanctity of the institutions that form the bedrock of our federal polity. They have viciously attacked, abused and tried to corrupt the Judiciary, the Bureaucracy, the Press and even the Opposition. And, more often than not, they have done so with impunity, thanks to support from the top. As if this were not enough, the party itself has been allowed to degenerate in many areas into a rabble of known wheeler-dealers, time-servers and hoodlums. All too often, the High Command itself encourages defectors and dissidents. It makes not the slightest attempt to build a hierarchical structure, much less a viable chain of command.

Finally, and above all, nothing has eroded Mrs Gandhi's personal popularity more than the impression that she is trying to foster dynastic rule. She is, of course, only prudent when she says that the choice of a successor will not be hers and that it will be for the people to decide. For all one knows, Rajiv Gandhi may have no such ambition either. But the way he and the band of "bright young men" around him are functioning only feeds popular suspicion. No one will give it a thought if they were to operate like a "think-tank". But they do more than inform or advise the Prime Minister: at the Government as well as the organisational levels, they execute, interfere and direct. And they are often accused of being capricious or arbitrary or high-handed or naive. Perhaps, after the verdict in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh, the idea of inducting Rajiv Gandhi as the Congress (I) President will be abandoned. Given the current state of popular feeling on the issue, this will be wise. But it will not suffice. The spectre of the so-called extra-constitutional authority, in whatever garb or form, must be exorcised once for all.

With her resilience, energy and skill, Mrs Gandhi *can* still regain lost ground pretty quickly if she firmly tackles the main problem: deviations from the accepted norms of probity in her own backyard. ■

The Pharaoh Who Woke After Thirty-Three Centuries

Exactly 60 years ago Howard Carter discovered the tomb of the 18-year-old Pharaoh, Tutankhamun in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. The tomb was opened on 26th November, 1922 and found, against all odds, to be unviolated. It is a remarkable story full of suspense, melodrama and tragedy...

by Partha Basu

NASA's LANDSAT satellites which orbit the earth once every 18 days transmit computerised pictograms in which vegetation shows up in a virulent scarlet. A picture of the Nile region has the delta in dull red glowing against the stark white immensity of the Egyptian desert. Four thousand years ago, the red areas would have appeared as narrow ribbons on either side of the great river squeezed against the press of dry sand and rock. It is a shocking landscape which, amazingly, cradled one of the greatest cultures known to man Here, for four milleniums before the birth of Christ, great Egyptian kings ruled and built and died and were buried.

Thebes was their capital, an ancient seat of power which connected to the world. Across the river, on its east bank, were the temple cities of Luxor and Karnak and Tell el Amarna, the site of one of the most astonishing upheavals in Egyptian antiquity in the 14th century BC The art of ancient Egypt is not generalised, it always reflects the immediacy of an event, a moment in the lives of its gods and kings and commoners, thus communicating itself in a pervasive and palpable presence The obelisks, steles and colossi of the area tell of the glory of the great Pharaohs and their charismatic Queens The west bank extending in a massive arc from Biban ul Maluk in the north to Malkata in the south was a vast Royal necropolis

To narrow down the perspective of Egyptian antiquity to what has an immediate bearing on our story is as difficult as focussing only on the profile of the Apostle Simon in Leonardo's The Last Supper. However, the vital XVIIIth Dynasty, and particularly the Amaran line, has a specific relevance to the events of November, 1922

The XVIIIth Dynasty was installed 1,500 years after King Narmer unified the "two lands" of Upper and Lower Egypt in circa 3100 BC. It lasted for about 250 years and contained four generations of Amaran rulers commencing with Thutmose IV and virtually ending with the death of Tutankhamun in 1343 BC. Soon afterwards, the vengeful General Horemheb seized the throne and finished off the dynasty

After Tutankhamun's death his 20-year-old widow was in extreme distress yet she flatly rejected Horemheb's amourous advances and, instead, in an amazing document, wrote to the Hittite King: "...my husband is dead and I have no sons. Should I then, perhaps, take one of my servants and make him my husband? They say you have many sons Give me one of your sons and he will be my husband and lord of the Land of Egypt." The Hittite King demurred and Horemheb fulminated. In a burst of savagery he seized the throne and set about obliterating all traces of her husband from the face of the earth Ironically, if the Hittite King had agreed, it would not have taken us this long to get to Tutankhamun, on the other hand we may not have come to know of the most magnificent pharaoh of all, Rameses the Great Such is life

Coalescing the vitality of the XVIIIth Dynasty is the charismatic Heretic King, Amenophis IV-Akhenaten. Before he changed it all in a series of superbly calculated moves, Amun the "Hidden One" who was the paramount god of Thebes and who spoke through a power-coterie of priests, was all-pervasive. The priests, true to form, believed in the power of the Mysterious to subdue, even subjugate Akhenaten's vigourous monotheism iconosised divinity by giving it a tangible outline in the form of Aten, represented by a gilded globe with rays which manifested Ra, the Sun God He quit Thebes to build a superb temple to Aten at Tell el Amarna, the City of the Globe, which is very strongly identified with the heretical pharaoh.

The Amaran geneaology is pure Theatre of the Absurd, rich in convolutions and black comedy. It abounds in Catch-22 situations: a young man marries his niece who then marries her uncle-in-law who could also be her maternal grandfather not forgetting that at the age of eleven she had married her father. And so forth In this general confusion, Tutankhamun himself appears as a shadowy, enigmatic figure. Howard Carter believed that he could have been a commoner, though later studies make him the son of Amenophis III and Tiye, second generation Amaran rulers. Dates are difficult to pin, but the general consensus seems to be that he was born in 1361 BC, ruled for nine years and died in 1343 BC, aged eighteen.

The Boy King, who was named Nebkheprure at birth and Tutankh-aten at his coronation was steeped in the heretical tradition. Yet soon, in a swift and unexplained *volte face*, he rejected his father-in-law's Atenist hersy, re-established the cult of Amun and changed his name to Tutankhamun. A recent, and credible theory states that the ousted Theban priests made the nine year-old king a pawn in a classic chess game to reinstate Amun, and themselves They succeeded because of Tutankhamun's immaturity and Akhenaten's own inexplicable actions in the latter part of his reign, like his forsaking of his Queen, the beautiful Nefertiti, whose sheer physical presence might have carried the day for him. Thus the brief, bright, Camelot of the Amaran Royalty was born, flared momentarily and died.

Three thousand three hundred years later, those who searched for Tutankhamun had to contend not only with Horemheb's revenge but also with the actions of the community of grave robbers whose entire livelihood depended on the spoils from the tombs of the pharaohs. The wild-eyed men of Qurna defied the most devious plans made to protect the tombs. The desperate priests, in a massive decoy operation, moved the remaining royal mummies out of the

Valley into one cleft tomb in the mountains of Deir el Bahri Yet in 1891, the celebrated Egyptologist Sir Gaston Maspero's team found the tomb stripped bare save for the mummified remains of Egypt's thirty greatest pharaohs and queens laid side by side in the vaulted emptiness. So it was for every tomb found in the necropolis in the last century.

THE MOST FAMOUS FACE from the ancient world The mask of Tutankhamun in beaten gold. Above: Stuccoed and painted wood head of Tutankhamun. It shows the Boy King emerging from a lotus as its petals slowly open to the sun.

In 1907, nine years after coming to Egypt, Howard Carter was introduced to Lord Carnarvon and an extraordinary partnership was born, which lasted till the latter's death in 1923. The extremely wealthy Peer and *bon vivant* had become an Egyptologist when after a nearfatal motor accident his doctor had advised him to go East to recuperate He chose Egypt, developed an interest in archaeology and soon obtained a concession to dig west of Thebes. Their team made valuable finds like the Carnarvon Tablet and the tomb of Amenophis I. Gradually, and no doubt with some misgivings, he saw his egocentric partner becoming obsessed with Tutankhamun

Most archaeologists believed that the Valley had surrendered all its secrets. The supremely fixated Carter, who for the last five years had combed the Valley for Tutankhamun, persisted. Were the occasional clues merely red-herrings? If found at all, would the tomb be intact? *Where, in God's name was it?*

One should risk the charge of being theatrical if only to give the battle a classic dimension. The forbiddingly desolate terrain; two determined adversaries- Horemheb and Carter- separated by 33 centuries, one man driven by the force of destruction and the other compelled by the potency of discovery And, finally, a victory which had much more than just a material outline, however precious that it might have been.

Though Carter was not such sort of a man, for him Tutankhamun's tomb seemed to have taken on mystical properties. However, the concession was running out and the area near the tomb of Rameses VI which Carter had always believed was a likely site, was the last place left. It was 4th November, 1922.

The day that changed the entire course of Egyptology dawned cool and clear. The digging was proceeding routinely near the entrance to Rameses VI's tomb when one of Carter's foremen ran up to him and announced that their chisels had unearthed a stone step Carter instantly recognized it for what it could be Frantic hands clawed at impacted sand and centuries-old rubble and in 48 hours the steep stairway leading down to Tutankhamun's tomb was exposed Picture this dry, introverted man peering down the sixteen steps at a sealed door hiding a 3,300 year-old secret, and you will see the stuff of which history is made

Carter kept the welling ecstacy tightly capped and cabled Carnarvon in England: AT LAST HAVE MADE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN VALLEY STOP A MAGNIFICIENT TOMB WITH SEALS INTACT STOP HAVE RE-COVERED SAME FOR YOUR ARRIVAL STOP CONGRATULATIONS. Why the congratulations? Was Carter being facetious or super-arrogant or was he merely following form? The import of the words: WITH SEALS INTACT was not lost on Carnarvon who set out immediately for Cairo. Carter had to wait for 18 days, agonizing over what lay beyond the sealed door. Here the first doubts begin to creep in. If after years spent in chasing an obsession, you were a few yards away from the most momentuous find of the century and, more importantly, about to retrieve your entire reputation, would you have waited so long?

Carter made arrangements for opening the tomb on 26th November, and journeyed to Cairo to receive Lord Carnarvon and his daughter, the pretty Lady Evelyn. Though the Egyptian Service of Antiquities exercised authority over all finds in the country, only Lord Carnarvon, his daughter and Callender the faithful assistant were privileged enough to be there.

In his three-volume *The Tomb of Tut. Ankh. Amen*, published between 1922 and 1927, Howard Carter describes that cool morning, exactly sixty years ago: "The decisive moment had arrived. With trembling hands I made a tiny breach in the upper left hand corner (of the door) . ... inserted the candle and peered in... .. At first I could see nothing, the hot air escaping from the chamber causing the candle flame to flicker, but presently as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room slowly emerged from the mist, strange animals, statues and gold- everywhere the glint of gold For a moment- an eternity it must have seemed to the others standing by- I was struck dumb with amazement, and when Lord Carnarvon, unable to stand the suspense any longer, inquired anxiously, 'Can you see anything?' it was all I could do to get out the words, 'Yes, wonderful things' "

Their light, the first in 3,300 years to pierce the darkness of the chamber, reflected dully off strange surfaces, wierd, black shadows jumped against the walls, the air smelt musky, as those who had buried Tutankhamun had smelt it But they had seen nothing of the wonders as yet

The Service of Antiquities was furious at being ignored. An official was sent to find out what exactly was going on Carter was probably abrupt, and the sordid, acrimonious battle was joined Carter fought the Service for five years, but why? Not for the relics, surely Even when it was hinted that he had cached away a portion, he disdained to reply, which made matters worse. I think Carter was fighting for a place in the sun which the Service was denying him, in terms of an autonomous control of the operation.

Tutankhamun's tomb, consisting of four rectangular rooms each separately oriented to the four points of the compass, covered an area of about 900 square feet. It was an incredible storehouse of funerary relics which according to the ancient codes would travel with the dead Pharaoh on his celestial journey. There were breathtakingly gilded chariots and couches and boats and beds and thrones; remarkable statuettes in alabaster and ivory and lapis lazuli portrayed a handsome race; shrouds of Egyptian textiles appliqued with small rosettes of pure gold; exquisitely crafted chests and shrines which held religious artefacts and foods.

In the finely worked enchantment of gold, what struck the men as unusual was the measure of humanity reflected in the craftman's work. Egyptian art had always been stylized and conceptually larger than life. But here was a *leitmotiv* of tenderness and delicacy, approaching sadness, and unparalleled linear beauty. Beaten gold panels depict the pharaoh and his lissome wife; the finely pleated robes, the soft bulge of belly and breast, the sharp yet sensuous profiles, the bend in a hip and the lightly caressing fingers are all caught in images of intimacy. In a beautifully symbolized idea, Isis, Nepthys, Neith and Selkit link their goddess-arms in an emotionally protective gesture around the Boy King sleeping in his massive yellow quartzite sarcophagus.

By now, news of the fantastic find had spread far beyond the borders of Egypt. Journalists and mystics, politicians and faith-healers, Royalty and rubber-neckers flooded the Valley. This time it was Lord Carnarvon who got into trouble, with the Press. Newsmen eager for scoops were horrified to find that the old Peer had contracted away exclusive first rights to the London Times. Sell-out! they cried Carnarvon stiffened the upper lip and wondered aloud as to why they were carrying on so; after all they were getting their stories free, from Merton's dispatches, though admittedly a day later! This controversy naturally got world-wide coverage and one more fissure appeared in the solid, 24-carat facade.

Since there was enough evidence to show that the grave-robbers had entered the anteroom, Carter was apprehensive about the state in which he would find the Burial Chamber. All doubts were dispelled when this chamber was opened on 17th February, 1923, and found to be totally intact. This 13' x 21' x 11' space was an incredible Chinese-puzzle containing four room-filling shrines, a massive sarcophagus and three gilded coffins, all packed tightly one inside the other It took 2½ years to dismantle everything and get to the Boy King.

In March that in Cairo, Carnarvon was bitten by a mosquito on the left cheek, contracted blood poisoning and died. All the street lights went off and in England his dog howled and fell dead. Those who later examined Tutankhamun's mummy found a scab on its left cheek Even the words spoken at his Hampshire graveside had an apocalyptic ring *Here, here's the place where meteors shoot, clouds form, Lightnings are loosened, Stars come and go.. ...* There were some coincidental deaths and unusual sand storms in the Valley, near the tomb The Terrible Curse of the Pharaoh was on

On October 28, three years after the discovery of that first stone step, the last coffin was opened. It revealed the extraordinary gold mask, surely the most well-known archaeological relic in the world. Around it was a garland of flowers which still retained a tinge of colour; it was Akhensenamun's final, touching farewell to her husband. The final coffin, ⅛' plate all around, weighed 2,448⅛ pounds in pure gold. Inside this, in a tragic anti-climax, were the mummified remains of Tutankhamun, almost burned away by the use of excessive embalming fluid and pitiful in its small, bejewelled, nakedness. Even so, Horemheb had lost.

The final indignity attaching to the would-be glorious story was in the form of

AKHENSENAMUN ANOINTING THE COLLARETTE OF TUTANKHAMUN. Silver, gold and paste panel from the back of the throne found in the tomb. The pose is unusually informal for Egyption art.

the absurd, trumped-up Curse On the other hand, the tomb presents genuine facets of mystery Why was this the only tomb in the Valley which escaped the large-scale pillaging by the grave-robbers who had entered it? What explained the penury of its walls and ceilings in startling contrast to the structural magnificience of the other tombs? What was the reason for the incredible confusion inside the tomb? Why, amidst a wealth of artefacts evoking the classical heights reached by the XVIIIth Dynasty, was there not a single scrap of papyrus to shed light on the history of the Boy King? Why had Horemheb, whilst annihilating his memory, left Tutankhamun's sepulchre unviolated? No theory is totally satisfying, and we may have to wait for another great find in the Valley to finally solve the mysteries of the tomb.

Howard Carter left the Valley of the Kings, finally, in 1932, exactly ten years after his historic find The tomb had taken a massive toll in terms of physical and financial resources; it had yielded no historical clues; the Wafdists Cabinet in Egypt had virtually derecognised him; the world's Press had injected into his remarkable story aspects of greed, prejudice and perversity.

The Curse did not get Carter This complex, introverted man died in 1939 from natural couses, far away from the Valley he knew so well and loved so fiercely. He, along with his Patron, had retrieved Tutankhamun from a carefully engineered obscurity and handed back to us a glorious segment of our heritage.

The two great godesses of Upper and Lower Egypt who protected a Pharaoh were Nekhabet, the vulture and Wadjet, the serpent. It is perhaps only a man like Howard Carter that they would recognise and let through. ■

APRIL 4, 1979: Supporters of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto weeping as they assemble at the Liaquat Ali Gardens in Rawalpindi to pray for his soul after his execution earlier in the morning.

In Pakistan Today—4

Generals Play Havoc

In this concluding instalment of excerpts from *Generals In Politics* (to be published shortly by Vikas), the former Pak Air Chief reveals how the Generals have all but reduced Pakistan to the level of a client state and played havoc with the economy of the nation.

by Air Marshal Asghar Khan

WITH the Judiciary effectively emaciated and political activity completely banned, political leaders took fresh stock of the situation. No one believed that Zia ul Haq's occasional statements to reaffirm his faith in democracy cut any ice with the people. The game had by now become clear. Piecing Zia ul Haq's statements and speeches together, it was obvious that he intended using every stratagem to remain in the driver's seat. He had, since coming to power—and particularly after the postponement of the November 1979 elections—made some important observations:

1 Pakistan had been created in the name of Islam and only an Islamic system could prevail in the country. What was an Islamic system was left for the "Council of Islamic Ideology" to define. This Council had been set up by Zia ul Haq with persons nominated by him.

2 Only those persons could be allowed to stand for elections in future who were good Muslims and good Pakistanis. It was not explained *who* would decide whether a person was a good Muslim and a good Pakistani.

3 The place of women and their rights would be decided afresh.

4 The public would be asked in a referendum whether they wanted an Islamic state. The General had perhaps overlooked the fact that the "Objectives Resolution" passed by the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan as early as 1949, and every Constitution since, had laid down that Pakistan would be an Islamic Republic. There was, therefore, no dispute on this issue.

5 The Armed Forces would have a political role in the country's Constitution.

6 The President would be vested with greater powers.

7 The people nominated to the Federal Council would perform the role of a *Majlis-e-Shoora* or a consultative body which would advise the President. A system of Islamic democracy would be worked out in consultation with this body and elections held for a Federal Parliament that would replace the nominated Federal Council.

8 Islam did not visualise more than one political party in the country.

9 Anyone who did not believe in the "Islamic ideology"—presumably as defined by Zia ul Haq—had no place in Pakistan and would be "liquidated". As a concession, in a subsequent statement, Zia ul Haq modified this to say that such people would have to leave the country. He did not say in which direction.

10 The press will be free to criticise any body or individual except the Armed Forces and the ideology of Pakistan. It will not be able to write anything which could fan regionalism. Any attempt by an individual or a newspaper to advocate the cause of a particular region could, therefore, be dubbed as regionalism.

Not A Proper Forum?

Putting these thoughts together, it was evident that the General's junta would like to evolve a system that would ensure a vote by the people in *their* favour. They were, therefore, likely to get the Council of Islamic Ideology to propose certain amendments to the 1973 Constitution. These proposed changes could be put to a referendum, or to the councillors elected under the local bodies' elections, or perhaps to the nominated Federal Council *(Majlis-e-Shoora)*. A referendum is not a proper forum for a decision on complicated constitutional issues, but the question could be so worded that the answer would go in the regime's favour. For instance, the referendum could include the following questions:

1 Do you stand for an Islamic order in the country?

2 Do you agree that only pious Muslims should be allowed to contest the elections?

3 Do you believe that people and parties subscribing to alien ideologies should be disqualified from participating in politics? Anybody talking of an egalitarian set-up could be debarred as a Communist or as an agent of a socialist country and could thus be disqualified.

When this had been done, elections could be held in such a manner that only those people are returned who would support Zia ul Haq and the junta—a situation which he artfully described as "positive results". The Generals would then have justified their action and could hope to make world opinion believe that they enjoyed the people's support.

This question of apparent public support assumed greater importance in view of the reluctance of a section of the public in the United States to support dictators in Third World countries with economic and military aid. Mindful of this, the Reagan Administration had, in all probability, suggested that Zia ul Haq should obtain a mandate from the people—phoney though this may be.

At home in Pakistan, so long as important political parties and the acknowledged political leadership did not fall in line, it would make little difference to the situation. Zia ul Haq's credentials would not improve and the political situation would remain inherently unstable.

PPP: In A State Of Disarray

Having experienced a major upheaval relatively recently in 1977, it was not easy to regroup political forces on different lines. The major political forces in 1977 had been the PPP and the PNA. The PPP was still licking its wounds. The party had been built up under the personality cult of one man who was no more. It did not have a democratic structure and its effective second-level leadership had been harassed and victimised by the military regime. It was, as a result, in a state of disarray.

The political parties that comprised the former PNA were now split in terms of their true character. Those parties that stood for democracy and were opposed to exploitation could not associate with the military regime of Zia ul Haq, whereas others were influenced by different considerations.

Each religious party was split into two groups. The larger group was the one which would like to bring an Islamic order by *any* means possible. For it, democracy was only of academic interest. The other group, notably in the JUI and the JUP, believed that any system, if it did not have the backing of the people and the sanction of the Constitution, could not last and, far from furthering the cause of Islam, would in fact damage it. It, therefore, found more in common with those who stood for democracy and were opposed to Zia ul Haq's regime. The Jamaat-i-Islami, however, believed in extending full support to Zia ul Haq. The Pagaro Muslim League was the inheritor of the traditions of the Convention Muslim League of Ayub Khan and was anxious to cooperate with the military regime.

In February 1981, 9 political parties—namely the Azad Jammu & Kashmir Muslim Conference, the Jamiat-ul-Ulema-i-Islam, the Council Muslim League, the Pakistan Democratic Party, the National Democratic Party, the Qaumi Mahaz-e-Azadi, the Mazdoor Kisan Party, the Pakistan People's Party and the Tehrik-i-Istiqlal—signed a declaration* reaffirming their faith in democracy, calling upon Zia ul Haq to hold elections and declaring his regime illegal. Although no organisation was created, this body or front was given the name of "Movement for the Restoration of Democracy". The chairmanship of this organisation was to go by rotation, with each party assuming this responsibility for one month.

The MRD was not an electoral alliance and the only thing its components had in common was their aversion to martial law and the desire to see elections held for a peaceful transfer of power to the elected representatives of the people. In spite of this limitation, it aroused considerable interest amongst the public, who saw this as a vehicle for ridding the country of martial law.

In a meeting with Zia ul Haq at Abbottabad on May 3, 1978... I asked him whether he was serious about holding elections. He assured me that he was determined to hold elections and, putting his hand on his heart, had said, most solemnly, that this was his promise as a "soldier and a Muslim". He was also bold enough to say that, if he failed to do so, I would be at full liberty to publicly call him "a liar". I regret to have to say that, when I took him up on this a year and a half later, I found to my cost that he thought it fit to curtail my freedom.

A.K.

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* *The declaration was signed on behalf of these parties by*

Azad Jammu & Kashmir Muslim Conference:	*Sardar Abdul Qayyum Khan*
Jamiat-ul-Ulema-i-Islam:	*Maulana Fazlur Rehman*
Council Muslim League:	*Khwaja Khairuddin*
Pakistan Democratic Party:	*Nawabzada Nasrullah Khan*
National Democratic Party:	*Sardar Sher Baz Khan Mazari*
Qaumi Mahaz-e-Azadi:	*Meiraj Mohammad Khan*
Mazdoor Kisan Party:	*Fatehyab Ali Khan:*
Pakistan People's Party:	*Mrs Nusrat Bhutto*
Tehrik-i-Istiqlal:	*Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri*

However, early in March, the hijacking of a PIA Boeing aircraft to Kabul and the admission of the late Prime Minister Bhutto's son, Murtaza Bhutto, that his organisation, Al-Zulfiqar, was responsible for it gave the martial law regime an opportunity to clamp down on the MRD, particularly the PPP.

Mrs Bhutto's statement, that Murtaza Bhutto and the activities of the Al-Zulfiqar organisation had nothing to do with the PPP, appeared to make no difference and the Government-controlled media played up the incident and the alleged involvement of the PPP with it. To prevent the MRD from "taking off", the Government arrested a number of leading political leaders and lawyers (including Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri) in the middle of February, much before the hijacking incident. Mrs Bhutto, her daughter Benazir and virtually the entire leadership of the MRD were arrested and put in prison. A large number of workers of the MRD parties were also locked up. For about 2 weeks, the media kept the masses spellbound, with the result that they could think of nothing else and, at least for the time being, the political situation was relegated to the background.

The First Reaction

The first reaction within the MRD was Sardar Qayyum's exit from it. He accepted the Government's version of the PPP's involvement in this affair and, as the martial law authorities began to round up MRD workers, he and the Pir of Pagaro became active in trying to forge another alliance of so-called rightist parties, loyal to the "ideology of Pakistan". After a great deal of running around, the Jamiat-ul-Ulema-e-Pakistan joined hands with the Pagaro Muslim League.They expressed their abhorrence of and inability to have anything to do with the MRD because the PPP was one of its members. The Jamiat-ul-Ulema-i-Pakistan also expressed its aversion to the inclusion of the Jamaat-i-Islami in the Pagaro-JUP alliance.

A friend who had been a senior bureaucrat during the Ayub Khan days had once offered me a piece of political advice. When I had jokingly told him that bureaucrats knew nothing about politics, he had asked: "Who has been running the politics of Pakistan all these years?" He had then given a summary of the role of the bureaucracy in the political life of this country and the significant impact on the politics of Pakistan of people like Chaudhary Mohammad Ali, Ghulam Mohammad and Iskander Mirza—all one-time bureaucrats. He was right. The greater part of Pakistan's history is a story of the partnership of the Army and the Bureaucracy. They have jointly run the country and have successfully kept public representatives away from their legitimate role.

A.K.

The Jamaat-i-Islami, isolated and ignored both by the MRD and the Pagaro Muslim League-JUP combination, tried to make virtue out of necessity and took the legalistic plea that, since political gatherings were forbidden under martial law, they could not meet to discuss such matters. They later resiled from their stand and came out with a formula of their own for a national alliance. Even otherwise, their contention that political activity was forbidden was hypocritical, since they remained active under the label of Khidmet-e-Islami. They also maintained that, when the country was threatened from outside, it was necessary that all political elements should extend their support to the martial law regime.

Having suppressed the opposition, Zia ul Haq turned his attention to labour which, in his opinion, required disciplining. Pakistan's industrialists had been clamouring for this for a long time and Zia ul Haq had delayed taking harsh measures, as he did not think the time to be as yet opportune for such a step. But, to keep labour leaders busy, he had kept up the facade of a triangular dialogue between the Government, industrialists and labour leaders of his choice. A number of conferences among the three had been held, but these had failed to produce the results that the Government had in mind.

In mid 1981, Zia ul Haq moved against the Pakistan International Airlines, banning all union activities, sealing union offices, dismissing hundreds of the Airlines' employees and imprisoning many of their workers and office-bearers. It was said that the airline was not running efficiently, was overstaffed and that the union activities were proving a hindrance in its efficient operation. The action did not create any significant reaction among other labour organisations in the country, who were next on Zia ul Haq's list for similar action. The PIA was a test-case and Zia ul Haq appeared to have selected his victim with care.

When the workers of the newly commissioned steel mill in Karachi staged a demonstration in August 1981, demanding a bonus promised by Zia ul Haq, they were beaten up. One person was killed by police firing and a number of workers (including the woman president of the workers' union) were arrested. A few days later, when an All-Pakistan Labour Conference was called in Lahore, a number of labour leaders were barred from entering the province.

Dismal Picture

By the end of 1981, Zia ul Haq appeared to be having his way. Political parties were banned and the Assembly of even half a dozen political persons inside a house could, if the Government so desired, be stopped. The press had been effectively gagged and most of the papers were vying with one another in praising the regime. Not a single line was allowed to go into the press unless it was duly cleared by the censoring authorities. Even the writings of some very accomplished journalists were being censored by information officers, some of whom were hardly born when these journalists had come to be recognised as competent newsmen. Labour appeared to be demoralised and many of its leaders, like those of some political parties, were squarely with Zia ul Haq.

The political scene in Pakistan, therefore, presented a dismal picture, but it was not one that was unfamiliar. The people had to go through more of martial law to realise the consequences. The question was whether they would do so in time.

Regrettable though it was, it was obvious then—and became abundantly clear with the passage of time—that a fairly large section of the PNA leadership had paid only lip service to democracy and was quite willing to serve on with Zia ul Haq. They lacked confidence in themselves and were afraid to face the people .. Some of our PNA colleagues had decided that, if they could not come to power themselves, they would prefer that the Army ruled.

Whereas the framing and implementation of a programme by one political party would appear to be a relatively simple affair, in an alliance it poses many problems. The Pakistan National Alliance represented a collection of parties with different political philosophies. It was united essentially on the revival of democracy and on the question of facing Bhutto and his party at the polls.

It is my belief that the PNA would not have been able to hold together in government for long, and would, in all probability, have had to hold elections much earlier than the expiry of its normal term. Its manifesto was essentially a compromise on many issues but would, if it had been implemented, been adequate only as an interim programme for a relatively short period.

Limping Economy

PAKISTAN is a land of contrasts and contradictions. The snow-capped mountains in the north and the desert in the south, the arid tracts of Baluchistan and the green fields of Sind and Punjab, the luxurious living of the rich and the dwellings of the poor, the imperial style of its rulers and the grinding poverty of the masses, the use of sophisticated technology and the incompetence and inefficiency of Government offices, must present to the uninitiated a confusing picture of a country which typifies, to a fairly large extent, the social and economic changes being brought about in the Third World. To comprehend some of the difficulties that Pakistan faces on the hard road to survival, a brief look at some of its economic problems and the way these are being tackled would be useful.

In terms of 1960 prices, Pakistan's per-capita income of Rs 681 is one of the lowest in the world. Her population is growing at the rate of 3 per cent a year and at this rate, by 1986, it will be around 100 million; by 1991 it will be 120 million; and, by the year 2000, about 154 million. The per-acre yield of wheat—the staple food of the people and the major source of income—is less than half that of most wheat-producing countries.

It is estimated that Pakistan is losing over 100,000 acres of agricultural land every year through waterlogging and salinity. Because of the rapid growth in population and the relatively low priority allocated to education, the percentage of population with primary-level education has been declining annually. It is estimated that, by the end of the century, 68 million persons—or 44 per cent of the population—will be below the age of 15 and that, unless a major change in priorities and outlook takes place, less than 12 million will be able to receive primary-level education. If present trends are projected into the future, the percentage of literacy in the country will drop substantially in 10 years' time, which in turn is bound to affect adversely the development of the country.

With the likelihood of further increases in fuel and production costs, Pakistan will be required to pay more for machinery and equipment than she has to purchase from abroad. However, given the present trend, her foreign exchange earnings from raw materials and finished goods will not rise proportionally to compensate for this increased cost. With construction work reaching the saturation point in the Middle East, her overseas manpower—which earns foreign exchange comparable with what is earned by the country's total exports—may well be returning home in increasing numbers in the next few years, requiring employment in Pakistan. This source of foreign exchange earnings may, therefore, soon begin to dry up

Growing Defence Expenditure

In the situation with which Pakistan is faced, it is necessary that her non-productive expenditure is kept to the minimum and the aid that she receives is used in the most profitable manner. With no representative National and Provincial Assemblies, a controlled press and a ban on political activities, there is no means by which the people can question the expenditure being incurred by the Government. As a result, non-productive expenditure in Pakistan has been increasing at a phenomenal rate in the last few years, causing rapid inflation in the country.

Pakistan's defence expenditure, per capita, is amongst the highest in the world: 46 per cent of the nation's Federal non-development budget is spent on defence alone. The defence expenditure, which in 1970-71 in the United Pakistan stood at Rs 3.2 billion ($320 million), had, 11 years later (in 1981-82), reached Rs 19.5 billion ($1.95 billion). Moreover, this expenditure of Rs 19.5 billion does not take into account the defence aid Pakistan is receiving from the United States and Saudi Arabia.

Although the defence budget has risen sharply in recent years, the Armed Forces have, over the last 30 years, been able fairly effectively to control the allocation of their share of the Federal budget. Any meaningful discussion of the military expenditure in the National Assembly has been taboo and politicians, even for the short periods when they have been allowed to function, have been persuaded to leave the whole subject of defence to the so-called "specialists" in uniform.

Since the country's foreign policy has been run in closely set grooves, this attitude was understandable. With the foreign policy that Pakistan has pursued, there has not been much room for manoeuvre. The Armed Forces have, therefore, come to be regarded as the "Sacred Cow". Any discussion about its health, size or performance in public or even in the National Assembly has been frowned upon. The "Cow" has been carefully fattened over the years and the pastures over which it has been fed have since dried up. A time has been reached when Pakistan should criti-

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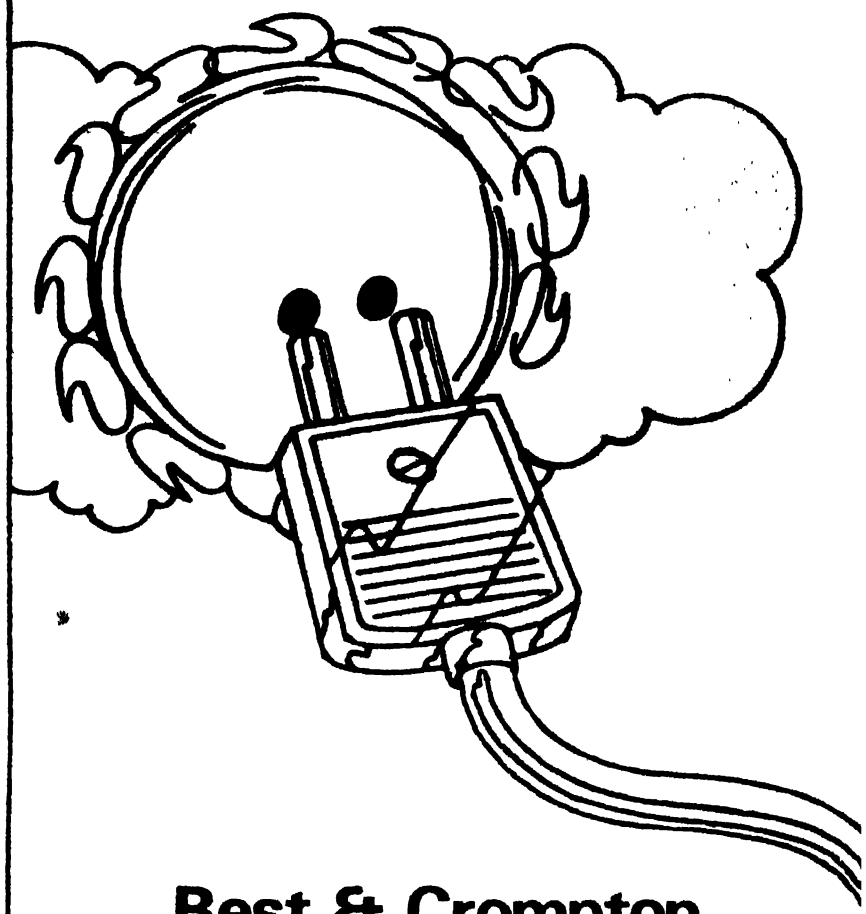

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Rising Civil Expenditure

If defence expenditure has risen sharply, so has the civil expenditure of the Federal Government. In 1970-71, this figure was Rs 56 million ($5.6 million). Then, 11 years later, it had shot up to Rs 5.5 billion ($550 million)—that is, 13 per cent of the total non-development expenditure of the Government. Added to the defence expenditure for 1981-82, this figure totals Rs 25 billion ($2.5 billion)—which is 59 per cent of the total non-development expenditure of the Federal Government.

In comparison with the 46 per cent of the Federal Government's total non-development expenditure on defence, the Government is spending only Rs 201.8 million ($20.1 million)—or 0.5 per cent—on education and Rs 126 million ($12.6 million)—or 0.3 per cent—on housing. If the budgeted provincial expenditure for 1981-82 on these three subjects is also included, the total expenditure on health in 1981-82 was Rs 937.2 million ($93.7 million)—or 1.6 per cent—of the Federal and the Provincial Government's non-development expenditure of Rs 43.28 billion ($4.3 billion), Rs 3.72 billion ($372 million)—or 6.5 per cent—on education and Rs 197 million—or 0.4 per cent—on housing.

Sometimes, a suicide mania overtakes a people and they realise too late that they have themselves been responsible for their destruction. I pray that history does not record that Pakistan perished in its infancy because the people refused to learn from their mistakes and allowed misguided and power-hungry Generals to lead them to doom and destruction.

A.K.

At the time of Independence, the Pakistan provinces of Punjab, Sind and North-West Frontier were dominated politically and economically by 80 landed families which together controlled 3 million acres of land: 12 years later, when Ayub Khan carried out the first land reforms in Pakistan's history, limiting irrigated land for individuals to 500 acres and non-irrigated to 1,000 acres, the pattern of rural society had not changed. Although only 2.3 million out of the 49 million acres of farmland were directly affected, Ayub Khan's land reform brought home to the landed aristocracy the possibility of further limits being placed on land ceilings. By interpreting the law loosely, landed families, while retaining effective control over their lands, were allowed to transfer, on paper, the ownership of land in the name of children, relatives, reliable tenants, sometimes even servants.

By the time Bhutto carried out his land reforms of 1972, placing a limit on land for individuals at 150 acres of irrigated and 300 acres of non-irrigated land, holdings on land had already been sufficiently divided by these ingenious methods to reduce the effect of land reforms. Even then, 2.83 million acres were affected. However, big landowners managed to circumvent the land reforms once again and only 512,886 acres were resumed by the Government. The land reforms of 1959 and 1972 did not, therefore, basically alter the pattern of rural society.

A.K.

tions of society. These include taxes on services such as electricity, gas and transportation. An average family of 5 pays to the Government in one way or another, in the form of taxes, Rs 2,530 annually Roughly 40 per cent of the sale value of commodities is tax in various forms. This is also true of essential commodities, such as sugar, *ghee*, cement and kerosene.

By new initiatives in her foreign relations, which would enable her to reduce her defence expenditure, Pakistan could raise her expenditure on health, education and housing by many times the present level. The impact on the social and economic life of the people would thus be dramatic. Or alternatively, if the amount thus saved is spent on subsidising essential consumer items (such as kerosene, *ghee*, cement, etc), the prices of these commodities could be substantially reduced.

Along with a change in her foreign policy and complete reorganisation of defence, a reorientation of Pakistan's policy in respect of foreign debts will be necessary if the future of the country is not to be mortgaged At the present rate of increase in the external economic debt, the country would have accumulated, by 1990, an outstanding debt of about $20 billion, which would require larger and larger amounts of foreign exchange to be set aside for debt servicing. With the country's foreign exchange earnings not keeping pace with the rapid growth in debt-servicing obligations, the Government of Pakistan has repeatedly pleaded to donors to reschedule debt-servicing obligations. Clearly, such a situation could only mean the complete subordination of national interests to aid-providing countries. Since some aid will be necessary, it would be prudent to diversify the country's sources of aid so as to reduce Pakistan's dependence on present major donor countries.

Having become militarily and economically dependent on the United States and the West, Zia ul Haq's Military Government has been obliged to follow the advice of the World Bank and the IMF. Her domestic policies and foreign commitments have, therefore, led her progressively to withdraw subsidies from such items as wheat and agricultural inputs. It was also under pressure from these agencies that the rupee was delinked from the dollar and, therefore, virtually devalued and reductions were made in investment in the public sector industries.

These agencies, representing capitalist interests, tend to be unmindful of the hardship that such measures cause to the poorer sections of society and aim at "development" at their cost. It is, therefore, apparent that, if the Government continues on the course it is following, in a few years, the prices of essential items of consumption will have risen sharply, imposing an even greater economic burden on the common man. Unless her present foreign policy is changed and the level of her defence and other non-productive expenditure is also substantially reduced, Pakistan will be forced to continue with her present heavy dependence on foreign aid, thus reducing her to the status of a client state of the major aid-providing nations—a status she appears at present to be trying very hard to acquire.

The Five Main Sources

An analysis of Pakistan's economic structure over the last few years will show that the country's expenditure and investments are met from 5 main sources: export earnings; foreign exchange remittances by Pakistanis living abroad; foreign aid, private savings; and taxes. The foreign exchange element is spent largely on import of fuel, manufactured goods (including machinery) and defence purchases. With an expanding economy and rising costs, there is limited scope for reducing foreign exchange expenditure on fuel and machinery. The rupees collected through taxes are required to meet the Government's domestic expenses. Roughly two-thirds of this amount is spent on defence and on the administration.

It is obvious that any reduction in the import of defence equipment would release an equivalent amount of foreign exchange for use on the country's development and reduce the burden of foreign debt. Any reduction of the rupee component of defence and administrative expenditure would release equivalent sums for health, education, housing and other sectors of public utility.

In fact, it is only by reducing the foreign exchange and rupee expenditure on defence and the administration that significant resources can be made available to the Government for changing the shape of Pakistani society. Only thus can the destinies of the people be changed and the country saved from the consequences of grave economic and social problems.

This is the only road to survival. ■

(Concluded)

JULY 1977: A Pakistani in Rawalpindi displays a newspaper which banners the news of stern new punishments decreed by the new Martial Law Government of Zia ul Haq

In The States

When Government Fiddled While Trivandrum Burned

by Sujata Anandan

TRIVANDRUM: For Trivandrum, New Year's eve, dawned with violence—the first of its kind in the city. And New Year's day brought with it the army. Never before had the city witnessed communal riots, let alone on the scale that they broke out in Trivandrum. Kerala has been a State known for its communal harmony—Hindus, Muslims and Christians have lived together in peace for years. Now, however, the fair face of this State lies marred by arson, loot and violence.

If one looks deeper into the incidents, however, one will realise that the violence marked not so much communal disharmony as the complete takeover of the city by anti-social elements who gave a communal colour to their depredations by splitting into Hindu and Muslim factions. The blame lies with the Government, the police, the opposition parties, the Muslim leaders and Hindu extremists, among others.

A Nabi day procession in Alleppey unexpectedly turned violent, triggering off the whole chain of unfortunate events. A rather tough Sub-Inspector, disliked by certain sections of the people, got into a tussle with the processionists when they changed their route without prior intimation to the police. Within moments the religious procession had turned into a mob and such was their fury that the men on duty lost their head—instead of resorting to lathi-charge and tear gas they opened fire, in apparent "self-defence". A bullet found its mark, resulting in the unfortunate death of one of the mob.

Soon emotions ran high—*a Muslim had been killed on Prophet's day* and the community was soon up-in-arms against the Government. The transfer of the erring Sub-Inspector did not pacify the Muslims but it sowed discontent among a section of the police staff—they felt they were being unduly victimised.

When protest demonstrations erupted all over Trivandrum, the Government was wary of taking any precautionary measures. What happened subsequently has perhaps never occurred before in the history of any State.

According to a senior Cabinet Minister, just a fortnight earlier the police in the State capital had had a scuffle with a section of the city's Latin Christian community. This soon escalated into a major confrontation with the local religious head and, in the resulting violence, one of the Latin Christian demonstrators was fatally injured. Voices had already been raised in loud protest against this so-called victimisation of a minority community when the Alleppey incident, coming soon after, added to the tension within the Government circles.

Chief Minister Karunakaran's UDF Ministry is precariously balanced on the support and goodwill of its minority supporters, especially the Muslim League. Organised Muslims are thus the critical deciding factor on the Kerala political scene and any withdrawal of this support would mean the instant collapse of the Government. It is an established fact that Muslim support in Kerala has always made and unmade Governments. For this reason the Marxists are trying their best to win them over.

Viewed against this background, the Government's reluctance to annoy the Muslim leaders becomes understandable. But what is totally *ununderstandable* is its foolishness in yielding to Muslim pressure and shackling its police force for hours.

The Government were apparently warned by the Muslim leaders that the deployment of the police would result in the eruption of uncontrollable violence by their followers. Consequently, all the time that the miscreants were indulging in spontaneous destruction of public and private property of the majority community, there was not even a single policeman or jeep patrolling the streets. Police officials were under strict orders not to use force whatever the provocation. Indeed, even when a police station was attacked by the looters, the men watched the destruction helplessly, afraid to take any action.

Such was the communication gap within the Government that none was aware that the rioters had even reached as far as the airport and set the grass round the runway on fire, successfully preventing the landing of several planes. One of the Boeings that had to be diverted to Cochin happened to have Governor P. Ramachandran on board. According to a source, a frantic call from him to the Chief Minister was the first that the Government heard of the extent of violence in the town. Only then did the police swing into action—fire engines were rushed to the airport and the rioters arrested. But by then it was too late.

Noting police indifference to the large-scale destruction of Hindu property, the majority community—mainly the RSS—warned the Government that they would soon move in retaliation if the police failed to control the rioters. However, when a small temple at the corner of a street was demolished, all hell was let loose.

Singling out Muslim homes and establishments, the Hindus—among them the RSS—went on a rampage. Within hours the city was on fire. There were no fire engines, and only a handful of policemen to control the mob. By the time a formidable force could be gathered and the army called in, large sections of the city already lay smouldering in embers.

(Trivandrum city apparently has only four fire engines, which in this instance, proved woefully inadequate to put out the fires that erupted in different parts of the city).

Senior police officials insist that there was "no delay in action, only delay in reaching the trouble spots". Why? According to them, almost all the police force was in Alleppey, Quilon and Kottayam attempting to quell the riots there! Even if one were to believe this outrageous statement, a serious shortcoming in the organisation of the State police force is all too evident.

Home Minister Vayalar Ravi, young, forthright and forthcoming, admits that there is a severe shortage of policemen in the State, putting the blame squarely on the 21-month E.K. Nayanar regime during which period, he insists, not even a single new recruit was taken into the police force, though two whole battalions were totally without a single cop! He puts the shortage at close to 5,000 men. Indeed, the Kerala plice force is extremely top heavy—there are five Inspectors General in Trivandrum alone, an equal number of Deputy Inspectors General and to top them all a Director of Police! But how many men do they command between themselves?

CPI(M) leader E.K. Nayanar, who heads the joint opposition in the Kerala Assembly, however, denied that there was any deliberate policy of non-recruitment of policemen in the State during his regime. The Central Government's insistence on recruitment by the UPSC had caused the shortage, he said, but only to a certain extent.

"It is ridiculous to say that all the Trivandrum police were in other towns," he says. "A city cannot be left totally without protection. No, it is not *police* inaction but *Government* inaction that escalated the violence."

Chief Minister Karunakaran, however, is less categorical in pinning the blame for the riots on any single shoulder. "The riots were more a case of lawlessness than communalism," he says, admitting that his Government was caught napping. "We believed that any show of strength on our part might result in more violence than we were prepared to accept the blame for. What we didn't realise was that it would have the totally opposite effect. But the calling in of the army and our later iron stand helped to bring the situation under control in no time at all. I don't think any other State has controlled such riots as fast as we did," he claims proudly.

Mr Karunakaran is even more reluctant to name any single community or party for the violence.

"There were RSS elements, Communist elements and Muslim elements among the rioters *and they were all lawless*. I don't believe any one faction incited either Muslim or Hindu passions," says he.

Looking back at the incidents of violence, the fact that stares one in the face is that all through the period of the riots there were no killings, no stabbings, no rapes or any similar occurrences that are generally associated with communal outbreaks. Indeed, the only death in Trivandrum during the riots was that of a man who was trapped in the fire in his shop and charred to death before he could be rescued. This gives strength to the theory that there was more an element of lawlessness than communalism in the recent riots.

Trivandrum, however, is *not* a Muslim stronghold like North Malabar is. There are only a few Muslim pockets in South Kerala. Nor is it traditionally an RSS stronghold. Yet the fury of the violence in the southern part of the State was scorching, while there were almost no inci-

—T. Rajan Pedavel, *Madhrubhumi*

FURY OF THE FLAMES. A serious shortage of fire engines and the delay in police action led to large-scale destruction of property in Trivandrum. Left: Firefighters on the job at a house at Injakkal junction. Below: Shops at East Fort in flames. Inset: Chief Minister Karunakaran (left) and Home Minister Vayalar Ravi (right)

dents at all in the north where such a flare-up could have taken an even more serious turn. One is forced to draw the conclusion that it was the Government's reluctance to act against the Muslims that led the mild protests to snowball.

However, it is interesting to note that while the Muslim miscreants were on rampage, the League leaders insisted that they be allowed to protest without being hampered by the police. But no sooner than the Hindu hooligans took to the streets, the League leaders were frantically on the phone appealing to the Government for police protection of their homes and property.

The fury of the Hindus, once unleashed, was uncontrollable. District Muslim League leader E.A. Rashid, who along with the Imam of the Palayam mosque and Deputy Chief Minister Mohammad Koya, was one of the chief organisers of the protest demonstrations, perhaps suffered the greatest loss—his car was burnt to ashes, expensive colour TV and video sets were ruined and, soon after, his house was set on fire. He himself had to jump over the walls of his garden into the adjoining *Mathrubhumi* compound and take shelter inside the newspaper office.

Indeed, Hindus as well as Muslims sheltered under the *Mathrubhumi* roof that night. Hindus sheltered their Muslim friends and Muslims sheltered their Hindu friends in areas where either community was threatened.

Significantly, 90 per cent of the damage was caused in predominantly Muslim Areas (only coconut trees and cows were left standing here) while only 10 per cent of the damage occured to Hindu establishments. A senior Minister alleged that, despite delay in Government action, the violence would have been much more contained had their been less politicisation of the issue by the Marxists. They were behind the Muslims, he said, egging them on to loot and violence: the Marxists have been consistently trying hard to win over the Muslim electorate in an attempt to come back to power and they apparently could not resist the temptation to show up the Government's so-called unconcern for Muslim welfare. They tried to make political capital out of the hasty police action in Alleppey but suffered a moral failure in Trivandrum.

The police as well as senior Ministers claim that a major part of the loot recovered was from areas predominantly occupied by CITU workers. A large number of acid bombs and country bombs were also seized from there during the course of the raids.

Marxist leader E.K. Nayanar, however, dismisses the allegations as juvenile, "The loot recovered was not just from CITU areas; the AITUC, the INTUC and lawless elements must share equal blame. There were no communists among the rioters, only communalists" he snaps.

Deputy Chief Minister, and Muslim League leader Mohammad Koya, however, insists that no communalism was ever intended when the protest demonstrations began. The violence was not systematically organised; it was spontaneous: the anti-social elements, having no cause to fear the police, took control of the situation out of the leaders' hands. Under the cover of religious dogmatism, they took advantage of the situation to settle personal scores. In fact, a large number of establishments burnt down—whether Hindu or Muslim—were the very ones over which disputes had been raging for several years in the past.

No one comes out lightly from the affair. To be fair to the Government, Chief Minister Karunakaran has accepted part responsibility for its lack of foresight and failure in taking precautionary measures against the possible eruption of such violence. Though he has also ruled out a public enquiry into the incidents, his Government is already distributing free rations and providing temporary shelters to the victims. The extent of the damage done is still being assessed but it is obvious that the loss of public property has been tremendous. Even Bombay did not witness the kind of arson during the police riots that Trivandrum did.

According to a local newsman, the people of Kerala are generally not so excitable, nor are they violent by nature. However, the Muslim leaders desired to draw the attention of the Centre towards the Alleppey incident and they went out of their way to ensure that their protests would be heard. (This takes on added significance in the light of the party high command's ban on religious protests by Congress (I) Muslim leaders).

Says the Home Minister, a popular youth leader in Kerala and a man in whom Chief Minister Karunakaran has tremendous faith, "We did not want to throw ourselves open to accusations of suppressing peaceful protests, for we are democratic. Which is why we allowed the demonstrations. But when such democratic dissidence turned into large-scale violence, we had to come down on the arsonists with an iron hand."

But as the DIG (Crimes), Dr Alexander said, "One must draw the line between democratic dissidence and plain wilful lawlessness." Else, the country will soon turn into a playground for looters, arsonists, killers and rapists, carrying out their criminal activities without fear of reprisal, in the name of democracy ■

A Way Of Life

BARODA: Riots have become a way of life to the people of Baroda. But those which rocked the town on the night of December 13, 1982, were riots with a difference.

They have claimed 13 lives—so far the highest toll in any of the over a dozen riots that occurred in the past year. The loot and arson were extensive. There was a head-on collision between two communities. The most striking feature, however, was the abrogation of responsibility by the police force on the first day of the riots. But, when the police struck the next day, it did so with a vengeance: over 60 bullets were fired in just 2 days.

Again, perhaps for the first time in the country, a riot had coincided with—if it had not been sparked off by—the transfer of a police official. Though there is considerable evidence that the riots were directly linked with the transfer of Police Commissioner Jaspal Singh—who had taken over only 3 months ago—the three Central Ministers in charge of the Home, Defence and Tourism Ministers, who visited the city soon after the violence, insisted that the transfer had nothing to do with the riots.

The latest riots, unlike the past ones, have cast an ominous shadow on the Baroda Municipal Corporation and the MS University, Baroda. The resignation by 15 corporators from the Ruling Congress-I (including the Mayor) coming soon after 4 Muslim corprators (including the Deputy Mayor) quit the party in protest against police atrocities during the November riots, has plunged the civic body into an unprecedented crisis. The air is thick with talk of its supersession.

No one can say when normality will restored to the university campus, which is now the scene of relay fasts and demonstrations by the students, demanding "reinstatement" of Jaspal Singh. The student agitators have so far failed in their effort to enlist the support of students from other cities, particularly Ahmedabad. Needless to say, the stir, leading to the university's closure 2 weeks ago, has inordinately delayed the first semester examinations.

The transfer issue has provoked litigation in a city civil court and the High Court. It is pertinent to note here that the Director-General of Police had, on December 14, ignored the order issued by the civil judge staying the transfer of Jaspal Singh on an application filed "in the interest of public property" by a local doctor, D.V. Nene.

The State Government has taken a serious view of Jaspal Singh's "non-functioning" on the night of December 13. And, in a reference to it, Chief Minister Madhavsinh Solanki had recently told a delegation of students that "Mr Jaspal Singh deserved to be in jail". However, it is a puzzling fact that, in just under 3 months, Jaspal Singh has become very popular, particularly with the majority community, which is now demanding his reinstatement.

Perhaps the effective police bandobust at the *Vargadha* procession, which was unprecedentedly spectacular this year, gained him the popularity among the majority community. So impressed were the organisers that they held a special function the next day to felicitate him. This caused some heart-burning among the minority community whose *Tajia* schedule was earlier upset by the riots.

The Police Commissioner obviously had good public relations. He endeared himself to the majority community by permiting *garbos* until 2 am and, later, he made sure that the marriage season went off without a hitch. His "exercises" in public meetings and small, impulsive acts apparently brought him close to the masses. He had a soft spot for the youth and made frequent "dramatic gestures" towards student leaders by calling upon them to listen to their problems.

SAD REMINDERS. The extent of arson and violence was immense during the latest Baroda riots. Inset, police Commissioner Jaspal Singh.

This is one reason why following his "transfer", for days on end, there were queues of students at his bungalow, carrying bits of paper and currency notes to secure his autographs on these. Jaspal Singh was merrily obliging them—an exercise considered by many to be utterly unworthy of a civil servant. However, by directly cultivating the students, he tended to set up an alternative centre of power in MS university, thus considerably reducing the powers of the university authorities.

Lately, he had also begun cultivating trade union leaders: this could have interfered with the process of industrial relations. There are other instances to show that he had a tendency to undermine the established institutions and lacked regard for procedural niceties.

Of course, his style of functioning projected a completely new image of a police officer, given Jaspal Singh's "flamboyance" and "nonconformist" views. At a function marking the death anniversary of Dr Ambedkar, he even criticised the State Government in the presence of other officials for knowing nothing about poverty and doing nothing for the poor.

Also, the manner in which the State Government acted in "removing" the Police Commissioner was highly clumsy. Jaspal Singh had been told by the Home Secretary in Gandhinagar that the Gujarat Government was not happy with his performance. In the gap between the time Jaspal Singh returned to Baroda from Gandhinagar and P.K. Datta took over as Commissioner, there was virtually no one in effective control of the police forces.

And, thanks to this, Mayor Jatin Modi, was manhandled by a mob at the railway station on the night of December 13. The crowd prevented him and his party from boarding a Bombay-bound train, alleging that he was responsible for the police official's transfer. The Mayor was literally carried away by the mob from the railway station to Jubilee Baug, more than 2 kilometres away. They had to go past three police stations, including the Police Commissioner's office: but not a single policeman came to his rescue! ■

Inder Sawhney

The traditional dances of a country truly reflect the cultural ethos of a people, as nurtured by the past and shaped by latter-day influences and impacts.

"ALL art is a revolt against man's fate," observed Andre Malraux, and that is why the dance seeks to transport us into a kind of space-time quite different from that of every-day life. The gifts of the body, supplemented by the gifts of the mind, have helped us establish new frontiers in the creative realm through the art of dance, and "every epoch that has understood the human body and experienced at least some sense of its mystery, its resources, its limits, its combinations of energy and sensibility, has cultivated and revered the dance."

The sphere of culture and civilisation lays down broadly the style and substance for the pattern of dance and, even here, the periods of evolution and the nature of society mark the divisions of tribal, folk and classical systems. At the other end, we have modern dance shaping itself in a new direction, according to the demands of the times to suit emerging fashions and the tempo of modern life.

The dances of Korea belong to the northeast Asian cultural sphere, and the traditional repertoire includes items that trace their origin to the courts or to community celebrations. Thus we have extreme sophistication as demanded by nobility or an exaggerated emphasis of the emotional or romantic note as one would expect in a performance for the multitude.

The music of Korea also follows these two main courses—one emanating from the anstocratic source and the other springing naturally from the common heritage of the land and the people.

The Korean cultural heritage carries with it a distillation of influences percolating through a period of over 500 centuries. Consequently, the past is marked only by the traditional and not the classical idiom. But even so the restrained elegance of the court dances stand influenced by the Confucian ideal and, thus, reflect a serenity that is classical in substance

The music, characterised by gentle curves in melody and controlled grace notes, adds to the overall impact of Korean dance that can, in subdued notes and ceremonial costumes, present the "Flower Crown" in the court or create splendorous designs with fans for loud applause from the people

On the religious plane, the Korean dances bring to us Buddhist rituals, traditional celebrations of the full moon and also exorcist practices from the earliest period in Korea's history—relating to shamanism

The Mask Dance represents the folk element and is usually satirical in content, leaving the community celebrations to feature through the Drum Dance or the Farmers' Dance.

The dance as an art is endless, indeed, for it has sought to create beautiful forms in motion in time and space from the first dawn of civilisation and stands wedded to life to reflect all moments of being and becoming.

S.V.V.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU being sworn in as India's first Prime Minister by Lord Mountbatten on August 15, 1947 "The fact that Mountbatten could not establish quite the Commonwealth he had in mind—wherein the King of England would remain the King of India too—did not diminish his sense of relief and achievement."

bind India to British policies, and Pakistan was to be the tough knot to ensure that India did not easily untie that bond. Gandhi's intention, therefore, of having the British commit to similar arrangements for both India and Pakistan undercut the very basis of British strategy. Obviously they could not agree to this.

Mountbatten then again sought to highlight the value of the Commonwealth. "The greatest guarantee for the future peace of the Indian sub-continent lay in both nations remaining members of the British Commonwealth," exclaimed the Viceroy. Gandhi, who had never reconciled himself to the idea that Hindus and Muslims were two different nations, reacted at once and reproved him for using the word "nations", and asked him to use the words states or countries instead.

Mountbatten well realised that India was being dragged into the Commonwealth against her will. As such, the Labour Government in England was sceptical about India remaining its member for long but expected that the Congress would have to show some moderation for the time being But on 21 July, barely three days after the Indian Independence Act received the royal assent, Nehru, on behalf of the Union Constitution Committee in India, presented the draft Constitution to the Constituent Assembly which came as a great blow to the British dreams.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was even more unhappy to find the term Sovereign Independent Republic -which he had battled so hard to avoid. Desperately reaching out for some straw, he latched on to the suggestion Nehru had made in their very first meeting months ago

He wrote to Listowel, "I have been wondering whether some form of common citizenship as was proposed for France and England in the summer of 1940, might be a possible solution and I shall be grateful for any thought on this matter from you at home."

After pondering over this proposal, Listowel ruefully wrote in his last letter to Mountbatten: "In another sense, however, to hanker after any form of common citizenship (is) swimming against the stream. In any case the status of a British subject will remain a common status, though in the last analysis it will now, more than ever, mean simply a common allegiance to the Crown And there, I take it, we are back at our starting point."

Mountbatten had tried so hard to engineer did not work out quite as he wanted it to Actually India's becoming a member qualitatively altered the entire concept of Commonwealth

On 2 March 1949, Premier Attlee discussed with Churchill and his colleagues the question of a republican India *vis-a-vis* the British monarch. Attlee afterwards reported to the King "Mr Churchill made the same suggestion which Your Majesty made yesterday, as to the possibility of Your Majesty being the President of India. I felt that the other members were in general agreement with the broad line which Mr Churchill had taken. I was gratified with the general attitude. I hope to see the Liberal leaders tomorrow "

Independence "Plus"

It is amazing that King George and Winston Churchill could believe that the King of England could become the President of free India But if the human mind can conceive of an El Dorado or Utopia, it is perhaps capable of conceiving anything

When the Commonwealth Prime Ministers gathered in the British capital, some of them tried to explain to Nehru the lines along which the British leaders were thinking Peter Fraser of New Zealand tried to convince the Indian Prime Minister that "the Commonwealth was not independence minus but independence plus "

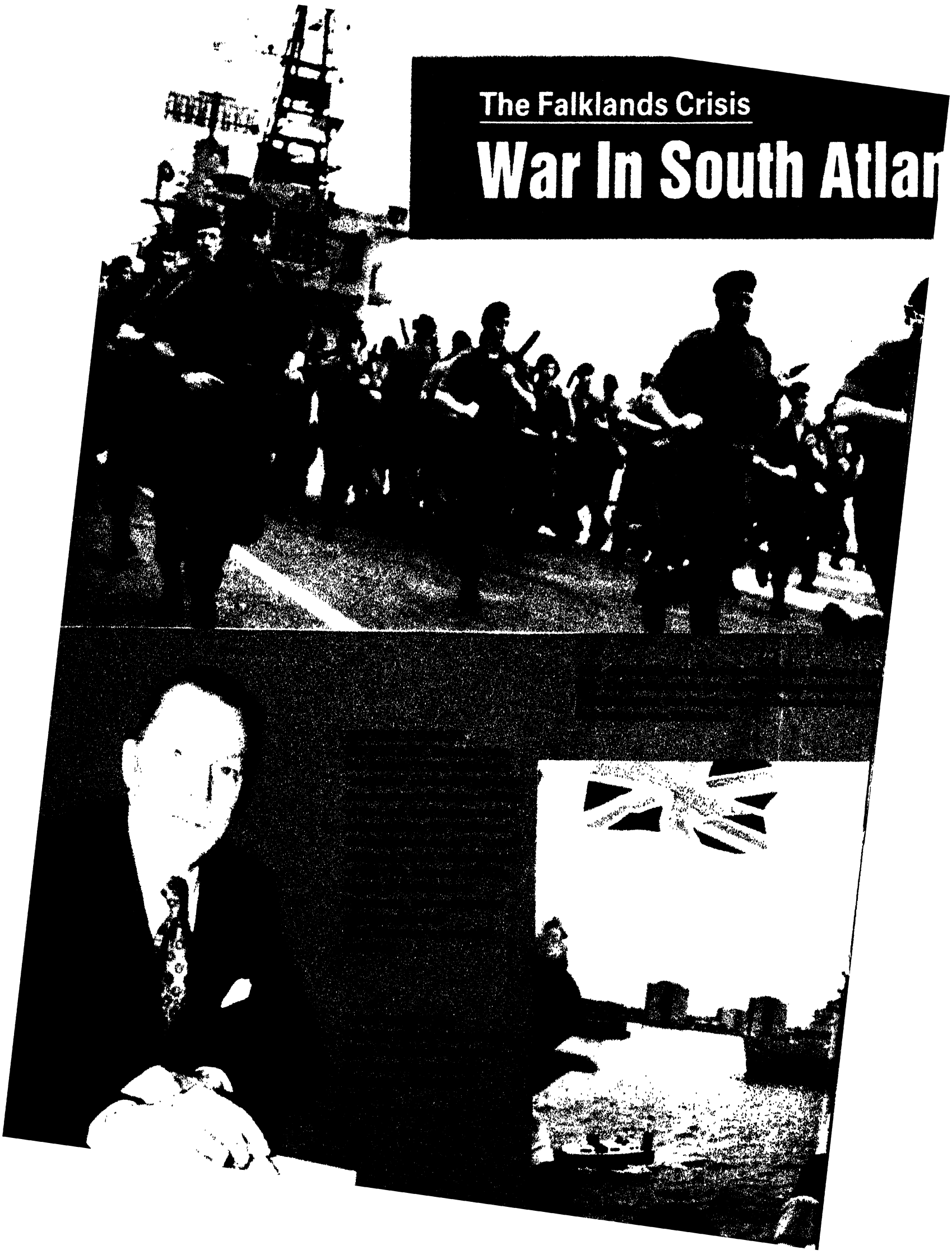
Nehru now had no other alternative but to shatter this reverie of Churchill, Attlee and the King. He openly declared that India was determined to be a republic. To soften the blow, all the Prime Ministers met the King under Attlee's leadership It was, as Attlee said, "the first time, a King had ever had the collective advice of all his Prime Ministers". They told him that his hope was beyond practical realisation In their collective wisdom they submitted that the best that could be done was for the King to be called the "Head of the Commonwealth"

The King heard them out in silence, and his Prime Minister later noted with a touch of pathos: "George VI made not the slightest objection to removing the Imperial Crown from his head—the chief jewel of the British Empire. That is a remarkable fact. It shows the great advantage of having a King who was never static but who moved forward with the times."

The King realised that times had indeed changed. ■

The Falklands Crisis

War In South Atlan



Expensive Games Nations Play

WELCOME HOME?
The Ex-Governor of the Falklands, Rex Hunt, is seen receiving at Gatwick Airport, London, one of the 35 islande who were repatriated by the Argentine soldiers.

Initial diplomatic efforts to resolve the Falklands dispute got nowhere. The US Secretary of State's peace mission and the joint US-Peruvian moves both floundered on the basic issue of sovereignty. Now, the UN Secretary-General has entered the fray. Will it be a case of third time lucky? At the week's end, both Argentina and Britain were in a fighting mood but talking peace. The former has lost a battle cruiser, *General Belgrano*, and the latter one of its modern warships, *HMS Sheffield*. Both countries have suffered heavy casualties. And their economy is in a shambles. While Gen Galtieri has been forced to slap on heavy taxes on liquor, fuel and tobacco to meet the mounting war bill, he can draw some consolation from the fact that support in Western Europe for Margaret Thatcher's bid to punish him for aggression is weakening.
International pressure and the growing demand at home to stop fighting may force Thatcher's hand. But if she compromises on the principle she set out to uphold, it will be a great pity.

by Girija Prabhakar

"We are standing in front of the duchies," said Bismarck to the Austrian ambassador, "like two guests before whom an admirable banquet is spread, but one of them, who has no appetite, sternly forbids the other, who is hungry, to fall to." Superficially, the Falklands dispute would appear to resemble the 19th century problem of the duchies, viz. Schleswig and Holstein. Argentina covets the Falklands Britain does not, at least not to the same extent. The British connection with the islands and its dependencies, especially over the last three decades, has been tenuous at best. Yet, the Argentine invasion on April 2, unleashed a surge of nationalistic pride and self-righteous indignation in Britain.

Running Battle

The battle for paramountcy, however, has been raging for nearly a century and a half. Britain's claim rests on the fact that its citizens have held the islands since 1833. The Argentines question the very legality of this occupation. They also maintain that, on attaining independence from Spain, Argentina inherited Spain's right of sovereignty over the Falklands. Argentina, therefore, claims these islands and its dependencies as an integral part of its territory.

With equal consistency, Britain has been denying the Argentine demand Britain's stand vis-à-vis the Falklands was clearly defined as far back as 1834. Then the British Prime Minister said that his country would not permit "any other state to exercise a right as derived from Spain—which Britain had denied to Spain itself."

The situation in the South Atlantic, now, over a month after the reckless Argentine assault, is both dangerous and uncertain. The British have recaptured the dependency of South Georgia. They have declared a "Total Exclusion Zone" around the islands, as of 1100 hours GMT (16.30 hours IST) on Friday, April 30, and have engaged in fierce fights in the air and at sea to enforce it. They have also bombarded the airfield at Port Stanley, the capital, and Argentine military positions in the Falklands. A British submarine has torpedoed and sunk the second biggest warship in the Argentine Navy. The luxury liner the Queen Elizabeth 2 has been pressed into military service as well It will carry some 3,000 British troops to the Falklands.

Such a tremendous show of force, however, is not without its price. Each day at sea is costing the British Exchequer a couple of million pounds or more. Where will all this money come from? The British taxpayer, quite naturally, is wondering at the wisdom of such an exercise, however "honourable" it may be.

The poser that Thatcher's Government faces, therefore, is whether the interests of 1,800 British subjects, the descendants of convicts—the Falklands were originally a penal settlement—should gain precedence over the interests of the 56 million inhabitants of the British Isles, at a time when Britain is riddled by unemployment, inflation, stagnant levels of production and a difficult balance of payments position.

There is a general unanimity among the English people, that force should not be allowed to resolve any international dispute, and that the Falklanders, like everyone els should have the right to choo their own political destiny. Insofar as the British Government is working towa these ends, it has the unquali backing of the entire nation. T *modus operandi* of the Government, however, has raised serious doubts in the public mind.

The use of force to settle territorial disputes is not new the history of conflict. But victory in war has often led to disaster on the economic fron The Falklands crisis has alrea resulted in the first substanti claim on Britain's contingenc reserve for 1982-1983. A supplementary budget to fina the war effort may be tabled soon. Taxes are bound to go u And deep cuts in public expenditure are likely to take heavy toll of social benefits

Monday, April 5 and Tuesday April 6, saw the exchange rat between the pound and the dollar, at the lowest level sinc 1977. At this stage, a run on t sterling would not only step u import prices and interest rat but also fuel inflation. Win or lose, the Falklands war will result in a severe setback to th nation's limping economic recovery.

High Bill

Keith Speed, former Navy Minister, has suggested that t war bill could be as high as £1 million or £200 million. Small wonder, then, that Tony Benn views the entire operation as a "ill-thought-out enterprise". A early as April 7, Benn called f the withdrawl of the task forc Now, after shooting has broke out in South Atlantic, there ar good many more who subscril to Benn's point of view.

With the lives of British servicemen at stake, there is a growing demand among the Opposition for a negotiated settlement of this territorial dispute. Significantly, even th government's most ardent supporters are now inclined t draw a distinction between th wishes of the islanders about their political future and thei own true interests. The argument is that while the islanders interests cannot be disregarded at the negotiatin table, they cannot be allowed t veto a possible accord for they not know what is best for ther

Photographs by S.N. Kulkarni

FLOWER CROWN DANCE (top). This is a modern adaptation of a court dance once reserved for royal banquets.

DRUM DANCE (above). It is derived from the dance of the monks that was part of Buddhist ritual.

FAN DANCE (right), one of the most beautiful and appealing folk dances of Korea.

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That's Business

by Our Special Correspondent

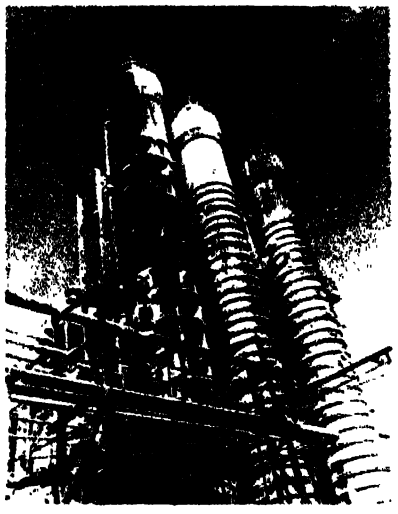
APPOLLO HOSPITALS ENTERPRISE LTD, India's first hospital project to be financed by equity capital and term loans, is expected to start functioning in Madras by July 1983, according to Dr Pratap Reddy, an eminent cardiologist and the brain behind the venture.

Of the equity capital of Rs 3 crore, Rs 1.3 crore have already been subscribed by doctors and businessmen and the balance of Rs 1.7 crore is to be raised through a public issue of shares which opened on December 28. Term loans of Rs 3.29 crore will come from a consortium of banks led by the Indian Overseas Bank. In addition, the American Express Bank in Switzerland will give a loan of 8 million Swiss francs.

Modis Dislodge Dunlop

Judging by the hectic advertisement campaigns, it would seem that the tyre industry is in the throes of frenetic competition among its major constituents—Dunlop India, Modi Rubber, Ceat Tyres, Apollo Tyres and Premier Tyres. This is understandable. While the tyre companies are on the crest of a production thrust, the demand for tyres has receded because of the reduced off-take of vehicles, whose hire-purchase is credit based.

Mr L.J. Tompsett, Managing Director of Dunlop India, says: "A marginal recession in demand together with increased production has led to intensified competition, but there is room for everyone." Without naming his main competitor, Mr K.N. Modi, Chairman, Modi Enterprises, remarks: "We believe in competition and will retain and expand our market irrespective of any multinational."



THE SODIUM BICARBONATE PLANT at Tata Chemicals at Mithapur, Gujarat.

In view of the expectation that the present recessionary phase would end soon, and because of the calculation that exports would continue to grow, none of the companies is inclined to revise its modernisation/expansion programme. The Modis have a Rs 40-crore modernisation programme for their newly-acquired Firestone factory near Bombay. Dunlop India plans to spend Rs 31 crore on modernisation and will raise a part of this finance through a convertible debenture issue. Apollo Tyres has received a letter of intent for a second unit in Ropar district in Punjab. Having acquired a substantial equity stake in Ceat Tyres, Mr R.P. Goenka is pumping a lot of money into his new acquisition. The Niren C. Desai group, which manages Premier Tyres, recently warded off a challenge from nominees of the Kerala Government, which holds 60,000 of the 1.80 lakh equity shares of the company and is chalking out an expansion programme because the company has recently turned the corner.

MR K.N. MODI, Chairman, Modi Enterprises.

The Modis have captured 20 per cent of the market and dislodged Dunlop from the number one position in the industry. With Modistone (actually a new name for Firestone) on the way, they can be expected to increase their lead further. In fact, the growth of Modi Rubber epitomises the entire Modi Group. "Our total assets have increased from Rs 225 crore in 1976-77 to Rs 800 crore at present," claims Mr Modi quietly.

Raw Nerve

Mr Peter Drucker, widely acknowledged as a pundit of business management, has touched a raw nerve among our corporate executives. In his latest book, *The Challenging World of the Executive* he sees legitimacy in a senior executive's salary being 25 times as high as the lowest salary in the company. Although this would be a fantastic proposition in this country, our senior executives have been duly reminded that the ratio of their salary to the lowest salary is, generally, 12:1 before tax and 5:1 after tax.

The views of Mr Pai Panandikar, Secretary-General, Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, are fairly representative of the thinking of

MR PAI PANANDIKAR, Secretary-General, Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

senior executives. He makes three points. An administratively imposed ceiling is not needed because the corporate structure provides built-in checks, apart from the limitation incorporated in the Companies Act. The ceiling is discriminatory in as much as the professionals have been exempted. It is driving away talent from the corporate sector.

The administrative guidelines of November 1969 pegged the annual salary and commission of managerial personnel at Rs 90,000 and Rs 45,000, respectively. In 1978 the Janata Government lowered the ceiling on salary to Rs 60,000 and on commission to Rs 13,000. Since then the present Government has been dawdling on the issue.

Soda Ash Glut

Ever since the extension of Open General Licence imports under the liberalised policy for 1982-83, various industries—prominent among them being soda ash, POY (partially oriented yarn) and PVC resin—have been complaining about dumping by overseas producers. The latest cry of distress comes from Mr Darbari Seth, Chairman of Tata Chemicals, who recently informed the annual general meeting of the company in Bombay that its soda ash production in the first six months of 1982-83 dropped by 3.5 per cent. There is, however, good

MR DARBARI SETH, Chairman, Tata Chemicals.

news for Mr Seth and others who are similarly sore over reckless imports.

The Customs Tariff Act, which already provides for a countervailing duty under Section 9, was amended during the last session of Parliament to also bring in an anti-dumping provision. Officials at the Commerce Ministry disclose that the necessary rules are being drafted and that a notification giving effect to the provision will be issued "in a couple of weeks".

The anti-dumping provision would be invoked after it is found that the differential between the import price of an item and its indigenous price is not off-set by the countervailing duty. An investigation would be made into two aspects: whether the import price is below the prevailing international price; and whether the indigenous industry is being "injured". It is a measure of the Government's tardiness that though it has been under an international obligation to introduce an anti-dumping law since 1973-74 (when it participated in the Tokyo Round of GATT), it has moved in the matter only now—after so much domestic hue and cry.

The ex-factory per tonne price of the light and heavy varieties of soda ash produced by Tata Chemicals is Rs 2,198 and Rs 2,300, respectively. The corresponding prices of the imported Bulgarian soda ash are $90 and $120. Thus, even after a combined customs and auxiliary duty of 120 per cent, the imported soda ash is cheaper. Irrespective of whether the Bulgarians are dumping or not, the question arises whether Tata Chemicals could reduce both their cost of production as well as profit margin. Consumers of soda ash have, in fact, been complaining against Tata Chemicals, a notable voice being that of Mr Taktawala, President, All-India Glass Manufacturers Federation.

Do We Need Robots?

Notwithstanding the spectacular success of the Japanese in the field, industrial robots would be a superfluity in a labour-surplus country like India. Nonetheless, a few companies have been developing this technological monstrosity, which would be on display at the fifth Indian Engineering Trade Fair being held at New Delhi's Pragati Maidan from January 19. Other attractions are likely to include "electromobile", an electricity-powered vehicle, and an irrigation pump run on solar energy.

The ten-day fair is being organised by the Association of Indian Engineering Industry. Mr Gurpreet Singh, Managing Director, Continental Device India Ltd, and Chairman of the Trade Fair Committee, talks of a two-fold purpose. One, to provide a comprehensive view of India's engineering capability. Two, to promote transfer of technology to India. In addition to the wares of about 150 Indian companies, which include prominent names from the public and private sectors, there will be a "technology transfer show-window" for foreign companies. The response from abroad, according to Singh, has been satisfactory, except for the Japanese disinclination to participate.

The timing of the fair shows clever coordination. Since the fair will broadly synchronise with the Indo-EEC conference (January 16 to 18) and the UNIDO energy conference (January 24 to 26), it should be able to attract a correspondingly larger number of foreign industrialists and technologists. It will be an occasion to talk this over with "delegations" from Britain, Canada, West Germany, Belgium and Hungary. Symposia are also planned on different aspects of technology. ■

MR GURPREET SINGH, Managing Director, Continental Device India Ltd, and Chairman, Trade Fair Committee.

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It Can Be Cured

Stammering In Children

by J. P. Gupta

WHEN you see a blind child your sympathy is aroused, when you see a crippled child you pity him, but a child stammering or stuttering with a straining facial expression often evokes laughter. Stammering is the inability of an individual to express his thoughts and feelings fluently in words and phrases. It is his faulty speech that makes him hesitate and then try again and again to produce the sound or word he wants to use. There is a sudden stoppage at a syllable or sound for a fraction of a second or many seconds, at the end of which the sound emerges explosively. Stuttering is also basically similar.

However, it is important to understand, that stammering is not a disease, but is a progressive disorder—a result of faulty feedback. It denotes certain peculiarities of speech. The child utters a few words, is overwhelmed by the sounds of his own voice and starts to falter. He speaks so slowly with a pause at every word that the person hearing him loses patience. In stammering there is repetition of syllables or sounds till the desired word is pronounced. There may be spasmodic contractions of lips, tongue etc, and due to lack of coordination between the muscles of the respiratory organs, voice box and jaws the first letter of a word may be repeated several times, and the word may be pronounced like p - p - p - a - pa - papa, or the mouth may be wide open saying a - a - a - a - a - before pronouncing the word. Some may be so suddenly struck that no sound comes out at the beginning at all, or in the middle of the conversation. Hesitancy over a particular syllable, word, or a long sentence produces a permanent impression of tension and fear on the mind of a stutterer or stammerer. So much so, that he starts anticipating the "block" which makes him even more nervous. Therefore, instead of slowing down he hastens to overcome the "block". These "blocks" are of only 2 or 3 seconds duration, yet in the presence of a dominant personality the resultant time pressure multiplies. He feels guilty for delaying his listener and attempts to camouflage his handicap by moving his eyes, face, neck or hands and legs. This faulty expression of speech is not due to any organic defects requiring surgical treatment, it is more the outcome of an inner mental conflict of the afflicted person.

Why Do They Stammer?

Stammering is usually the result of nervous shock, or terrifying experiences in early childhood. Sometimes surgical operations for cataract, adenoids or the after-effects of whooping cough, measles, influenza, rickets etc can cause shock. Fear, strain and exhaustion also lead to faltering or defective speech. Some of the factors which lead to stammering in children are:

* Jealousy with the arrival of a new baby in the family. Loss of exclusive attention can cause a trauma in the first born.
* Harsh discipline and corporal punishment puts a great strain on the child and can lead to faltering speech.
* Expectation from a child much beyond his talents and capacities subject the child to a great deal of anxiety due to which he may begin to stammer while expressing himself.
* Sudden and forcible discontinuance of long standing habits such as sucking the thumb. The child may take to stammering as an escape mechanism. Also, left-handers sometimes start stammering when they are compelled abruptly to use their right hand.
* Sharp rebukes, constant scolding and stopping a child from participating in a discussion with elders can cause him to stammer. (The words literally remain half-spoken.) This conflict can have a lasting effect. Because of past experience, when he wants to speak he swallows the words. This sequence of intense desire to talk, the conflict, fear and gulping of words make a sensitive child prone to improper expression.
* Sometimes mocking a stammer (or the constant companionship of a child or adult who has a speech defect) leads to the habit of stammering in a child.

Cure It With Care

Some faltering in speech is nothing to worry about. The child must not be made to feel that his speech is making his parents concerned and worried. Do not tease the child or make fun of him or ridicule him, or punish him, but help him get his confidence restored. Coaxing, urging, ordering to talk before the child is ready, showing displeasure or disappointment when he fails to respond make him uncomfortable and he wants to draw away. He may develop a dislike and resistance to any improvement. It is very difficult to break his resistence if you good him to that stage.

The intial step is to look after the child's physical and mental health. Most of the stammerers are anaemic and nervous. Proper medical check-up and necessary treatment is the first essential step in the treatment of the stammerer. Many stammerers suffer from cramps of breathing muscles or they breathe in hurried gasps or they let out almost all their breath before each sentence or phrase and then spell the sentence or the phrase slowly in one breath. Such a person should not let out his breath before speaking. There should be no breathing in the middle. Introducing melody in conversation, giving exercises in reciting the alphabets several times in one breath, trying to say as much as possible of a poem at a stretch, all this, can help.

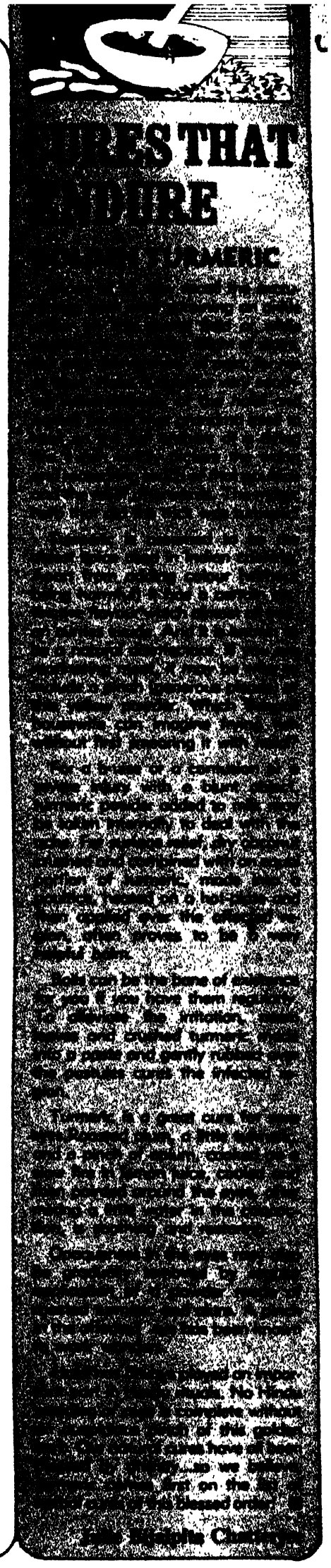
The cooperation of parents in the treatment is equally important. When a child stammers do not reject him, listen to him and speak patiently. Do not check him or correct him at every step. Your calm will reassure him. A stammerer needs practice in making mistakes rather than in talking smoothly. Give him more and more opportunity to talk. Do not insist on correct behaviour and correct speech at all times. Reinforce his confidence by saying kind encouraging words. The child needs to convince himself by experience that he should continue to move forward inspite of errors in his speech. Your fair, frank and affectionate treatment will encourage him to improve

At first the child should be given exercises in proper speaking in exclusive privacy, the number of observers and participants may be gradually increased Your warm outgoing attitude and an easy verbal give-and-take with those around, contributes immeasurably to the speech of the child who stammers—if you can draw him into the conversational circle Let him say a few words on common topics such as the weather, or relate a story in his own words, or deliver a speech whether memorised or extempore. This gradually developes his ability to communicate.

Another way of developing confidence is to sing with the stammerer and by and by to withdraw leaving the child to sing alone. Blowing bubbles and balloons and whispering are also helpful in strengthening the child's confidence and in making him feel that he is doing something to overcome this uncomfortable habit.

The child who is ashamed to speak must be encouraged to speak. Take him to picnics, and places of interest, give him some responsibilities, and most important of all, let him express himself. If he is excessively voluble, stop him gently Stammerers without exception talk too rapidly. Exercises in slowness—in slowing down the speed of their speech, reciting poems or in conversation—should be given to such children.

Reading aloud can also help the child overcome his speech defect. Some friend may read out from the text of a descriptive passage and the child speaks along with him, without looking into the text This means that the stammerer has to listen very intently and to repeat it. The friend should go on reading, and should not give the child time to think so that he has to concentrate first on listening and then speaking and catching the next words and so on Another method is to have the stammerer read aloud from the text and write down the words at the same time. The two things have to be done simultaneously. This requires great concentration and also slows down the rate of speech. You might have heard of the Irish boy, Curin, who was a stammerer in his childhood, but through regular practice of speech therapy became a very fluent speaker. Even more celebrated is the case of Demosthenes the "silver-tongued" Greek probably the greatest speaker of them all. He began as a stammerer and cured himself by learning to speak with pebbles in his mouth! No stammerer is a hopeless case. Some time he will improve with a good deal of effort and a little help from his friends!



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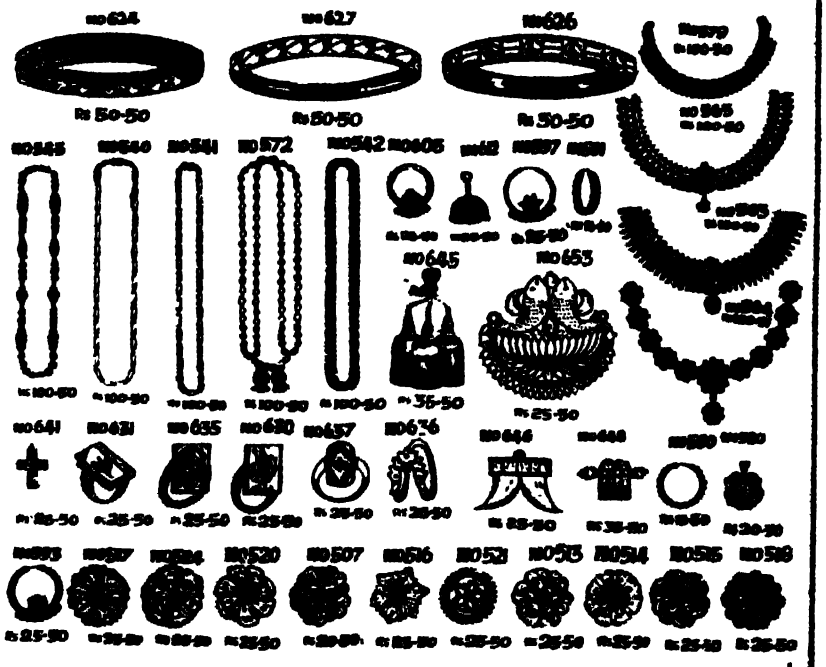

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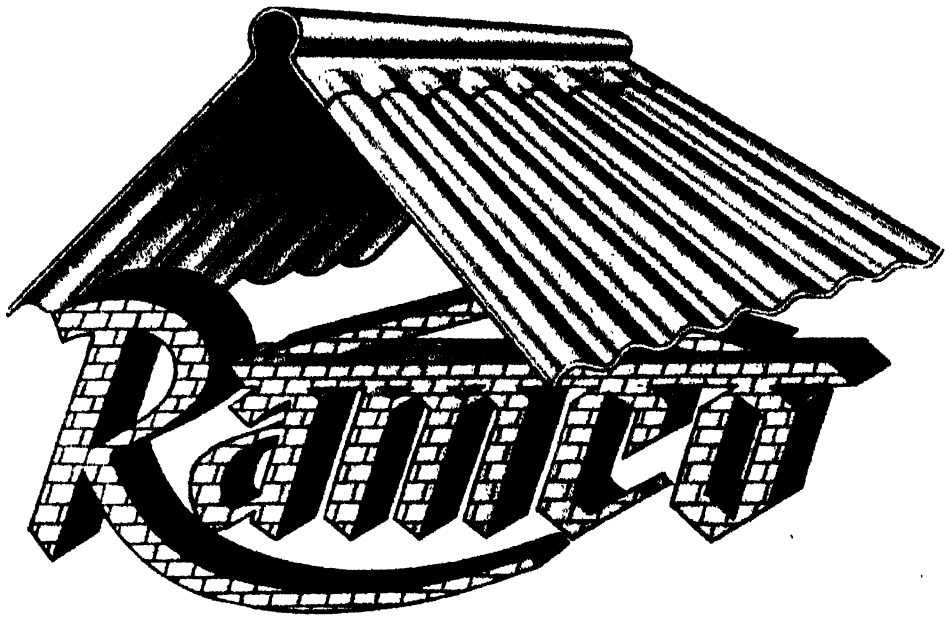

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The Third Eye

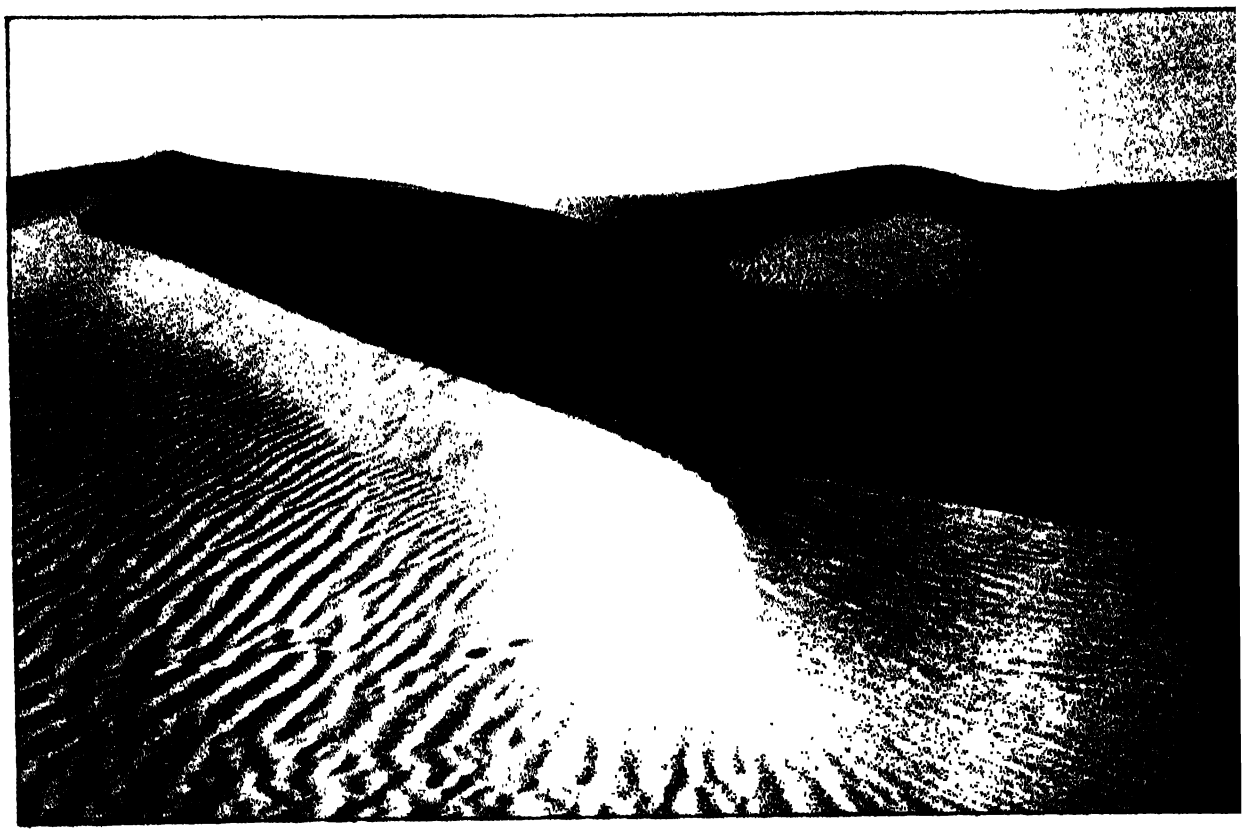
The Dancing Desert

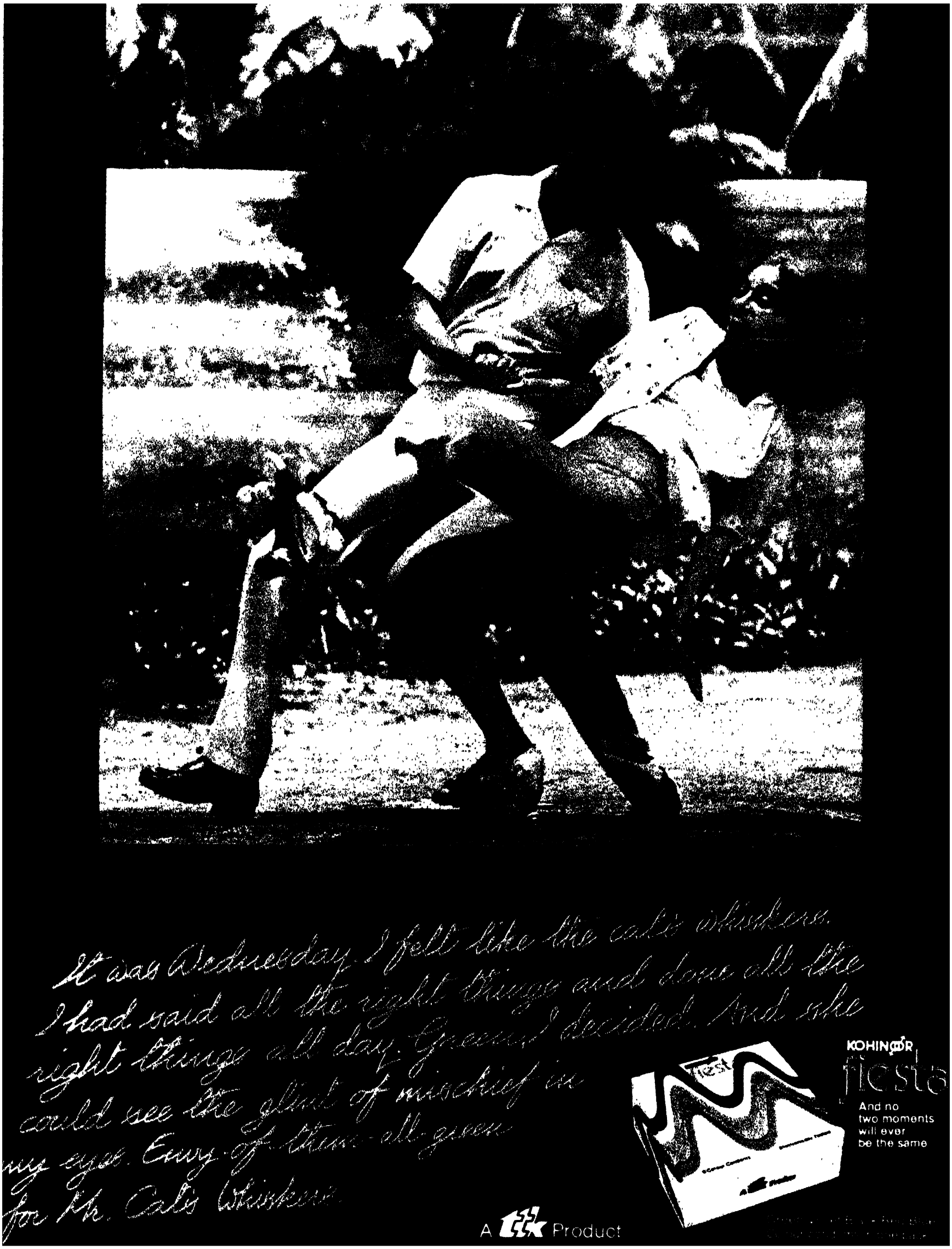
Photographs and Text by Shivji

I AM deeply fascinated by the desert. For me, it is not merely an ocean of sandy ripples but lively poetry dancing to the rhythm of light and shade. Photographing the desert is, in a sense, photographing nature in the buff.

Though desert photography is exciting, it is also very difficult. One has to appreciate the fact that the desert is not inert but dynamic and mobile. It never ages; it has a fresh, new face every morning. The right time to capture its "dancing mood" is an hour and a half after sunrise and before sunset. March-April are the ideal months for sand-dune photography. No matter how many times I photograph the dunes, I am always thirsty—like the desert—to go back again.

I work as a lecturer in philosophy in Bikaner and have had over 200 pictures published in various magazines all over the country.




It was Wednesday. I felt like the cat's whiskers.
I had said all the right things and done all the
right things all day. Green, I decided. And she
could see the glint of mischief in
my eyes. Envy of them all green
for Mr. Cat's Whiskers.
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From a small Indian boy selling newspapers in Hong Kong, Hari Harilela has come a long, long way. He is reputed to be one of Hong Kong's wealthiest men today and it is rumoured his home is paved with gold.

by Ellen Chau

NO one knows the extent of his riches, but he is reputed to be one of Hong Kong's wealthiest men. He owns a number of hotels and trading companies, and his house is rumoured to be paved with gold. Yet, when it began, he was just a small Indian boy selling newspapers in a city thronged with Chinese.

His name is Hari Harilela. Together with his five brothers, he runs a business empire encompassing hotels, restaurants, import and export companies, finance companies and real estate agencies. But the hotel industry is his mainstay. His hotel interests extend from Hong Kong throughout Southeast Asia, and three more—in Macau, Singapore and Penang—are due to open in 1983.

Despite the fact that he has a multitude of titles and extensive influence, he is a modest, polite and unbelievably approachable man. His easy manner and gentle way of speaking suggest nothing of the hardship and struggle of his youth. The only hint of his unusual ability lies in his eyes which are sparkling, quick and alert.

Palace For A Home

On the afternoon I interviewed him, he listened to my questions attentively before answering in fluent English—until I discovered he is equally at home with Cantonese. He talked freely about his past, his business, his philosophy, his family. Before I left, I received an invitation to his almost legendary residence to see a performance by the Bhutan Dance Troupe, which was visiting Hong Kong for the Asian Arts Festival. Mr Harilela explained that he was entertaining the troupe in his capacity as Honorary Consul for Bhutan in Hong Kong.

The Harilela mansion sits on a broad avenue in the elegant Kowloon Tong area. Outwardly, its lofty architecture resembles that of a church, but its commodious size strikes neighbours as rather more like a hotel. As the visitor steps through the iron gates, he is greeted by a large mosaic of Indian court life, part of the outer wall of the house. Inside, two identical fountains play on either side of an enclosed white marble courtyard, in the cool depths of which stands the serene figure of a goddess. The slightest sound echoes up to a series of open galleries, while a marble staircase, descending glacier-like from the floors above, perfectly punctuates the classical symmetry of it all.

Leading off to one side is the magnificent parlour. There, one can find giant-sized chandeliers, ornate gold partitions, heavy carpeting and exotic decorations in quiet corners. Servants go about their work noiselessly; the ambience is that of a palace.

Altogether, there are 40 bedrooms, 20 garages, a swimming pool and innumerable *objets d'art* inside the complex. The sheer opulence of Mr Harilela's home sets one wondering how an Indian who arrived as a stranger in this foreign city made such a success of his life.

"To be successful is like cooking food—you need to have the correct ingredients," he states. "These include patience, hard work, sincerity of intention, optimism, standing firm in times of failure and never swaying from your target."

Hari Harilela draws his conclusions from his own life's story. The second son of a jade merchant, Hari was born in Hyderabad, Sind, in 1922. He moved from India to Canton with his family at the age of seven. From there they moved on to Hong Kong. The global depression in the '30s forced his father out of business, and the children, living comfortably until then, suddenly needed to supplement the family income by hawking in the streets.

It was a gloomy period. Young Hari became a newspaper vendor, and later an office boy, at a time when he could reasonably have expected to be in school. But the fortunes of the family turned for the better when they had saved enough money to set up a silk store. Then everything ground to a halt when World War II broke out.

After the War, the silk business was resumed and they also managed to obtain the contract to supply food to the British soldiers. But Hari was the first to see a profitable link between the Korean War and the increasing number of American troops stopping over in Hong Kong on their way to and from Southeast Asia. He set up a tailoring shop that sold almost instant custom-made suits. "My brother and I would measure them in the evening and deliver the suits by morning," he recalled. Hari was on his way, and wealth has accumulated rapidly since then.

But while the family was counting its blessings, Hari was already seeking ways to diversify. Despite family opposition and lack of support, he turned to real estate and made his first million dollars in 1957. From then on, he involved himself in different fields of business: import and export, real estate, finance, restaurants and hotels. Some estimates two years ago put his wealth at around $400 million. whether this figure was accurate then, or has doubled by now, Mr Harilela is simply not saying. "Let them guess," he says in good humour, trying (not very hard) to suppress a smile.

—Paul Barbello

A TAILOR-MADE SUCCESS. His easy manner and gentle way of speaking suggest none of the hardship and struggle of his youth.

Cosmopolitan Outlook

Besides his personality, Harilela's success is very closely related to Hong Kong's favourable economic environment. To encourage trade, the Government maintains a *laissez faire* policy, allowing easy movement of money and goods. Anyone aspiring to start up a business needs only to register with the authorities and he can open up shop in just a few days. As for tax, it is low and simple: 15 per cent for individuals and 16.5 per cent for corporations. Hari Harilela says he has to admit that it is doubtful he could have achieved such success in India.

After so many years away from his home country, Mr Harilela has acquired a cosmopolitan outlook—but he has not forgotten his Indian origins. At home, he speaks Sindhi as well as English and Cantonese; he is a devout Hindu; and while guests of various nationalities may be invited to his parties, Indian friends are a must. "I always ask my countrymen not to isolate themselves. They should cultivate friendships with people other than Indians. But they are so shy!" he explains. For his contribution to society, he was awarded the honour, Most Excellent Officer of the Order of the British Empire, by the Queen.

"Life is beautiful. Every day it unfolds a new chapter," comments the irrepressible magnate. He says he finds the greater comfort not in money, but in his faith. He has a temple in his house, and pictures and statues of Indian deities are prominently displayed in his office. "Religion keeps my mind peaceful," he says.

As for money, he admits it is essential, but the most important thing with money is to know how to control it, and not become a slave to it. "One should be rich at heart," he advises—and he donates generously to charitable bodies in Hong Kong and India.

As a man who has built his fortune on hard work, he maintains a very work-oriented lifestyle. He rises at 6.30 every morning, chats with the children of the household—his own children, nieces, nephews and grandchildren—and sees them off to school. Then he practises yoga. He normally works in his office until 7.30 in the evening, followed by appearances at cocktails or dinner parties with his wife, Padma. His indulgences include his twice-a-week badminton sessions and trips out of Hong Kong. A self-made man, he proudly tells you he is studying law and now wants to learn to write in Cantonese.

Although he recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, the thought of retirement seems distant to him. "I will not retire," he said determinedly, "but I would like to reduce my work load gradually."

The "1997 question" underlying the future of Hong Kong is disturbing many people. But not Mr Harilela. "I am confident about the city's future," he says. "Hong Kong is like a large international department store. It is an ideal place to do business. I do not see why anyone would want to change that position." Indeed, success makes unbeatable logic when he speaks! ■

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Kahlil Gibran:
The Lebanese Vates

by Hari Prasad Nayak

Why do you invade my country and try to subjugate me for the sake of pleasing those who are seeking glory and authority? Why do you leave your wife and children and follow death to the distant land for the sake of those who buy glory with your blood and high honours with your mother's tears? Is it honour for a man to kill his brother?

—Kahlil Gibran

LEBANON, the land that has produced many prophets, is in ruins. The invasion of Lebanon has wrought drastic changes in the already complex Middle East situation. The repercussions of Begin's blitzkrieg are sure to have their effect in the years to come. To a great extent, the chances of peace in the region depend on the future of the PLO. Warns the *Sartawi:*

The Palestinians will not easily forget the extent to which they were deserted.

At such a time, when tension increases and threats are hurled like missiles, we remember Gibran, the poet of peace, born in Bsherri, a beautiful town situated in the picturesque valley of North Lebanon—which is reduced to waste and rubble today.

Kahlil Gibran, fortunately, was born a hundred years too early and lucky enough to have escaped the heartbreak of the recent Lebanon crisis. During his student days, he used to write poems in Arabic, which became very popular later. Gibran wrote a book of stories, Al *Arwahulmutmarrid,* his first major work in Arabic, which was published in 1902. Known as *Spirit Rebellious* in its English version, Gibran painted the ignominious character of the priests as vividly as only he could. He depicted how ordinary people were victims of religious hypocrisy and showed great boldness and insight into human nature through his satiric Bosch-like portraits.

The book depicts the tyranny prevalent during the Turkish Empire and the publication of this book angered the Church and stirred the Empire. It may interest the reader to learn that, due to considerable agitation and intrigue, all the printed copies of this book were burned in the market-place of Beirut by furious Church and State officials. Gibran was excommunicated and called a heretic and was forced to leave Lebanon for Boston.

Priceless Legacy

He carried with him a priceless legacy however—the manuscript of *The Prophet,* which he had contemplated at 15. At that time, his mother had told him: *It's good work, Kahlil , but the time has not yet come. Put it away.*

In 1908, Gibran went to Paris. Here, he came in touch with the great Auguste Rodin. Gradually, Gibran evolved a mode of expression in art which attracted Rodin—so much so that, when Rodin desired his own portrait painted, Gibran was commissioned to do it. It was Rodin who later called him *Blake of The Twentieth Century.*

His Most Widely Read Work

The most widely read of Gibran's books is *The Prophet.* The preparation took nearly a quarter of a century and the book was finally published in 1923. Absolutely free from any turgidity of style or content, it abounds with allusions and parables. His thinking on such simple domestic subjects as *Children*

Your children are not your children
They are the sons and daughters of life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

Giving:

You give but little when you give of your possessions.
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.

Work:

Work is love made visible.

Laws:

You delight in laying down laws
Yet you delight more in breaking them.
You can muffle the drum, and you can loosen the strings of the lyre, but who shall command the skylark not to sing?

All this brings to mind the vivid imagination of another genius, Dante, who realised, like Gibran, that the larger philosophical questions in life have their answers hidden in the simple home-truths of suffering and sorrows. As *Claude Bragdon* saw it: *His power came from some great reservoir of spiritual life, else it could not have been so universal and so potent; but the majesty and beauty of the language with which he clothed it were all his own.*

The Prophet is an epic concerning the basic relationship between man and man. George Russell points out: *I do not think the East has spoken with so beautiful a voice since Tagore in* Gitanjali.

Andrew Ghareeb collected and translated into English some early poems of Gibran written in Arabic and these were published on October 8, 1934, under the title: *Prose Poems.*

Nymphs Of The Valley is also an English translation of Arabic stories, translated by H.M. Nahmad. So are *The Voice Of The Master, Thoughts And Meditations* and *Spiritual Savings.* There is a famous book, *Al Badayin Wal Tarayiff,* which means *Beautiful And Rare Sayings.* This volume contains the drawings of pre-Islamic poets and writers. Conjured up entirely from imagination, when Gibran was 17 years old, they betray his fondness for form and perfection of line.

A Tear And A Smile is the English translation of the Arabic title: *Dam Atun Wab Tesamatum. The Child Jesus* is one of the finest pieces in this collection. *Tears And Laughter,* another English translation, is more on an Eastern note, however, than his later works. This is probably because he was writing this collection for his countrymen at home and abroad. Perhaps it is the last book Gibran had written in Arabic.

Kahlil Gibran: The charismatic poet

It was in 1918 that *The Madman,* the first of Gibran's books in English, appeared. Almost all the parables in the book are statements against hypocrisy, spritual blindness and stupidity prevailing in society. This book is entirely the product of an Eastern mind, with no shades of Western thought or content. It was received very well by readers and the first edition was exhausted within a very short period; and, due to the French, German, Italian and Spanish translations, Gibran became widely known to the Western World.

After the exaltation of *The Madman, The Forerunner* was published in 1920, a book of wider vision and deeper wisdom, together with warmth, tenderness and compassion, all blended in with a touch of masterful irony. *God's Fool* is one of the most touching and beautiful tales among all the parables in this collection.

Divinely Informed

Jesus, The Son Of Man, published in 1928, is a kind of gospel according to Gibran and it came into existence by chance. Here, Jesus is not a hypothetical proposition, but is regarded as the most humane, enlightened and divinely informed being who ever visited the Earth. Basically exploiting the theme of the relation between man and man, *The Garden Of The Prophet* was published in 1933.

Lazarus And His Beloved was the last book by Gibran to be published in 1933. It is a one-act play which is the first and the last work of this type. This work was read in a private celebration of Gibran's 46th birthday at the *Ashram* of Jose Clamante Orozco, the Mexican painter, on January 6, 1929. Claude Bragdon, Sarojini Naidu and many other literary stalwarts witnessed the performance.

Gibran could paint with his brush as adroitly as with his pen. His book of *Twenty Drawings* was published in 1919. All the drawings are beautifully allusive and depict a sensitivity and deftness of form that made Gibran a well-known painter in the Arabic world. In terms of time, Gibran lived a very short life, but he neither lived nor thought in terms of temporal barriers. Although a staunch admirer and worshipper of beauty, he enjoyed celibacy throughout his life.

An Artist First And Last

Gibran was an artist first and last. His life was simple, his living saintly. Today, Kahlil Gibran, the prophet of Lebanon, is long dead but Gibran is more alive to us than ever through his glorious works.

On August 21, chanting *Revolution, Revolution, Until Victory,* the Jordan- and Iraq-bound deportees boarded 13 Lebanese Army trucks and the city echoed with the shattering cracks of gun-fire as truck convoys carrying PLO evacuees wound through homeless, hungry multitudes. One cannot help recalling the description in T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land:*

These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe
Datta Dayadham Damyata
Shantih shantih shantih.

Gibran mercifully is not alive today to see the outrage performed on his homeland; but there is little doubt that the earth-shattering roar of bombs would have awakened him and he must indeed be turning in his grave! ■

Facts about BHEL-Tiruchi

BHEL-Tiruchi was set up in 1963 to manufacture steam generators, auxiliaries and valves with an initial capacity of 750 MW and an investment of Rs.24 crores. Today BHEL-Tiruchi has grown to 4000 MW at an investment of Rs.100 crores. An Auxiliaries Project at Ranipet for manufacturing boiler auxiliaries at an estimated cost of Rs.32 crores is being set up as a satellite plant. These projects will be completed in 1983-84.

The value of out-turn today stands at Rs.350 crores and is expected to grow to Rs.500 crores in the next two years. The man-power growth has also been impressive and totals to 13,000 with 5,000 trained technical personnel and 8,000 skilled artisans and other employees.

Wide range for wide applications

BHEL-Tiruchi has contributed in a major way in supplying boilers, auxiliaries to a number of power stations in the country. Totally 98 steam generators have been delivered to power stations totalling to 13,250 MW of which 86 nos have been commissioned totalling to 11,340 MW. In the Industry sector, the number of steam generators supplied to Fertilizer, Refinery, Chemical, Steel and other plants is 101 out of which 94 have been commissioned.

The product range of BHEL-Tiruchi is versatile; the capability exists to produce boilers ranging from 6 t/hr to 1700 t/hr, besides valves for various applications, and seamless steel tubes. With the creation of adequate capacity, BHEL-Tiruchi is in a position to meet the tight delivery requirements of customers. Singrauli 210 MW boiler was commissioned within 48 months of the Letter of Intent.

BHEL-Tiruchi has a very well organised after-sales-service set up. It is a well known fact that due to continuous interaction with State Electricity Boards and CEA, the power output from its sets considerably increased and several stations such as Vijayawada, Parli, Nasik and Ukai achieved PLF ranging from 85% to 99.9%. The forced outage due to BHEL-Tiruchi boilers has been halved to 5.8% in 82-83 compared to 80-81.

BHEL-Tiruchi uses computers extensively in all its areas and operations. As a result of intensive monitoring of various on-going power projects where BHEL-Tiruchi boilers are involved, supply of boiler components have considerably been speeded up. Continuous interaction with CEA and Electricity Boards is maintained to ensure that work at no site suffers by resorting to alternate methods of continuing construction work at sites.

Research and Development

Recognising the importance of Research and Development in the complex technological areas like boilers, a full-fledged R & D Laboratory set-up has been organised. The total investment in the R & D complex in BHEL-Tiruchi is Rs.5 crores and today 560 qualified technical personnel are employed in the various phases of research work. Pioneering work in the area of coal research, welding, pollution control and energy conversion systems is going on.

Ancillary development

Starting in a small way in 1970, BHEL-Tiruchi has played a significant role in developing ancillaries. An indigenous development programme has grown to massive proportions with over 33(units engaged in Tiruchi and other districts of Tamil Nadu and even outside the State to deliver 60,000 tonnes of finished materials to various sites. The total employees in these ancillary industries today stands at 12000. An Indigenous Development Cell has started functioning with a specified objective in promoting entrepreneurs to take up manufacture of components which are hitherto being imported.

Responsibility of corporate citizenship

In addition to the welfare measures provided to the employees like free medical aid, subsidised schooling, housing, canteen facilities etc, BHEL-Tiruchi has also been actively engaged as a responsible corporate citizen in promoting the welfare of the adjoining communities. The welfare activities include a centre for providing employment opportunities to economically backward women, running of a school for mentally retarded children, the adoption of a village nearby and providing basic amenities like drinking water, sanitation and other facilities and training the rural people to absorb certain technical skills.

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The Weekly Pick

Light Me A Candle

Rita Wiesinger-Ferris, Shakuntala Publishing House

Women's lib...so much talk and so little done. Its only when a book like this is published we realise the true meaning of the concept for what it is worth!

The author's two years of literacy campaign and adult education work among the women of Khuziston, Iran, finds succint expression in this interesting compilation of experiences. *Some pages from my diary* makes arresting reading. The sheer poverty of the women at Dezful and their lack of amenities makes the reader appreciate the necessity for education in the region

The Rebel Bureaucrat

Edited by Peter Penner and Richard Dale MacLean, Chanakya Publications, Rs 120

The Indian Civil Service has not produced many rebels—Frederick John Shore, was perhaps one of the earliest ones (1799-1837). The articles included in this edition are well selected and bring to the fore the exploiting character of British rule in India. Shore's observations are refreshing, perceptive and candid. The style is direct and the information enlightening. Much ignored and neglected previously, at last the book is published.

The Scent Of The Roses

Mary O'Hara Fontana, $ 5.95

The pangs of growing up and then losing her mother at 17 are some of the more poignant memories recalled by the author in her sketches about her life. Her illustrious career as a singer and harpist and the subsequent tragic marriage to Richard Selig the poet, her human indecisiveness between joining a monastery and leading a normal life—all this is beautifully evoked with sensitivity and intelligence.

Stormy Decade

Balraj Madhok, Indian Book Gallery, Rs 45

The book is a fairly in-depth study of the political events between the two General Elections of 1971 and 1980.

Balraj Madhok is a well-known political commentator and national leader since 1947.

If you want to be a choosy reader, (though unsystematic) the chapters *Emergency, Harakini by Jan Sangh* and *Zero to Hero* are some of the chapters worth reading.

Julie

Amitabh In *Amitabh?*

Amitabh Bachchan is being immortalised with a movie being named after him. A film production concern has registered the title "Amitabh" with the Indian Motion Pictures Producers' Association. Whether the superstar will himself act in the movie is being hotly discussed in the city's cocktail circles.

—The Daily

Cutting Antony To Size

Originally, Joseph L. Mankiewicz's *Cleopatra* was to be released as two pictures. But when Darryl Zanuck took over Twentieth Century Fox from Spyros Skouras, he drastically reduced Richard Burton's role in the film because he couldn't understand why Mark Antony let Cleopatra dominate him so totally. Said Zanuck: "If a woman ever treated me like that, I'd cut her balls off."

Paging Dr Freud.

—The Guardian

Shavian Wit

Samuel Goldwyn of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finally met his match in George Bernard Shaw. The Irish playwright was not interested in Goldwyn's proposal to film some of his plays. But Goldwyn persisted. "Think, Mr Shaw," he said. "Think of the millions of people who would have the opportunity to become acquainted with your art."

"Ah, Mr Goldwyn," said Shaw. "You think only of art, while I think only of money."

— The Times Of India

Sholay On Channel 4

Here is the *Sunday Times Magazine*'s description of *Sholay* for English audiences who saw it on the controversial new Channel 4 at 1.20 pm on Boxing Day: "Gigantically successful Indian film in which its heroes fight like James Bond, Bruce Lee and John Wayne, and can also stop action to perform a full-scale musical number, Busby Berkely style."

— Mid-Day

Cinematic Relativity

In 1931, Albert Einstein and his wife visited the Warner Bros Studio in Burbank, California. They were asked to mount a platform and sit in a Model T Ford while they were captured on film. After lunch, the Warner Bros arranged a screening of the film which showed them flying over the Niagara Falls, Manhattan, the Statue of Liberty, Atlantic City, New Jersey and the Grand Canyon. Einstein was delighted with the result, but, although he gave to the world the theory of relativity, he was unable to understand cinematic relativity!

— Reader's Digest

Jackie

Professional Hazard

A doctor of Samastipur town who answered the bell on New Year's day to a group of seven "patients" had to part with Rs 50,000 at gunpoint.

According to police sources, a seven-member gang of armed dacoits posing as patients overpowered the doctor, cut the telephone wires and escaped with cash and ornaments.

—Free Press Journal

Old Guard

The Union Ministry of Communication has waived the date of retirement of 93-year-old K.V. Peter, who has maintained a unique record of 68 years of service in the Posts and Telegraphs Department from 1913 to 1981.

He has been allowed to serve the Shenbaganur post office at Kodaikanal in Tamil Nadu, where he joined service as extra departmental sub-post master on September 12, 1913, as long as he is fit, says an official press release.

The Postal Department has honoured him with a token award of Rs 2,500 marking the International Year of the Aged.

—Press Trust of India

All In The Family

Three candidates belonging to the ruling Congress (I), the Janata Party and the Bharatiya Janata Party from Shantinagar (Reserve) constituency in Bangalore are all related to one another.

While the winning Congress (I) candidate P.K. Ranganathan is the brother-in-law of Janata candidate P.D. Govindaraj who lost, the Bharatiya Janata Party nominee M.S. Kanagarajan is a cousin to both of them.

Over 56 per cent of the 86,000 voters in the constituency exercised their votes.

—Indian Express

Hell Or Heaven?

With the ever increasing arms race, I give this planet Earth another ten years. It would go up in smoke and I would not like to be a part of it. Not that I am afraid of death. But I have a feeling that hell is going to be a very crowded place. As for heaven—well, I hate travelling first class all by myself.

—Khushwant Singh

And Now Portable Homes!

Carry home a camp house if you will.

The India Plywood Industries Research Institute (at Bangalore) has developed the technique for building collapsible houses.

These ply-wood-and-wood structures measuring eight feet by 12 feet could be bought for just Rs. 50,000.

— The Hindustan Times

Goldie

Bossom?

When as a new MP Sir Alfred Bossom had entered the House of Commons, Churchill said, "Bossom? Bossom? What an extraordinary name.. neither one thing nor the other!"

—A. Sykes And I. Sproat

The Gate Swings Open

As midnight approached, cheering crowds lined both sides of the wire fences and iron gates at the border. "The key! The key!" they chanted as a Spanish customs official walked forward, accompanied by two uniformed policemen. The key fit, the gate swung slowly on its rusty hinges, and the border between Spain and Gibraltar was open for the first time since June 9, 1969.

—Time

The Ladies Of Simla

Lord Lytton was not much attracted to Simla society, the ladies being too virtuous for his taste. "I do miss the pleasant scamps and scampesses of pleasant France," he said in a letter to Lady Salisbury, "and having seen virtue embodied in the form of Lady — I don't agree with Schiller that if virture were a woman, all the world would fall in love with her... I envy you the pleasure of living amongst so many naughty people."

—Mark Bence – Jones

Concert For A Queen

Queen Elizabeth has asked President Ronald Reagan for a very special favour during the forthcoming royal tour of America. Could she hear Frank Sinatra sing? The veteran crooner has agreed to perform free of charge at a gala banquet to be given to the Queen in Los Angeles on February 27. The invitation heralds a return to Presidential favour for Frank Sinatra. He had been dropped by the Reagans in recent months due to his connections with the Mafia.

—Mid-Day

Gigi

VACATION time was sun-tan time as far as Joan, an admirably proportioned secretary, was concerned, and she spent almost all of her time on the roof of her hotel sopping up the warm sun's rays. She wore a bathing suit the first day, but on the second she decided that no one could see her way up there and she slipped out of it for an over-all tan. She'd hardly begun when she heard someone running up the stairs; she was lying on her stomach, so pulling a towel over her derriere, she continued to recline as before.

"Excuse me, miss," said the flustered little assistant manager of the hotel, out of breath from running up the stairs. "The Hotel Plaza doesn't mind you sunning on the roof, but we would very much appreciate your wearing your bathing suit as you did yesterday".

"What difference does it make?" Joan asked rather coolly. "No one can see me up here and, besides, I am covered with a towel."

"Not exactly," said the embarrassed little man. "You are lying on the dining hall skylight."

A BIG fat lady sat on a broken toilet seat. When she got up, the seat came off, firmly fixed to her bottom. They could not get it off, and finally a surgeon had to be called into help. "By Jove", he said, "I've seen many in my time, but this is the first time I've seen one framed".

DOCTOR: You must stop worrying so much—try absorbing yourself into your work.

Patient: Gosh I can't do that, Doctor. I operate a cement mixer

A PEDESTRIAN had fallen into a man-hole and called for help. "Dear me," said a gentleman who happened along. "Have you fallen into that manhole?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "As you seem interested I will say that I just happened to be down here and they build the pavement around me."

FATHER: Shall I help you with your homework, son?

Son: No let me get it wrong by myself, papa.

LITTLE Jimmy was found by his father in the barn shaking his pet rabbit and saying: "Five and five. How much is five and five?"

The surprised father interrupted the proceedings and asked: "What's the meaning of all this Jimmy?"

"Oh," said Jimmy, "teacher told us that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this one can't even add."

IN that cricket match, the bowler bowled so wide, even the out-stretched bat couldn't make contact. "Oh, a virgin over!", said my friend. "Virgin over? You mean a maiden over", I asked. "No", said my friend, "A maiden over is one where there is no contact".

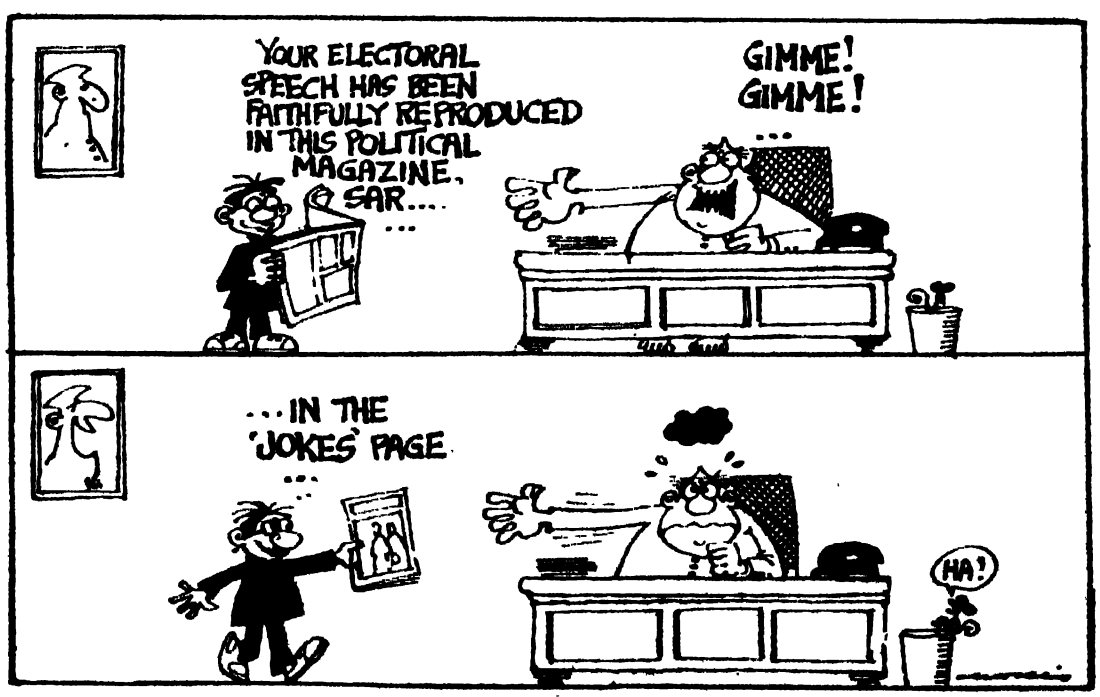
THE farmer's boy and his girl were sitting on a stile. The boy made no move, and the girl was eager for him to start. She pointed to a bull nuzzling a cow in the field and said, "Why don't you do that?". The boy vaulted over, drove the bull away and nuzzled the cow.

THOSE were days in which the USA had posted 'advisors' in Vietnam. They had also exported bulls to improve the local breed of cattle. In one farm, an observer found most of the bulls "Courting", but one big fellow was standing apart.
The observer went upto him and asked, "Why aren't you joining in? Aren't the cows pretty enough?".
The bull looked away and said, "I cannot. I'm an observer".

THE warden of a prison was escorting a party of politicians through the institution, and they passed through a room where two women were sewing.

As they went out one of the politicians said: "My, what hard working women! What are they in for?"

With ice in his voice the warden replied: "They are in here because they have no other home. That is our private living room, and they are my wife and my mother-in-law."



Hullo! Now I am the new national bird.

THE geometry teacher who was having difficulty holding the attention of his first-year class came up with this story:

"There's an ancient Indian legend that tells of a chief with three squaws. To please them, he let each choose the material from which her teepee would be made.

"The first squaw chose to have her home made of buffalo hide, the second chose beaver hide, and the third chose hippopotamus hide."

"Time passed", continued the teacher", and the squaw with the buffalo-hide teepee bore the chief a son. Soon the squaw in the beaverhide teepee also bore him a son. Then the third squaw, who lived in the tepee made of hippopotamus hide, bore him *twin sons!*

"Which proves", the teacher concluded, "that the principles of geometry were sound even then: 'The squaw of the hippopotamus equals the sons of the squaws of the other two hides."

PSYCHIATRIST: How long have you been thinking you're a dog?

Patient: Ever since I was a puppy.

IN the toy department, a distinguished looking man was entranced with a model train that whistled,belched smoke, deposited milk cans, picked up mail and did virtually everything a real freight train does. "I'll take it", he finally said.

"An excellent choise", approved the clerk. "I am sure your grandson will love playing with it."

"Why, you are absolutely right," the customer agreed. "I'd better take two."

A TOURIST was introduced in Texas to a Red Indian with a reputedly perfect memory. Sceptical, the tourist asked, "What did you have for breakfast On July 1, 1980?" The Red Indian answered: "Eggs." The man scoffed. "Everyone eats eggs for breakfast. He's a fraud." Eight years later the traveller's train stopped again in Texas and he saw the same Red Indian on the platform. The tourist went up to him and said: "How?"

Quick as a flash,the Red Indian answered:

TEACHER: Why do you want to be a fortune teller when you grow up Chhotu?

Chhotu: Because it's a job with some future in it.

DRIVING past the grounds of a University, a professor saw a student running hard. Chasing him and snarling at his heels were three huge dogs. Intent on rescue, the professor braked his car to a halt and threw open the door. "Get in!" he commanded, "Get in!" "Say, you're the greatest," the bearded youth gasped. "Most people won't offer me a lift when they see I have three dogs."

GOSSIP: The spies of life.

Bore: Someone who is talking when you are interrupting.

MOTHER of small boy to child psychiatrist. "Well, I don't know whether or not *he* feels insecure, but everybody else in the neighbourhood certainly does!"

Compiled by Arun Bhatia and Teeceekay

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(Translated from the Tamil by M.R.Sivaramakrishnan)

"I spit on you all," creamed the girl's mother. 'Make a noose round your ıecks with your sacred hreads and hang ourselves—that would be ıetter than calling ourselves Brahmins!"

Brahmin Is As Brahmin Does

by Indira Parthasarathy

DHARMALINGAM looked at the clock. It was five to nine. Why hadn't Iyer come yet?

The shop usually opened at nine. On Saturdays it opened at a quarter to nine—perhaps out of fear that if it opened at the inauspicious time of Rahu's dominance *(Rahukalam)*, Rahu himself might slip in and work havoc with the shop's fortunes.

Iyer daily collected the key to the shop from Dharmalingam's house at 8.30 in the morning. Other employees would wait for him outside the shop. The shop opened for business after the ritual *agarbatti* offerings by Iyer to framed pictures of favourite gods.

In twenty years this routine had not been disturbed. What had happened to Iyer today? Could he be ill? Even so, when that had been the case once before, Iyer had sent word. Only once. He had never been absent again.

Two minutes to go. Dharmalingam thought he would have to go to the shop himself. He called out to his wife: "Bhagyam! I don't know what is wrong with Iyer. There is no sign of him. I am going to the shop."

Putting on his sandals he stepped out of the house. Iyer was coming towards him across the road.

"Hey, Iyer! Not only is it *Rahukalam* but you have to cross my path, too, and make it doubly unlucky!"

Illustrated by P. B. Kavadi

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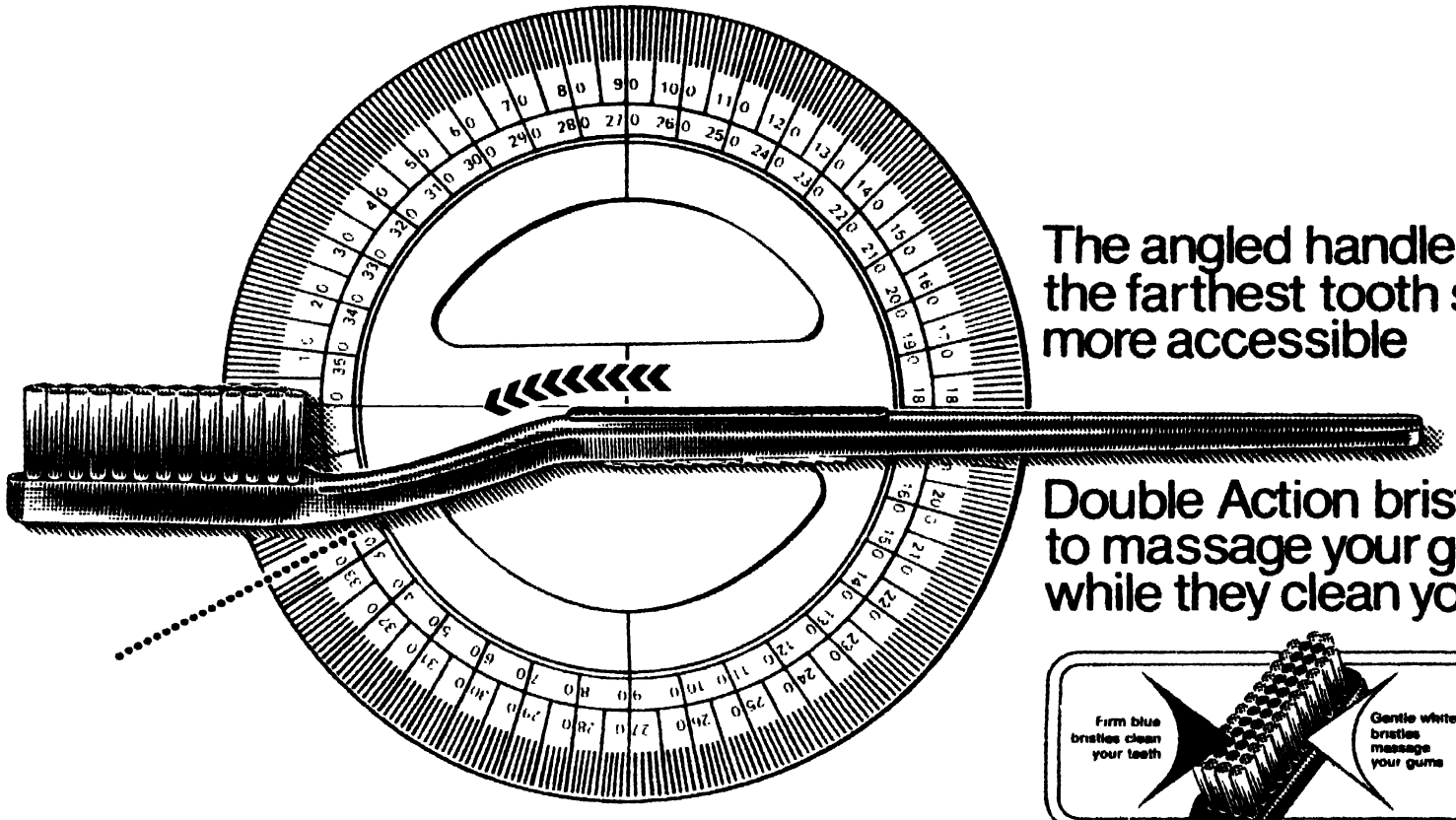

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"Forgive me, sir, I got delayed," Vengu Iyer replied, wiping the sweat off his face.

"Come inside the house and have a drink of water," invited Bhagyam from within.

Dharmalingam looked at the clock. "It is past nine already," he said, with some irritation.

"I have to discuss something important," said Vengu.

"About what?"

"Can we talk inside the house?"

Dharmalingam looked Vengu up and down. What could he want to discuss? Had the income-tax people been at him with questions?

DHARMALINGAM stepped inside and sat on a chair. Vengu followed and sat on a stool.

"I don't know how to begin ... It is about Raju."

At the mention of his son's name Dharmalingam looked at Vengu sharply. Bhagyam moved closer to them.

"You know Nanu Iyer, the Vakil's clerk. He came to my house early this morning at eight in a towering rage. He said his third daughter Girija, who is a typist at the Chit Fund Office, has been friendly with Raju ... " Vengu paused.

Dharmalingam looked at Bhagyam.

"So?" Bhagyam asked aggressively.

"Matters have come to a head ... The girl is two months pregnant."

"It is a black lie," shouted Bhagyam. "That Vakil's clerk Iyer is trying to extort money from us."

"Call Raju," commanded Dharmalingam.

"Why call him? He is a young man. I don't deny he is a bit of a playboy. But this ... no, no! That Iyer is scheming ... It is obvious."

Raju was just then coming down the stairs, toothbrush in hand and a towel over his shoulders.

"Hello, Vengu sir?" he called cheerfully. "How are you? How come you are here at this late hour and not at the shop?"

"Hey you! Come here," ordered Dharmalingam.

Bhagyam intervened, "Let him have a wash first."

Dharmalingam ignored her. He asked, "Is it true what Iyer says?"

"What does Iyer say?"

"That you are friendly with Nanu Iyer's daughter."

"Yes, I know her. So what?"

"They say she is two months pregnant."

Raju was taken aback. "Really?" he asked.

"What do you mean, 'really'? That Iyer is hopping mad. We send you to college to study and this is what you do—invite scandal! You will never amount to anything!"

"He is only a boy. What happened to the girl's good sense? It is a put-up affair. The Iyer is casting his net where the catch is good. Whom is he trying to bluff?" asked Bhagyam.

Raju quietly slipped away towards the bathroom.

"Look here, if that Iyer is dreaming of

marriage and so on, tell him nothing doing. I have seen that girl—the way she dresses and flaunts herself, who would guess she was from a poor family? Who knows how many innocent boys like Raju she has been friendly with," she continued.

"Will you shut up!" Dharmalingam said severely.

"I am talking to Vengu. Why does it bother you?"

"You go inside. I shall do the talking," said Dharmalingam.

AS she left, Dharmalingam turned to Vengu. "She indulges him too much. But we have to save the situation somehow What do you think?"

"I am unable to offer any solution. It is true the girl should have been careful, but .... "

"Go on".

"When a girl gets two months pregnant, it is not a small matter. Nanu has three more daughters waiting to be married. One must consider all these things.. "

"Are you suggesting my son should marry into that family? Where is your good sense Shanmugam has been proposing his daughter for Raju for quite some time now. Raju is my only son and Shanmugam's is an only daughter. I have thought of merging our two businesses and putting you in charge so that I can retire... And you are talking like this!"

"In my charge?" Vengu could not conceal his surprise.

"Who else is there? Raju will be the owner in name only. He does not know how to run a business. I am getting on in years. Shanmugam is even older. What a coincidence we should both have had children in our advancing years! And then a son like this! It is fate. Look Iyer, you have to look after the business and Raju."

Vengu was nonplussed As a twenty-year-old youngster without references, he had come to Dharmalingam who took him in and gave him a job in the shop. After five years, he was made the cashier behind the desk. He was trusted completely.

Vengu's whole world was the shop. He had not ever thought of marrying.

At first when Dharmalingam asked him to keep two sets of business accounts, he was disturbed. It would mean cheating the Government, and the immorality of it shocked him. Dharmalingam soon showed him how all was fair in business and how scrupulous businessmen came to a bad end. Vengu quickly fell into the ways of businessmen who after all had to conform to current socio-political standards. They had to contribute to political parties at election time. They created artificial scarcity of commodities, greased the palms of officials and pushed up the prices for consumers. There was no place for honest trade practices in such a set-up.

Raju re-entered, wiping his face with a towel

"Come here," Dharmalingam ordered

Raju came nearer, burying his face in the towel.

"Did you promise to marry that girl?"

Raju evaded the question. "I know it looks bad, but what shall we do now?" he asked his father.

Bhagyam joined them with "That Iyer will not say no if we fling two or three thousand rupees his way."

Vengu felt his stomach turn.

Bhagyam dismissed Raju with, "All right, don't do such things again and compromise us. Now you go upstairs."

Raju left.

"Iyer, Please talk to Nanu Iyer nicely We can go upto five thousand," said Dharmalingam.

"Why so much?" interrupted Bhagyam.

"You keep quiet Iyer, please see Nanu Iyer. I shall go to the shop."

IT was like the lull after a storm in Nanu Iyer's house when Vengu got there Girija's face was swollen with weeping. Nanu Iyer's wife and three daughters were standing, each in a corner.

Nanu Iyer was staring at the ceiling. His thoughts did not seem to include any scheme to extort money from Dharmalingam or cast a net to catch Raju.

Vengu began: "I spoke to my boss—"

"I suppose he proposes marriage. What about my other daughters? Who will marry them now? Rich people can ride out these things, but I am a poor Brahmin ...!"

"Why do you go on? Let him talk," said the wife.

When the Brahmin father was reluctant to countenance even a marriage, how was he to bring up the money question? Vengu looked worried

He said to Nanu Iyer "What has happened is not right. But what do we we do now?"

"I have told my daughter to go drown in the sea!"

Vengu glanced at Girija. Such a beautiful girl! Not her fault she was born poor. Did she have to fall in love and, to top it all, pay the price with pregnancy? What a shock it would be to her if she knew that Raju was ready to ditch her!

Girija's voice was barely audible. "What does Mr Raju say?"

"Mister Raju indeed! She shows respect to that scoundrel, as though he were her wedded husband! That fellow deserves to be chopped up into pieces shouted Nanu Iyer in uncontrollable anger.

Vengu said kindly, "You are a girl and you should not have done such a thing."

"But Raju told me he would marry me after getting his parents' consent," said Girija.

"Is it enough that *his* parents are consulted? You are born a Brahmin, yet you have lost your senses! What about us here, your own parents, large as life?" spluttered Nanu Iyer.

The wife said, "You keep on talking about being a Brahmin! Is being a Brahmin enough? Why don't you get enough money to marry off your daughters properly and in good time? Being a Brahmin or not doesn't matter when there is no money "

Nanu Iyer retorted "All right, then. You go to the wedding I shall not come. My ancestors performed great yagnas . "

"Stuff and nonsense," said his wife, dismissing his ancestry with a shrug.

Nanu Iyer went red in the face. He stared at his wife and hurried out of the house without a word

Girija came closer to Vengu and asked, "Do Raju's parents agree to marriage?"

"You work in a Chit Fund Office. How did you get to know Raju?" he asked

Mrs Nanu Iyer interrupted with, "Is it important how they know each other? The thing is done. Tell me if they agree to marriage "

"I don't know how to tell you this The girl should not have put her faith in the boy. The parents do not agree to marriage . . but they offer money . "

"Damned devils!" screamed the mother

Girija's face froze She stood still. Looking at her, Vengu felt fear

The mother rushed at Girija and began to beat her, cursing all the while Girija was motionless. Vengu and the sisters had to try very hard to separate the mother from the daughter The mother had the strength of a woman possessed.

Girija kept standing, staring into space

"You!" the mother turned at Vengu. "You are a Brahmin. He has ruined a Brahmin girl and you haven't the grit to tell your boss to get the marriage settled! You will let a Brahmin family be disgraced! Her father is a Brahmin—how many dishonest briefs did he accept in courts to merit this punishment! And you, collaborating with a greedy shop-keeper who fleeces ordinary folk with inflated prices, have you lost your tongue! I spit on you all. Make a noose round your necks with your sacred threads and hang yourselves—that would be better than calling yourselves Brahmins!"

Girija's mother ranted on. Vengu's head began to spin. He left without a word.

BACK at the shop, Dharmalingam sat behind the cash-box counting money. When he saw Vengu approach, he asked his assistant Arumugam to mind the shop and invited Vengu to step into the dimly-lit godown at the back, where he promptly sat on the only stool available. Vengu stood.

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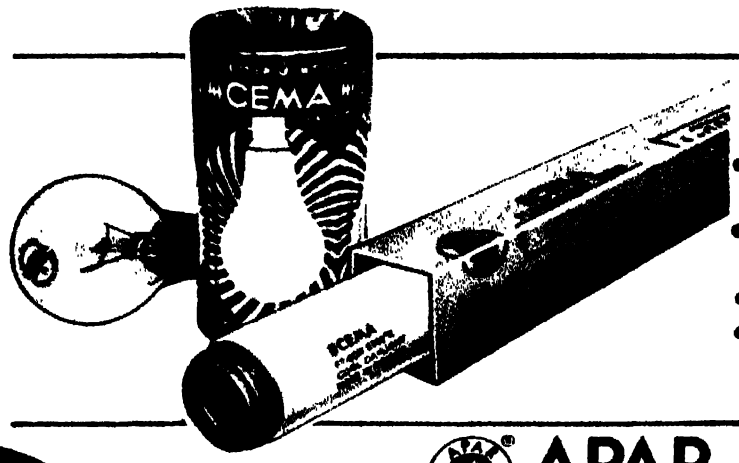

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"Fruitful or no?"

Vengu did not reply.

"What do they say? Tell me."

"I can tell you no one is casting nets to catch Raju, like your wife says. It is a tragedy. Nanu Iyer will not hear of marriage. He would rather have his daughter drown in the sea. They have their self-respect."

"They refuse the money?"

"It was quite awkward to bring up money. I managed to mention it. The mother started screaming like a woman possessed. I hung my head in shame and came away."

Dharmalingam pondered in silence.

Arumugam peeped in to say Dharmalingam was wanted on the telephone by his wife.

"Tell her I am busy," he said curtly. Turning to Vengu he asked, "What do you propose now?"

"I haven't an idea in my head," said Vengu.

"Can I say something?"

Vengu looked at Dharmalingam.

"Don't misunderstand what I am going to say. *You* marry the girl. I can easily put up 20 or 30 thousand for the marriage."

Vengu's response was a shocked silence.

"If that girl does something silly like killing herself, there will be an unnecessary scandal. Nanu Iyer is looking for a bridegroom. You are not all that old. Forty is no age. The girl has been foolish but does she have to die? There are many alternatives. What do you say?"

"If I wanted to marry I would have done so long ago."

"Why didn't you?"

"I never thought of it."

"Think of it now then.—You will save a Brahmin girl's life—it will be a noble act. You have served me well all these years. Let me help you now."

"Help?"

"Yes, help. I shall see that the marriage is performed in style. Nanu Iyer cannot afford Rs. 30,000 for his daughter's wedding... Life must have a purpose. Who benefits by your slaving for years in my shop and at the end of it all passing on without a trace? By making a gift of life to a girl, you will be helping someone greatly."

Vengu did not know what to say. Was this the only solution? Having collaborated all these years in business malpractices (as Girija's mother had shrewdly pointed out), he had lost the moral right to condemn Dharmalingam for forcing a Brahmin to marry the girl his son had made pregnant. Anyway, would Girija agree? It was by no means certain.

"What, Iyer, what do you say?"

"The girl has to agree."

"You fetch her and I shall talk to her."

"She won't come."

"Then let us go to her."

GIRIJA sat next to a pillar in her house, clasping her knees in her arms. The mother was busy cleaning rice.

A smile of surprise crossed Girija's face as she saw Dharmalingam and Vengu, but she did not stir.

"*Namaskaram*. Nanu Iyer home?"

"No, but do come in," said Girija's mother. Dharmalingam sat on the bench.

"I am Raju's father."

"I know."

"The whole thing is unfortunate. I don't say it is your daughter's fault. It is my son's doing. He was born to us in our late years and has been indulged too much. He has been spoilt. I doubt if he will change. We have to do something."

"What?"

"I know my son. Even after marriage he is going to run around like a dog in heat. I know my wife. Between the two of them they'll make poor Girija's life a hell. I shudder to think..! Let me say frankly what is in my heart. It is up to you to accept or reject it."

"What is it?"

"You see Vengu Iyer here. A noble soul, rare these days. He came to me 20 years ago as a youngster. In five years I could hand over to him the key to the cash-box and relax confidently. I will not trust my own son like that. Vengu Iyer is only 40, and who can say looks 40? There is such fire in him! I am only thinking of your daughter's welfare. Let her marry him. Even if it costs 30 or 40 thousand, it does not matter. I shall look after that."

Nanu Iyer's wife was shaken. She looked at Girija. Girija stood up.

Dharmalingam went on: "All this talk of love is only self-delusion. Vengu Iyer will care for her like a treasure. Your daughter's welfare is the most precious thing to you. Even after I die, my son will not be able to dismiss Vengu Iyer. I shall say so in my will. True, your daughter is pregnant, but she is only two months gone. It can be attended to. I shall see to that also."

"You don't attend to anything," Vengu firmly declared. "I accept your proposal. But first, three things must be done."

Vengu Iyer, who had been standing deferentially all this time, now sat down next to a very surprised Dharmalingam.

"What three things?" he asked in a voice barely concealing his irritation.

Vengu looked at Girija. Her face showed surprise, and also curiosity. He spoke firmly: "You don't 'attend to' or 'see to' Girija's condition. Not you, not I—not even Girija—can have the right to 'attend to' it. Secondly, keep your money—all 30 or 40 thousand of it. I have some, and if Girija agrees, we shall manage. Thirdly, I will not be working for you any more."

Dharmalingam could not believe it was Vengu speaking. Vengu continued: "A little while ago Girija's mother said, 'I spit on you. Make a noose round your necks out of your sacred threads and hang yourselves—that would be better than calling yourselves Brahmins'."

"One is not a Brahmin because he is born one. It has been expected of a Brahmin that he be the guardian of our social conscience. A man may chant the Vedas or chop wood, but so long as he will not sell his conscience, he is a Brahmin. Girija has done wrong. So have I, these many years. It is difficult to judge who is the greater sinner. We will begin a new life. My only wish is that we lead a Brahmin life according to our conscience, the best we can."

"I agree, with all my heart," said Girija with a smile. ■

(Dr R. Parthasarathy, writing under the pseudonym, 'Indira Parthasarathy' is a well-known writer in Tamil. A teacher in the Modern Indian Languages Department at the Delhi University, he is currently a visiting Professor at the Warsaw University, Poland. His novel 'Kuruthi Punal' (The River of Blood) won the Sahitya Academy Award in 1977.)

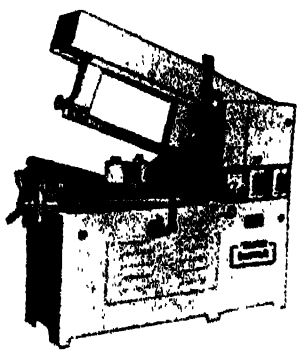
TANSI THE CATALYST FOR INDUSTRIAL UPSURGE IN TAMILNADU.

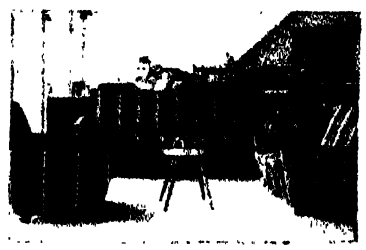
1 December 1965.

The birth of a Tamilnadu Government Enterprise called TANSI. The emergence of a catalyst for industrial growth in Tamilnadu.

Today, after 17 years, TANSI is a giant in the field of small industry.

A diverse range of industrial and consumer products — structurals, machine tools, pressure die castings, forgings, copper wires, castings, deepwell handpumps, trailers and sprayers, steel and wooden furniture, leathers and leather goods, spirit and spirit-based products...the range is vast with built-in Quality and Economy.

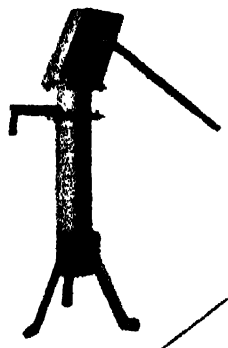


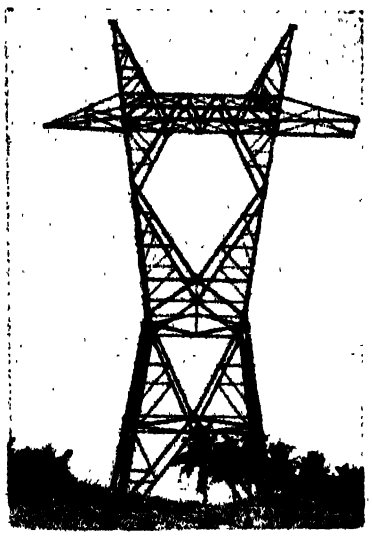


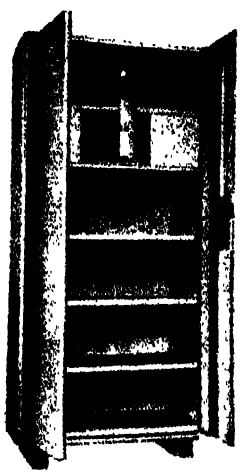
Towers for P & T Department, Furnishings for posh offices in South India, Export of leathers and leather goods.

The shape of things to come from TANSI augurs well for industrial progress of Tamilnadu **— expansion of enamelled wire unit, diversification into pharmaceuticals and rubber-based products, wider range of sophisticated Machine Tools.**

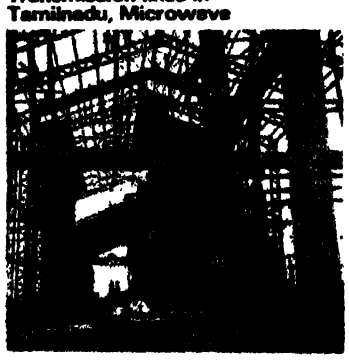
A shining example of a company which keeps good company...





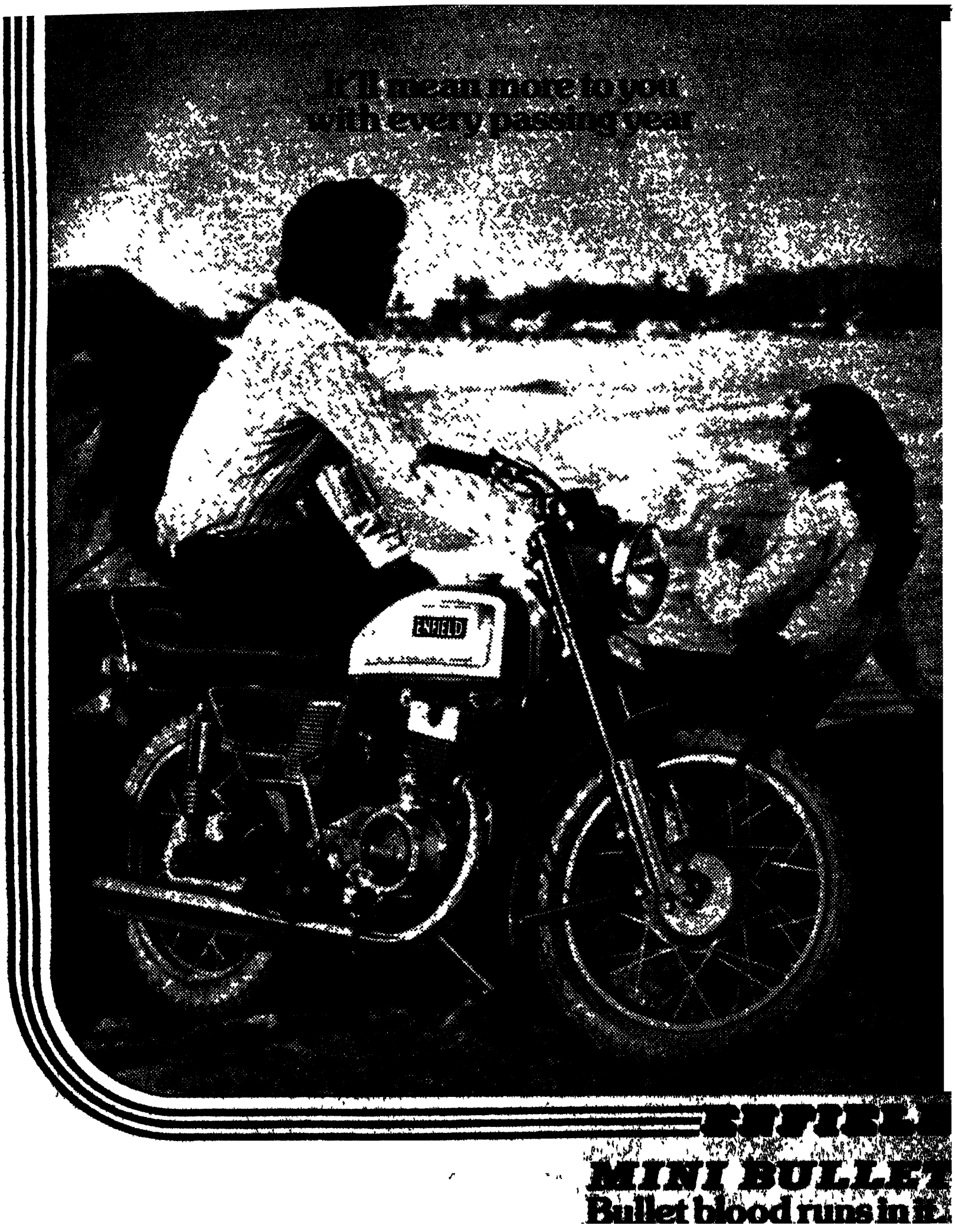


TANSI has made significant strides with major projects executed **— Structurals for Thermal Stations, Steel Plants, Cement, Sugar and Textile Mills, Transmission lines in Tamilnadu, Microwave**

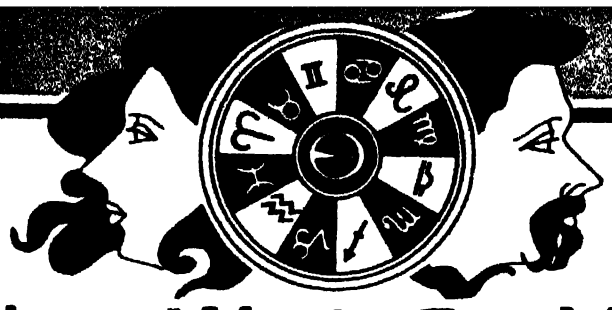


DIPR/2911/82 (R)

TAMILNADU SMALL INDUSTRIES CORPORATION LIMITED.
(A Govt. of Tamilnadu Enterprise)
No. 1, Whites Road, Madras-600 014.
Phone: 82161 Grams: TANSI
Telex: 41-7496 TNSI


It'll mean more to you
with every passing year

ENFIELD
MINI BULLET
Bullet blood runs in it.



Next Week For You

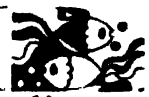
S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Try to keep up the sweet talk as far as possible for a sharp tongue might create unnecessary conflicts. Active participation in group or social activities should be avoided early in the week. Interesting developments take place midweek. You must take the fullest advantage of the new opportunities coming your way.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

This is a good week for socialising. You must try to understand the views of seniors and those in authority if you want their willing support and spontaneous co-operation. Take extra care while driving and avoid air travel as far as possible. Midweek is ideal for making fresh business deals. Weigh all the pros and cons..



PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar 20

Follow a policy of least resistance this week. Your old reliable associates may suddenly shoot off at tangents and create certain unforeseen problems. Take things easy. Do not lose your cool and patch up your differences by midweek. Clear all backlog by the weekend. Saturday is for entertaining and merrymaking.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr. 20

Be just and appropriate and do not argue with colleagues and seniors on petty matters. You will be in the limelight early in the week. Your prestige will be enhanced and you will gain more popularity. Do not indulge in speculation. Be polite to strangers but do not trust them an inch. A stroke of good luck brings money.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

A clash of interests with partners may suddenly take place early in the week and you will be inclined to break off the relationship. You are advised not to take hasty action. Be patient and enduring and sort out your differences. You should formulate a new policy for future dealings and keep to it conscientiously.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

You are headed towards a better phase from this week onwards but you must not disturb the existing arrangements. A new job or assignment will be entrusted to you by seniors early in the week. You will successfully accomplish the task by midweek. You must secure the appreciation of seniors and give credit where due.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

You may find it difficult to raise funds for your projects during the next three weeks. Therefore you must deploy the existing resources wisely and tactfully. Health may be delicate due to over-exertion. You may not be on good terms with seniors and elders during the course of the week. Things look up later on.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

A physically and emotionally exhausting week. There are two main reasons. Firstly, the generation gap will begin to play up and cause much tension within the family. Secondly, a wrong sense of judgement on your part may result in an accident. To avoid both, you must keep your temper in check and be calm and cool.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

You will have to make sudden changes in your plans and schedule owing to delayed information about the facts. You will nonetheless quickly adjust to the changed circumstances out of compulsion. Keep away from group activities on Thursday/Friday. The routine will be normalised by the weekend.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

You must deal with youngsters carefully and with tact in order to avoid widening the generation gap. Do not indulge in speculation at least this week. You can take time off midweek to visit a beauty spot in the company of a friend or sweetheart. Handle Government officials and seniors tactfully, midweek.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov 22

Wittingly or otherwise you are likely to be ignored by others and your opinions set aside. A verbal duelling with elders on policy matters will cause much tension in the early part of the week. There is a slight improvement in your affairs midweek. Try and effect a reconciliation with family members.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

You are better advised to use all the care and tact at your disposal while dealing with strangers. A new business proposal may look profitable but do not commit yourself on anything. You may effect important changes in a partnership or a joint venture but do not start anything without consultation with legal experts.

STAR FOCUS

1983 For You-III

Virgo: This is a luckier and happier year than 1982. You may go abroad to secure technical knowledge in your discipline. Investment in a house, vehicle or agricultural land will prove profitable. Material enhancement of your prospects through gifts and inheritances cannot be ruled out. The disposal of an estate will bring you more money. and add to your savings.

Libra: A year full of wonderful opportunities and easy success. Your company will be much in demand both in and outside home. The younger generation can go abroad for studies or technical training either in the first or the last quarter of the year. Publicity and recognition awaits artists, sportsmen and industrialists. Elders will be on pilgrimage.

Scorpio: A year full of restrictions and curbs. Caution should be your catchword this year. You will be forced into an introspective though not gloomy mood. You will do generally well on the financial and domestic fronts provided you do not expect too much. Of course, similar luck does not hold good on the vocational front. Enmity of friends will hinder your activities.

Sagittarius: Your solar horoscope points towards easy success in all your activities this year. Your social life will throb with activity. In personal life there will be lucky events and happy moments. Be warned, however, that you must steer clear of overambitious plans that might involve you in undesirable activities. Make the best use of your talents in April and September.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, January 23

A year when you have to move cautiously and carefully. Changes, if absolutely necessary, should be effected only after September. Do not involve yourself in any new activities.

Monday, January 24

A year full of stresses and strains. You will be living and working under tremendous pressure. By the middle of 1983, you will be in a fix about the course of direction you must take.

Tuesday, January 25

You must maintain status quo in all walks of life. Between April and July, there will be a temporary lull in your activities but the peace will be shattered in September.

Wednesday, January 26

A busy, varied and interesting year lies ahead. Nevertheless you should be cautious between July and September. Try not to go in for expansions in the last quarter. You must make for stability rather than change.

Thursday, January 27

A year when you must be wholly cautious. The changes that take place may affect your work life, adversely. Be in readiness to adjust quickly to the changed circumstances in August, September and October.

Friday, January 28

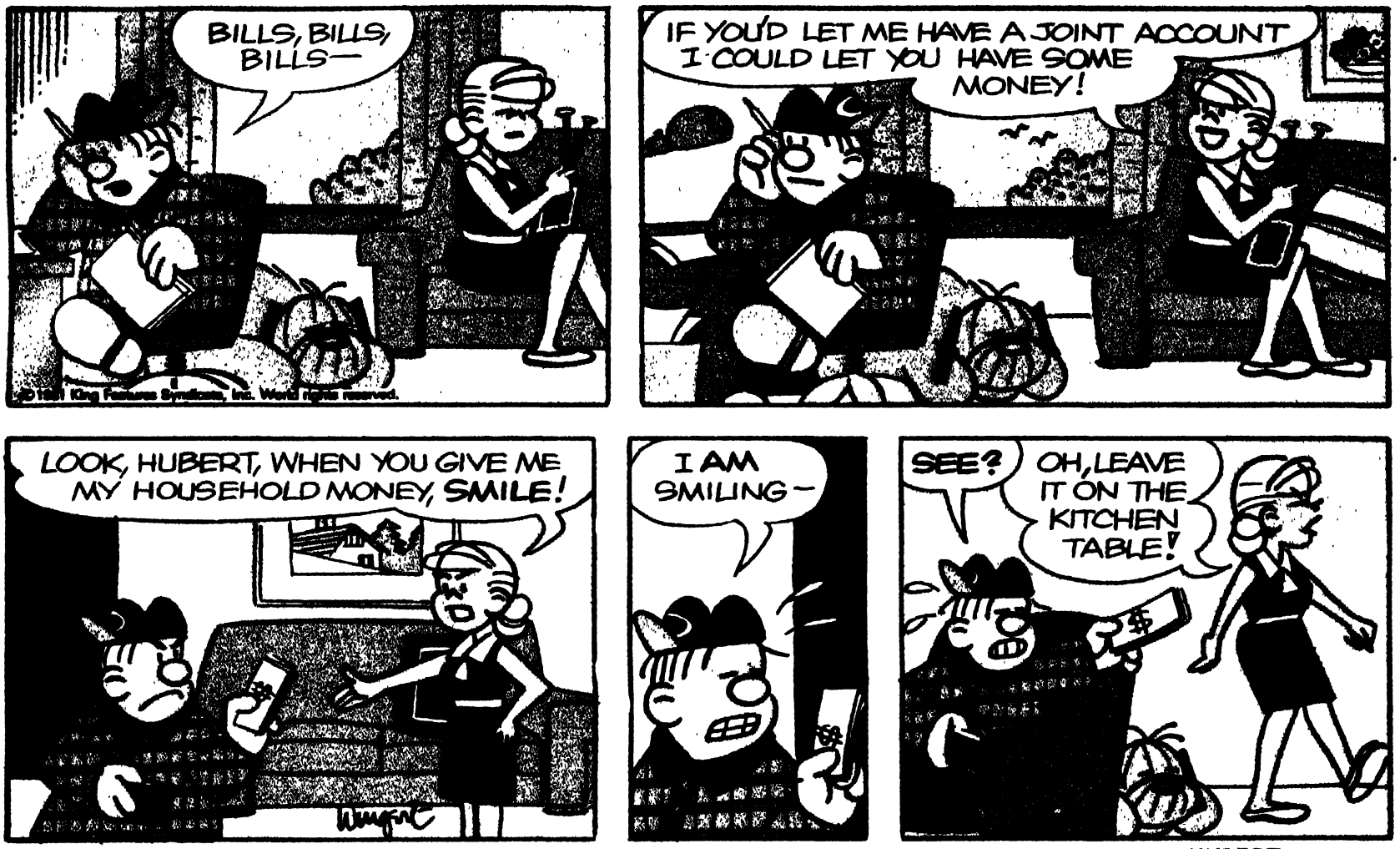
The lunation on your birthday does not augur well. Worries and anxieties concerning your relationship in and outside home will continue to prevail, leading to a crisis in July and August and again in November. Be on your guard.

Saturday, January 29

Things will work well until April. From July onwards things become a little difficult and you will be kept busy until September sorting out your problems. You will have to take certain firm decisions in November/ December.

HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

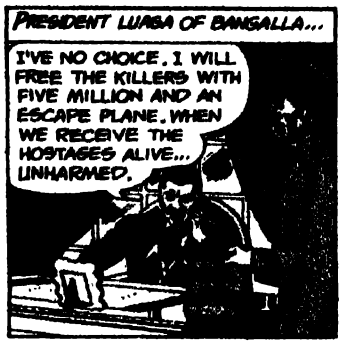


THE PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

ANOTHER CALL FROM THE TERRORIST PABLO, SIRE.
!

GET THIS, PREXY.. I'M RAISING THE ANTE.. FIVE MILLION IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE DAME AND HER BRATS ALIVE! NO MORE DELAY. ANSWER NOW!

NO MORE DELAY. ANSWER NOW!


PRESIDENT LUASA OF BANGALLA...
I'VE NO CHOICE. I WILL FREE THE KILLERS WITH FIVE MILLION AND AN ESCAPE PLANE. WHEN WE RECEIVE THE HOSTAGES ALIVE... UNHARMED.

WE WON! THEY'RE GOING TO DO IT!
FIVE MILLION!
WOW!

LETTING THEM GO?! THEY KILLED THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE IN COLD BLOOD!
YOU GOT TO KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE!
HAR-HAR...

PACK UP. WE'RE OFF. HERE'S THE DEAL...
..WE MEET OUTSIDE TOWN.. EXCHANGE THE DAME AND THE BRATS FOR OUR GUYS AND FIVE MILLION...
...AND A PLANE!
PABLO... YOU'RE A GENIUS!

DADDY... (GLUB)
SHHH.
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BRING THEM UP.
SHHH..

5 MILLION IN CASH FOR THE HOSTAGES...
PRESIDENT LUASA OF BANGALLA...
FOR DIANA ...AND HER CHILDREN...

..AND THE KILLERS WHO GO WITH THE CASH.
GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

THE TERRORISTS...
READY TO GO. HANS, GET THEM UP FROM THE CELLAR.
WILL DO, PABLO.

KIT.. HELOISE.. PLAY A GAME. PRETEND DADDY'S NOT HERE.

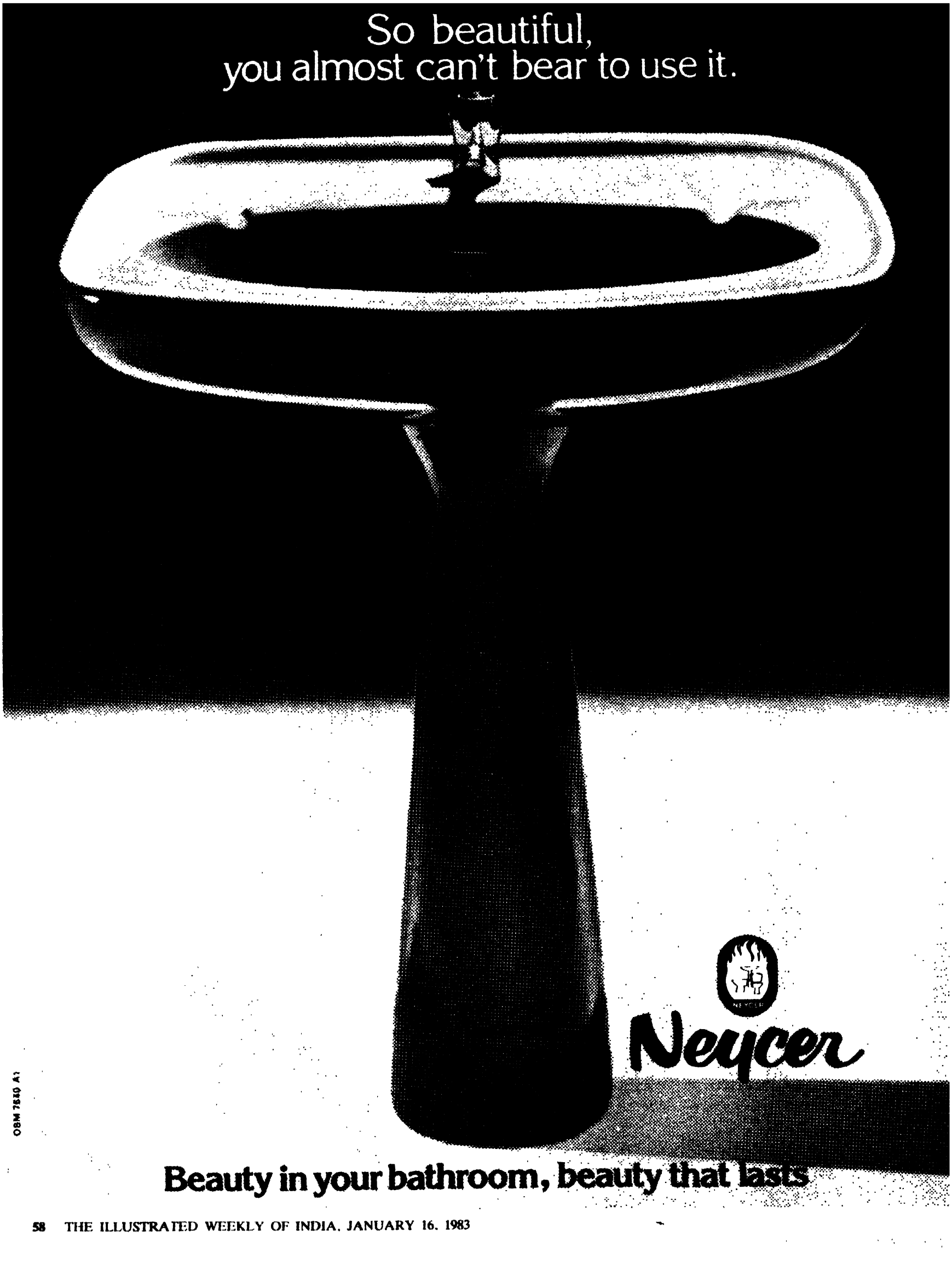
!!

PABLO.. HOW ABOUT THESE TWO SOLDIERS? STILL KNOCKED OUT?
LEAVE THEM!

SY BARRY 7/25
I DON'T WANT TO SCARE THE CHILDREN WITH VIOLENCE.. IF I CAN HELP IT...

DADDY NOT HERE.
KIT..!
WHAT?
!
CONT'D

So beautiful,
you almost can't bear to use it.



Neycer

Beauty in your bathroom, beauty that lasts

OBM 7640 A1

This Week's Bridge

1982 World Olympiad - II

MIXED PAIRS, Contd:

DIANNA Gordon and Mittelman won the Mixed Pairs at the Biarritzz World Olympiad in October. They played steadily throughout, as seen by the fact that they won without even a single absolute top of 388!

Here are a few more of their successful hands, continued from last week, taken from the Daily Bulletins edited by Dorothy and Henry Francis:

In the second session, they found a Grand Slam that most of the field missed—in fact it was worth 351 of the 388 matchpoints. Incidentally, Dianna and George never once got a cold top—but there were lots of deals on which they scored more than 300.

Board - 9: Dealer North, E - W Vul.

	♠ J842 ♥ K8732 ♦ 752 ♣ 4	
♠ 3 ♥ AQJ54 ♦ AJ1093 ♣ K8	N W E S	♠ AKQ965 ♥ - ♦ KQ8 ♣ A732
	♠ 107 ♥ 1096 ♦ 64 ♣ QJ10965	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Dianna		George	
	P	1S	P
2H	P	3C	P
3D	P	3S	P
3NT	P	4D	P
6D	P	7D	All Pass.

Dianna's three Diamonds bid didn't necessarily show Diamonds, but it did show extra values. However, when she leaped to six Diamonds over four Diamonds, George knew the Diamond suit was real, and he had no trouble finding the seven Diamond bid.

BOARD - 22: Dealer East, E - W Vul.

	♠ 952 ♥ A10753 ♦ KQ ♣ A84	
♠ AK64 ♥ Q8 ♦ 84 ♣ QJ765	N W E S	♠ Q103 ♥ 96 ♦ A109753 ♣ 102
	♠ J87 ♥ KJ42 ♦ J62 ♣ K93	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Dianna		George	
		P	P
INT	D"ble	3D	All Pass.

That certainly is not the best One No Trump bid in history, but it was George's task to try to win eight tricks before the opponents took six—a difficult task since North—South had six "sure" tricks—two Hearts, two Clubs and two trumps. George won the opening trump lead with the Ace and immediately led a Heart—an attempt to make the opposition think he was trying for a ruff. North won and cashed the Diamond King, drawing dummy's last trump. Now the defense, bemused by George's earlier Heart play, tried to cash TWO Hearts, but of course, George ruffed the third round of the suit. Three rounds of Spades dropped the suit, so he pitched a losing Club on the thirteener while South helplessy ruffed with the master trump.

Good declarer play earned another 304 points for the champs on Board21.

Board - 21: Dealer North, N - S Vul.

	♠ AK4 ♥ 10876 ♦ A752 ♣ J7	
♠ J52 ♥ AK54 ♦ 6 ♣ K9652	N W E S	♠ Q986 ♥ QJ9 ♦ KJ3 ♣ Q103
	♠ 1073 ♥ 32 ♦ Q10984 ♣ A84	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Dianna		George	
	1D	P	P
1H	P	1NT	2D
P	P	2H	All Pass.

Dianna's overcall on a four-card suit got the partnership to a reasonable spot, but there still was a lot of work to do. North led the Spade King, then switched to the Diamond Ace and another Diamond. Dianna went up with the King and carefully discarded a Club, not a Spade, from her hand. She ruffed dummy's last Diamond, even though she was reasonably sure the trumps were not breaking 3-3. A Spade went to the Queen when North ducked, and Dianna called for the Club Queen. South rose with the Ace and got out with a Club to the King. Dianna in turn got out with a Spade to the Ace. North's return of a Diamond gave Dianna a chance to throw a Club from dummy while she ruffed in her hand. Now she had a high crossruff for the rest of the tricks—making nine tricks. Even if the defense hadn't slipped, she would have made 110—still a very fine result.

AVINASH GOKHALE

"WEEKLY" CENTENARY BRIDGE TROPHY '83

Western Zonal

January 28 to 30

Garware Club House, Wankhede Stadium

This Week's Chess

Queen - Knight Combine

WITH their different ways of movement Queen and Knight combine harmoniously in an attack on the enemy King. In position No 295 White sacrifices a Rook for such a combination. In the game of position No 296 the Knight makes 8 and the Queen 4 of the last 14 moves.

Szymczuc - Hawelko
Gdansk (Poland) 1982

1.d4, Nf6 2.c4, e6 3.Nf3, c5 4.d5, exd5 5.cxd5, d6 6.Nc3, g6 7.Bg5, h6 8.Bh4, a6 9.a4, Bg7 10.e3, g5 11.Bg3, Nh5 12.Bd3, 00 13.Nd2, Nxg3 14.hxg3, Nd7 15.Qc2, Re8 16.bh7ch, Kf8?! 17.Bf5, Ne5?! 18.Bxc8, Rxc8 19.Qh7, Qb6 20.Rb1, c4 21.Nce4, Ng6 22.Rxh6!, Rxe4! 23.Nxe4, Qa5ch 24.Ke2!, Qxd5.

Position No. 295: 25.Rxg6!, fxg6 26.Qxg6!, Qd3ch 27.Kf3, Qxb1 28.Qxd6ch, Ke8 29.Qe6ch, Kd8 30.Qd5ch!, Ke8 31.Nd6ch, Ke7 32.Nf5ch!, 1-0.

Modern Benoni Defence

7.Bg5) Other continuations are 7.e4, 7.g3, 7.Nd2.

7...h6) Geogardze-Dorfman, Erevan Zonal 1982: 7...Bg7 8.e3, h6 9.Bh4 00 10.Nd2, Na6 11.Bc4, Bc7 12.00, Re8.

17.. Ne5?!) Better 17...Kg8 preventing Queen's entry.

21...Ng6) 21...Nd3ch 22.Ke2, Nxb2 looks plausible; but 23.Rxh6! should win, e.g. (i) 23...Bxh6! 24.Qxh6ch, Ke7 25.Qf6ch, Kd7 26.Qxf7ch, Re7 27.Nf6ch, Kd8 28.Qf8ch, Kc7 29.Qxe7ch, Kb8 30.Nd7ch wins the Queen; or in this 25...Kf8 26.Rh1 and mate follows. (ii) 23...c3 24.Nxd6, cxd2 (or 24...Qd4 25.Rxb2!, cxb2 26.Qf5) 25.Nf5! wins; (iii) 23...c3 24.Nf6, Bxf6 25.Rxf6, Rc7 (if 25...Qc7 26.Rh8, c2 or cxd2 27.Qh8ch, Ke7 28.Rxf7ch, Kxf7 29.Rh7ch, Kg6 30.Rh6ch etc. leads to mate) 26.Nc4!, Qd4 (or 26...Qc5 27.Nxd6; or 26...Nxc4 27.Rxb6, Nxb6 28.Qh8ch, Ke7 29.Rxf7ch, Kxf7 30.Qh7ch, Kf8 31.Qxc7 etc.) 29.Qh8ch, Ke7 30.Rxf7ch wins the Queen.

28...Ke8) After 28...Kg8 29.Qe6ch, Kh7 30.Nxg5ch etc. wins; but not 30.Qxc8??, Qd1 mate.

32.Nf5ch!) If 32...Kc7 33.Qd6 mate; or 32...Ke8 33.Qe6ch etc. leads to mate.

Karlsson—Suba
Ekzjo (Sweden) 1982

1.c4, Nf6 2.Nc3, c5 3.g3, e6 4.Nf3, b6 5.Bg2, Bb7 6.00, Be7 7.Re1, d5 8.cxd5, exd5 9.d4, 00 10.Bg5, Na6? 11.Qa4,Ne4 12.Bxe7, 12.Bxe7, Nxc3 13.bxc3, Qxe7 14.Ne5, Rfc8 15.e4!, dxe4 16.Bxe4, Bxe4 17.Rxe4, Qb7 18.Rae1, b5 19.Qb3, h6 20.a4!, cxd4 21.cxd4, b4 22.Ng6!, Kh7 23.Re7, Qc6 24.Nh4, Qc4 25.Qf3, Rf8 26.Qe4ch. Kh8 27.Nf5, b3.

Position No. 296: 28.Nd6!, Qc2 29.Nxf7ch, Kg8 30.Nxh6ch! Kh8 31.Nf7ch, Kg8 32.Qe6, Nc7 33.Rxc7!, Qxc7 34.Ng5ch!, Kg8 35.Qg6!, 1-0.

A variation of English Opening.

7.Re1) Smyslov-Andersson, Biel 1976: 7.d4, cxd4 8.Qxd4, d6 9.b3, 00 10.Bb2, a6.

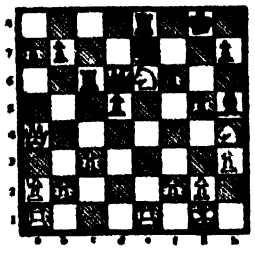
10...Na6?) This Knight makes only one move later; it should have gone to d7.

14...Rfc8) 14...f6? 15.Nc6, Qd7 fails to 16.Bxd5ch, Qxd5? 17.Ne7ch etc.

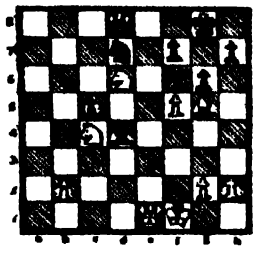
29.Nxf7ch!) 29...Rxf7 is replied by 30.Qxa8ch.

30.Nxh6ch!) 30...gxh6? 31.Qg4ch leads to mate.

R.B. SAPRE



No 297 White to play



No 298 White to play

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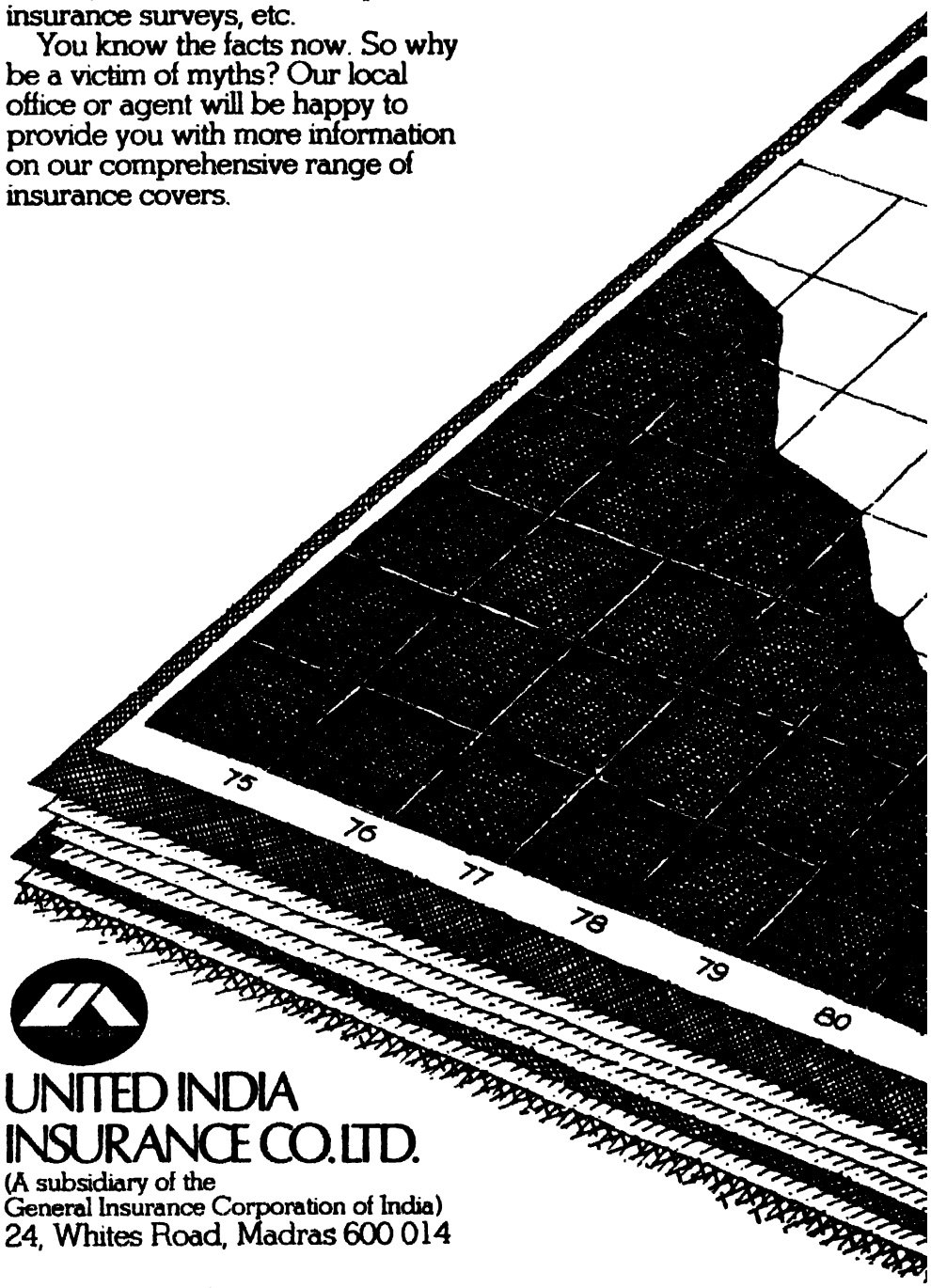

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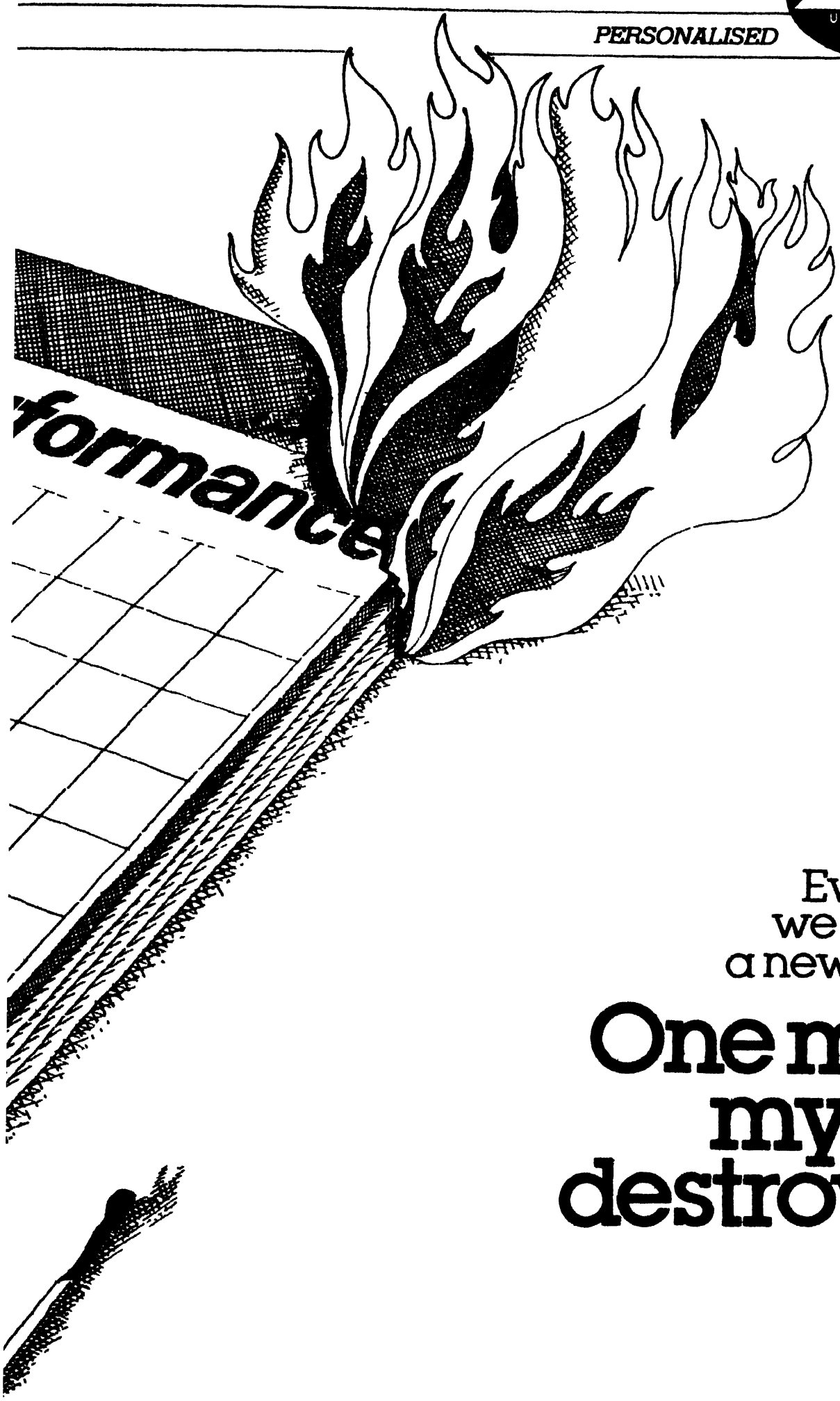

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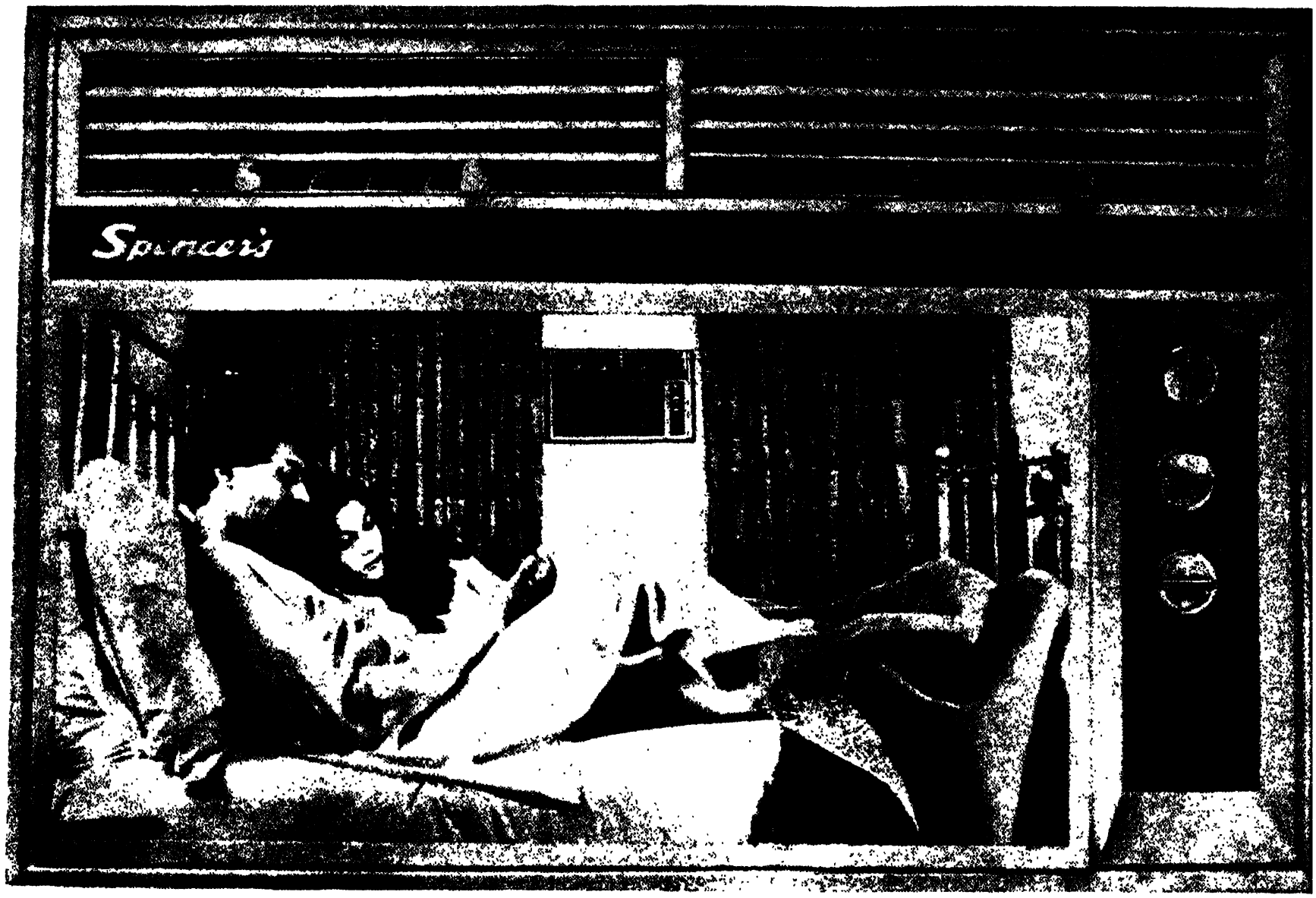

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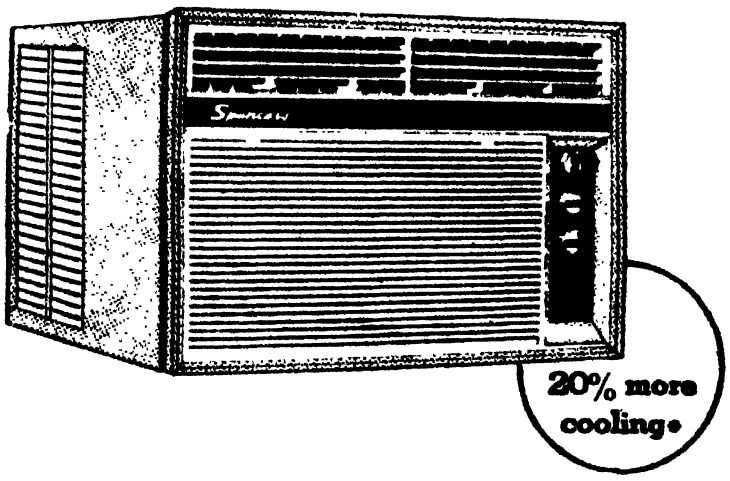

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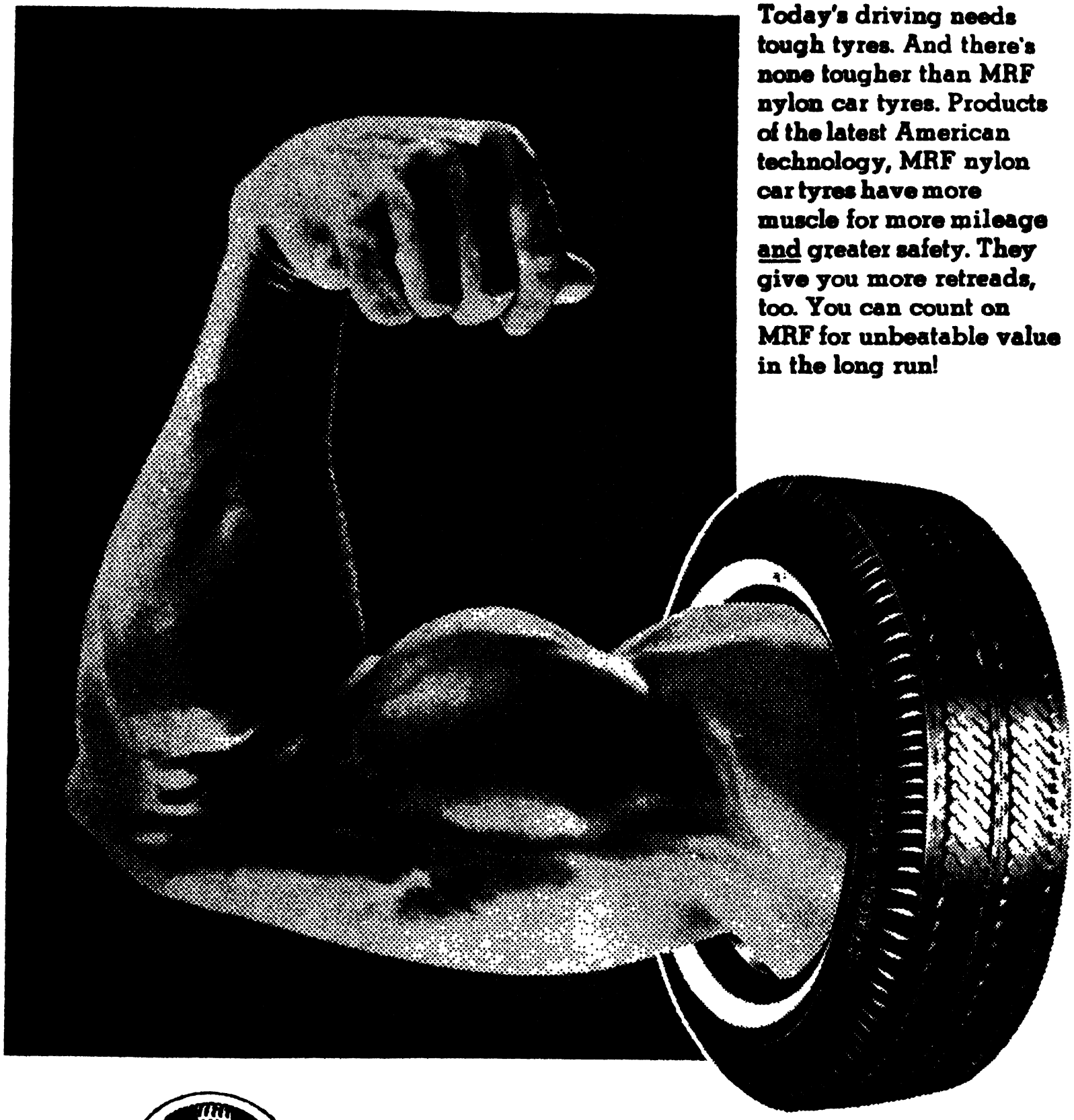

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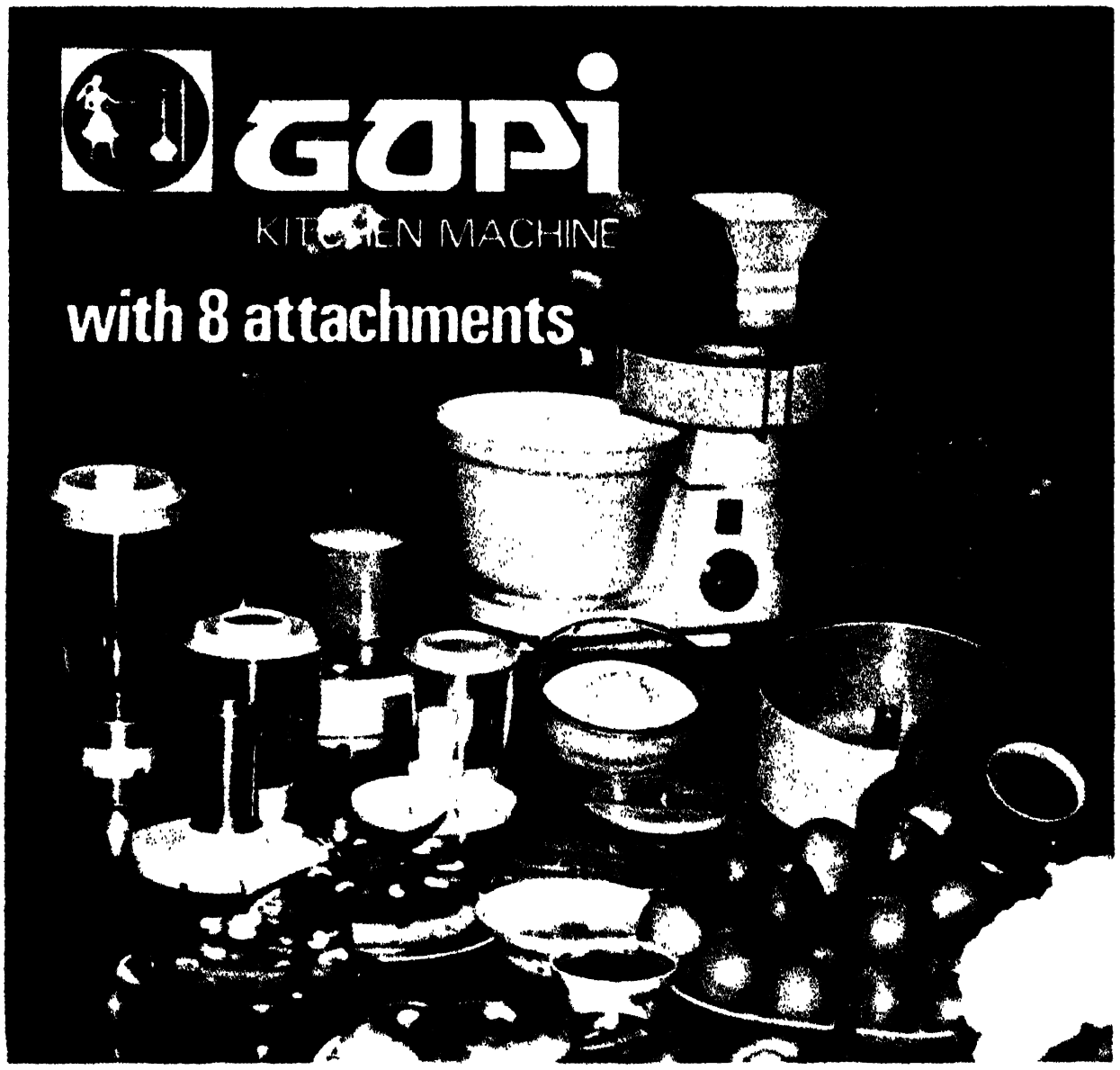
with 8 attachments



GOPI Mixer-cum-Grinder with its three standard and five optional attachments is a complete kitchen machine. It can replace a team of cooks and virtually proves a magic Lamp for the Housewife.

GOPI may not be confused with single jar blade changing mixers being passed on as kitchen machines or food processors. It has a complete range of different attachments for doing different jobs. With GOPI you do not mix Garlic flavour with coffee or coffee flavour with your idlipaste and so on; as is the case in single jar machines.

Regarding cost also you pay only little extra than conventional mixers or even single jar mixers. Although its capacity is 1.5 litres & motor can run for hours together.

GOPI is comparable to any internationally known brand of kitchen machines. Not only that, you pay much less for GOPI.

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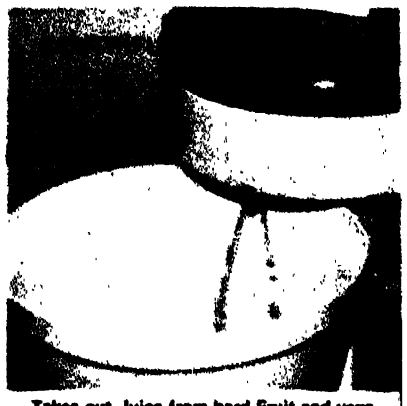
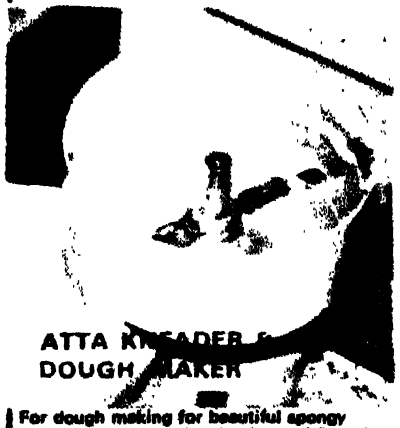
For grinding Coffee and Massles etc.

For Milkshakes, Cocktails, Lassi etc. Motor can run for hours together on normal loads

For making Dal & Rice paste for Dosa, Idli etc. And for making Chutnies.

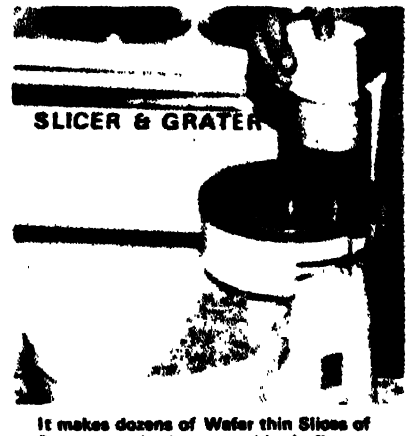


Takes out Juice from hard Fruit and vegetables, like Apples and Carrots etc. continuous waste ejecting system. Processes one kilo of carrots in 75 seconds.

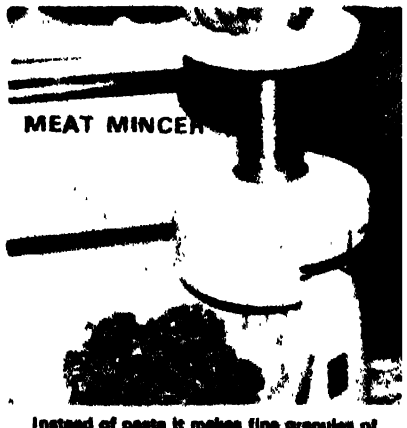


For dough making for beautiful spongy Cakes & atta kneading for Chapati & Puri etc. Kneads one kg. of atta in about 60 seconds only. Very easy to clean & towards

For extracting Juice of citrus Fruits like Orange. Malta and Moosambi etc.



It makes dozens of Wafer thin Slices of Potatoes and other vegetables in five seconds only. Grates one carrot in 5 seconds.



Instead of paste it makes fine granules of meat for Kebabs, Keema etc. and the process is continuous.

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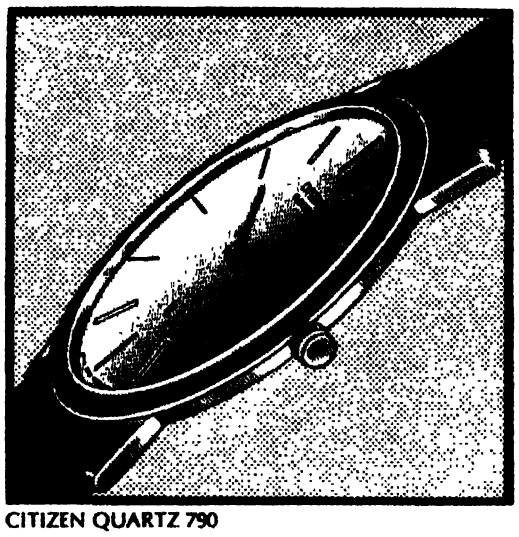

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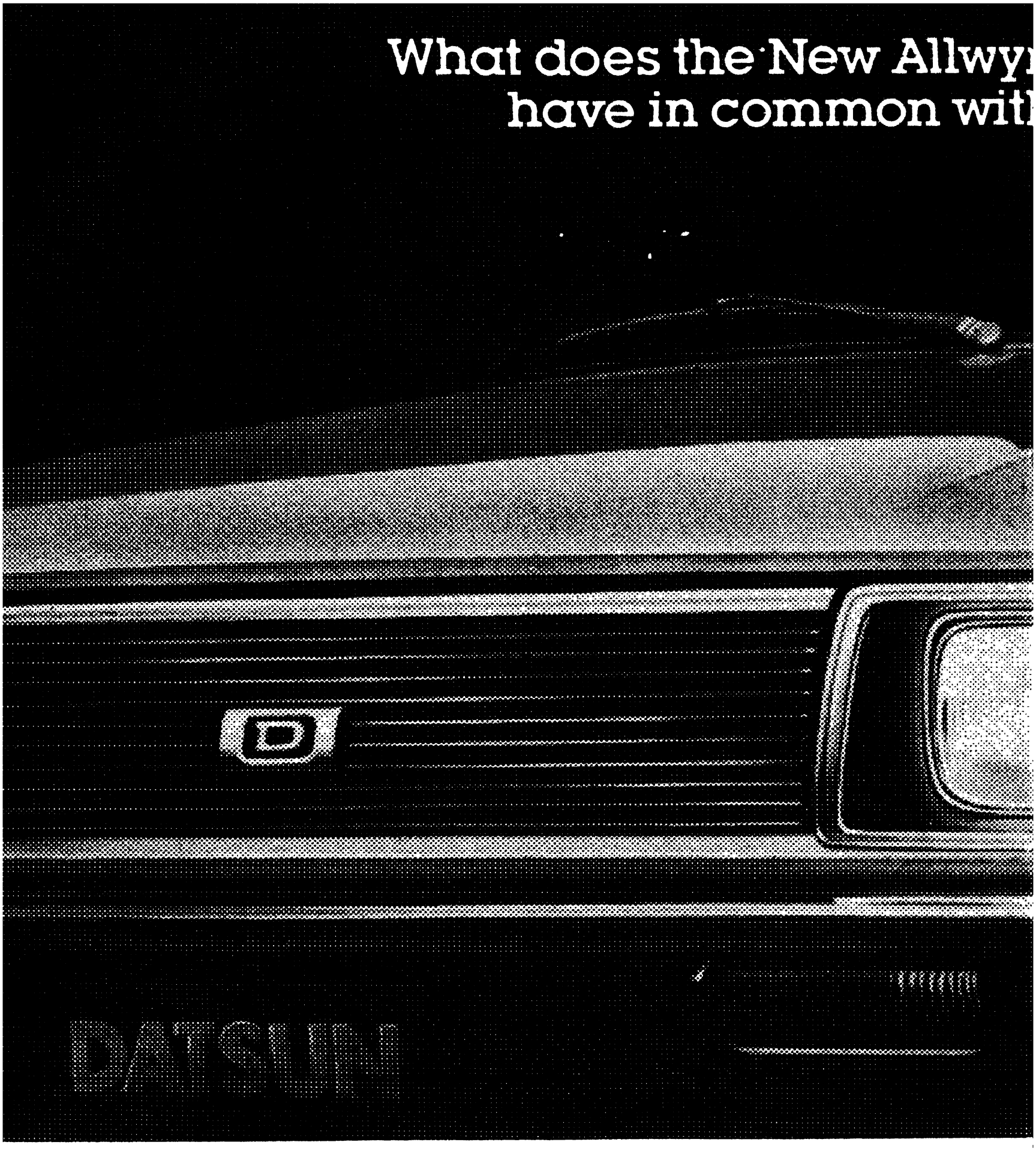

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Datsun?

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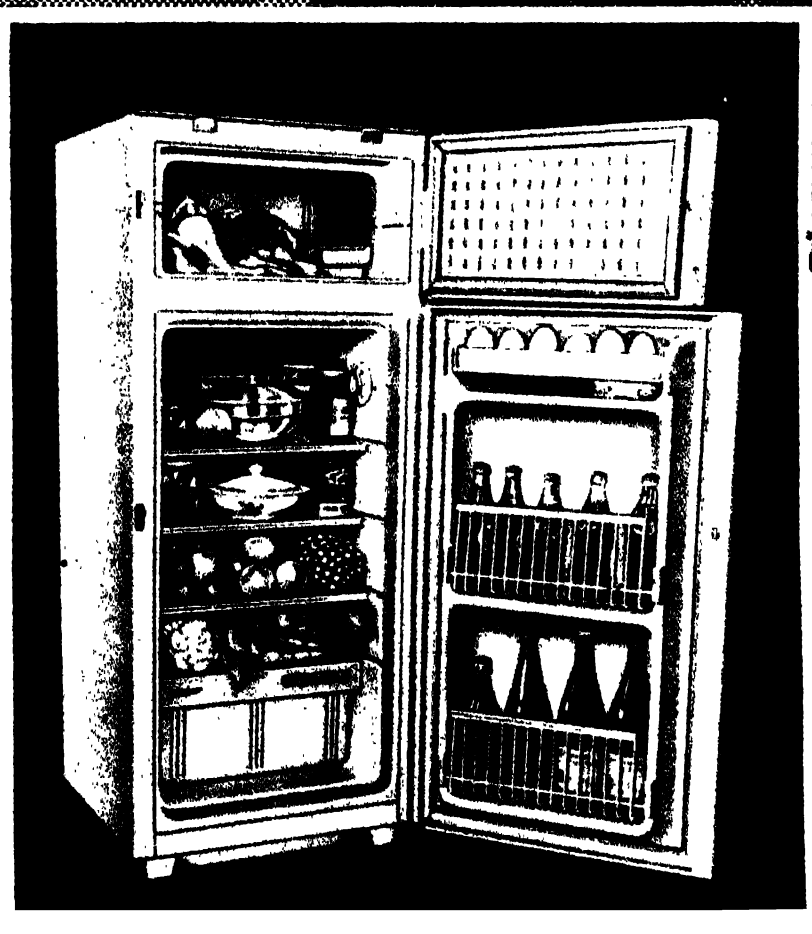

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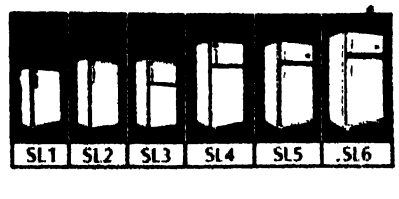

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fine Fest

Sir—Thank you for the article by Lalitha Krishna who has caught in a nutshell the views of us English-movie-lovers. ("For Our Eyes Only", January 2). But how could you forget to mention *The Champ*?

P.S Badde
Sangli

Pehle Aap Presidentji

Sir—I write to invite your attention to an illustrated item published in your esteemed *weekly* ("Who's First?", December 19).

The report as published in your columns is totally inaccurate. The President, Giani Zail Singh, was the first to leave as per protocol.

K. Suryanarayana
Press Secretary to the President, Rashtrapati Bhavan
New Delhi

Arun Padhye

Sir—Our exhibition ("Christian Story Through Indian Eyes", December 19) was superbly covered in the WEEKLY. However, in our catalogue and press release we have made an error in the name of the artist whose painting appeared in the upper left hand corner of the page. He is Arun Padhye not Arun Pradhan.

Naomi Wray
Secretary
Indian Christian Art Association

The Warlords

Sir—Thanks for publishing "Power-Mad Generals Of Pakistan" (December 26). Air Marshal Asghar Khan's analysis was really superb. The WEEKLY offered an in-depth analysis to its readers. It is an issue worth preserving.

Gaurang Pushpak
Ahmedabad

Sir—Asghar Khan's article was most authentic and thought-provoking. Sadly, smugglers, adulteraters and blackmarketeers still rule the roast with the military having consolidated its iron grip on Pakistan.

Bhupen Bosu
Jamshedpur

Our Own Midgets

Sir—Lata Jhaveri's piece on the art of growing bonsai (December 26) was informative. I was surprised to learn that this art actually originated in Vedic India.

Ms Prabha Padmanabhan
Bombay

Foreign Gods

Sir—Mathai Zachariah presents a competant portrayal of Christianity in India. (December 19) According to him the take-over of welfare by the State and Christianity's association with Western culture are the two major handicaps it suffers from. Actually its real enemy is another foreign ideology—socialism. This godless theology is being vigorously propagated by a set of powerful and well-equipped evanglists over the last four decades.

Mihir Bain
Calcutta

Sir—The Bible prophesies the destruction of all religions before the close of this century. Nations have to obey and give allegiance to that ONE GOD. Else, they are going to be destroyed one after another.

Bro Lukes Ninan
Bombay

Sir—All scriptures refer to Christ as the fulfilment. "...*Masih Ruh Allha*" (Quran); "... from darkness to light..." (Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad); "*Adi anth eko avtar*" (Adi Granth), all point to the Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ. An unbiased searcher after Truth—Hindu, Muslim or Sikh—cannot but arrive at the person of Jesus Christ through the Vedas, Quran or the Granth Sahib. So Christianity has an enormous task ahead and the vista is wide open to elucidate the hidden Christ of other religions. The teaming millions are awaiting liberation from illiteracy, poverty and oppression. Regarding the Government initiating/taking up developmental work, the less said the better—it has the proverbial Midas touch, but in reverse.

Fr Felician
Kottayam

Sir—The article has overtones of liberation theology. Liberation theologists everywhere want the Church to turn into a political movement to fight injustice and to establish a just society.

The very premise on which the liberation theology is built is erroneous as it presumes that humans innately love justice and righteousness. But, the truth is that natural man loves justice and righteousness only when he is at the receiving end. This is the reason why all revolutions turn out to be "gods that failed".

Also, the view that poverty is due to exploitation and unjust distribution is only partially true. Poverty is basically due to a low rate of development. That is why starvation, unemployment, exploitation, Harijan burning, etc are the lowest in Punjab.

George Verghese
Nedungadappally

Dave Not Doshi

Sir—"Press And Cure" by Meera Pandya (December 26) is not about Chimanbhai "Doshi" but about Chimanbhai Dave. I have witnessed his successful cures.

Sarabhai B. Choksi
Bombay

What's In A Name?

Sir—Acharya Kriplani's wife was Sucheta not Sushila ("With The Inner Eye", December 5).

Dr M. Hashim Kidwai
Aligarh

Visual Treat

Sir—What? Governor Latif captured through his "Third Eye" (December 19)! It was a visual treat!

C.P. Belliappa
Coorg

Old Jewels?

Sir—Patanjali Sethi's write-up on the aged ("Old People: Unwanted Minority?", December 26) was one-sided. No organisation working for elder citizens has even claimed to have replaced the family. In an ideal situation (as the Chinese say) every senior citizen is treasured as a "family jewel" by his or her relations. But unfortunately such utopian conditions seldom exist in real life. Moreover, Mr Sethi is extremely pompous when he is waxing eloquent about the virtues of the Indian family. Such traditions are not unique. They are found all over the world. Often enough, we are hypocritical about our ill-treatment of our aged.

P. Shankar
Bangalore

Sir—Patanjali Sethi's article deserves special commendation. Mere blind imitation of the West will lead us nowhere. Our own culture has been a source of perennial inspiration and we should always be proud of it.

Indra Sen Chaturvedi
Gangapur City

Hail Hinduism!-II

Sir—The article on Hinduism by P.K. Nijahwan (December 19) was bold. We are all secular even if our mothers are not! How can we resist the temptation of embracing the vices of other religions and earning fame? Previously conversion was for survival; now it is betrayal! God save Indians!

Ramadas
New Delhi

Sir—Except Hinduism, all religions are "man-made", whether by Jesus, Mohammad, Gautama, Mahavira or Nanak. Thousands of missionaries and zealots of Christianity and Islam go to the ends of the earth to preach their gospel of love, equality and service through conversion whereas the high priests of Hinduism go to the Himalayas for meditation and self-realisation. Although there is a tussle between "black and white" Christians and Islam sanctions slavery, torture and most unfair treatment to women, the arcane philosophy of Hinduism is beyond the comprehension of the common man, while the practical side of Christianity and Islam *do* attract him. Hindus are themselves to blame for the crisis, as they have never reached the common, suffering downtrodden people who need it most.

Tatya Tendulkar
Kolhapur

Poet Of Freedom

Sir—I enjoyed RGK's article on Subrahmanya Bharati (December 12). But how could he leave out Sister Nivedita—the great disciple of Swami Vivekananda, who was a pole star in the life of this great poet? He used to call her "mother". He met her sometime in 1906 while she was on a sickbed in a house at Dum Dum near Calcutta. It is she who inspired Bharati to become a poet of freedom.

A.C. Sorka
New Delhi

In the second take RGK added a para on Sister Nivedita. However, we could not accommodate it due to pressure on space.

—Editor

Where Eagles Dare

Sir—In his review of Major K.C. Praval's book, *The Red Eagles* (December 19), Mr K. Mhatre says that it does not set your pulse racing and is as dry as dust. Serious military history books are not written to set one's pulse racing; that is done by war novels and a few of the more lurid autobiographies of military commanders. Military history books are not meant to be scripts for war movies but for study by students of military science. I think Major Praval has done a splendid job.

Maj Gen R.M. Rau (Retd)
Hyderabad

Cuddlesome Curves

Sir—The WEEKLY is doing a great job and touching new heights with the induction of the "The Third Eye". "Curves and Contours" (December 12) by Balkrishan was superb.

Dr M.K. Gupt
Lucknow

Sir—I think the world's most spectacular breast can be seen at Belur

But alas, it is fashioned in cold stone. Now Bali has gone and captured that gorgeous, curvaceous living contour on film. I vote it for the second place. Why did he not use colour?

R.M. Muzomdar
Caranzalem-Goa

Sir—Why do you make Curves and Contours available for public exhibition?

A.S. Ratnam
Parbhani

Superb Story

Sir—Margaret Bhatty's story is a refined echo of the old story, "The Luck Of The Roaring Camp" (December 19). It has a fine O'Henry ending "I would not have survived to tell the tale". I like the story immensely.

Prof K.A. Nambiar
Badagara

Bhishma Narain Singh

Sir—In a caption to the picture as in the text, Bhishma Narain Singh has been described as "Ex-Union Minister for Works and Housing" ("Housing The Asiad", December 19). This is wrong. He still continues to be Union Minister for Works and Housing as also for Parliamentary Affairs.

Gyan Singh
Information Officer
(Works & Housing)
New Delhi

Ungandhian Attenborough

Sir—M. Bhaktavatsala's "Attenborough's Experiment With Truth" (November 21) no doubt highlights the "realities" from the film *Gandhi*. For sheer extravagance of expenditure, however, the film is most un-Gandhian in spirit. (One must still give Sir Richard his due for having completed the film despite much hardship.)

Prashna Kumar Panigrahi
Utkal University

The Fat Cats

Sir—The article "Great Shakes—The Cabaret Is Back!" (December 26) and the accompanying photographs had many facts and a lot of fat, respectively.

Cyrus Hiraji Varkaday

Daring.

Sir—N.A. Palkhivala gave a brilliant exposition of the present state of affairs in India. ("The State Of The Nation", November 21)

However, we Indians. have tolerance, optimism and hope in abundance. To quote Rajaji "What a beautiful world it would be if everybody were just God-fearing and realised the happiness of loving others; yet there is more practical hope for the ultimate consummation of this ideal in India than elsewhere".

S. Gunde Rao
Medak

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Contents

Special Republic Number

8 COVER STORY: ***Our Freedom In Peril?*** On the 33rd anniversary of the Republic we pose to our readers the question: Will our sovereignty as a nation get eroded or will we muddle through as in the past? Leading writers and thinkers present their views.
Threats To Our Freedom. No one is good or bad in the international power game—only strong or weak. And, basically, the threats to our freedom stem from our own despair, says K.C. Khanna.

9 ANALYSIS: ***India's Darkest Hour.*** In the 'sixties and the 'seventies the foundations for national unity and welfare were often shaken, and now they are threatened with permanent damage. The very basis of our nationhood is now a matter of doubt, insists R.G.K.

12 POLITICS: ***Regionalism To The Fore.*** The threats to Indian unity arising from ethnic, religious and linguistic divisions are clear. Pan-Indian unity, says Sitanshu Das, is essential if India is to keep her independence.

13 ECONOMY: ***The Debt Trap.*** Ashok Mitra on the complications that may arise due to our eagerness in accepting the stupendous IMF loan.

15 SOCIETY: ***Feminism In India: Mirage Of Womancipation.*** Is true independence a mirage for most women in India? asks Shobha Kilachand.

16 THE NATION: ***Troubled North-East: Foreigners Stand Between Poll And Peace.*** H.S. Sethi on the situation in Assam after three years of violence and agitations.

19 ALSO: ***Assam: Agitators Losing Their Grip?*** By Kirit Bhaumik.

17 Plus: ***Land Of The Three Gs:*** People of the State are mere pawns on the chessboard of Mizoram, says H.S. Sethi.

26 CURRENT EVENTS: ***The NTR Tornado.*** Telugu Desam has battered the Congress (I) so badly that they will take quite some time to regain their senses. An indepth poll report by G.S. Reddy.

22 ALSO: ***Gundu, Gundu Gone.*** A comprehensive report of the Karnataka polls.

30 IN THE STATES: ***The Witch-Hunt Begins.*** G.S. Chawla reports from Delhi on the Intelligence Bureau's failure with regard to the recent Andhra and Karnataka polls.

34 HAPPENINGS—I: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya reports on the more interesting developments in Calcutta, Jyoti Babu's illness and the hawkers.

35 HAPPENINGS—II: ***Letter From Chandigarh.*** Darshan Singh Maini on the *Press, Society And Government* Seminar, the art exhibitions and the Indo-Pak *mushaira* in the city.

28 INTERNATIONAL: ***CIA's Perfidy In Australia.*** Did the CIA manage to do in Australia, too, what it did in Iran, Guatemala and Chile: destroy an elected Government? By James A. Nathan.

55 PSYCHOLOGY: ***Crowds In India.*** The manner in which crowds behave is reflective of their psyche, says Surindar Suri.

24 ART—I: ***Murals To Mahadeva.*** The robust temple murals by Rajasthani masters at Chandod were commissioned by the Gaekwads of Baroda 200 years ago. By Ramesh Pandya.

39 ART—II: ***Folk Art Of Maharashtra.*** Chakresh Jain meets a successful painter of the Warli tribe, Jinya Soma Mahse.

43 BOOKS: ***History Of The Mahars.*** Thomas Gay reviews *Forefront For Ever: History of The Mahar Regiment* by V. Longer. Also: K.V. Chacko's *Man And Woman* reviewed by T.G. Khemani.

51 HUMOUR: ***Blocking The Road To Dusty Death.*** A C-R-A-S-H course for traffic cops and violators by Ranjit Lal.

44 HEALTH: ***Obesity Is An Indecent Obsession.*** So says Bijalpita Chatterjee and discourages overfeeding for babies and adults alike.

45 SPORTS: ***The Boats Are Waiting: Come Sail Them!*** India has the talent, a long and inviting coastline, ports, harbours and lakes. Shanti S. Thirumalai beckons the sailors.

32 PHOTOFEATURE: ***Frozen For Eternity.*** A collection from the album of H. Narayanan.

49 FICTION: ***Afterglow.*** Short story by Christine M. Krishnasami.

PLUS: ***That's Business:*** 36, *The World Around Us* 37; *The Weekly Pick:* 42; *Ha!* 46; *Stars* 53; *Bridge & Chess* 61, *Comics* 57.

Next Issue

NTR's Ram Rajya

In his newest role as the first non-Congress Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, N.T. Rama Rao has promised a veritable Ram Rajya to the beleaguered people of the State. What are his programmes and priorities? Can he fulfil his pledge? G.S. Reddy presents an in-depth survey with an exclusive interview with NTR.

Endangered Wildlife: All Creatures Great And Small.

Since AD 1600 man has wiped out some 270 species of animals and birds. In this the 20th century, their extermination has reached the alarming rate of a complete species a year, thanks to indiscriminate shooting, environmental pollution as a result of growing industrialisation, etc...

The future of Indian wildlife rests on a concerted effort towards the protection of these endangered species. By J. Banerjee

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS: RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR: VITHAL C. NADKARNI SUB-EDITORS: PREETI CHATURVEDI, RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR ART DIRECTOR: RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE): PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT: K.A. NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS: J.S. JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: JITENDRA ARYA, S.N. KULKARNI

Threats To Our Freedom

by K.C. Khanna

OSTENSIBLY, it seems alarmist to suggest that India's freedom is under threat Mrs Gandhi's oft-repeated warnings notwithstanding, every power on earth—and that includes Pakistan—is too preoccupied with its domestic problems to want to occupy New Delhi Even if it did, it would be sheer madness on its part to mount an invasion The days of empires ended with World War II Thanks to India's long and glorious struggle for independence that culminated in the1942 Quit India Movement the British were perhaps the first to see the writing on the wall, cut their losses and go Since then, any country that has tried physically to subjugate another nation has come a cropper The memories of its misadventure in Vietnam still bedevil America, just as Poland and Afghanistan are proving to be Russia's Achilles' heel

But freedom is a many splendoured word In the post-war world, a nation is seldom truly free unless it is also strong If it is not, its government can always be pressed by foreign powers to act against its true interests Often enough, in recent history, the US has arrogated to itself the role of an international gendarme and, to an extent, still does Russia brazenly enforces the doctrine of "limited sovereignty" on the countries on its periphery Kwame Nkrumah in his day so pointedly drew attention to the insidious nature and dangers of neo-colonialism It has taken new forms but it still continues to blight large parts of the globe

External forces apart, freedom of a people can be destroyed by its own government All dictatorships do that Even in a democracy, the people cannot be wholly free if the Government is weak, corrupt or inept In our own country, none can deny that this is precisely the situation in most of the States Nor is the Central Government the epitome of rectitude or sagacity Indeed, the entire system is creaking under the weight of its own inequities Growing political turmoil threatens to tear it apart The sagging economy and increasing poverty are cutting it at its roots Mounting social conflict is eating into its vitals Whether it has the resilience to repair the damage and regain its moorings is, for the first time in 35 years, a moot question Every thinking citizen wonders what is happening to us as a nation Fears about the future of children growing up under the shadow of an open-ended moral crisis are writ large on millions of faces

"The entire system is creaking under the weight of its own inequities. Growing political turmoil threatens to tear it apart. The sagging economy and increasing poverty are cutting it at its roots. And mounting social conflict is eating into its vitals. Whether it has the resilience to repair the damage and regain its moorings is, for the first time in 35 years, a moot question. Every thinking citizen wonders what is happening to us as a nation."

In the 1950s and early 1960s, the country was economically much weaker but it had the moral strength of a nation on the move Jawaharlal Nehru's quest for modernisation through planning within a democratic framework, combined with his commitment to non-alignment, had caught the imagination of the people everywhere, established India's credentials in world councils and raised its stature all over the globe Notwithstanding the abuses hurled at his policies by powerful detractors abroad, New Delhi played an honourable role in almost every international crisis Korea, Vietnam, Lebanon, Suez, Congo, Cyprus and so on If today New Delhi is invariably bypassed or relegated to a back-seat, it is partly due to the progressive erosion, since Jawaharlal Nehru's death, of the moral values he cherished and so valiantly upheld

How foreign powers try to destabilise even friendly countries is vividly illustrated by the article on the *CIA's Perfidy In Australia* (Pages 28-29)

Innumerable such examples can be cited It is a measure of the weakness our own Government that, more often than not, it throws a cloak of secrecy over similar incidents Not too long ago, British frogmen were caught during the Prince of Wales's state visit snooping under water in Bombay Harbour The Government did nothing

How Lal Bahadur Shastri's arm was twisted by Alexei Kosygin till he signed the Tashkent declaration is by now common knowledge Shastri was forced to agree *inter alia* to give up four key posts dominating the vital road from Srinagar to Leh via *Zoji La* even though the Indian Army had wrested them from the Pakistanis during the conflict in 1965 at great sacrifice The following year, Indira Gandhi was compelled to devalue the rupee and liberalise imports—as it turned out, disastrously—at the behest of the World Bank-IMF group in return for a mere $900 million loan Likewise, the more recent $5 billion IMF credit is hedged in by conditions that are detrimental to national interest Even businessmen to whom the Congress (I) is so beholden for electoral funds are protesting loudly that, thanks to the IMF, domestic industry is being ruined by "dumping" of foreign products in the Indian market to shore up sagging employment overseas!

Such pressures are bound to increase if the domestic economy fails to pick up and New Delhi is compelled to fritter away whatever foreign

Illustration by Mario

exchange it still has in the kitty on imports of food, costly arms and luxury goods (like colour TV sets and expensive oil). Already, there is talk that there is not the slightest hope of getting another loan from the IMF and that the foreign exchange reserves will touch the bottom in 1985, precisely when large instalments of past foreign loans are due for repayment. It would have been a different matter if the investments made with the help of accumulated foreign exchange reserves in communications, power projects, heavy industries and the railways were to bear fruit by 1985. As it is, all such schemes are lagging far behind schedule.

High Price To Pay

There was a time when the world was dominated by two competing Power Blocs and India could take advantage of both by pursuing principled policies in national self-interest. But today the situation is much more complex. The nexus of complementary and competing interests that binds the two Super Powers drastically restricts India's room for manoeuvre. The incipient arms race in the subcontinent, for instance, hurts neither. Both keep a tight rein on the spare parts for the arms they supply. Moscow tut-tuts but does not really mind if India buys weapons from the West at 250 per cent of the price it charges for comparable hardware—so long as the money is paid out of the IMF loan!

No one is good or bad in the international power game—only strong or weak. And, basically, the threats to our freedom stem (as several articles on the subsequent pages show) from our own despair. ■

India's Darkest Hour

All the evils we see today are like the poison that came up during the Churning of the Ocean and I expect much good also to emerge. We should not forget that we are still a nation in the making and that the creative process itself can generate evil.

by R.G.K.

THE present seems the darkest hour in the brief history of India as a free nation. We can discern all the classic symptoms of a country on the verge of chaos and in danger of losing its freedom. Despair has taken hold of large sections of people. All that we cherished when we fought for freedom now appears a tarnished dream. All the old fortresses are crumbling. The integrity of the country, always in doubt, is now seriously threatened. All the gains of freedom are being thoughtlessly thrown away. All the institutions painfully built in these troubled decades are being undermined.

The fifties were a creative period, a time of consolidation. We took the first steps in the democratic experiment of seeking a better life for ourselves by setting up new plants and factories and by building new dams and power projects. In the sixties and seventies the foundations for national unity and welfare laid earlier were often shaken and now, in the eighties, they are threatened with permanent damage. The very basis of our nationhood is now a matter of doubt.

Our Constitution provided for a federal structure with all the characteristics of a unitary state. It is often said that it is nothing but a glorification of the Government of India Act of 1935. This is not without truth. Our founding fathers, who had knowledge of the history of our country with its ethnic, religious and cultural diversity, wisely combined provincial autonomy with Central authority. They wanted each State to have an identity of its own, but not at the cost of the identity of the nation as a whole. The Constitution is a charter of freedom and democracy. There are safeguards in it against the dismemberment of the country and the abuse of authority by the Centre. These include the checks and balances as between the Executive, Parliament and the Judiciary and as between the Centre and the States. The Constitution has often been abused and changed according to the whims of the party in power. The freedoms bestowed by it on the citizens have been threatened with abridgement or even abrogation. During the Emergency, the then Attorney-General Niren De warned us that the Executive possessed the right to take away the life of the citizen. The Constitution thus is no permanent guarantee of freedom if it is not worked by the right kind of individuals.

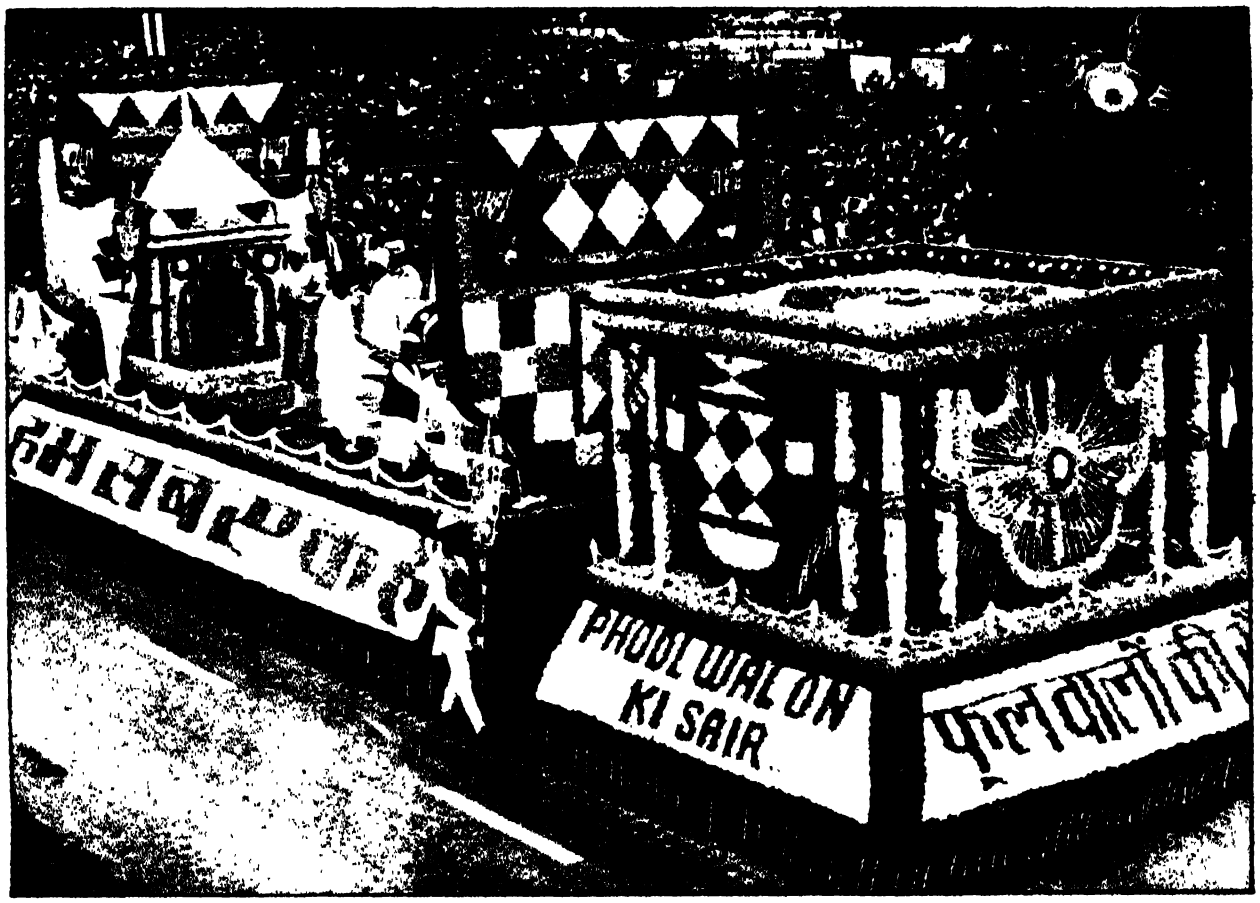
In the early years of freedom we could maintain stability in India and safeguard its democratic structure, in spite of threats from within and from outside, because the Indian National Congress was in power. In the late forties and in the fifties, the Congress retained its traditional character of an organisation that represented the entire nation. There were two reasons for this. First, the Congress still possessed the momentum of a fighting party with a residue of the idealism of the freedom struggle. Secondly, it was dominated by men and women who could not but think of India as one nation. The States were reorganised in the fifties: this was done with the idea of rationalising the political structure of the country, not to sow the seeds of national dismemberment—it was thought that by recognising the aspirations of regions divided according to language we could better ensure their cooperation in the national endeavour.

In the early sixties, when we suffered humiliation at the hands of China and when there was a threat to our freedom, our people demonstrated an inspiring sense of unity. Even C.N. Annadurai, at one time a secessionist, spoke the language of a →

nationalist. Subsequently, however, unsettling and disruptive forces were generated. The death of Jawaharlal Nehru removed from the scene not only a great patriot and statesman but the most powerful defender of freedom and the greatest force that held together the country.

I would like in parenthesis to discuss the personality cult in India and the question whether, on account of it, we are unfit for freedom and democracy. It is sometimes forgotten that this cult—the prevalence of a father figure, a focus for national aspirations—is not unique to India. It has obtained—and still obtains—even in countries with longer experience of freedom and democracy. During our formative years Panditji represented in himself the dreams and ideals of almost the entire nation. Later, his daughter fulfilled this role though not with the same magic as her father—she was the only leader acceptable to the vast masses of people in different parts of the country.

There is no need to be ashamed of the personality cult given the special nature of the country and its problems. Many of our recent problems could be attributed to the failure of Mrs Gandhi to play the role of a national figure. We must have a personality for the personality cult Mrs Gandhi is losing her fitness to be this personality. The Emergency greatly diminished her stature: it was looked upon as a means to keep herself in power. When she got a second chance for national leadership in 1980 she gave the impression that she wanted to make the prime ministership a "family institution". The tragedy of Indira Gandhi is that a people who were willing to pay her obeisance as the daughter of Panditji—as one who was expected to rise over considerations of family and party—revealed herself as an individual with the failings of an ordinary politician. The second tragedy is there seems to be no alternative to her. And herein lies the threat to our stability and freedom.



—P. Dayal

IS THAT THE SILVER LINING in the lowering clouds (below) *that menace our freedom? The process of nation-making may take several generations, but we must stick together during the interregnum.*

—Chitrangada Krishna

The decline of Indira Gandhi was caused by the decline of her moral authority. The decline came to be reflected in the Congress. The party that was identified with the nation now became a vast caucus of petty politicians. The Antulays and Gundu Raos and Jagannath Mishras took over. The Bhosales and Anjiahs emerged as expressions of an emptiness, as representatives of a party depleted of all its talents and human resources. Indira Gandhi could do nothing to reverse the process and halt the decline of her party. Telugu Desam is nothing but a product of a decaying Congress. And problems like Khalistan are the products of a weak national leadership. They loom today as a threat to our integrity and freedom.

Mrs Gandhi once rightly said that a strong Centre was the basis for strong States. Today there are weak States which the Centre is unable to keep together. The lesson of the last few years is clear. India needs a strong Centre and a strong Centre means a strong personality at the Centre. A strong personality does

not necessarily mean a despot. Indeed one of the lessons of the Emergency that our people (our so-called pluralistic society) do not tolerate despotism or *tanashahi*. A strong personality thus means an individual who has personal magnetism, who has moral authority and who is reputed to be incorruptible. Indeed we need a figure invested with romanticism, a certain aura. He may be an agnostic like Nehru—contrary to the popular view, he need not be "spiritual"—but he must represent those values of the country which transcend "spirituality". This is the lesson of 35 years of freedom.

The question that we must now ask ourselves is: how long can we place our trust in supermen and superwomen and how long can we be assured that they do not have feet of clay? How long can we subscribe to the doctrine of political avatars? The rise of N.T. Rao shows that even for regional leadership we are looking for gods. In Tamil Nadu it is a hero who is as good as a god. Nature does not always ensure a constant supply of gods and heroes. If India is to preserve its freedom and unity it should learn to live without gods and heroes. This is a problem of education and thus the very basis of our future.

Freedom itself has unleashed disruptive forces. The non-fulfilment of the expectations aroused by it has created unrest. New classes have arisen and caste jealousies have become more acute in the course of the sharing of the fruits of freedom. Forces suppressed for centuries have surfaced. These have threatened the peace and security of India and raised doubts about the country's ability to preserve freedom. The Emergency was an arbitrary solution—it may be argued that all solutions are arbitrary—way of solving the problems of disunity. It was not only an exercise to keep Mrs Gandhi Emergency. It cannot however be in power—to be charitable to her, in the process she tried to keep the nation intact and instil a sense of discipline in the people, *Anwasan* cannot be imposed: it has to come from within. this is the lesson of the Emergency. It cannot however be denied that that discipline is of paramount importance in the preservation of freedom and in the building of the nation. The lesson of freedom with responsibility is yet to be learned by our people. In a sense it is the most important lesson for us—and again it is a matter of education, the evolving of a new political culture.

There are people who think that economic well-being is more important than freedom. There are others who believe that economic well-being is not worth having without civil liberties Our own experience of the Emergency when our liberties were abridged is that dictatorship is no guarantee of economic well-being. Salvador de Madriaga recalls: "A professor said, 'People are not interested in freedom, but in ham and eggs.' To which I retorted, 'Ten years in prison with only ham and eggs for breakfast would cure that.'" Indeed no nation grows, no society flourishes, eating the bread of slavery. Remember the Republican slogar during the Spanish Civil War: "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees." This may be to take a romantic view of freedom, but sometimes it may be the only view to take.

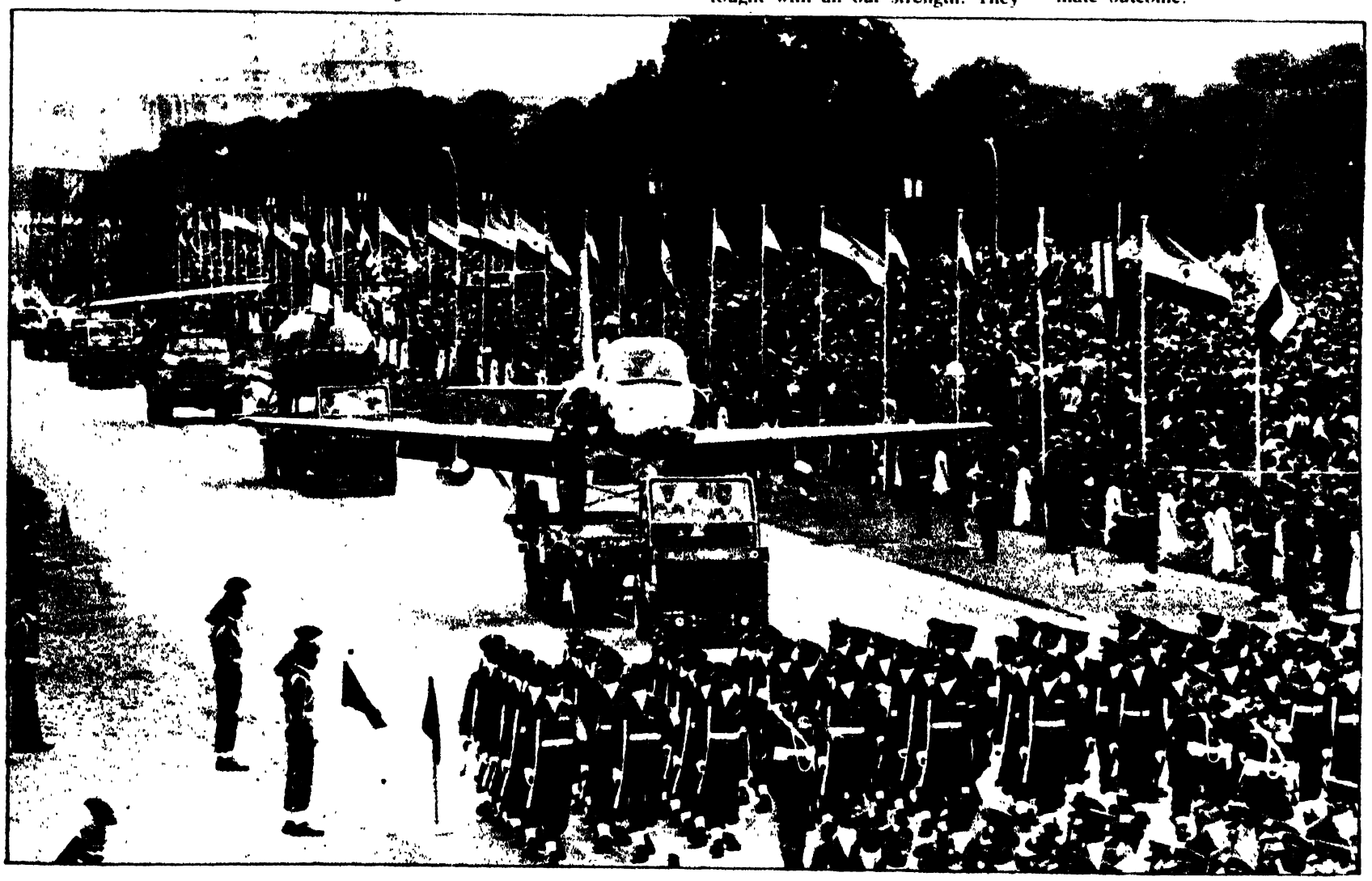
There is however truth in the criticism that we often take a negative view of freedom. We have not yet learned the constructive meaning of freedom, which means freedom with responsibility—a cliche but very important for our political maturity. I did not understand the full implications of a positive approach to freedom until read the words of Erich Fromm: "Man has achieved *freedom from*—without yet having achieved *freedom to*—to be himself, to be productive, to be fully awake." The Vedic ideal of *svarat* is that of a man who is fully awake and a master of himself—he is not a man let loose like some of our people who are ostensibly lovers of freedom.

Affronts to our freedom like the Bihar Press Bill are, in my opinion, aberrations and are not to be exaggerated. They must, however, be fought with all our strength. They are part of the struggle of a group of self-seeking politicians to remain in power. I personally do not regard them as a pointer to worse things though I have no doubt that they must be checked.

All the evils we see today are like the poison that came up during the Churning of the Ocean and I expect much good also to emerge We should not forget that we are still a nation in the making and that the creative process itself can generate evil. India is today engaged in a great experiment: it is a process of trial and error in which the people are involved with all their clashes and differences of outlook. The present disturbed state is part of this experiment. Unlike Gandhiji we have a traditional dread of anarchy—this is a dread shared by other peoples While anarchy may be preferable to slavery and stagnation, it is patently foolish to encourage unsettling forces unless we discern in them the hope of a better future. We must also bear in mind that we take an exaggerated view of events that are close to us. We must also be prepared for the process of nation-making to take several generations.

Freedom and its future are important questions. The preservation of freedom is essential for civilised life. What worries me is that if we are neglecting the equally important question of the social and political unrest born of freedom and its ultimate outcome.

"A STRONG CENTRE," Mrs Gandhi once rightly observed," was the basis for strong States."



Regionalism To The Fore

by Sitanshu Das

The threats to Indian unity arising from recent historical memories, ethnic, religious and lingual divisions, are clear and it would be naive to discount them. But it would be equally naive to disregard the lesson, learned from geography, history, industrial and economic development, that pan-Indian unity is essential if India is to keep her independence, says the author.

IN the 33rd year of the Republic (which is also the 36th year of Indian independence) this country is likely to be in a self-congratulatory mood. It is likely to see itself as a large island of stability in a region heaving with conflicts.

India will have reason to be pleased with the fact that she has kept a large part of South Asia free from direct intervention by the great powers. Internally, despite dire thoughts, the country has remained in one piece without impairing the rule of law and the principle of government by consent.

But in the long run a nation's independence and integrity are safe if it is able to defend, either singly or in concert with others, its interests from external adversaries and if it has a stable political order which ensures a reasonable degree of internal cohesion. Although many Indians worry a great deal about India's capacity to survive as one nation, not enough attention is given to the problems of the country's external security.

Schizophrenia

India's defence policy suffers from schizophrenia. The country lives under the shadow of the growing nuclear arsenal of one neighbour with which it has had adverse relations for at least 25 years. Another neighbour, which is revanchist, appears to be engaged in a nuclear programme which has, to say the least, military intent. There is no "nuclear umbrella" of either super power which India can take shelter under.

For the last 19 years the country's political and defence establishment has been making periodic noises about India's "nuclear option". The Government has neither taken the option nor answered how it proposes to ensure the strategic defence of this vast country. Meanwhile, the so-called nuclear option has ceased to be even a diplomatic weapon. The distance between the nuclear capabilities of India and her would-be adversaries is fast widening.

History has taught India to fear internal disunity as the cause of her prolonged subjugation to foreign invaders. That fear repeatedly came true in her recorded history. Embedded in the collective Indian mind is the lesson that pan-Indian unity is essential if India is to keep her independence.

The weaknesses of Indian unity are almost organic. They do not disappear merely because what remains of undivided British India has remained in one piece for 35 years. What are 35 years in the millenia which have known the vicissitudes of India or the Indians?

There are of course other large countries as diverse as India—notably, China and the Soviet Union. But whereas China's State system in history heavily emphasised centralisation, India's imperial powers, save the Mughals in the high-noon of their power and the British, tended to rest on decentralised subsidiary power centres. The Soviet system, being a recent one, is not to be compared with the past political orders in India or China.

There are those who see in the growing demands for local autonomy in the relatively homogeneous and highly centralised States of Western Europe a situation comparable to Indian disunity. But the unifying elements—economic and religio-cultural—in the countries of Europe are so strong that their circumstances do not bear any comparison with those in India. Those who framed the 1950 Constitution for India were prompted by a premonition of the dangers ahead and they provided for a strong Centre. Even so, India could not be a unitary State. The Centre could not be given new powers by abridging the autonomy which the British Parliament's Government of India Act of 1935 had already granted to the provinces.

The dangers to Indian unity are still elemental—arising from recent historical memories, ethnic, religious and lingual divisions. When the Akalis propose a separate Constitution for Punjab—their extremists want an independent State—they are prompted not only by contemporary political considerations but also by the memory of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's kingdom.

The perpetuation of a special status for Jammu and Kashmir is meant to answer the more extreme secessionist demands there. But fundamentally the problem in that State is Muslim Kashmir's sense of a separate identity based on religion. If religion is a disintegrative force in north-west India, the ethnic-language divide provides the stimulus for separatism based on religion. The conflicts arising from ethno-cultural identities have given birth to active insurgencies in north-east India. The whole of the Brahmaputra valley is on the boil, and it is difficult to foresee what turn the popular agitation there will take.

Sophisticated Variant

A more sophisticated variant of separatism is to be encountered in West Bengal where the Marxists have become the dominant regional party, by voicing the Bengali middle class's perception of the injustices done to Bengal by the establishment which rules the Centre and runs the Indian economy. The loose federation the CPM wants is the Marxist variant of the Akalis' Anandpur Sahib resolution. Ethno-centric politics is gaining strength in the tribal belts—from Orissa to Maharashtra. Religious differences are being added to the tribals' growing awareness of deprivation to create an explosive situation in these areas.

While it is true that the dangers to India's integrity are graver now than when it gained independence in 1947 (when, the partition having induced a trauma, the centrifugal elements were quiescent), this general statement will not apply equally to all affected areas if the situation this year is compared to what it was at this time last year. The picture that north-west India offers is not one of uniform deterioration. If the Punjab situation has worsened very substantially, this cannot be said of Jammu and Kashmir. The change of leader in that State has served to unwind tensions. There are now opportunities for collaboration between the Congress(I) and the National Conference. Dr Farooq Abdullah, the new Chief Minister, needs time to consolidate himself in office, and the Congress(I), by being helpful, can free him of the need to turn to separatist elements for support.

In the short run the Congress(I)-National Conference alliance—whether formalised or tacit—can hold at bay the

(Continued on page 14)

INDIAN STATECRAFT faces many serious challenges in the years to come. Yet Indian unity is no artificial arrangement contrived by the British. If the centrifugal forces of Indian history are a reality, then it will not come unstuck. Below: A protest rally by Assamese students at New Delhi's Boat Club

The Debt Trap

We have made matters more complex by eagerly accepting the IMF loan. Evenly distributed, our output *can* feed the whole nation quite adequately. But for this a total revamping of our whole political, social and moral fibre is called for, says the author.

by Ashok Mitra

AS the year 1982 ended, India's foreign exchange reserves were worth the equivalent of barely two and a half months' imports, the lowest since 1957. And this situation has come about despite the fact that over the past 15 months, nearly one-half of the disbursements from the Rs 5,000-crore loan from the International Monetary Fund has been drawn. Notwithstanding this heavy draw, the foreign exchange reserves are close to 400 crores of rupees less than what they were about this time last year.

Those who had warned the authorities that the IMF loan is no panacea for the nation's difficulties and that the terms and conditions attached to it, instead of helping to lift the economy, would actually make its plight worse, can, of course, give vent to a we-told-you-so feeling. That would, however, have little point at this juncture. What is called for is to suggest measures which, even at this stage, could salvage the situation.

Three major complications might arise between now and the next couple of years. The "conditionality" attached to the IMF loan ordained the liberalisation of both industrial and import controls. The authorities accordingly initiated a regime of Open General Licence imports, accompanied by large-scale dependence on multinational corporations and big industrial houses to accelerate the pace of industrial growth.

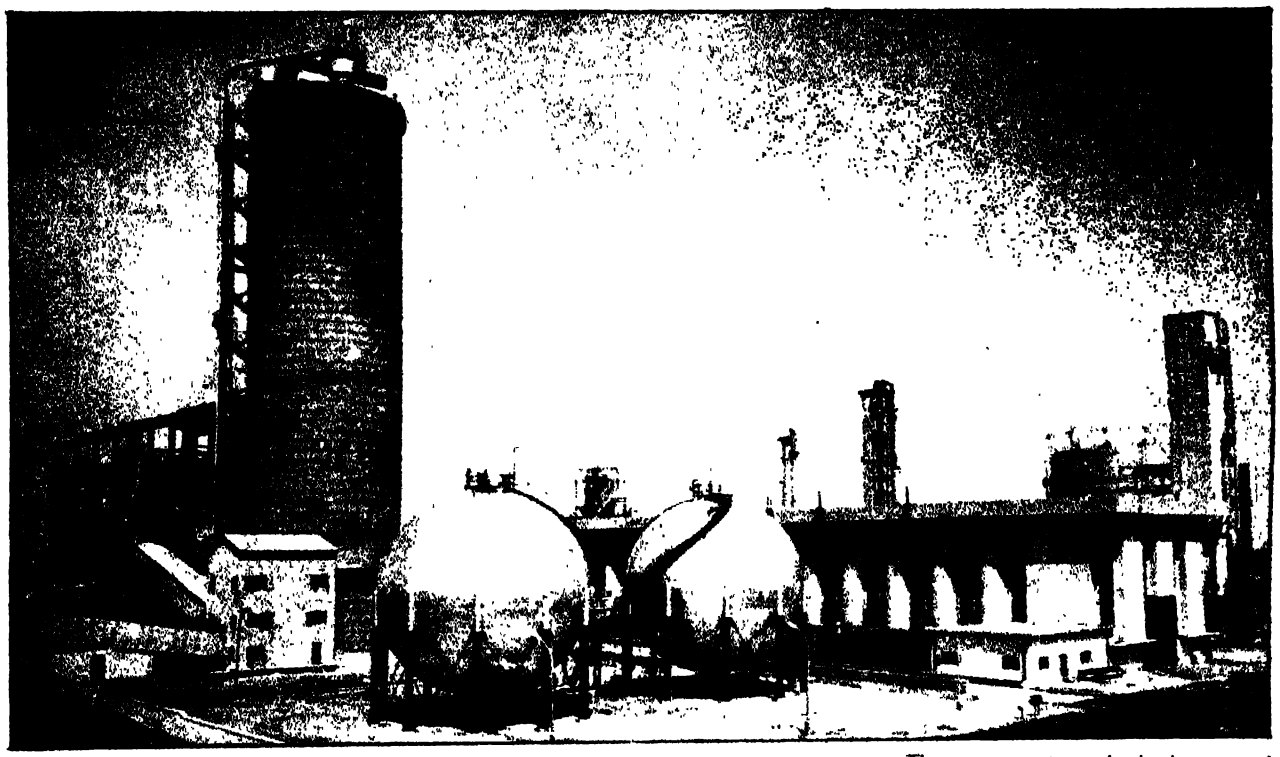
In view of the more recent developments, the Prime Minister has now asked a committee of officials, headed by the Cabinet Secretary, to devise means for curtailing imports. This is going to be no easy task. Forces unleashed during the past few years will resist attempts at restoring the *status quo ante* regarding controls. Both the multinational corporations and the big houses have a predilection for an open system, and they have succeeded in amassing strong political support at important focal points. This is quite apart from the fact that the IMF might consider a reversal of the policy of liberalisation in breach of the loan "conditionality" and threaten to cut off the balance of the loan.

Secondly, none of the qualitative improvements in the economy which the Government claimed would take place in the wake of the IMF loan are likely to eventuate in the reasonable near future: neither would the overall growth rate pick up, nor is there going to be any narrowing of the trade deficit. All that would happen is that we would have blown away the Rs 5,000-odd crores of the Fund loan on high living marked by frivolous and unnecessary imports and, in addition, abdicated our policy of strengthening the industrial base so crucial for national self-reliance.

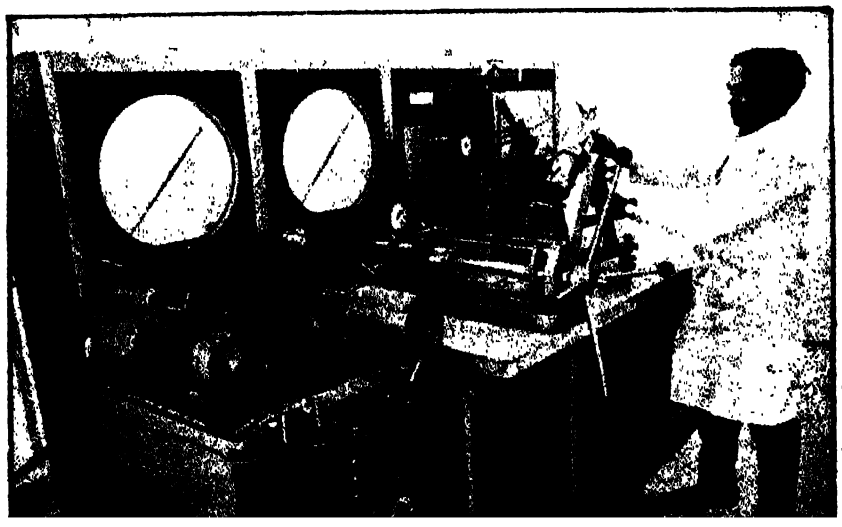
As a direct consequence of the official policy of indiscriminate imports, some industrial units have gone to the wall in the past few months and several others are struggling. The industrial capability of the economy, for all one knows, could therefore be somewhat less by the end of 1984, when the loan disbursements will be completed, than what it was in the final quarter of 1981 when they began. Precisely at that point of time, our external debt service burden is expected to jump sharply on account of the commencement of repayments of the Fund loan. The gap in our balance of payments could, if anything, therefore assume an even acuter form, and more so because, given the widespread economic recession in West Europe and North America, little prospect exists of a significant upsurge in our exports to these regions.

The third aspect of the matter is the likely disinclination of the IMF to consider any further line of credit to us. There are in fact some economists who apprehend that, since we are already in the breach of one or two of the underlying conditions of the IMF loan, such as the ceiling that was set to net credit to the Government sector, the Fund might decide to suspend payments of the balance of the loan even earlier. And it could well be that as a pre-condition for resumption of payments, the Fund may insist on a hefty devaluation of the rupee, with consequences far more disastrous than on the last occasion when we caved in to it in 1966.

If these were to be the circumstances to emerge in the not too distant future, we could be confronted with a situation not unlike what Mexico faced some six months ago. Internally, forces would resist a return to a regime of import restrictions and industrial controls. Suggestions are likely to be made that imports be discouraged, not through clamping of controls, but by raising customs duties. **Since the economy is flooded with black money, those who are inclined to be import-minded wouldn't however be deterred by a higher level of duties; they would pay the high duties and continue to import, thereby eroding further the dwindling stock of foreign exchange reserves.** Yet others would continue to advocate the cause of the big monopoly houses and the multinational corporations; the wobbliness in the political situation would embolden them to stock to their position. The failure either to restrain imports or to raise exports, and the prospect of the IMF refusing to accommodate us further could then lead the country to the brink of external bankruptcy



SHRIRAM FERTILISERS AND CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES of Kotah, and (below) Institute For Petroleum Exploration at Dehra Dun. The massive loan we have just received with open arms could have been avoided by making greater use of our own domestic industrial capacity and thereby curtailing imports as well as by rationing the consumption of petroleum products.



—United Nations

Those amongst us who had protested against the IMF loan in 1981 made a number of points at that time: (a) the loan carried conditions which were derogatory to our economic sovereignty, such as the quantitative ceilings on money supply and budgetary deficits and the limit set on external borrowing from non-Fund sources; (b) the loan was not even necessary, because we could have arranged to save the Rs 5,000 crores worth of foreign exchange over a period of three years by making greater use of our domestic industrial capacity and thereby curtailing imports, as well as by rationing the consumption of petroleum products; (c) the most likely consequence of the loan would be our sliding gradually into a "debt-trap", the fullest advantage of which would be reaped by foreign private, commercial banks.

This latter possibility is now increasingly looming large. In case the Fund refuses further lines of credit to us, the alternative left would be to go to the foreign banks

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 12)
surge of Islamic fundamentalists and separatists in the State. The elections are due by June 1983 and it is likely that Dr Farooq Abdullah will be the beneficiary of the sympathy vote which will come to him as a result of the death of Sheikh Abdullah.

A Friendly Relationship

Whether or not the Congress(I) enters a coalition with the National Conference in the next assembly, even a friendly relationship between the two will be conducive to communal harmony and political stability in the State. The Kashmir Valley is being subjected to several external influences, not the least of which is what Ayatollah Khomeini does or says in Iran. And Kashmir wakefully watches the happenings of Afghanistan and the neighbouring Islamic republics of Soviet Central Asia.

Punjab, the key State in north-west India, is being systematically destabilised. There is no alternative to the Congress(I)-Akali coalition if the State is to be saved from a graver crisis. Punjab is not only India's bread basket, it is also the sword arm. The State faces Pakistan and the security of Jammu and Kashmir will suffer if the State remains disturbed. In trying to involve ex-servicemen in the Akali agitation Sant Harchand Singh Longowal has taken a desperate step. There are more than a million Sikh ex-servicemen in the country.

Since the Akalis cannot acquire an exclusive lien on office in Punjab and the Congress(I) cannot effectively govern the State without the backing of a strong section of the Sikhs, realism demands that both become partners in the same Government. It matters little whether such a coalition is headed by the leader of the Congress(I) party, which has an absolute majority in the present assembly, or Mr Prakash Singh Badal. Even a Congress-Akali coalition will be a holding operation: it alone cannot cure Punjab of separatism to which the Akali Dal resolution of 1973 has lent respectability.

In Tamil Nadu, separatism has been subsumed in the success the Dravida parties have had in taking and keeping power in the State. However, in the north-east, secessionism is still an active force True, the insurgency in Mizoram has been held in check. The security forces helped by local intelligence have succeeded lately in picking off MNF area commanders who had come from their Bangladesh base. The last major incident occurred nearly six months ago. The two recent District Council elections found the Congress(I) winning the seats—evidence presumably of the interest the Mizos are taking in national politics. Brig Sailo's Government appears keen to press ahead with the development projects which had been halted by MNF activities.

Some improvement has occurred in Nagaland where the Congress(I), having emerged in the recent assembly election as the largest party, formed the Government. What is more, the elections passed off without any major incident, though the Naga National Council and the "federal Government" was expected to oppose the poll with guns.

Grim Situation

By contrast, Manipur and Tripura, where ethno-cultural differences should have been less of a factor for insurgency than in Mizoram and Nagaland, the situation is grim. Manipur's Naga areas are bedevilled by an active insurgency. But the proud Meiteis, the Kshatriya ruling clan of the former princely State, who declined the privileges which would have been theirs had they accepted the status of a tribe, now have a strong group of insurgents. Because this movement is manned by educated young people, it has acquired an ultra-left ideological colouring. Delhi claims that its Rs 20-crore employment generation programme should allay the gravity of Manipur's educated unemployment. But Manipur's sense of alienation was stoked by several factors of which unemployment is only one. To the wider problem of estrangement, the employment programme and the security forces can provide no lasting answer.

As in Manipur so also in Tripura sections of local tribes are taking to arms to defend what they perceive as their rightful place and identity in the lands of their forefathers. Tripura's capacity to deal with the armed faction of the Tripura Upajati Jubo Samity is limited by the Marxist Government's own dilemmas.

As Communists the Marxist Ministers had worked long and hard among the tribes to make them aware of their rights. Now that the same Marxist party has in fact become the party of Bengali settlers who now outnumber the indigenous people, the party does not know how to reconcile the interests of their constituents with those of the tribes whom they once wooed.

The Marxists stalled the enforcement of the Armed Forces Disturbed Areas Act in the affected villages for nearly six months and thereby allowed the armed band to regroup. Agartala refuses to use the National Security Act but blames the Centre for not doing enough against the insurgents who are now believed to receive training in small arms and guerilla tactics from the MNF base in the Chittagong Hill district in Bangladesh.

The Assam situation left the Government with only three alternatives. It could and has gone ahead, disregarding disturbances which may ensue, with the intention to hold the elections, a constitutional requirement, in February 1983. Alternatively, it could have proclaimed an emergency in Assam and postponed the assembly election. The third course, would have been to amend the Constitution, before February 17 this year, to permit President's rule and the deferment of the elections beyond February 17. But all these are short term measures which cannot remove the sense of separatism which has been deepening in Assam since 1962, when the Chinese made a lunge across the Himalayas towards the foothills.

These then are some of the more serious challenges Indian statecraft must meet in the years ahead. But far be it for me to say that Indian unity is an artificial arrangement which the British contrived and which over a period must come unstuck. The threats to Indian unity are clear. But it must not be assumed that 90 years of British rule (1857-1947) followed by a reasonably centralised scheme of government, industrialisation and the intermingling of the people facilitated by modern communications, has not strengthened pan-Indian unity. If centrifugal forces are a reality in Indian history, the desire for unity, let it be admitted, also has strongly motivated the cultural and political life in peninsular India. ■

(Continued from page 13)
for accommodation. They might then well insist on conditions which could mean a further erosion of our economic sovereignty. For example, the nation's economic management could be subjected to directives or guidelines laid down by a consortium of these banks, and conditions set even more difficult than those set by the IMF. There could be insistence that the country be further opened up and foreign companies be allowed even greater degrees of freedom. Since none of these stipulations would be conducive to a rise in exports, while at one end we would keep contracting further loans, at the other end our capability to pay back these loans would actually decline. This would be what is known as the classical debt trap.

Not that this need be the only prospect awaiting us. Even at this stage, we can clamp back a regime of strict import control. We can stop importing steel and fertilisers and mining equipment and power equipment for each of which we have plenty of internal capacity. We can stop importing luxury items like wall paper and colour television sets. We can put a brake on the royalty and dividends taken out by the multinational companies each year. **We can so arrange things that there are savings to the extent of at least 20 per cent in the import bill for petroleum products each year. With a little effort, we can even accelerate our domestic programme for extracting oil.**

Why should we, after all, panic? As a result of the efforts put in since the mid-50s, we now have a deep and wide industrial base. Even if all foreign supplies are choked off, we can, with a little bit of chopping and pruning here and there, subsist on our own. Evenly distributed, our output of foodgrains can feed the entire nation reasonably comfortably. We have an infrastructure of technology which is capable of being further developed so as to cater to our needs.

There is, however, one important prerequisite. To usher in these changes, we need a different kind of cultural and moral climate. The fly-by-night practitioners of economic policy, ensconced in New Delhi, have sought to plant the notion that we can eat the cake and have it too. Such notions would need to be cast aside. A technology which shuns imports and depends on local resources and local materials necessitates a different kind of social attitude. It calls for an understanding on the part of the political leadership that, contrary to those who had advised at the time the IMF loan went through, one cannot correct a trade deficit by liberalising imports; such liberalisation can only further worsen the balance of payments.

Similarly, by allowing unbridled import of foreign goods, we do not promote growth, but create unemployment and recession in our own units. Those who have nonetheless opted for liberal imports and liberal industrial policies have done so because, not to mince words, they have been tempted by the lure of easy money! I allow you to import, and you reward me with a fat commission; I relax the industrial controls, and you put in some ready cash either in my party coffers or in my private coffers. Receding economic self-sufficiency, retarded economic growth, precariousness in balance of payments, none of these is an isolated problem. Each is a progeny of the moral climate. **To salvage the economy and restore the nation's self-confidence and honour, we need a different kind of morality from what we have been treated to in recent years.** ■

WHY SHOULD WE HAVE TO IMPORT colour T V cameras when we can exploit our own technological knowhow and save precious foreign exchange and give our specialists employment?

The Mirage Of Womancipation

A vast majority of women in India are still shackled in servitude to Male Chauvinist Pigs; but things *are* changing, slowly...

by Shobha Kilachand

IN India we treat our women strangely. We either worship them. Or we burn them. If that sounds like an extreme sentence, so is our peculiar attitude. I wouldn't be at all surprised if images of Durga were found in some of the houses where daughters-in-law were sent up in flames for not having brought along a handsome dowry. Such contradictions co-exist so naturally, that they go unnoticed. Especially by the men. If this makes you believe that a typical feminist tirade is about to follow, it is not. The whole question of the position of females in India is so wonderfully confused that it's impossible to take any one stand on it. Women are exploited. And women are deified. Women occupy positions of great power. And women are powerless. Women have strong identities and women are non-entities. Does that surprise anybody? Not at all. Is this paradoxical state about to change? I doubt it.

Going by the film culture (which is the best indicator of social change) the only big break-through in recent years has been in the bedroom. When Smita Patil announces to Amitabh Bachchan in the film *Shakti*, that she is bearing his child, nobody in the audience dies of shock. Not even in a place like Jamnagar. The blasé acceptance of their relationship shows just how far we have come from the days when the heroine could not go further than fluttering her eyelashes, sex was an act of folly outside of wedlock and the wrath of God was but a thunderbolt away. If the girl, seized by a mad fit, ever surrendered her virtue to anybody other than her *saat-phera*-ed husband you could be sure she'd die a violent death two reels later. The introduction of the mandatory rape took this a step further and made the victim pay for the villain's crime. To the best of my knowledge, *Shakti* was the first film that presented an open-ended contemporary relationship, where two people were shown living together out of choice and not due to any forced circumstances. It's a pity that the filmmaker didn't go the whole hog and have them live happily ever after—pre-mature widowhood just had to follow. Even so—it represented a big leap. Forward or backward, is a matter of opinion.

A city like Bombay is like a patch-work quilt where diverse attitudes exist compatibly. The working class woman of this city is a special breed. She has become an economic reality and necessity on par with the compulsory deposit scheme or a life insurance policy. That has tilted the scale in her favour and affected middle-class attitudes dramatically. Her economic status has automatically bestowed a certain, very basic role in her life and granted her at least a minimal sense of self-worth. That she still has to comply with the traditional expectations of her varied roles, is a bit of a nuisance. But even that is changing. Mothers-in-law for example, show more respect towards working daughters-in-law, than they do for domesticated *bahus* who are often treated like not so-glorified maids, that too, with no wages. What is still a matter of surprise is the standard practice of the daughter-in-law obediently handing over her salary to darling mother-in-law, for her to decide and distribute according to her discretion. In some cases, even nominal "pocket money" is denied to the earning woman and she is made to feel guilty about even the smallest personal expense.

The dirge of the downtrodden—the unbelievably barbaric occurrence of dowry-deaths has astonished and numbed civilised minds, but has it led to any radical reforms? Not yet. At every level of our society, dowry continues to be practised and perpetuated. To some, the whole ghastly phenomenon is reduced to a question of demand and supply. So long as men are regarded as prized commodities going to the highest bidder, and brides continue to be sold at the going market-rate, dowry is something we will have to live with. In a subtle and disguised form or in its most obvious and brash state, it can only be fought from within and not without.

Eventually, everything boils down to money—that great leveller. There can be no talk of independence for women, without economic self-sufficiency. An independent mind or a free spirit, is meaningless so long as the body and soul are being kept together by somebody else. Indian men are certainly more enlightened than their counterparts in other countries, who continue to think in terms of "male supremacy" in the most adolescent of terms. For example, the position of a mother, in our society is truly unique. She is treated on a par with an all-powerful goddess and endowed with mythical qualities of the most exaggerated kind. The problem starts when a woman steps off that pedestal and wants to be treated like a mere mortal—that's when the system gets thrown out of gear—and chaos begins. Women the world over are given a raw deal. A rotten one. For this second sex, second class citizen status has always been the system. The few who have attempted to fight it have acquired the status reserved for crusaders, martyrs or suffering saints. "THE CAUSE" has yet to take over India in any organised, structural sense of the word. Women continue to battle with the multiplicity of their roles, trying desperately to combine all the separate virtues associated with each character and blend them into an identifiable, meaningful whole. This, I believe, is the toughest part. Coming to terms with clashing expectations at home, on the job, in society has presented an intimidating tableau that has daunted even the most determined feminists. Then again, our cultural tradition has always sung the praises of the ideal woman, as personified by Sita. Reeling from this mythological hangover, most women have aspired to make that grade and failed miserably. Putting the *sati-savitri* act together in our confused times hasn't been a cake-walk. Plus, who really wants to prove her untainted character to a boring Rama when there might be a devastating Ravana around?

Militant feminist groups have surfaced in our cities and raised their voices against continued injustice and supression. So far, their voices have been muffled in the overall macho din. They have managed to attract a modest amount of media attention, but that's about it. They have mostly been dismissed as cranks or frustrated spinsters (a stereotyped and universal reaction to self-respecting women). In fact, it's strange how even intelligent and sensitive men have preferred to stick on a label like "lesbian" or "old maid", when they themselves have been at a loss to understand and absorb the far-reaching implications of this new female awareness. Male digs and cheap cracks at the new woman are so puerile and unimaginative that they don't deserve to be discussed. Unable to cope with this new unleashed female *shakti* they have retreated to their safe havens, from there to take pot-shots at an alien threat. Many a time, one overhears men talking with mock-indulgence about their "liberated" wives in a tone that implies their own generosity in having "granted" freedom to their spouses.

Eventually, every relationship is a power struggle either on an overt or subliminal level. This is not news. Control over the situation has been a male prerogative over the centuries. Women's destinies have been determined largely in that context alone. At times their very lives have depended on it. The single woman in the cities has emerged as a distinct species during the past ten years. Hers is a unique and difficult position. That she may have opted to remain single is always the last consideration. Single by choice is OK for men, but not for women—not yet. A bachelor in his forties is not necessarily the object of speculation and gossip. A single woman of the same age is. The "old maid" label is stuck on her, whereas no one refers to him as the "old crow". Again she cannot escape sexual insinuations—is she frigid, a lesbian, or just plain ugly and undesirable? No one calls him "homosexual" or "celibate". Paradoxically, it is other women who attack her single state far more savagely than the men.

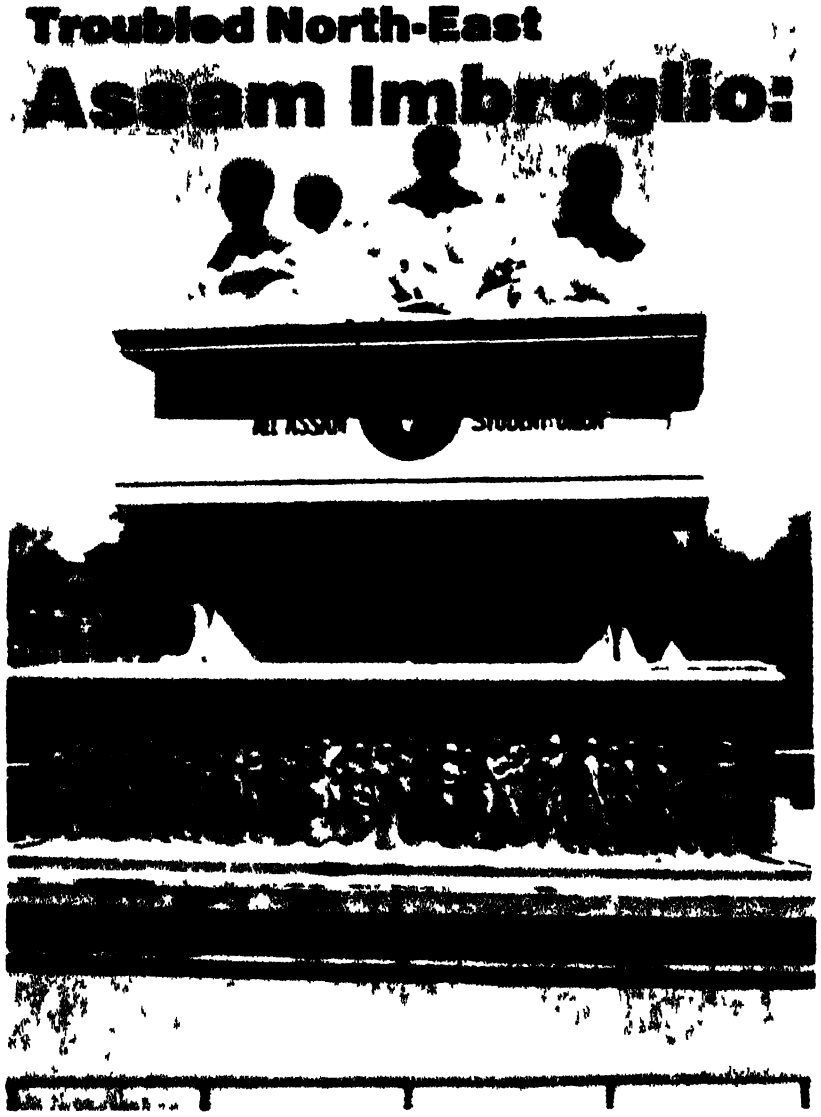
The terms underlying marriage have also been redefined in recent times. With some amount of economic freedom, women have changed the basic rules somewhat. If a self-sufficient woman with a roof over her head chooses to marry, it is because she wants to share her life with someone in the fullest sense, not because she is looking for a life-long meal ticket. Divorce, too, has got to be viewed in this light. A woman of independent means is not compelled to perpetuate a bad marriage because she has nowhere else to go. The trap of total dependency that caged so many unhappy women in the past no longer keeps the unwilling woman down. She lives with a man not because she *has* to, but because she wants to. It certainly represents a big step forward.

It is time they were made aware of their own potential and power. *Shakti* needs to be harnessed, directed and exploited for the furtherance of overall human development. The very concept of the sexes locked in eternal battle is negative and destructive. Rage can never replace understanding. Through generations of propaganda, women have been brainwashed into sustaining the myth of male supremacy. This continued state of suspended insecurity has to be dispelled for any intelligent dialogue between the sexes to begin. Exploding myths is not an easy task especially when it's undertaken by the underdog, (underbitch, would be more appropriate in this context!). Slogans and rhetoric can achieve nothing, because, as all us urban cats already know, India lives in its villages. To a woman in some distant taluka, the Germaine Greer brand of feminism is so much hogwash. In real terms she has to be awakened to only one issue—that her dignity is at stake. When one talks of *shakti* unleashed, one also remembers the two connotations of *shakti*—the destructive *avatar* is as potent as the creative one. It is in maintaining the state of equilibrium between these two opposing forces that can lead to creative and dynamic harmony.

Complacent, placid women have always existed and will continue to exist, as have and will docile or meek men. The quarrel is not with who will scramble to the top of the human heap and stay there, but with the race being run in fair terms and without weighted handicaps. Men will have to come to terms with woman power. This isn't the voice of naive female optimism. It is the voice of reason and logic. I simply believe that another alternative just does not exist any longer. ■

Troubled North-East

Assam Imbroglio:



FOREVER REMEMBERED This memorial, in Tezpur, to students who died in the agitation against foreigners, is a grim reminder of past violence

Foreigners Stand Between Poll And Peace

The agitation leaders have threatened large-scale violence and bloodbaths if elections are forced on them before a settlement of the foreigners issue Meanwhile the Centre has already announced the polls in Assam next month

Text and Photographs by H.S. Sethi

"I HAVE seen gorgeous scenery on the Thames But I cannot recall anything as superior to the lavishness with which nature has decorated the great stream on whose banks I am writing these notes"

Mahatma Gandhi wrote these lines from the banks of the Brahmaputra at Tezpur for *Young India* in 1921 In the same piece the Mahatma sang of the Assam s women who "weave fairy tales in cloth and of the part played by its men in the freedom struggle and confessed of his "stupidity to have written (in 1908) that the Assamese were *jungli*

Assam had long forgotten the injury and, as Gandhiji himself mentioned, the highest percentage of pleaders who suspended practice to join the freedom movement came from Assam

Today, 62 years after the Mahatma wrote that eulogy to Assam, the Assamese still nurse a wound—an injury caused by the invasion of their land by foreigners and by the consequences that flowed from it In the same Tezpur, stands a memorial to students who died in the agitation against foreigners

The Brahmaputra flows through almost all districts of Assam for a length of 725 kms The great river has been a source of verdure as well as erosion of pleasure as well as pain for Assam But always the people of Assam have been proud of it, of its vastness and power Unfortunately, the same Brahmaputra, on the bank of which their hero Lachit Barphukan, repulsed the repeated attacks of the mighty Mughals in the 18th century, could not hold the Bangladeshi foreigners

Immigration from an overpopulated area like Bengal into an under-populated adjoining State with its lush green expanses of paddy fields was natural and had been going on for ages It was inevitable, too, because the natural barrier of the Brahmaputra, instead of hindering the immigrant, actually helps him

Others too, like the Brahmaputra, had connived at importing these "foreigners" The Assamese loved ease and needed labour for their farms and tea estates, the Bengali "babu" who ran the bureaucracy sympathised with fellow Bengalis from across the border, and the Government, particularly the one led by M Saadulla, encouraged immigration under the guise of the *Grow More Food* campaign during World War II and settled them on the banks of the Brahmaputra Ever since, these had remained Bengali dominated areas that, according to AASU, provided initial refuge to a "foreigner" until he could move further into the Brahmaputra valley After Independence, too they allege the Congress turned a blind eye to it with a view to capturing the block votes of these "foreigners' turned Indian citizens

And Assam exploded when in March 1979, on the eve of a by election in the Mangaldoi Parliamentary constituency most of the objections raised against 47,650 "voters" were sustained by electoral registration officers AASU and AAGSU then combined in a rare expression of unity and the agitation against foreigners reached gigantic proportions The Government had to repeatedly withdraw curfews and Section 144 orders in view of massive defiance by the people

In May 1980 when I met Lalit Rajkhowa, the AASU advisor and then a law student at Gauhati, he was bubbling with over-confidence "Like the flow of the Brahmaputra, nothing can stop this movement" he told me

The Tide Turns

However, the tide started turning when the minorities led by the All Assam Minorities Students' Union took out a two-lakh strong procession in Barpeta on May 26, 1980 When the AASU tried to stop the processionists, at many places there were clashes A CRP commandant saved the situation near Barpeta when he stood between the two processions and used persuasion and threat to prevent bloodshed The situation took a violent turn later In the next four days, 47 persons lost their lives

I was in Nowgong, the worst-affected district, on May 28 As news of the burning of 26 Assamese homes by the minorities in Lachar village in Dhing area reached the control room of Nowgong, Commandant Sandhu of the CRPF decided to be on the spot I accompanied him

What I saw on the way reminded me of 1947 Mobs of varying sizes could be seen moving from their villages towards Dhing despite the curfew Lathis spears axes, *chok* (multi faced spears) *kachi* and *takas* silhouetted the horizon

The agitation leaders got worried and decided to observe an *Integration Week* But simply labelling a week did not cut much ice even with other non-Assamese living in the State for ages The unanimous feeling was 'After the foreigners it will be our turn'

The Assamese had themselves to blame for this Through written and spoken word they had abused and intimidated the non Assamese In Dibrugarh the walls of Don Bosco School had the slogans *Our Sword is thirsty for non Assamese blood- Go back non Assamese* and *Assam Bharat Bhitar Nahin* (Assam Is Not Within India)

The Bodo tribal, who had earlier sided with the Assamese students, had his own reservations The Bihari tea garden labourer feared that a tea blockade could snatch his source of living The minorities had openly requested the Centre for the deployment of Central troops with an *independent command*

A Sikh whose forefathers had settled in Assam told me that daily abuses were hurled on the face of non-Assamese

"Aeli, kuli, Bengali
Pagriwala Punjabi
Pet mota Marwari
Nak chippa Nepali
Letra setra Deshwali
Kookar Panwali
Yapur ke le aali

(The Muslim the labourer, the Bengali the turbaned Punjabi, the fat Marwari, the flat nosed Nepali, the dirty Deshwali—sons of a —what have they come here for?)

CRPF Takes Over

The tables turned from November 27, 1980 onwards On this day an angry Sarin, Advisor to the Governor of Assam demanded why, with so many battalions, the CRPF was ineffective He was told that the problem was that under the Constitution, "law and order" was a

Continued on Page 19

GROW MORE FOOD The comfort loving Assamese needed labour for their farms and so indirectly encouraged immigration from neighbouring lands into their State

Troubled North-East

Mizoram: Land Of The Three Gs

The people of Mizoram are fast tiring of insurgency and armed presence in their State. They would wish all the violence to end, but they continue to be mere pawns on the chessboard of Mizoram.

THE night was young and the Van Sisters were singing lustily to the music of a guitar. A sad note now; a merry one the next moment; at times invoking *Pathian* (God) to help their beautiful land...

That was at Aizawl in 1976. The venue: the residence of Mr Surendra Nath, the Indian Police serviceman made the Chief Secretary of the Union Territory.

It seemed a timeless moment—the sisters could go on singing till eternity. They, like all Mizo people at that time, were happy. The peace accord between Laldenga and the Centre had been signed at Delhi and approved by the MNF convention at Calcutta. No one spoke of war. Never before did the church bells toll so merrily as they did on July 7 that year.

Back home in Delhi, I wrote a piece on Mizoram for the *Weekly* which noted: "The three weaknesses of a Mizo youth are gun, girl and guitar." The media picked it up and the alliteration caught on. (Today Mizoram is often referred to as the "Land of the Three Gs").

But Laldenga was not amused. When the sentence appeared in the *Weekly's* advance blurb, he raised a hue and cry. "Look, what is appearing in the *Weekly* when peace talks are going on," he complained to the Home Ministry. Nothing could be done then; the *Weekly* was already out.

Laldenga was then dragging his feet. The accord had envisaged, among other things, the collection of the insurgents in camps to lay down arms within a month. Hardly had the ink on the agreement dried when Laldenga sent a tape-recorded message to the underground not to surrender.

Laldenga was picking holes in the agreement. He objected to newspaper headlines like "MNF surrender imminent" and played upon the word "surrender". This was one word that hurt tribal pride, for the Mizo youth had always dreamt of being warriors and had considered the gun as a necessary prop of the macho image.

Ask any man in uniform and he will tell you how the Mizo extremists bade farewell to arms. During the first 8 months of last year, the CRPF captured 75 guns as a result of searches, encounters and surrenders but in every case, the extremists took leave of their guns as a dying man would from his dear ones.

Laldenga wanted to retain the arms as a counterweight for bargaining with the Centre. However, by then the Janata regime was in power and both Morarji Desai and Charan Singh told him that there could be no bargaining with an insurgent. Morarji Desai reportedly told him on his face that he was a "slippery customer"

Renewed Violence

Although Laldenga promised to arrange the surrender of arms by January 26, 1978, violence was renewed. Hints were dropped that Laldenga be installed as Chief Minister. The Centre promptly declared MNF as unlawful and arrested Laldenga

Laldenga has never had qualms about making or breaking promises. If he had, the history of Mizoram would have been different. In 1966 he gave a "good conduct" undertaking to Chief Minister B.P. Chaliha of Assam to secure release from prison. He organised a revolt soon after coming out. It coincided with the cyclic famine. (When the bamboo flowers once in 50 years, the rats feed on it, proliferate and devour all crops. This phenomenon is called *mautam*, which even in Hindustani stands for mourning). In that year of revolt, it is said rats multiplied so much that they swam across the rivers in search of food and ate up everything that came in their way.

Laldenga converted the Famine Relief Front into the Mizo National Front with the avowed aim of securing independence for Mizoram. What happened later is recent history. Suffice it to say that Laldenga cashed in on the persecution-by-Janata-regime sentiment when Indira Gandhi came back to power in 1980 Talks were resumed. They dragged on for about two years and failed The interval was utilised by the MNF for intensifying recruitment and extorting money

On January 20 last year, the MNF was banned Four days later Laldenga declared that "the war was on". On February 20 he told UNI that the MNF was no longer committed to finding a solution

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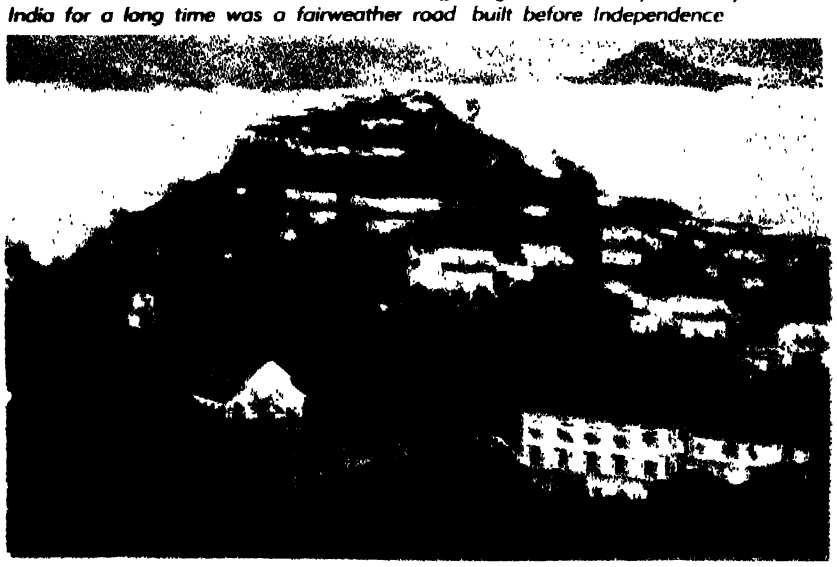
LONE RANGER. Mizoram is almost completely snowed under the CRPF. Men in khaki guard all the vital installations and sensitive spots

CULTURAL EXPOSURE. The Asian Games opened up a whole new India to the bamboo dancers and Mizo officials. They returned as ambassadors of goodwill.

CENTURIES OF ISOLATION. Aizawl under fog rising from the valley The only link with India for a long time was a fairweather road built before Independence



WITH GIRL, GUN AND GUITAR. By and large, the people of Mizoram desire an end to the nightmarish existence that 17 years of insurgency has brought into their land.

within the framework of the Indian Constitution.

Laldenga wanted to hold on but could not. For one thing, the inspiration for insurgency in Mizoram and the tactics came from Nagaland. And one lesson that Nagaland held for Laldenga was that he must not become another Phizo. He could perhaps go to the MNF headquarters in the Chittagong Hill Tracts through Bangladesh and guide insurgency from there. By remaining in Delhi, he could show clout. In the Chittagong Hills, he would be just one of the insurgents.

The situation in Mizoram itself—the people, the Government and the security forces—also influenced Laldenga's decision.

CRPF Sway

When I visited Mizoram recently, Aizawl seemed to be completely under the sway of the CRPF. Men in khaki patrolled the streets of the city round the clock, guarding not only vital installations and sensitive spots like powerhouses, water-points, jails, banks and treasuries but also the houses of Ministers and top officers. Armed CRPF men escorted the touring VIPs and officers.

They even guarded the police headquarters at Aizawl and some police stations. (The police top brass could not afford to forget the unlucky 13th day of January 1975 when the IGP, DIG and an SP were murdered in broad daylight at the police headquarters. The four MNF assailants had escaped in a jeep in full view of the local police guard, as easily as they had come. The security forces were then mobilised to organise a hunt for the killers. While Lalhlea died in a running encounter with the BSF, the remaining three—Zuava, Thangrelova and Rohunna—were accounted for by the CRPF).

In addition to the CRPF, there were other forces like the army, Assam Rifles, BSF and Mizo Armed Police in Mizoram. The Mizos could not win against these forces in pitched battles: they were born ambushmen. In the old days, they planted smooth six-inch long needle-like bamboo spikes on the forest pathways and waited with *daos* (machetes) in the overhanging canopy. After the enemy was spiked, they would charge in with the *daos* to take the heads home as trophies. Today, they plan ambushes with meticulous care, use the latest weaponry and execute them ruthlessly from trenches along Mizoram's serpentine roads which pass through the hills and jungles.

After the talks failed, the MNF laid two major ambushes (both directed against the CRPF) in which two Deputy Superintendents of Police and three men were killed.

However, the MNF not only killed soldiers but also civilians, including teachers and road builders who, until recently, were treated with respect. This has certainly not won the MNF any friends. In fact, following the spate of murders by the MNF in 1980, there were popular demonstrations against unwarranted "un-Christian" killings by over 20,000 youths in Aizawl.

Yearning For Peace

The Mizos, by and large, yearned for a lasting peace, though, of late, the Mizo Zirlai Paul (Mizo Students' Association) had been showing some affinity for the MNF; it allegedly extorted taxes from the people on behalf of the MNF.

This part of the North-East was neglected for many years after Independence. Even today one could draw only two gallons of drinking water against a ration card. (The black market price varied from Rs 5 to Rs 10). Despite Mizoram's huge hydro-power potential, even the capital, Aizawl, remained dark most of the time.

For centuries the Mizos had lived in the isolation of the Lushai hills. Their only link with the rest of India was through the 240-km Silchar-Aizawl fair weather road built in 1942. It was only in the sixties that the road was metalled.

Silchar was culturally so different. Unlike Mizoram, the shopkeepers here haggled, the rickshawala quarrelled and the Cachari made indecent remarks. The Mizo sense of alienation was reinforced every time they went to Silchar for shopping.

Incidentally, the Asian Games provided the biggest "exposure of India" for the people of the North-East (a smugglers' paradise, Aizawl had a number of TV sets). Besides, the 500 bamboo dancers and the host of Mizo officials who lived in Delhi for months came to know the kaleidoscopic composition of India and its interest in the culture of all regions. They came as Mizos and returned as ambassadors of goodwill.

The 4,40,000 people of the Union Territory, sandwiched between Burma and Bangladesh, had all along hoped that the talks would be fruitful. Said a college lecturer at Aizawl: "I wish the talks between Laldenga and the Centre could go on forever. After all, arguing is better than fighting."

The Mizos know the meaning of the Unlawful Activities Act better than anyone else. "Who would like to have a midnight knock at his door, the searches, the whisking away of a son or brother by security forces?" asks a woman of Saitual.

Nightmarish Life

Seventeen years of insurgency have been nightmarish for the people of Mizoram. I once met Malsaumi, who earned her bread by stitching and looked older than her years. She was ill and had a mentally deranged sister to support. In sheer agony, she talked of her three brothers—Kapkima who had been serving a life term for involvment in murder, Kapthana who had not written to her for years and the third one who was working on "jhoom". She prayed fervently that he should not go to the "jungle" (the Mizo expression for underground). A large number of Mizo women were suffering from mental illness.

According to tribal traditions, a guest had to be welcomed. So the extremists could always find shelter in a village. But, by and large, the MNF lost its hold on the people. This was proved beyond doubt in the Assembly by-elections held in May last year. Of the four by-elections, three were won by the ruling People's Conference and one by an independent. The MNF could not stand this and murdered Riving Zadinga, a PC candidate at Phuldansai while he was on a thanks giving visit to his constituency.

Still, people are mere pawns on the chessboard of Mizoram. The initiative lies with the insurgents. True, there has been no eruption of violence on a large scale but no one knows what tomorrow has in store for them. "We sit with fingers crossed and pray for peace," says a young teacher.

As the evening descends on Aizawl it is time for curfew. A hush seems to fall on the town. Not even a single dog barks. But the sounds of the boots of the patrolling soldiers come loud and clear...

"IT was a war of minds." This is how Brig. T. Sailo, the Chief Minister of Mizoram, described insurgency in the Union Territory when I met him in Aizawl recently. The Brigadier, still recovering from "Delhi's gift" of dengue, felt that the MNF was losing the war.

"After sixteen years of insurgency, the people are showing signs of disapproval and are, for the first time, volunteering information. This indeed is a breakthrough. As a result, a large number of insurgents have been captured with weapons. This had never happened before," said Brig. Sailo.

The Chief Minister's assessment of the support the MNF received from the people during various stages of insurgency was this: In 1966 when insurgency started, nearly half the population supported it. The Mizo Union, then a party loyal to the Government, won the elections. The MNF killed nearly 200 members of the Mizo Union. Subsequently army excesses moulded all in hostility to the security forces. Thus by 1974, the percentage of MNF sympathisers had risen to something like 80. Later on, however, the process was reversed and insurgency was on the way out in 1979 but the national papers and New Delhi boosted up Laldenga who was a forgotten force then. Of late, the security forces had realised that the best weapon was to enter the minds of the people. The CRPF in particular had been conspicuous in winning public confidence. As a result, the sympathy for the insurgency in public was just marginal now.

The bullets did not solve the problem, said the Chief Minister. But, he agreed, a minimum use of force was always required. "Force used should be compatible with the gravity of the situation," he said.

The Chief Minister, however, did not favour fraternisation by the security forces. "Obviously, it would be wrong," he asserted.

H.S.S.

Continued from Page 16

State subject and therefore the CRPF had to work under Assam administration which, at that time, was partisan.

Sarin decided that henceforth the CRPF would have the authority but it would associate with the Assam Police in all situations. In practice, it meant that CRPF could act on its own. Soon the city of Gauhati was divided into five sectors and a CRP Commandant made overall in charge of operations. "From that day, the people knew that there were no sacred cows, that the CRPF meant business," said DIG M.P. Singh of CRPF. "We made up our mind that henceforth law would be enforced and it was enforced."

Meanwhile the Army had cleared the oil blockade but trains loaded with "embargoed" items like oil and teak had been standing in the yards and there were hurdles at every inch of the track. With the help of a CRPF battalion that operated from Amingaon on the bank of the Brahmaputra, the Railways were able to move these trains all along the route. The cops also removed road barricades and saw to it that the vehicles were kept moving.

Students were obliged to lift picketing at various places in the face of the show of force and firm handling by the CRP. In the bargain, the CRPF was stigmatised, abused. Unmindful, the men in khaki did their duty.

Students struck back through *bandhs* and non-cooperation. But such action always called for more vigilance and hence more trouble for law-breakers. In the process, the cops recovered a lot of liquor and contraband goods, the *goondas* were scared and the general law and order situation improved

In fact, while the Assamese by and large supported the agitation, a sizeable Assamese population had got sick of it. After all, how long could parents allow their children to miss studies and their young daughters to be away from their houses? People, therefore, welcomed the opening of the educational institutions and a return to normalcy.

ALL QUIET ON THE NORTH-EASTERN FRONT? CRPF jawans on vigil at a crucial point in Dispur. The CRPF was greatly stigmatised and abused by the Assam agitators but they did their duty nevertheless.

The agitation leaders originally swore by Gandhi and non-violence and still do. However, driven to desperation by the Government's firm handling, some agitators had, of late, taken to bomb attacks. No less than a dozen bomb blasts took place in Nowgong district alone last year. A blast on the eve of the last Independence Day killed six in Nowgong. Another bomb in the Fatasil-Ambari market of Gauhati left 21 dead.

The agitation leaders had had a tiger ride and found it hard to get down on *terra firma*. All along they had fed the inhabitants with impossible promises. They realised that now. That is why, starting with their demand of 1951 as the cut-off year, they were now negotiating for 1961.

Today, as Assam is on the threshold of elections, the "foreigners" stand between poll and peace. The die is cast

The agitation leaders did not hide their bitterness at the failure of talks. While Indira Gandhi stated that the door for negotiations was still open, the Assamese leaders talked of a "final estrangement" between the Centre and the people of Assam, of a "movement against aliens going beyond control" and of a "blood-bath". In separate statements, AAGSU threatened to teach a lesson to the Government and AASU leaders—Mahanta and Phukan—stated that there would be large-scale disturbances if elections were forced on Assam without settling the foreigners' issue.

Long before the poll was announced, the agitators had started their campaign against the elections. There were wall posters like *No solution, no elections* at Gauhati; *Those who dream of becoming ministers — beware* at Barpeta and *Martyrs' soul calling — Pay the price of our blood* at Bako. Similarly there were posters like *We shall give blood but shall not allow elections* at Goalpara.

The Government replied to the threats simply by arresting the agitation leaders and inducting security forces on a large scale (with the CRPF forming the bulk) in Assam in order to make *pucca bandobast*

Even so, will there not be a repetition of Mangaldoi in many constituencies and what percentage of voters will actually turn up for voting? These are questions that time alone will answer.

An observation made by the former Chief Election Commissioner Shakdhar to the Press at Shillong in May 1982 is, however, relevant. He stated that even in 1980 the Lok Sabha elections could have been held in Assam if the State administration had been firm. There is little doubt that it will be so this time. Since Mangaldoi, much water has flowed down the Brahmaputra.

H.S. S.

Assam: Agitators Losing Their Grip?

Although even after three years a solution to the problem of foreigners in Assam has proved elusive, recent happenings indicate that the agitators do not hold as much sway over the Assamese as they did earlier, says the author.

by Kirit Bhaumik

ASSAM provides a unique example of how political instability can encourage different interest groups to adopt irreconcilable positions giving rise to knotty and insoluble problems. Next to Kashmir, no problem has received so much attention involving the highest levels in the Government. Yet, after three years of sustained effort, the problem remains as intractable as ever.

But patience pays. A lot has changed in the north-eastern State behind the facade of the long-drawn-out and frustrating negotiations. Pertinent to this are the two bandhs called by the All-Assam Students Union and the All-Assam Gana Sangram Parishad, a combination of local political groups, which spearheaded the movement for the expulsion of "foreigners" from the State—one in 1979 and the other recently.

The bandh on December 2 last could be charitably called a partial success. A similar bandh called three years ago (on December 3, 1979), demanding postponement of elections, brought life in the Brahmaputra valley to a standstill and sparked a blockade movement which put considerable strain on the national economy.

The last bandh showed that it is no longer possible for the agitators to repeat their performance of 1979 when flow of crude from the State, which meets one-third of the country's requirements was totally stopped. The supplies of plywood, bamboo and timber were also disrupted creating widespread unemployment in these trades.

The Government was forced to import about three million tonnes of crude to meet the shortage when international prices were ruling high, till the supplies from the Assam oilfields were restored in November 1980. The loss to the nation in financial terms was estimated at Rs 1,000 crores a month with an additional invisible and indirect loss of Rs 50 crores to Rs 75 crores a month.

Besides, more than 300 people lost their lives in clashes and police firings in different parts of the State. The movement took a violent turn in the initial stages till negotiations began in February 1980. Students lost at least one year of their academic career due to closure of schools and colleges. Development work also suffered a setback.

The credit for the change in the situation must go to the Indira Gandhi Government for its patient handling of the agitation. However, the situation is so complex that it is indeed difficult to apportion blame. One could say that the nation and the people of Assam shared the loss equally for a cause which is not devoid of justification. The people of the State were prepared to undergo the loss and sufferings because they apparently thought that their future could be threatened unless they could make the Centre sufficiently aware of the dangers ahead

Knotty Problems

It is here that the problem remains knotted. The situation has been complicated by geography and history, by the political interests of different groups, by the partition of the country, the Government's commitments to the minorities across the border and the Assamese fear of being swamped by people from outside.

The Assamese fears were exacerbated because there appeared to be no authority in the country which could understand their problems. Mr Charan Singh's Government at the Centre did not inspire confidence that it could guage the complexity of the issues involved. There was also inadequate awareness of the size and complexity of the problem even at the State level. Mr Jogendra Hazarika who was then the Chief Minister, estimated in October 1979 that there were about 2,00,000 "foreign" nationals in the State and declared that they would be deported through a judicial process.

This could hardly satisfy the Assam agitators. Their estimate was that there were no less than five million "foreigners" staying in Assam without authority. They had come in different phases since 195

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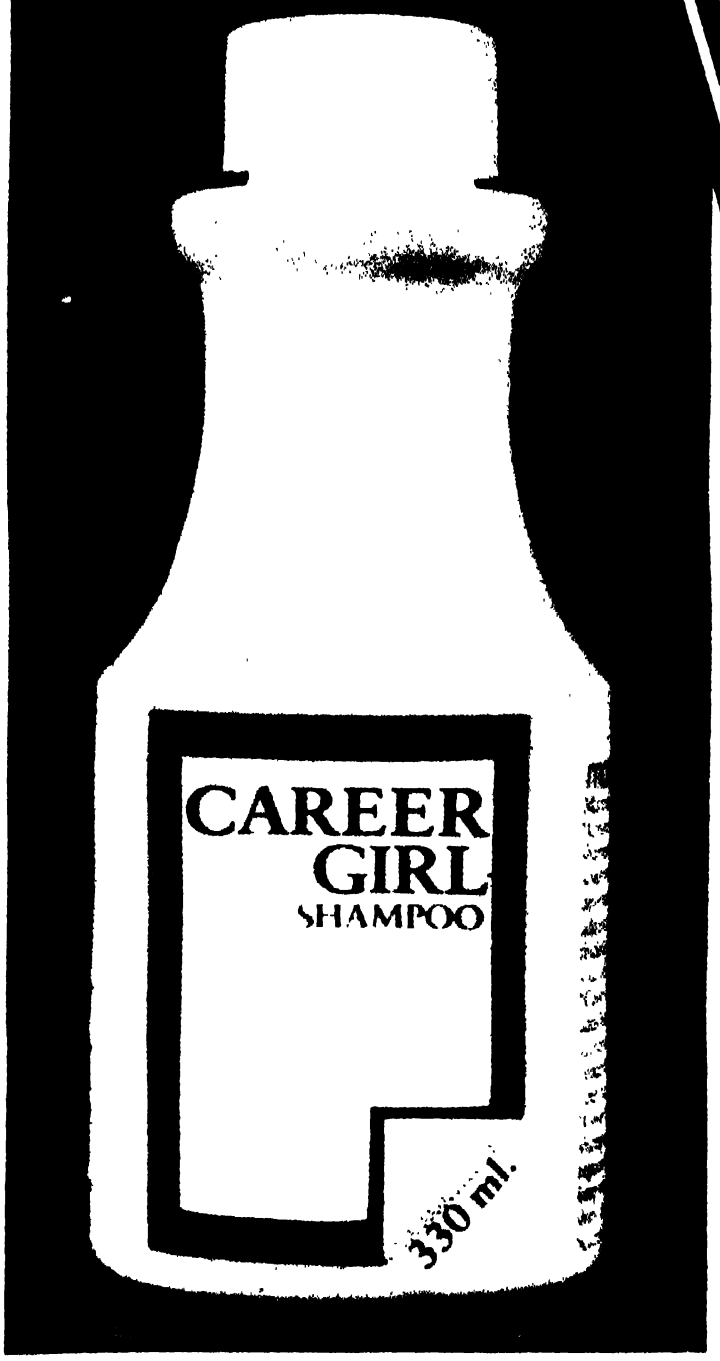

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from erstwhile East Pakistan and later Bangladesh and stayed on. Their estimate was later found to be much nearer the mark.

No State was perhaps affected more by political instability during the Janata period than Assam. Due to internal squabblings, the Janata Government led by Mr Golap Barbora disintegrated in September 1979 which gave a go-bye to the last vestiges of political authority in the State. After the fall of the Barbora Ministry, Mr Hazarika tried to rule with the help of a rump of disparate elements but gave up the effort within three months. This was followed by two abortive attempts by the Congress (I) to rule through its Governments.

With political authority nowhere in sight, students and local political groups with extremist leanings took up the cause of the Assamese-speaking people by organising a massive rally in Gauhati on October 10, 1979 in which over 1,00,000 people participated. In a situation where political vacuum prevailed, the movement was bound to take a violent form.

Lack of authority also encouraged the State Government employees to openly cooperate with the agitators by not only responding to their work stoppage calls but by participating in their rallies and demonstrations. That partially explains the total success of the movement in the initial stages.

The first serious attempt to get to grips with the problem was made after Mrs Indira Gandhi returned to power at the Centre in January 1980. A dialogue between the Centre and the agitators was started with a delegation of the All Assam Students Union (AASU) meeting the Prime Minister in New Delhi on February 2.

The beginning, unfortunately, was made under a cloud of suspicion on both sides. Mrs Gandhi is on record as saying that the movement, started by students, had gone into the hands of secessionists. At different forums, she spelt out the Government's reservations in accepting the agitators' demands.

Mrs Gandhi said it was simplistic to imagine that if Bengalis went out of Assam, Assamese from Bengal, Tamilians from Karnataka, north and south Indians from Bombay more jobs would be available to the local people. Such narrow-mindedness, she averred, especially which led to agitations, had reactions in other places, hit development and did not allow employment to increase. She expressed concern that, whereas the problem of presence of foreigners in Assam was real, there were instances of people who were not foreigners being called foreigners. She told the agitators that no genuine Indian should be harassed.

The agitators took the stand that, by allowing the influx of foreigners unchecked into Assam, the Union government was creating a dangerous situation with potentialities of disruption in the future. While they were concerned about its impact on their own interests, they also wanted the country to know that it could one day undermine the integrity of the country.

The justification for calling the movement "anti-national" was that certain groups in Assam, on certain occasions, raised secessionist slogans. The Assamese agitators, however, say in justification that such slogans are raised because the Centre has shown scant interest in the problems of the northeast. Nehru's "farewell message" to the Assamese people in the wake of the Chinese thrust towards Tezpur in 1962 apparently continues to rankle some Assamese minds.

Although no agreement could be reached in the countless rounds of talks held between the Union Government and the Assam agitators on the foreigners problem in the last three years, it would be wrong to say that no progress was made towards finding a solution. In fact, the problem has been considerably narrowed down.

In the beginning, the agitators demanded that all foreign nationals who entered Assam since 1951—the year of the signing of the Nehru-Liaquat Pact—should be detected, their names should be struck off the electoral rolls and they should be deported to their countries of origin (Bangladesh, Nepal and Burma). The Union Government offered 1971 as the cut-off year when acceptance of refugees from Bangladesh was stopped under the Indira-Mujib agreement. It meant that all those who had come to the State after March 1971 from Bangladesh would be deported.

Between 1951 and 1971, it was estimated that around 3.7 million people had come into Assam from across the border in different stages. A majority of them belonged to the minority community in East Pakistan—Hindus—who had migrated due to persecution or fear of persecution after partition. A majority of them settled on the fertile but fallow land in the Brahmaputra valley, raised crops and thereby rehabilitated themselves.

The Hindus from east Pakistan argued that they were the victims of a political decision—partition of India—taken without consulting them. The Government of India therefore had an obligation to accept them if they could not live with honour and dignity in Pakistan. The Assamese-speaking people asserted that rehabilitation of refugees was a national obligation and only a few States should not be expected to shoulder the burden.

However, the size of the population involved was so large that to uproot them from their homes and resettle them elsewhere was an impossible task. Besides, several legal and constitutional complications could arise in ejecting them from their land. Those refugees who had not obtained Indian citizenship certificates could technically be called "foreigners", but what about their progeny who had grown up in this country in the last 30 years? Obviously, they could not be disturbed

After a series of talks held in New Delhi, the agitation leaders agreed that those who entered Assam during the 1951-61 period could be absorbed in the State but insisted that the immigrants of the 1961-71 period should either be deported or be dispersed to other States This, however, did not help to bring the problem down to manageable proportions because even then the people involved were as many as 1.2 million.

A majority of these people, belonging to the minority community in East Pakistan, had come in the wake of the Indo-Pakistan conflict of 1965 and the Government of India was committed to accept them. In the Government's view, even if these people have not obtained the citizenship certificate, they are eligible for it.

While this basic difference between the Union Government and the agitation leaders continued through the three-year-long parleys, agreement was reached on a number of important points. It was decided to take measures to prevent enrolment of ineligible persons as voters and to issue identity cards to all eligible voters. The Centre would henceforth grant citizenship certificates to those eligible for it and not the State Governments. A household register and a birth and death register would be maintained in Assam.

The Government also agreed to tighten border security measures and take special steps to prevent encroachment on tribal land Finally, the Government offered to amend the Constitution to provide political, educational and employment safeguards to the Assamese-speaking people By political safeguards, it was presumably meant that majority for the Assamese-speaking people in the State Assembly would be assured.

Allaying Fears

The political safeguards were offered to allay the Assamese fear that they would one day be outvoted by the aliens. They have before them the experience of Tripura where the original people of the State have been reduced to a small and insignificant minority

While the agitators have not given up their demand that all the 1.2 million "foreigners" who came into the State between 1961 and 1971 should be dispersed to other States, they were agreeable to their dispersal under a phased programme spread over several years. This they considered to be a major concession. But they were insistent that the names of all those "foreigners" should be struck off the rolls before the elections.

Having involved the Opposition parties in the negotiations, the Government asked the Janata party leader, Mr Ravindra Verma, to suggest a solution Mr. Verma offered a formula under which the entrants of the 1961-71 period were to be categorised in different groups and proposed that names of all those found ineligible for citizenship by duly constituted tribunals, would be struck off the electoral rolls. The formula was rejected by the agitators.

Be it the political interests of the ruling party or a genuine concern for the fate of the victims of partition, the Union Government apparently has reasons not to concede the agitators' demand that the 1.2 million people now living in Assam should be reduced to the status of "statelessness". The agitators find it difficult to further soften their stand, apparently for fear of losing a good deal of political clout. A solution has, therefore, so far proved elusive.

In the event, the Centre appears to be veering round to the view that the only solution to the Assam problem lies in restoration of political authority in the State. The first step in this direction is obviously to hold elections to the State Assembly. ■

NO GENERATION GAP HERE. Aged women protest in support of AASU in Jorhat. The Assamese are prepared to undergo great loss and suffering for their cause.

—H.S. Sethi

Gundu, Gundu, Gone!

Mr Gundu Rao, due to his arrogant antics, had the dubious distinction of presiding over the Congress-I's rout in the state, says the author.

GUNDU Rao, who met his Waterloo at Somwarpet, knew it was coming. Apprehending the impending doom, he brought in a battery of film stars—Amjad Khan, Feroze Khan and Sanjay Khan—to bail him out of the inevitable disaster. Sensing the danger, his political guru, M.G Ramachandran, rushed to Somwarpet and pleaded with two lakh people to vote their Chief Minister back to power. Mrs Indira Gandhi and Rajiv played their parts, too.

But the rescue operations came a bit too late. The damage was already done. On January 5, the electorate of Somwarpet decided to disown their pompously querulous, flippant and egotistic representative. And when the results were announced the next day, Gundu Rao, who not only boasted that he can win anywhere in the State, but also that he would win by more than 10,000 votes, was thrown out by half that number.

As if to drive home the point more effectively, the voters of Kodagu (Coorg) district, (under which Somwarpet constituency falls) gave their stamp of approval to the two remaining Congress (I) candidates. Of the three seats that Mrs Gandhi's party contested in this district, it lost only one—the seat of Mr Gundu Rao. During his brief tenure, Gundu Rao has accomplished what his predecessors failed to achieve—presiding over the doom of the Congress, the party that held sway over the State for the last 25 years.

A look at the party's performance from 1972 onwards, the year Mrs Gandhi established her supremacy in the party, shows a gradual decline in its popularity.

Year	Congress-I
1972	165 seats
1978	149 seats
1983	81 seats

The Janata, which put up an impressive performance in the last Assembly elections, winning 59 seats, also lost some of its strongholds in the latest elections, while making dents in the Congress (I) pockets. For example, in Mandya and Bijapur Districts, the party could win only four seats in the former and three seats in the latter, while bagging eight and seven seats respectively in the 1978 elections. The party contesting as Janata Ranga (Janata plus Kranti Ranga) made dents into the Congress (I) pockets like Mysore and Tumkur, where it won 14 seats. Besides, the party has also improved its hold in the following districts.

District	1978	1983
Bangalore	16	20
Hassan	3	5
Dharwar	5	6
North Kanara	2	3

In Shimoga and Chikmagalur, where the Congress (I) had won five seats each in 1978, the party managed to win six and four seats respectively.

The Congress (I) lost considerable ground even in the coastal districts of Dakshina Kannada and Uttara Kannada. While it got 15 seats in the 1978 elections, this time it could barely win five seats. The major beneficiary in this area is the BJP, which won eight seats in the Dakshina Kannada District. The BJP, which improved its tally from four to 18 in the latest elections, however, suffered a major setback when its State General Secretary B. Deshpande lost in Dharwar. In fact, BJP's performance has surprised quite a few leaders, including A.B. Vajpayee, who estimated that his party will win nine seats at the most.

The Congress (I), which was a major force in the old Mysore area, winning 70 of the 110 seats in 1978, managed to secure only 23 seats this year. The Janata-Ranga Party emerged as the largest party in this belt, bagging 62 of the remaining 82 seats. Statistically speaking, the Janata-Ranga Party, which secured 94 of the 223 seats, managed to win 66 per cent of the seats from the old Mysore area. The situation is somewhat akin to the performance of Telugu Desam in Andhra Pradesh that won nearly 73 per cent of its seats from coastal Andhra. That the Congress (I) could not reach a double figure mark even in a single district, illustrated the dismal performance of the party.

In the Bombay-Karnataka and Hyderabad-Karnataka areas, considered to be the traditional vote banks of the Congress (I), the party fared better than the Opposition. In Dharwar, Bijapur and Belgaum districts forming the Bombay-Karnataka belt, the party secured 24 of the 51 seats. Similarly in the Hyderabad-Karnataka area (Raichur, Bidar and Gulbarga districts), the Congress (I) bagged 17 of the 30 seats. Region-wise, the performance of the parties is as follows:

Region	Total Seats	Cong-I	Janata-Ranga	Others
Old Mysore	110	28	62	20
Hyderabad-Karnataka	30	17	8	5
Bombay-Karnataka	51	24	14	13
Other Districts	32	12	10	10
Total	223	81	94	48

PAT FROM PATNAIK. Chief Minister Ramkrishna Hegde, being congratulated by Janata leader, Biju Patnaik. All the four members of the alliance—Janata, Kranti Ranga, CPI and CPM—must keep in mind the lessons of the post-1977 Janata disunity if they are to prove themselves to their electorate.

IDLE BOASTS by Gundu Rao that he would win by a margin of more than 10,000 votes were replaced by his dismal defeat by half that number

in Chikmagalur district, from where Mrs Indira Gandhi re-entered the Parliament in 1979 by over two lakhs majority, the Opposition scored convincing victories. Out of the five constituencies in this district, the Janata-Ranga bagged four, saving the remaining seat to the Congress (I).

Voting Pattern

An analysis of the voting pattern in all the 19 districts of the State shows that the Congress (I), which captured 27 of 28 Lok Sabha seats in the 1980 mid-term elections, could maintain its sway, though in a reduced way, in only five districts, viz Bellary, Raichur, Bidar, Kodagu and Bijapur.

District	Cong-I	Janata	BJP	CPI	CPM	Others	Total
Raichur	8	1	-	-	-	2	11
Bidar	4	1	1	-	-	-	6
Kodagu	2	1	-	-	-	-	3
Bijapur	9	3	2	-	-	1	15
Bellary	5	4	-	-	-	-	9
Total	28	10	3	-	-	3	44

Apart from the BJP's overwhelming success in Dakshina Kannada, where it captured eight of the 15 seats, it also bagged two seats each in Shimoga and Bijapur and one each in Gulbarga, Bidar, Tumkur and Mysore Districts. While the CPI secured one seat each in Gulbarga, Chitradurga and Bangalore districts, the CPM also secured three seats. The Maharashtra Ekikaran Samithi retained their hold over the border district of Belgaum, winning five of the 18 seats.

Of the 184 seats in the dissolved House, the Ruling Party lost 106 seats. The break-up of the parties gaining these seats is as follows: Janata-Ranga 75, BJP 14, CPM 3, CPI 1, Independents 13. More than half of the sitting members who contested the elections failed to make the grade. Out of the 131 sitting members, who made a bid for another term 73 were shown the door. A partywise analysis of the rejected candidates reveals that Congress (I) was bruised badly. Out of the 1012 Congress (I) sitting members who contested the polls, 65 were rejected.

Less Colourful

All the six sitting Congress (I) women legislators were also defeated at the polls. In fact, the new House—the 7th Karnataka Assembly—with only two women legislators, will be less colourful than the previous one with eight. Of the 39 women contestants, only two—former Assembly Speaker Mrs K.Nagarathnamma and Mrs Chandra Prabha Urs (daughter of Devraj Urs) were returned. In contrast, out of the 32 women candidates who contested in 1978, eight could get elected.

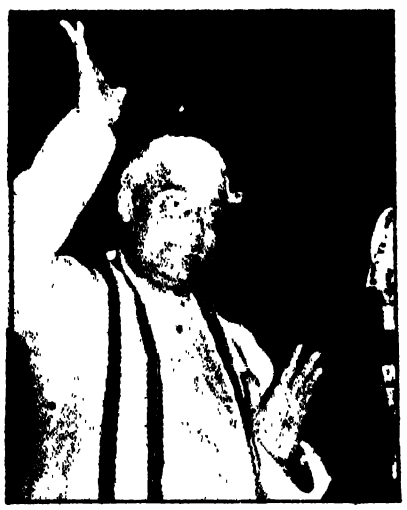
Among the major casualties in the latest Assembly elections are 12 Ministers. These include the Chief Minister, seven Cabinet Ministers and four Ministers of State. The defeated Ministers include K. Thimmappa (Public Works), G.B. Shankar, Rao (Education), A.K. Abdul Samad (Health), G.K. Gangadhar (Information), etc. The Ministers who contested successfully include Veerappa Moily (Finance), H.C. Srikantiah (Cooperation)—both of them had plans to bid for Chief Ministership—Dharam Singh (Urban Development), G. Made Gowda (Forest), Mallikarjuna Kharge (Revenue), etc.

Twelve Congress (I) MLAs (rebels) contested the elections as Independents. Of them only one candidate, G.F. Uppal, retained the Shirahatti seat, defeating his nearest Congress (I) rival by a margin of 5,000 votes. Ten other rebels were defeated by the Congress (I) candidates. This means that the rebels, who were subsequently expelled from the party, would not sabotage the chances of the official party candidates to any great extent.

The AIADMK, which won the Kolar Gold Fields (KGF) seat, could not make much of an impact on the Karnataka electorate elsewhere. Even the KGF seat was won by a narrow margin (over 1,000). MGR's campaign in Somwarpet and Bangalore city did not help the Congress (I) in capturing the Tamil votes. In retrospect, MGR's claim that he was responsible for Mrs Gandhi's victory from Chikmagalur in 1979 sounds ridiculous.

After the Congress (I) bosses recover from the shocks administered both in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, an analysis of the causes of the party's humiliating defeat will be taken up. But for a discerning observer, the reasons are obvious. The excessive dependence of the local leaders on the High Command, rampant corruption which attained an aura of legitimacy and respectability, alienation of the backward classes and the scant regard shown to these classes while finalising the party's candidates, farmers agitation and the resulting firing that claimed 137 lives, the Kannada agitation and insensitivity to the feelings of the non-Kannadigas—well, the list can go on and on. The reliance on intelligence reports is also partly responsible for the party's rout. Based on these reports, the party bosses took things for granted. For example, according to the news editor of an English daily of Bangalore, the intelligence reports, prepared just one day before the polls, estimated that the Congress (I) would win at least 146 seats. F.M. Khan, the bosom pal of Gundu Rao had predicted that the Congress (I) would win more than 173 seats. Looking back, one can see how unrealistic were these estimates.

THE BJP's considerable success (14 seats) astonished its own leader Atal Behari Vajpayee, who had estimated a modest maximum of 9 seats.



WHAT'S UP HIS SLEEVE? Bangarappa, who played a prominent role in the alliance parties' victory, is now disgruntled over the Hegde-led cabinet.

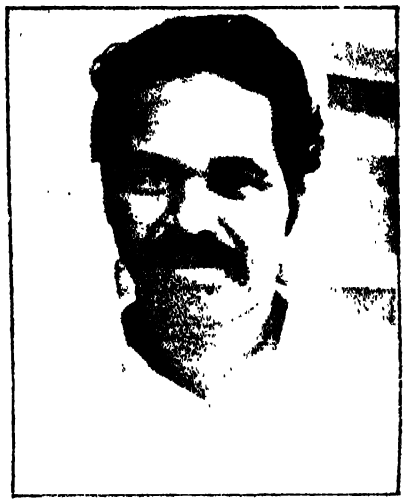
The farmers agitation, which threatened to bring down the Congress (I) fortress in the South did not have much of an impact. Ironically, the Congress (I) fared well in the districts that were the hotbeds of the farmers' agitation. That the Congress (I) could put up a creditable performance in Mandya, Dharwar and Hassan, the districts affected by the agitation, shows that the Ryota Sangha's (farmers association) call to vote against the Ruling Party has gone unheeded

After a few anxious days, the Janata Party (after the merger of Kranti Ranga with Janata), has been called upon by Governor Govind Narain to form the Government. Bangarappa, who played a prominent role in the alliance parties (Janata, Kranti Ranga, CPI and CPM) victory, has refused to join the Cabinet headed by Ramakrishna Hegde. He even stayed away from the swearing-in ceremony. What Bangarappa has up his sleeve is anybody's guess. According to the Governor, a former Union Home Secretary, who verified the support claimed by Mr Hegde, the Janata Government has the support of 132 of the 223 members. The BJP, suspecting the "Haryana drama" being enacted in Karnataka, promptly announced its support to the Janata Government.

The Congress (I), though humiliated, did not give up its hopes of forming the Government. The Central Minister, Mr Buta Singh, who was at Bangalore as the AICC observer, has in fact disputed the claim of Janata-Ranga to form the Government. His contention is that the Janata-Ranga, though it contested on a single symbol, is in fact an alliance of two parties. According to Buta Singh's reasoning, Congress (I) is the largest party in the new House and it should be provided the first opportunity to form the Government. One is not very sure whether he is reflecting the High Command's thinking. But his subsequent remark that the Congress (I) is not in a hurry to form the Government is pregnant with the possibility of the party exploring ways to lure the required number of legislators. The obdurate and unpredictable behaviour of Bangarappa, an ex-Congressman who walked out of the party to voice his protest against the style of Gundu Rao, only adds to the confusing scenario.

No Encouragement

Mrs Gandhi, on her part, has made it clear that she is not interested in encouraging defections. But the uncertainty confronting the new Government can be cleared only by accommodating Bangarappa, in a suitable party post. The new Chief Minister, Hegde, with his vast political experience, should not find it difficult to patch up with the former Kranti Ranga leader and ensure a stable Government. Though Mr Bangarappa is cut up because he is basically opposed to the idea of imposing a non-legislator as Chief Minister from the Centre—as it happened in the case of Ramakrishna Hegde—it is not in the interests of either the Janata Government or Bangarappa to adopt an antagonistic and non-cooperative attitude. The lessons of the post-1977 Janata disunity, still fresh in our minds, should serve as a warning. All the four members of the alliance—Janata, Kranti Ranga, CPI and CPM—which have been given an opportunity to prove themselves—cannot afford to waste their time through unproductive bickerings. If they let down the generous electorate again, they will never be able to regain credibility as an alternative to the Congress (I). The Janata legislators cannot be oblivious to the fact that the Congress (I)—a wounded tiger—is desperately waiting to strike when factionalism reaches a point of no-return in the Ruling Party.



VEERAPPA MOILY, Finance Minister in the earlier Cabinet, had plans to bid for Chief Ministership in the absence of the Janata-Kranti Ranga merger.

What will be the future of Gundu Rao? This is the question that will interest every political analyst in this country. Recently the former Chief Minister revealed his mind, when he said that he would have opted for a film-acting career, if he was not pitch-forked to the Chief Minister's post—courtesy Sanjay Gandhi.

With F.M. Khan, whose film connections are well known, at his service and the eagerness of a one-time celluloid celebrity, MGR, to help him out, Gundu Rao can get a flying start as an entertainer—a role which he played with diplomb as the Chief Minister.

G. S. R.

SITA AND MANDODARI (left) *with Hanuman in the Asoka Vatika.*

Murals To Mahadeva

200 years ago, at Chandod on the banks of the Narmada, the Gaekwads built a fortified temple. The chief shrine was decorated with vibrant murals which are still delightfully fresh.

by Ramesh Pandya

THESE days art is supposed to be an intensely individualistic affair—a personal statement of what the creative "I" feels. In the days gone by, it had a predominantly educational element. It was intimately entwined with life: patrons and artists, viewers and visionaries interacted freely, enriching one another. In India, the focus of all these social, artistic and religious activities was the temple. This tradition is still extant in temple cities like Tirupati, Varanasi, Dwarka, Ambaji and Dakor. Along with the elaborate rituals of worship continue the festivals and *saptahas* of Hari Kathas, discourses, performances of dance and drama with religious themes. Such a temple is a living university teaching philosophy and fine arts to the public.

In all this, painting, of course, was not ignored. It has been an integral part of temple architecture. Barely four decades ago, Sir Sayajirao Gaekwad of Baroda commissioned Nandalal Bose's murals for the Kirtimandir.

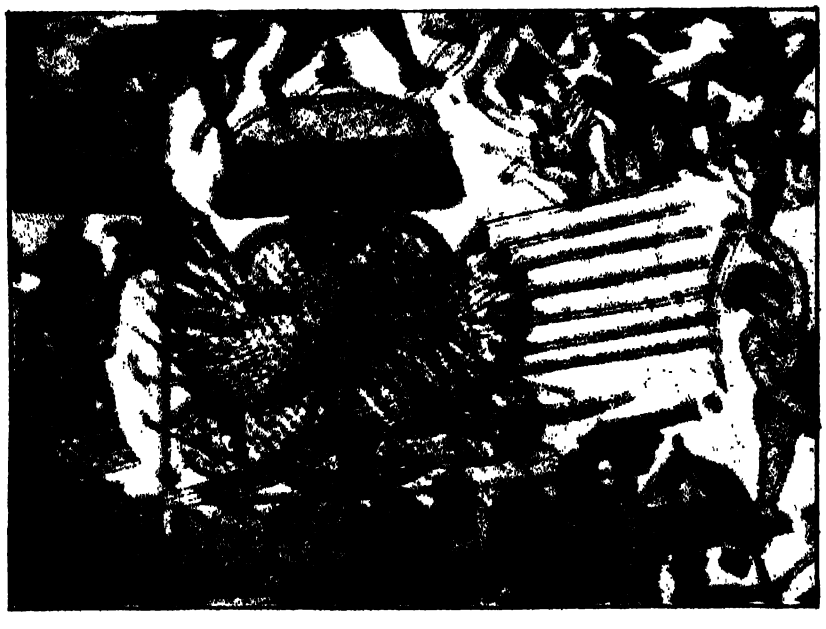
The ancestors of the Gaekwad built a Mahadev temple 200 years ago on the banks of the Narmada at Chandod some 27 miles south of Baroda and had its dome decorated with robust murals done by master painters of the day.

To this day the temple is maintained by the Gaekwad's Khangi department. Unfortunately, however, no documents on the construction and endowment of the temple exist.

The temple is a fortified complex of shrines dedicated to Ganapati, Hanuman, Bhairav, Annapurna and Bahucharaji. The temples to Kashivishvanath and Sri Dameshwar dominate the buildings as they are on 10-ft plinths. Moreover, only the Kashivishvanath temple bears murals. The temple dome measures 24 feet in diameter and has the murals starting at a height of 17 feet. They culminate into the stucco chandelier which hovers over the Nandi before the idol of Siva. The dome rests on beams arranged in an octagonal shape supported by eight pillars at each angle. Barring the eastern side where the sanctum *(garbhagriha)* enshrining Sri Vishvanath is situated, all the seven sides are open, this allows plenty of light on the floor which in turn illuminates the murals in the dome during daytime. We have photographed these murals in this "available light".

The murals which start above the beams are divided by 32 stucco figures of gods and goddesses surasundaries, apsaras and attendants, each approximately four feet high. The ornaments and draperies of the figures were originally painted with the same pigments which are used in the mu-

A RIFLE-TOTING RAVANA. This folkish version artlessly combines the traditional and the modern.



RAVANA'S ENCOUNTER with Jatayu, the vulture king who died in vain while trying to rescue Sita.

rals. The figures have deteriorated. The iron bar armature used in their modelling shows through at places. Fortunately however, the murals are in a better state of preservation.

The murals deal with popular subjects from mythology such as Krishna's dalliance with the gopis. There are several engaging episodes from Vrindavan including a panel showing Krishna atop a Narikunjar, a composite figure in the shape of an elephant made up of female figures. Also represented are some "secular" subjects: processions with riders, elephants and palanquin-bearers, a dancer trying to seduce an ascetic, royal women visiting a spiritual personage, armoured heroes on the battlefield, amorous couples, Dhola and Maru (a Rajasthani ballad) and hunting scenes. Birds and blossoming trees are appropriately scattered in the murals. Those fill up the space as well as maintain the flow from frame to frame.

Above the stucco figures is a panel separated by a decorative floral band. It contains running compositions blending episodes from the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, the Bhagavata and the Okhaharan. A tier showing 23 Mother Goddesses tops this frieze. The deities are all depicted with their mounts: Brahmani on a swan, Rudrani on a bull, and Saraswati on a peacock. Some figures are drawn from folklore such as Bahuchara on a cock, Tulja on a scorpion and Ghetesari on a ram, Gardabhvahani on a donkey and Shrugalvahani on a jackal, etc. The figures are large and clearly delineated. This belt is also separated with a band of swans in vivid postures at the bottom. At the top it meets a decorative and stylised solar motif, radiating its rays from the base of the inverted chandelier in the dome.

The murals in the central panel bear several important episodes from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata such as Rama, Sita and Laxmana in the forest, the abduction of Sita, Ravana's battle with Jatayu, the disfiguring of the demoness Surpanakha, Rama's pursuit of the golden hart, bridge-building at Lanka, the battle of Rama and Ravana, etc. The main scenes from the Mahabharata include the *matsyavadha* and the marriage of Arjuna and Draupadi.

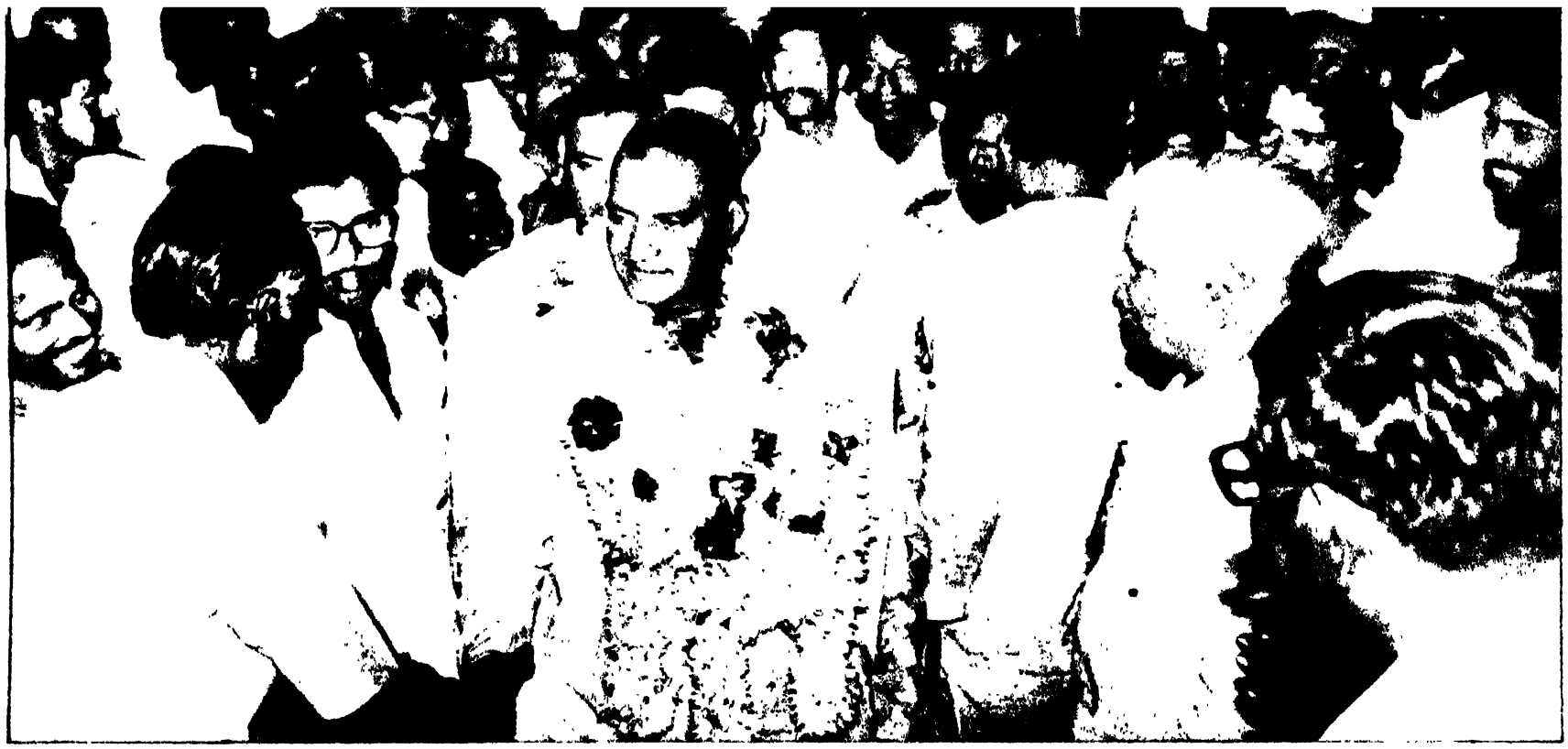
Most of the faces in the murals are depicted in profile. Only Gajalakshmi is shown with a frontal face with a somewhat squintish expression (this is probably due to the artists' unfamiliarity with the medium). Some faces are drawn three-fourths. This is a typical characteristic of the Rajasthani school. Other features like the *odhni* and the *damni*, a type of tasselled ornament and the style of the headgear worn by the men suggests that the artists who painted these murals hailed from Rajasthan. The names written in Devnagri also sound as though they were done by Rajasthani folk (Bhavijana for Vibhishana, Manohari for Mandodari, Jataoo for Jatayu and Kubhakarna instead of Kumbhakarna).

Ravana's retinue includes Portuguese soldiers in quaint helmets, buttoned-up coats and trousers, bearing artillery. Ravana himself is shown holding rifles in seven of his hands. But such alien characters are not repeated elsewhere in the dome. While dusting the murals with soft linen it was found that the pigments were coming off at the slightest pressure because the murals were not done in the fresco technique. They are simply painted on a white polished surface. The colours used in these murals are limited to yellow ochre, red ochre, terra verte green and, of course, black. Blue is totally absent. Red ochre and black are often used in mixture with white creating beautiful pink and grey. Pure red ochre is used only in three places to show brick walls.

MOTHER GODDESS. Right: *Kumbhakarna battling the monkey hordes at Lanka.*

Murals such as these are also found at at the Sri Kamnath Mahadev temple in Baroda, the Siva temple at Bhilapur and the Hamfeshvar temple seven miles from Kadipani, District Chhotaudepur. However, the Chandod murals are undoubtedly the most refined and well-executed. Although they are comparatively in good condition, time has started taking its toll. A few cracks have become visible in the dome and the monsoon floods in Narmada plus damp percolating through the thick walls of the dome are continuously playing their destructive part. The Hamfeshwar temple is sure to be submerged when the Narmada dam at Navagam is completed. Before it is late, the authorities should take measures to preserve and enhance the life of these valuable national treasures. ■

(Photographs: Courtesy, The Khangi Department of the Gaekwads of Baroda.)



The NTR Tornado

Telugu Desam, NTR's 9-month-old brain-child, has dramatically humbled the Congress-I in its stronghold.

by G.S. Reddy

Hyderabad: The NTR tornado in Andhra battered the Congress-I beyond recognition. Never before was Mrs Gandhi's party mauled so badly. The damage brought on the national party is so severe that it will take at least a few weeks for the shocked Congressmen to come back to their senses. The NTR wave upset all the media forecasts and computer calculations. As the news of the devastating sweep flowed into the newspaper offices, the political analysts were left dumbfounded.

Following the footsteps of MGR, NTR has not only taken the Andhras by storm but also fared better than the Tamil Nadu Chief Minister. In spite of his long political career, MGR could win only 130 of the 234 Tamil Nadu Assembly seats, polling 30.36 per cent of the total valid votes in 1977—the year AIADMK was voted to power. In contrast, NTR, a nine-month old political baby, has polled 47 per cent of the valid votes winning 202 of the 294 seats. Indeed, the celluloid celebrity has been given a flying start by the Andhras.

The electoral torrent that originated from the north coast of Andhra swept right down to the south. The heads that rolled in this deluge included several Ministers and the Mayor of Visakhapatnam, N.S.N. Reddy, contesting on the BJP ticket. The margin of Telugu Desam's victories, to say the least, was spectacular. Here is how it fared, for instance, in three northern coastal districts of the State:

District	Constituency	Valid Votes Polled	Votes polled by TD	Votes polled by Cong	Margin
E. Godavari	Kakinada	87962	69499	13868	55631
W Godavari	Kovur	84472	65893	10983	54910
W. Godavari	Elur	84760	62567	15142	47425
Visakapatnam	Visakapatnam	91204	62326	14410	47916

In the southern coastal area of the State, the sweep was sustained by the founder-President of Telugu Desam, N.T. Rama Rao. Contesting from the temple town of Tirupati, he humiliated his Congress-I rival, Eswar Reddy, Speaker of the State Assembly, by a huge margin of 46,879 votes. That the Congress-I could not secure even a single seat in the East and West Godavari Districts (37 seats in all) speaks of the disaster that struck Mrs Gandhi's party in the coastal districts. In fact, the Congress-I could win only nine of the 134 seats in this area. On the other hand, Telugu Desam has walked away with 120 seats bagging 21 seats in East Godavari district alone. Guntur and Nellore districts, considered to be hotbeds of political activity in the coastal area, have refused to return any Cong-I candidate. Among the ministers defeated in this area are N. Janardhan Reddy, who made an unsuccessful bid for Chief Minister's post and M.A. Aziz, Forest Minister, who lost the deposit.

The NTR wave continued unabated in the Rayalaseema region of the State, capturing 39 of the 53 seats. Kurnool District, which returned Vijayabhaskara Reddy along with three other Congress-I candidates, contributed eight of its 13 seats to the regional party. Mrs Gandhi's party could secure only eight seats in this Rayalaseema, drawing a blank in Chittor District. Among the ministers who lost in Rayalaseema is Chandra Babu Naidu—son-in-law of N.T. Rama Rao.

The regional party's sweep was effectively contained in the Telangana area comprising 107 seats. While the regional party secured 43 seats, the Congress-I romped home with an equal number. The NTR deluge was completely checked in Ranga Reddy District—the home district of Dr M. Chenna Reddy—where Telugu Desam failed to win even a single seat. Equally dismal was the performance of Congress-I in Hyderabad, where it drew a blank.

The successful Telugu Desam candidates included Nadendla Bhaskara Rao, N. Srinivasulu Reddy and Anam Venkata Reddy, all former ministers.

N. Janardhan Reddy's defeat in Nellore District did not come as a surprise. He had carried the group politics too far and managed to accommodate all his candidates in various constituencies of the district. Denial of the party ticket to the influential Anam family in the district was the last straw. Disgusted at this high-handedness of Janardhan Reddy, considered an upstart in politics because of his close relationship with the High Command, the Anam family in Nellore had vowed to put a stop to the Agriculture Minister's political ambitions. To achieve this, Anam Venkat Reddy and his son Anam Ramnarayana Reddy switched over to Telugu Desam, and marshalled all available forces to fight Janardhan Reddy's candidates. The result is that all the eleven Congress-I candidates in Nellore District were defeated.

Similarly in Guntur District—the home district of K. Brahmananda Reddy and Bhavanam Venkatram, none of the Congress-I candidates were elected. Telugu Desam has captured 18 of the 19 seats. Among the ministers defeated in this district are Kona Prabhakara Rao and G. Nageshwara Rao. This district, which had the distinction of having seven ministers in the "airbus" cabinet of T. Anjiah, was one of the strongholds of the Congress-I. In fact, in the 1978 Assembly elections, the Congress-I was able to win 12 seats in this district inspite of the prevailing Janata wave.

Another district that refused to return any Congress-I candidates is Chittoor. The Telugu Desam has won 13 of the 14 seats in this district. While factionalism among the Congressmen contributed its share in wiping out Congress-I from this district, the NTR wave was just too strong for even prominent personalities like C. Das, former PCC chief, to romp home on the Congress-I ticket.

The Congressmen in the State are now in a despondent mood. Some of those like T. Anjiah, who reduced the party to a laughing stock, are now threatening to walk over to the Sanjay Vichar Manch. It may be recalled here that this former Chief Minister has been in touch with the Manch leaders even before the polls. How many of the elected Congress legislators will eventually switch over to the Vichar Manch is, however, uncertain.

Though the Congress-I was able to stop the NTR wave in Telangana to some extent, deep concern is expressed at the loss of some constituencies in Medak District—the parliamentary constituency of Mrs Indira Gandhi. Mrs Maneka Gandhi was able to make dents in this constituency by winning the Kamareddy assembly seat. The Communist parties, CPI and CPM, which had 14 legislators in the last assembly, could secure only ten seats, even though they contested as a single front this time. Khammam District in Telangana, which continues to be a stronghold of the Communists, returned five of these candidates. Peculiarly, the Communists in the State are fond of entertaining exaggerated notions of their strength. In the 1955 elections, even though they polled 31 per cent of the total votes, they could secure only 15 of the 196 seats they contested. Since then, there was a gradual decline in their strength. In 1963, in spite of securing 51

of the three hundred seats at stake, the percentage of their vote was reduced to 19.53. The decline continued after the split: While in 1967 they won nineteen of the 287 seats, they secured only eight seats in 1972, polling 15.2 per cent and 9.2 per cent, respectively. In the last assembly elections, both the Communist parties won 14 seats, polling 5.2 per cent of the total votes.

The Janata Party, which won sixty seats in the 1978 elections, has been almost completely wiped out but for the election of its leader S. Jaipal Reddy. BJP, considered as major force in the urban areas was devoured by the regional party. It could win only three seats, including a win from the old city area of Hyderabad. Sanjay Vichar Manch, which entered into an alliance with Telugu Desam, could win four of the five seats it contested.

The final poll tally is as follows :-

Party	Last Assembly Strength	Seats Contested	Seats Won
Telugu Desam	—	288	202 (including S.V. Manch)
Congress(I)	246	294	60
CPI	6	48	4
CPM	8	28	5
BJP	3	80	3
Janata	5	45	1
Lok Dal	6	33	—
Congress(J)	—	80	1
Congress(S)	—	9	—
RPI(K)	—	3	—
Independents	10	809	17

NTR's campaign in Andhra Pradesh has created history. Travelling day and night in his election mobile, a converted Chevrolet, he travelled throughout the State covering 35,000 kilometres in 70 days. According to the Telugu Desam party office, he has addressed 30 million people during this ceaseless campaign. The regional party, launched on May 29, 1982, made rapid strides towards its goal: displacement from power of corrupt Congressmen. The repeated nomination of new Chief Ministers by New Delhi during the last two years and the fawning of Congress-I legislators before the party High Command, created the right atmosphere for NTR to strike. Rightly, he made 'self respect' of Telugu people a major issue in his campaign.

True to his word, NTR, the first non-Congress Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh opted for a compact 15-member Ministry. It was sworn in on January 9, he is said to consider nine as his lucky number, just like T. Anjiah. It was assumed that his cabinet will have at least 18 (1 plus eight = nine) members, but he surprised everyone by opting for only 15 members—a number that would have been the choice of Dr Chenna Reddy, whose lucky number is six. Incidentally Telugu Desam is also nine-months-old, on the day of swearing-in-of NTR's ministry.

Regionwise, the new Ministry has seven members from coastal Andhra (120 legislators) six from Telangana (43 legislators) and two from Rayalaseema (39 legislators). Apparently, the representation in the Cabinet is based on the total region-wise strength of all the parties in the Assembly (coastal Andhra 134, Telangana—107; Rayalaseema—53) rather than on Telugu Desam's strength. This is considered as a healthy precedent.

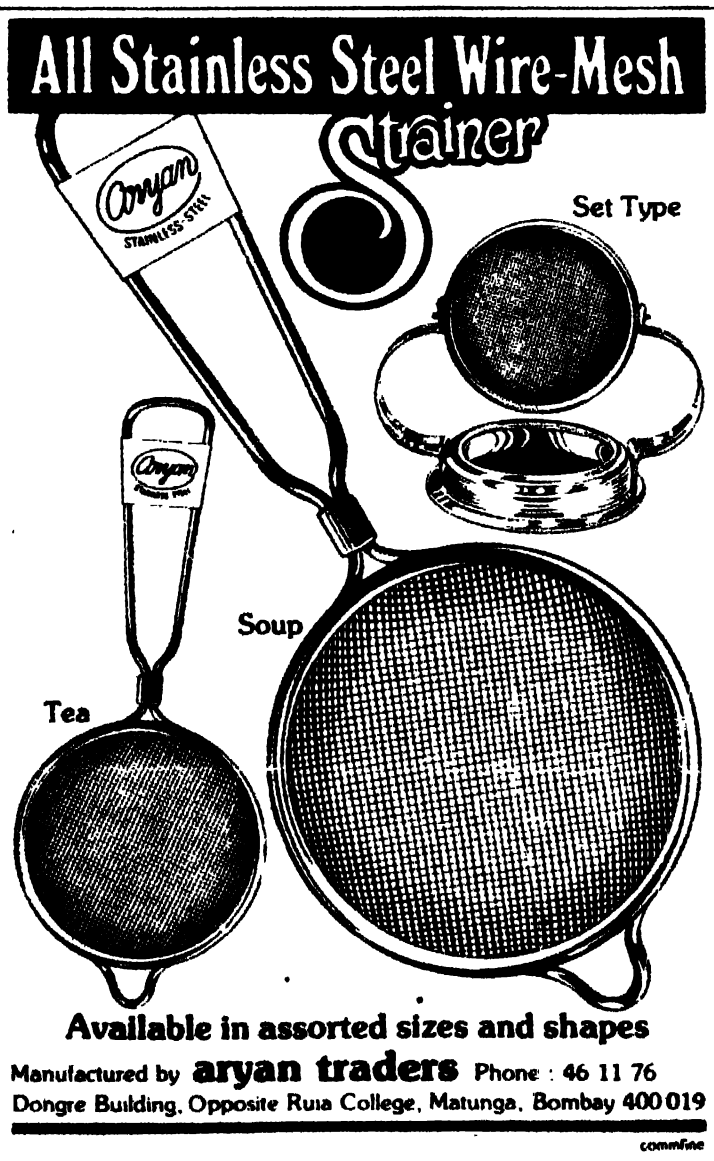
All is not lost for the Congress-I, however. It is the only national party that can truly reflect the aspirations of the people and check the forces of regionalism threatening the unity of the country. Though the party has suffered a major setback in terms of the number of seats won, it is still a force to reckon with in the State. That it could secure 30.45 per cent of the total votes, despite its dismal record, clearly reveals its hold on the electorate even now. As seen from the table below, the party was at the height of its popularity just ten years back.

Year	Total seats	Seats won	Percentage
1962	300	177	47.44
1967	287	165	45.6
1972	287	219	52
1978	294	175	39.26
1983	294	60	30.45

The fact remains that the crushing defeat it has suffered in the battle for the contest of Andhra Assembly will have its repercussions in other parts of the country. Kerala, the only State in South India where the Congress-I is still in power may soon witness a period of instability. Encouraged by the triumph of regional forces, both the wings of Kerala Congress (Mani and Joseph groups) are planning to merge and build up their strength on a regionalist plank so popular in the other three southern States.

The Congress-I's reversal, has also revealed the strategic blunder committed by the party. While its leaders in Andhra were pushed into oblivion during the campaign, hordes of north Indian leaders descended on the state to campaign for the party. Those touring the state during this campaign could feel the resentment among the people, especially the party workers who expressed disgust at outsiders bossing over them. A classic example is G.K. Mooparar's high-handedness in Tirupati.

Mrs Gandhi has committed political harakiri in Andhra by her excessive dependence on the sycophants parading as expert advisors. Her decision to prepone the poll in particular, proved to be disastrous. For it pushed the people to go to the rescue of N.T. Rama Rao waging a one-man battle against the corrupt administration. Her overdependence on the computer whizkids operating from Delhi is another instance of her reliance on characters who are totally out of touch with the realities in the State. In the event, she totally misjudged Winston Churchill's "little man, walking into the little booth, with a little pencil, making a little cross on a little bit of paper." ■



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WHETHER HE GOT AUSTRALIA WORKING OR NOT, Prime Minister Gough Whitlam (above) *certainly got the CIA working! For, with Whitlam's ascent to power, the US had genuine reason to worry about its special position in Australia. Matters finally came to a head and a representative of the British Crown (appointed by Whitlam himself in 1974) resorted to powers never before used in Commonwealth history. Governor-General John Kerr* (inset) *called Whitlam to his official residence and, without warning, dismissed the astonished Prime Minister. Kerr allegedly had links with the CIA.*

CIA's Perfidy In Australia

Did the CIA manage to do in Australia, too, what it did in Iran, Guatemala and Chile: destroy an *elected* government? The Government of Gough Whitlam, Australia's first Labour Government in 23 years? Australia has traditionally been friendly towards the United States. However, during the Whitlam years, the CIA was unsure of Canberra's value as an ally—the USA had critical and irreplaceable electronic intelligence bases in Australia... Lately, amazing details have come to light—details that are analysed in depth in this two-part study of the CIA's role in determining the pattern of government that Australia once again has today.

by James A. Nathan

TODAY, from Press and Parliament, Australia is awash with accusations about illegitimate American intelligence activity. Much attention and anger is focused on the Central Intelligence Agency. There is an almost hysterical set of indictments levelled against US Intelligence. The CIA is charged with becoming involved in Australian politics and foreign relations, even manipulating the Australian banking system and, most astonishingly, organising a narcotics trade from Australian soil.

Intelligent American observers' initial disbelief needs reassessing. For, in Australia, a plausible case is being developed that CIA officials may have also done in this country what they managed to achieve in Iran, Guatemala and Chile: destroy an *elected* government—in the case of Australia, the Labour Party Government from 1972 to 1975.

The fall of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam and the appointment of the current Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser met with profound relief among US officials. Whitlam, perhaps the best orator in contemporary Australian history, aroused deep hostility within the US Intelligence community. It viewed his part and his politics as, at best, benighted accomplices to Soviet undertakings. The CIA feared that secrets shared with Australia were being routinely compromised, that CIA activities and agents in Australia would soon be revealed and that the US Government's critical and irreplaceable electronic intelligence bases in Australia, vital for US nuclear verification activities, could be lost.

Dialogue Of Distrust

During the Whitlam years, Australia and the United States were caught in a dialogue of distrust. The CIA was unsure of Whitlam's value as an associate and Whitlam feared that the CIA would be involved in anti-Labour Party machinations.

Relations improved with the arrival of a more conservative government in the Australian capital: Canberra. But a recent investigation into the 1980 failure of the Sydney-based, American-owned Nugan Hand Merchant Bank has revived interest in some of the controversies of the Whitlam era. Australian suspicions that might have seemed preposterous in 1979 are now fed by a great river of evidence. The record, at the least, gives warrant to a water-cooler aphorism: *Even paranoids have enemies.*

Geography and geology have conspired in directing Australia's destiny. Australia has bountiful mineral endowments and a small population-to-area ratio with a total population of 15 million. It is one of the most strategically valuable pieces of real estate on the planet. Australia sits at the south-east corner of the Indian Ocean, about 2,400 miles south-east of Indonesia. Full 69 per cent of Japan's oil requirements, 70-80 per cent of Western Europe's and 15 per cent of America's passes through the area between Australia and Southern Africa. In fact, US B-52s flying from Guam to Diego Garcia refuel in Northern Australia at a base in Darwin. Australia hosts 10 American military installations. Because of their unique location, most cannot be replicated at any cost. The new US Defence Guidance characterises Australia as a critical area.

Australia has traditionally been friendly towards the United States. Tens of thousands of US sailors each year are delighted to find that the computerised date-a-sailor services offered at every Australian port are overburdened with amicable Australian applicants. But things *are* changing. No longer do Prime Ministers claim, as John Gorton did in 1969: "Wherever the United States is resisting aggression... we will go a-waltzing Matilda with you." Evidence of a new atmosphere was the roasting that Vice-President George Bush suffered at the hands of the press in his May 1982 courtesy visit to Canberra. Bush was questioned at every turn about CIA involvement in Australia's internal affairs. And, on March 26, 1982, 6 weeks before Bush's jet landed in the bleak winter-chilled outback, the CIA released a rare public denial:

> *The CIA has not engaged in operations against the Australian Government, has no ties with Nugan Hand and does not involve itself in drug-trafficking.*

In fact, the Nugan Hand Bank seemed to have employed an incredible collection of former top-ranking US Intelligence officials. Since 1977, the Sydney Police have received reports suggesting that the Bank served as a conduit for the drug trade. In 1980, following the apparent suicide of its Chairman, Frank Nugan, the Bank collapsed.

Nugan was found dead in sheep country on a lonely, unpaved road at 4.00 am, 90 miles north of his $1 million harbourside residence in Sydney. In Nugan's pocket was the business card of former CIA Director William Colby. On the back of the card was the proposed itinerary of Colby's upcoming Asian trip. Colby was on his way to Australia in his capacity as political, legal and tax adviser to Nugan Hand Ltd.

In June 1982, the Chairman of the New South Wales Corporate Affairs Commission told the press that the Nugan Hand Bank investigation would lead to "criminal prosecutions (that) will be commenced... for drug, conspiracy, perjury and passport offences".. Many people close to the investigation think that there will be even more to the Nugan Hand story. For, as the CIA denial indicates, Australian investigators now link the activities of the Nugan Hand Bank with the fall of the Whitlam Government in 1975.

The CIA Sees Red

In 1972, Whitlam formed Australia's first Labour Government in 23 years. For years, a conservative coalition of the Liberal and National Country parties had denounced as Communist many of the unions that supported Labour. In fact, despite its tiny size, the Communist Party did have considerable influence in key Australian trade unions—transport, power, oil, shipping, construction and railroads. The Australian Communist Party itself claimed in 1974 that, with a Labour Government, it "would probably be the most influential of the political parties together with the left-wing sections of the ALP (Australian Labour Party)".

Of immediate concern to Australian conservatives and US Intelligence was Whitlam's heir-apparent and second-term Deputy Prime Minister, James Cairns. A so-called fellow-traveller since 1945 and a leader of the Australian anti-Vietnam war protests, Cairns favoured a Labour Party resolution restricting the Australian counterpart of the CIA, the Australian Secret Intelligence Organisation (ASIO), in 1971. ASIO's 1971 report on Cairns, according to a June 22, 1974, article in the news magazine, *The Bulletin*, concluded that his behaviour could bring "anarchy and, in due course, left-wing fascism" to Australia.

One set of Australia-watchers wrote of the Whitlam years that no country has "reversed its posture in international affairs so totally without first having passed through a domestic revolution". Whitlam put an immediate end to conscription and pulled the last elements of Australian forces out of South-East Asia. He supported the Indian Ocean Zone of Peace, which was opposed by the United States and favoured by the Non-Aligned Movement. He suggested that Australia might join mineral-exporting cartels. At the time of the 1972 Christmas bombings of Hanoi, Cairns and several other Ministers called for boycotts of US products and asked dockers not to unload US ships. Whitlam suggested he might draw the Indonesians and the Japanese into protests against the bombings.

The new Government recognised Cuba, North Korea, the German Democratic Republic, received PLO leaders; it applied for observer status at Non-Aligned Movement summit meetings; it voted against the United States in favour of expelling South Africa from the UN; voted against Portugal in the UN regard-

ing Angola; bludgeoned the French over their South Pacific nuclear arms tests while virtually ignoring Chinese atmospheric testing; and welcomed Chilean refugees upon the fall of Socialist President Salvador Allende Gossens while condemning the United States for evacuating South Vietnamese "illegally" from Saigon in the denouement of the Vietnam war. Cairns, when in Hanoi, attended a Vietcong reception in his honour. Further, Whitlam removed strategic controls on trade with the USSR, China and Eastern Bloc countries.

Yet even these moves were not enough for Whitlam's Left wing. The spokesperson for the ALP Left said confidently in 1973: "We are looking forward to the possibility this year that the (ALP) Federal Conference will jettison the American alliance and other overseas commitments and join the Third World." As Henry Albinski, America's leading specialist on Australian-American strategic relations, wrote: "Barely in office, (Labour) had severely damaged relations with the United States, abdicated its responsibilities as a cohesive government to wild men and shown its helplessness in the face of radical trade-union pressure." Whitlam and his Government with their harsh comments about the US Government engendered deep hostility within the Nixon Administration.

Gough Whitlam and his Government, with their harsh comments about the US Government, engendered deep hostility within the Nixon Administration.

ASIO's Fears

Whitlam's staff, as a political gesture of confidence in Labour's Left wing, was not required to undergo ASIO's security clearances. Nevertheless, ASIO felt that elements of Whitlam's party would lead "via civil, industrial and political unrest... to the fascist cult of personality, to the worship of force and to the destruction of the democratic parliamentary system of government". Whitlam's Commonwealth Police reinforced ASIO's fears with a midnight visit on March 15, 1973, to the Canberra office of ASIO. And, while looking over the files, Whitlam's Attorney-General, Lionel Murphy, came to *M* on the file. Murphy said to the ASIO Station Chief, just out of his nightclothes: "God help you if my name's in this!"

It was not.

Murphy and Whitlam were uncertain whether ASIO's zeal to chase left-wing groups had not at best allowed right-wing groups—even those as small as elements of Australia's Croatian community—to engage in terrorism unmolested and, at worst, assisted them in terrorism. In 1963 and 1972, Australians of Croatian extraction had penetrated Yugoslavian frontiers, where they were arrested and shot. Bombs had exploded on Yugoslavian diplomatic premises; and, in August 1972, bombs went off in Sydney travel agencies specialising in trips to Yugoslavia.

On March 16, 1973, 3 days before the Yugoslavian Prime Minister was to pay a State Visit, Murphy's police raided ASIO's headquarters in Melbourne. Murphy's raid had a rationale: the Whitlam Government wished to attend the Non-Aligned Movement summit meeting in Algiers at the end of the year. It was important that the Prime Minister's trip to Australia pass without trouble, given Yugoslavia's position in the Non-Aligned Movement. Commonwealth Police acted as if they were in enemy terrain and sealed ASIO safes. The *Canberra Times*, a voice for Australian civil servants, editorialised: "ASIO can no longer be said to be able to guarantee the confidentiality and absolute trust without which it loses all capacity for function..,"

The CIA's reaction was intense. James Angleton, legendary counter-intelligence officer in the CIA, recalled during an Australian Broadcasting Commission programme:

> *We entrusted the highest secrets of counter-intelligence to Australian services and we saw the sanctity of that information being jeopardised by a bull in a china shop... How could we stand aside without having a crisis, in terms of our responsibilities, as to whether we would maintain relationships with the Australian Intelligence services?*

Angleton went on:

> *Everything worried us. You don't see the jewels of counter-intelligence being placed in jeopardy by a party that has extensive historical contacts in Eastern Europe.*

Colby apparently shared Angleton's sentiments. Colby has complained that it was a hectic time. The United States was confronted with a Communist Government in Chile and "crisis like... coups in Cyprus and Portugal.... a nuclear explosion in India and a Left-wing and possible antagonistic government in Australia". As the former ALP Party Secretary wrote in *The Bulletin* recently: "When the Chief of CIA lists... an ALP Government as a crisis of comparable priority to the Yom Kippur War, coups in Cyprus and Portugal and the unexpected entrance of India into the Nuclear Club, (our) concern looks less like paranoia."

Clearly, both Angleton and Colby had reason for concern. With the seizure of ASIO files, CIA overtures and connections to ASIO were subject to an unprecedented hostile environment of scrutiny It must have seemed to the CIA and to ASIO that the Whitlam Government was undertaking fishing expeditions aimed at each country's intelligence services in order to satisfy an agenda that was not in either country's long-term interests. Against this background, many Australians are willing to believe the assertion that the US Government played a role in the revelation of a scandal that ultimately contributed to Whitlam's fall.

Unflattering Balance-Sheet

By the mid 1970s, the Whitlam Government was encountering financial difficulty. Falling commodity prices, 14 per cent inflation and vastly increased energy costs were buffeting the economy. The money supply was increasing by 25 per cent per year. Unemployment had doubled since 1972 to a post-war high of nearly 5 per cent. The world's oldest Labour Party had promised union tranquillity. But Australia soon encountered rising resistance from labour. A tariff reduction of 25 per cent drove many leading industrial sectors to the edge of disaster. The elaborate social programmes undertaken in the Whitlam years burdened the Government with a projected $4 billion deficit in 1975.

One avenue of funds seemed to be the Arab world, then awash with dollars and hoping to diversify investments. Whitlam instructed two of his Ministers to scour the Arab world for what would have been the largest loan in history: $4 billion. Later, the amount was reduced to $2 billion. The Minister for Minerals and Energy, Rex Connor, chose a curious partner: Tirath Khemlani, a Pakistani commodities merchant in Singapore whose largest previous deal had never amounted to more than $16 million. Khemlani had no real offices. He had to borrow telex machinery from neighbouring offices. He also consorted with criminals. In 1980, "Ole Rice and Monkey Nuts" (as his London associates called him) finally found rest for a while in a New York prison.

Leaks of the deal soon appeared, greatly embarrassing the Whitlam Government. The ultimate avalanche came when Khemlani returned to Australia in October 1975 and released piles of telexes, including evidence that Connor had not stopped dealing with Khemlani even after Connor had assured Parliament that the loan quest was called off.

In the same search for funds, Cairns also enlisted an acquaintance to seek a $2 billion loan, offering "a once-only brokerage fee of 2½ per cent deducted at the source". Cairns denied the brokerage-fee letter to Parliament. He also denied that he had continued the loan forays after they had been revealed to the press and to Parliament. Yet another blizzard of telexes and letters surfaced indicating that Cairns, like Connor, had not told the truth.

Cairns, the most charismatic figure on the Left in generations, was politically ruined. It was a curious affair. As the CIA's *National Intelligence Daily* noted, some of the most incriminating evidence "may have been fabricated"

Evidence of a new atmosphere was the roasting that (US) Vice-President George Bush suffered at the hands of the press in his May 1982 courtesy visit to Canberra. Bush was questioned at every turn about CIA involvement in Australia's internal affairs.

These ongoing embarrassments pushed the Whitlam Government against the rocks. Connor and Cairns were fired The ALP's opposition went on the offensive The Liberal-National Country Coalition controlled the Senate, which possesses powers somewhere between those of the the British House of Lords and those of the US Senate. As the lesser chamber, the Australian Senate had never before voted against an Authorisation and Appropriations Bill—a Supply Bill—approved by an Australian House of Representatives. Malcolm Fraser, Leader of the Opposition, claiming these were extraordinary times, instructed his Senate majority to oppose the Supply Bill. It appeared that by November 27, 1975, the Government would run out of money.

As the supply crisis and the loans scandal fed each other, the representative of the British Crown, appointed by Whitlam himself in 1974, resorted to powers never before used in Commonwealth history. Governor-General John Kerr called Whitlam to his official residence and, without warning, dismissed the astonished Prime Minister

The British Government does have an Ambassador to Australia. Kerr's responsibility, however, was to represent a sovereign more than 12,500 miles away for general ceremonial purposes. The British Foreign Office was not given advance notice, nor was the Queen. She was told in a midnight phone call after Kerr had finished appointing Fraser caretaker. The House passed a resolution of no-confidence in the new Coalition Government headed by Fraser and National Country Party Leader Douglas Anthony, whereupon Kerr promptly dissolved the House of Representatives and the Senate.

The immediate reaction in Australia was a numbed disbelief. There were real feats of violence. But Labour leaders and Whitlam appealed for calm. The *London Times* Correspondent noted that the country was "surprisingly quiet" as Australians prepared to vote in mid December 1975. Whitlam's party faced its 2nd election in 3 years in the worst economic and social climate of the post-war era.

Revealing Background

At this point, Kerr's background encourages those predisposed to conspiracy theories to find an explanation for Whitlam's dismissal in Kerr's intelligence associations. Now Kerr is an Australian-born lawyer. During World War II, he was sent to London on intelligence missions He had contact there and in Washington with the Office of Strategic Services, precursor of the CIA. He was a founder of an Asia Foundation branch, Law Asia; the Asia Foundation has been a CIA conduit. Law Asia had received Agency funding for its first year of life in 1967 Kerr was also active in the Congress for Cultural Freedom, another CIA-funded enterprise.

Only a day before his dismissal of Whitlam, Kerr had received a briefing from the Permanent Secretary of the Australian Department of Defence. The subject of the briefing was American discontent with Whitlam, growing out of parliamentary disclosures of CIA agents' names and covers in Australia. Australia's Senior Permanent Defence official was alrmed because the CIA had just given an ultimatum to its counterpart, ASIO, to keep Whitlam in line or break inter-agency cooperation.

The only organisation to receive a substantial increase in funding in Fraser's first budget was ASIO. The only person to receive a salary increase was Kerr—an amazing 171 per cent. Thus it was not surprising that the suspicion of an ASIO-CIA link to the Kerr coup was becoming a conviction among many responsible Australians.

To Be Concluded

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In The States

The Witch-Hunt Begins

by G.S. Chawla

NEW DELHI: Following the Congress(I) debacle in Andhra and Karnataka the inevitable witch-hunt has begun. Scapegoats will be found in due course.

Who are the guilty men in the corridors of power advising the Prime Minister? The senior leaders of the party are worried and disgusted over the way things are happening.

It seems the Intelligence Bureau had warned Mrs Gandhi of the impending debacle in Andhra though even the Bureau had not expected the disaster that came. The rating was around 110 seats for the Congress(I) in the 294 house. The party got only 40. But in Karnataka even the IB went wrong for it had predicted a clear majority for Mrs Gandhi's party. Following the warning, Mrs Gandhi did her best to retrieve the situation but evidently it was too late.

There is no formal attempt yet for the post-mortem of the Congress(I) debacle in Andhra and Karnataka. In the first meeting of the party's Parliamentary Board on January 11, there was no mention of the debacle at all. Perhaps this was left for some other date.

It was in Haryana and Himachal Pradesh in May last year when the same people around Mrs Gandhi had bungled. In both the States the party was defeated though the Governments were formed with the help of defectors and independents. As a result of this bungling, Himachal, traditionally a Congress(I) State has become a stronghold of the BJP which has now a strong base in the State as an alternative to the Congress(I).

In Haryana, Bhajan Lal had earned notoriety for manipulations and money power. The Ministry is there but the Congress(I) is being liquidated.

A man like Bhajan Lal, having no value for political morality is the least worried man because he can always switch his loyalties to the powers that be.

After the elections in Haryana and Himachal, the general reaction among the partymen was that the political aides of Mrs Gandhi, Makhan Lal Fotedar and Arun Nehru, who neither knew the people of the two States nor the party workers, had selected those candidates who could not have won the elections. Both of them had played into the hands of Bhajan Lal and Ram Lal, Chief Ministers of the two States.

But even then no amends were made. The same persons were at the helm of affairs for selection of candidates in Andhra and Karnataka. Senior party leaders who have been campaigning in the two States say that again the choice of party candidates was not based on any principle but on personal whims. They point out that in Karnataka the persons dropped from certain positions on account of some charges, were again selected as party candidates.

For instance they give the example of Ibrahim, a former minister in the Gundu Rao Cabinet who was dropped from the Ministry because there were charges against him. He was held guilty in a CBI enquiry of having given flour mill licences to the wrong persons. But he was again selected by the party to contest. The leaders were not able to explain this away to the public. Another person who was running the show in Karnataka was F.M. Khan, MP.

Similarly, in Andhra, the selection of candidates was not proper.

According to senior party leaders, one of Mrs Gandhi's aides had boasted before the polling that they had selected the candidates on some set principles. They had asked for separate lists of candidates from the Pradesh Congress Committees and the Chief Ministers. Then two independent groups of MPs were sent to the two States to report on each constituency. This was followed by a comprehensive report from the Intelligence Bureau. Those candidates whose names figured in all the five lists were selected.

There is no serious consultation with the senior party leaders. Men like Kamlapati Tripathi and Mir Qasim sit at Parliamentary Board meetings almost as spectators. They appear disinterested as they are not properly consulted.

Mrs Gandhi is caught in a strange situation. She is not prepared to trust the old-guard. The people around her have no political maturity though they see to it that everybody including senior Ministers dance to their tunes and pay them homage. Rajiv Gandhi had told Zail Singh early last year that their main problem was that they could not take the risk of trusting the veterans who had once let them down but among the youth they had no experienced hands.

Delhi may repeat the Karnataka performance. Assam may not be any different. Elections in Jammu and Kashmir are expected to be held in April or May. Yet the party has not finalised any strategy. Rajiv Gandhi's personal relations with the Kashmir Chief Minister, Dr Farooq Abdullah, are good but the Congress(I) in the State is hostile to him. How they will reconcile to it is not yet decided.

During the Emergency, the then Congress President D.K. Barua had given the slogan *Indira Is India And India is Indira.* At that time some partymen believed the was an opportunist. A senior party leader now feels that this is the right time for the slogan. "Mrs Gandhi is still the leader of the country and there is nobody to replace her. If she destroys herself, she destroys the country. And she has already started the process," he said.

THE NEW HEROES. Crowds felicitating B.A. Jivijaya in Bangalore after he defeated former Chief Minister Gundu Rao.

—Mushtaq Ahmed

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. After hectic parleys the new Chief Minister relaxes at tea with his wife and mother. The Congress(I) slipped up very badly in the selection of its candidates

—Mushtaq Ahmed

Under the circumstances, the leaders of the Opposition parties and also senior Congress(I) leaders are all in the guessing game. With States gradually slipping from Congress(I) rule, what will be Mrs Gandhi's next step? Will she go for the Presidential system: in that case she will have to fight the elections alone and not for over 500 others as well.

The opinion in the Capital is that soon after the elections in Delhi and Assam, she will take some drastic measures, political, economic and administrative. Many heads may roll in the administration.

Another question being asked in political circles is whether the party will stand by her if she decides to go in for the presidential system. There are several legislators sitting on the fence right now who may not support her in this. She needs a minimum two-thirds majority in both the Houses of Parliament. If not the presidential system, what else? The answer can only be a matter of guess.

There is almost a panic in administration circles as senior officers hesitate to take any decision. They look towards their Ministers for orders who in turn depend upon their leader for the final word. Nobody is prepared to take a decision lest it is not liked by those at the helm of affairs.

IDEAL AND IDYLLIC. Himachal Pradesh has progressed from a backward State to one with a most advanced system for promoting modern tourism in the country.

A Model Of Tourism

SIMLA: Within a decade, Himachal Pradesh has not only become a model State for the promotion of modern tourism in the country but it has also started offering a consultancy service on the promotion and development of modern tourism to other States in the country.

Gone are the days when Himachal Pradesh was the most backward land full of snows, no road and rail communication and inhabited only by simple, god-fearing and ignorant hill-folk, craving even for schools and dispensaries. In the past two decades, however, the State—still without much road or rail communication—has built over two dozen tourist complexes, ranging from way-side cafes, restaurants and hotels to log-huts, barbecues and hot-water springs.

Today, all eyes are focussed on Himachal Pradesh—to gain from it experience and know-how in the promotion of modern tourism. Even a State like Jammu and Kashmir, where the tourist trade is about a century old, has approached the Himachal Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation for advice on the development of more broadbased domestic tourism, the provision of more modern amenities to home and foreign tourists and the enlargement of the scope of publicity within and outside the country.

Says Mr. V.K. Ahluwalia, Managing Director of the Tourism Development Corporation, "We are not in tourism to earn money. We are there to play a promotional part in developing an activity that is an important aspect for many States. We have a social obligation to meet and to justify our existence as a public sector undertaking."

According to him, the efforts to promote tourism have been basically to provide way-side and holiday facilities where they did not exist before. "Our strategy has been to create on all highways leading to the interior of the State, complexes which provide basic comforts and make it worthwhile for a traveller or a tourist to halt. In fact, some of our tourist complexes are within easy driving distance from Chandigarh, Punjab and Haryana and are very attractive for week-end outings or even casual evening drives," he adds.

Tourism in Himachal Pradesh had a very humble beginning in the mid-fifties when a Department of Tourism was set up for the purpose. The scope for development and promotion of tourism acquired bigger dimensions when all the hilly areas of Punjab were merged into Himachal Pradesh under the Punjab Reorganisation Act, 1966. The State Tourism Development Corporation was constituted in 1972 with the objective of giving a fillip to the development of tourism on modern lines and also to plan activities connected with the promotion of tourism on sound economical and commercial lines.

In fact, an antiquated form of tourism was in existence in the Simla Hills States about 150 years ago, with the Britishers coming over to this region for rest and recreation and to escape the heat and dust of the plains in summer. The construction of the Hindustan-Tibet road and the narrow-gauge railway line from Kalka to Simla in 1903 made Simla more accessible to the outside world.

In 1983, Simla had reached its full glory as one of the capitals of the world. But because of its strategic importance as the summer capital of the British Indian Government and the seat of the General Army Headquarters, the British Government did not encourage tourism in this region. However, towns like Dalhousie, Kasauli and Dharmsala were planned and developed as health resorts and places of rest and recreation for the British troops in summer.

With the passage of time and the opening up of the interior with the help of modern transport facilities, a new era was ushered in for the development of tourism in places like Kulu, Manali, Palampur, Khajiar, Dharmsala, Chail and Simla. In the past two years, the State Tourism Development Corporation has made serious efforts to give a new direction to the development and promotion of tourism and to adopt a new policy for its promotion, keeping in view the immediate and future needs of various classes of tourists.

Accordingly, haphazard growth was curbed and steps were taken to utilise and strengthen the existing facilities. Measures were also taken to fill in the gap between the peak and lean tourist seasons. Besides modernising the existing accommodation facilities to cater to present-day sophisticated tourists, the Corporation has constructed most modern hotels and restaurants in Simla, Chail, Kulu, Manali, Palampur, Jwalamukhi, Parwanu and Dharmsala to cater to the taste of all classes of home and foreign tourists. All self-contained tourist huts in Manali and honeymoon suites in Chail, once the Princely preserve of the erstwhile Patiala rulers, are booked throughout the season by those who can afford to pay Rs. 200-500 a day.

However, although the Corporation claims that its tourist complexes cater to all budgets, there is a general complaint from the more frequent visitors that the boarding and lodging rates in various complexes of the Corporation are too high to suit the average man's pocket. Tourists from the lower income brackets feel that they are being fleeced. Judged from the average Indian standards, a fully furnished room at Rs. 100 to 150 per day is certainly expensive. To counter such complaints the Corporation is now going in for cheaper accommodation like cottages, huts, youth hostels, dormitories and even tents.

The Corporation has also diversified into activities like arranging seasonal trekking programmes for the youth, developing ski resorts in the State and modernising the existing ice-skating rink in Simla. (This is the only rink of its kind in Asia). Last year, nearly 1,200 young men and women from different parts of the country participated in various trekking programmes organised by the Corporation. The Corporation has purchased a few boats to develop and encourage water sports in the Gobind Sagar lake and other such lakes in the State. Similarly, it is making all out efforts to develop winter sports with a view to diversifying tourist activities.

The Corporation organises a ten-day ski course at Narkanda near Simla in winter in collaboration with the Indian Institute of Skiing and Mountaineering, Gulmarg. It is also training students from Garhwal University in various aspects of modern tourism and awarding them diplomas in the subject.

A Special Correspondent

Where Have The Fish Gone?

GARHWAL: Man-made changes have brought about a great alteration in the ecology of Himalayan streams and rivers. Deforestation and the construction of dams etc. have gradually annihilated the fish in the region. For example, the Bhagirathi blockade caused by the fall of a huge hillock into the river at Damgla near Gangnani, 45 kms up-stream from Uttarkashi, in August 1978 formed a big artificial lake, one and half kilometres in length and 30 to 35 metres deep. As a result of this, there was no water flow for almost 14 hours between the Kanodiagad stream and Deoprayag, causing the mass annihilation of fish and other aquatic fauna and flora. The hydrobiological changes brought about by the blockade adversely affected both the migratory and non-migratory species of fish.

When the blockade was removed, there was a sudden and abrupt flow of a tremendous quantity of water which increased the mud in the river bed and further destroyed the breeding grounds of the fish. The silting also resulted in the suffocation of the fish. A considerable reduction in the fish population has been recorded thereafter.

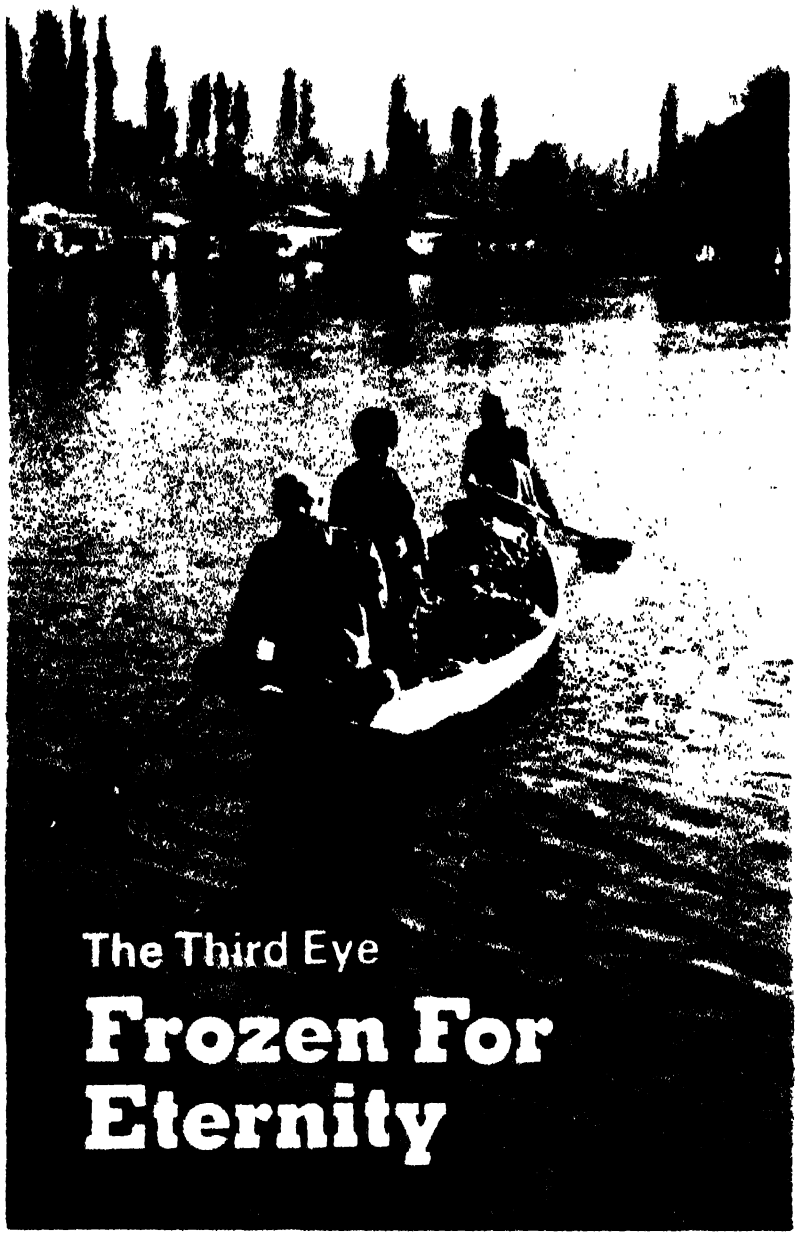
Similarly, the June 1970 floods in River Alaknanda brought about the massive destruction of different species of fish in the Garhwal region. This area is witnessing a large number of development projects connected with roads, dams and bridges. This is likely to alter the aquatic habitat and thereby tend to induce a change in the aquatic fauna and flora of the streams.

Such construction works cause changes in vegetation leading to the disruption of the life systems supported by it. In nature there is interdependence and interaction among living creatures. In each environment, the plant and animal species which constitute its biotic community and the non-living (abiotic) components of the environment are linked with one another in such a manner that they constitute a unified life support system. Damage and disruption at one or more points in this network of aquatic life weakens the whole structure. Such dangerous discontinuities cause the malfunctioning of the entire system.

Apart from this, illegal methods of fishing prevalent in this area are also playing havoc with the fish population. These include blasting with dynamite, chlorination with bleaching powder, *phandi* fishing (long line method) and "V" shaped *gadas* (a local fish collection device). A large number of mature males and females are captured before spawning by these illegal methods. This causes a great harm to fish progeny. The killing of one adult female would mean the destruction of hundreds and thousands of eggs.

M.P. Baloni

SAD DESTRUCTION. Man-made changes have wrought havoc with the population of fish in Himalayan streams and rivers.


The Third Eye
Frozen For
Eternity

Photographs and Text

by H. Narayanan

FOR me, as a layman behind the lens, photography is a kind of urge to convert transience into permanence, a desire to capture fleeting moods for eternity. This is why I aim my camera at anything which holds or arrests me, be it chirping birds, mocking clouds, giggling girls, surf-drenched coasts or snow-capped mountains.

I made my first foray into photography with a sophisticated Voiglander during my college days. Then, for almost a decade and a half, my camera merely gathered dust in a cupboard. I returned to the hobby with renewed vigour when I became a father and wanted to freeze the pranks, smiles, tears and tantrums of my daughters with the help of pictures. I have had several of my photographs published in Tamil, Malayalam, Kannada and English periodicals. I am now preparing an illustrated book on India—with my photographs, of course! ■

Letter From Calcutta

— Mona Chowdhury

MR JYOTI BASU was rumoured to have been ill recently

DARJEELING—the paradise open only for the jetsetters.

HAWKERS at Calcutta add colour and life to the cold winter days.

Free For All

Fourteen candles were lit on Christmas Day to mark the birthday of *Mukta Mela*, a weekly fiesta of poetry song and dance that is held every week among the cluster of six deodars and two mahogany trees opposite the Victoria Memorial. An amusing one-act play, One Day With Ali Baba, was enacted, there were some pleasant songs and recitation by the poets themselves, verses romantic, bitter and cynical. It was a modest, mildly enjoyable exercise watched by the idly curious rather than the wildly enthusiastic, a lilting diversion in the hectic life of a crowded city.

And yet, *Mukta Mela* promised to be so much more when men and women of real talent first assembled 14 years ago to give expression to their talents without the restrictions of a formal framework. It was then truly a mela in the traditional sense but a mela of culture not commodities, and also mukta, or free of restraint. But politics moved in, writers and musicians squabbled among themselves, there were struggles for control and the police had to intervene. Eventually only one man—poet and playwright—was left with his private group, and even his supremacy may soon be challenged since someone this year demanded accounts of the paltry sum collected through a raffle.

So peters out all commendable enterprise in Calcutta. The magazine *Mukta Mela*, sold for a rupee, recalls the sad decline by reminding listeners of the time when the mela sustained four printed and seven hand-written journals, one of which sold neatly a thousand regular copies, when *Mukta Mela* scooped the Calcutta Press with the news of Zakir Hussain's death. As quality has fallen, enthusiasm waned and crowds dwindled, Mukta Mela has also slowly acquired the organisational structure whose absence was once its chief boast. There are picnics now, poetry awards too, and pride in messages of goodwill from distant lands. At this rate, a shadow of the old and vital *Mukta Mela* might even apply for recognition by one of the national akademis.

Heart Of The Matter

Illness in high places always provokes intense speculation, more so because—as in the case of Nehru's stroke in Bhubaneswar—it is treated with the utmost secrecy. So, when the news filtered out of Mr Jyoti Basu's ailment, people suspected the worst and there were morbid rumours of a massive heart attack. Nor was gossip diminished by mysterious reports regarding the Chief Minister's abode: he had, apparently, left his paternal house in Ballygunge for his son's flat in Park Street. The State Government was said to be searching for a new residence, preferably near Writers' Buildings and with a lift, later, Mr Basu was planning to move into a flat in the Raj Bhavan estate where other Chief Ministers—notably Mr P C Sen—have also lived.

All this suggested some degree of physical incapacitation. The disablement of the important is always a matter of prurient curiosity. But in this case, there is also serious political concern. With Promode Dasgupta gone, Mr Basu is the only man left to restrain the CPI (M), hold together the Left Front, and continue a working relationship with New Delhi.

Realising the nature of public interest in his well-being, the Chief Minister wisely ordered daily medical bulletins: the first to be issued, about two weeks after the stories first began to circulate, claimed that though Mr Basu "had an attack of vertigo and hypertension" he was improving and there was "no cause for anxiety about his health at present". Amen to that. It might mean the saving of the Left Front.

Restricted Entry

Few enough foreign tourists come to Calcutta and the eastern region for the authorities to take care not to drive them away. This seemed likely in early December when Indian Airlines suddenly announced that it had been instructed not to take foreigners to Bagdogra—the terminal for Darjeeling, Kalimpong, Gangtok and Bhutan—unless they were already armed with inner line permits. It turns out now that it was all a mistake: foreign tourists will be able to fly as before to Bagdogra and obtain a week's permit for Darjeeling on the spot.

They will not be subjected to the harassment and humiliation of having to apply to the police in advance. But this indignity is still obligatory for less affluent foreigners who cannot afford the air fare and travel by bus or train, a crudely snobbish discrimination that seems outrageous by any standard. Indeed, the entire question of permits needs to be examined. They were imposed under the Eastern Bengal Frontier Regulations of 1883 which cannot possibly be relevant a century later.

Shopping Spree

There was a time when Calcutta had any number of richly stocked, stately department stores (Harrison & Hathaways, Whiteaway Laidlaw, the Army & Navy Stores and Hall and Anderson) but now we have only an abundance of pavement vendors. Many have acquired a permanent pitch, some shift from one roadside to another, others—like the Bhutiyas who sell heavy and colourful woollens are seasonal. Incidentally, it is wrong to imaine that the Bhutiya hawker brings you a genuine hand-knitted pullover made of pure yak's wool: he is only a salesman employed by factories in Jullundur and Ludhiana, but this is not the only deception practised by the roadside.

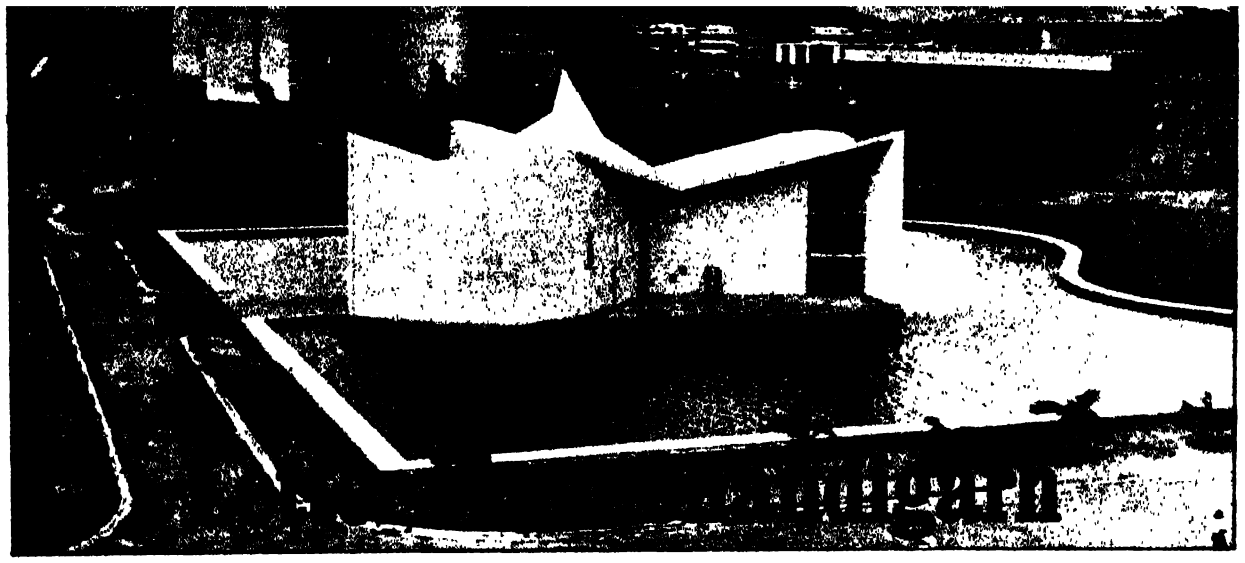
More serious is the periodic farce of driving hawkers away. No one really wants them to go. Not the public which patronises these interant sellers, nor policemen who extract protection money from them, and certainly not politicians who enjoy the support of hawkers' lobbies. For instance, the Public Works Minister, Mr Jatin Chakravarty of the Revolutionary Socialist Party, takes action only against Esplanade vendors who back the Forward Block, while the Congress (I)'s Mr Subrata Mukherjee jubilantly celebrated the victory when the courts confirmed Gariahat hawkers in possession of land they had forcibly occupied.

Noblesse Oblige

From Writers' Buildings comes two curious reports touching on the Bengali's sense of dignity. First, senior IAS officials of the rank of secretary feel that the conventional knee-hole desk (with a rectangular surface and drawers down both sides) are unfashionable and will now be provided with smart horseshoe writing tables and foam-cushioned chairs. Secondly, and not to be outdone, peons have decided that khaki offends their prestige which demands navy blue trousers and pale blue shirts.

The reasons for these innovations are not far to seek. West Bengal civil servants want their offices to look as much as possible like a commercial executive's suite, which is the status hankered after by men who bring very little dedication and no sense of identification with the people they are supposed to serve. As for peons, khaki is an uncomfortable reminder of the menial duties they disdain to perform though paid for them. Presumably they expect shades of blue, not associated with any known uniform, to free them from even nominal obligation. It should surprise no one if Left Front ministers now announce that the Gandhi cap is obligatory for office. ■

Sumita Sandilya



by Darshan Singh Maini

WHATEVER the fate of Chandigarh which continues to dominate the mind and the imagination of the people in these parts, one thing is clear enough. It's going to develop into a kind of *cultural capital* this side of Delhi. Perhaps its proximity to that metropolis makes it a natural choice for certain *repeats* and *overflows*. Add to it the Punjabi *bonhomie* and a natural hospitality, and the city's own overtures to the imagination, and you get some idea of the *Importance of Being Chandigarh*. And particularly in these winter months when the air has a bracing bite, and a fetching freshness, and the sun is a warm and winsome presence, the city cannot but attract conferences, seminars, art exhibitions, theatre and dance troupes of all manner and description. Surely, the cultural ecology of Chandigarh is beginning to take form and style.

The city, after all, has more retired officers, more serving clerks and bureaucrats, more stray artists and intellectuals, more foreign students, more cars and scooters and motorbikes, and more politicians and pedigree dogs per square metre than any other State capital or city in India. And now comes the disquieting news that it leads the rest of the country in the number of *depressives* (29 per cent of the total population) also. Considering the quality of life here, this is indeed a very odd inference. But, then, there are, as the Freudians would say, "more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy".

Verbal Gymnastics And Cunning Politicking

Undoubtedly, the most important thing to have happened here lately was the two-day, national-level seminar on "Press, Society and Government" organised by the Servants of India Society at the Lajpat Rai Hall through the initiative and effort of Mr Krishan Kant. The presence of some top-drawer editors and columnists, not to speak of legal luminaries and intellectuals of all shades and persuasions, made it a memorable experience. For something like 14 hours, there was impassioned discussion involving dozens of delegates and participants. If a great deal of fur was flying, there was also a feeling that issues of great import and consequence were on the anvil, and that the question of moral credentials would brook no prevarication. And the man who roused all this academic ire was, of course, the person who answers to the name of Jagannath Mishra. He is undoubtedly one of the many natural calamities which the unfortunate State of Bihar is prone to. That infamous piece of legislation called the Bihar Press Bill conceived in bad faith, and put to paper and seal in a spirit of wanton cynicism, helped galvanise the gathered fraternity to a rare degree of perception and protest. In short, Dr Mishra, it was felt, had unwittingly become an instrument of history which, as we know, has many a "cunning corridor" and many a "turn of the screw" to show! But perhaps, all such reflections are lost upon him and men of his kidney.

In his keynote address, Mr Chalapathi Rau delivered a few straight broadsides to highlight the poverty and misery of the ensconced authorities that failed with the temper of the times. At the same time, if a journalist was really obliged to tread on bureaucratic corns, or to put a politician in his place, he too, in his view, should realise the limits of his rhetoric and wrath. Though the voice faltered with age, one could see that "the lion in winter" had lost little of its roar.

Earlier, in his inaugural address, Mr Prem Bhatia, in a suave and urbane manner which still subsumed a hint of acerbity, remarked that the displeasure of the Government in power was a natural consequence of their profession, and that the journalists had better get used to it, for no rulers anywhere in the world were particularly fond of their tribe.

Other notable editors—Messrs George Verghese, S. Sahay, Nikhil Chakravarty, Kuldip Nayar, Rajendra Mathur, Jagjit Singh Anand, among others—too, in varying degrees and voices, felt deeply anguished over the assault on the press and suggested some remedial measures to keep it in health and spirit. It was a most impressive display of editorial solidarity.

Art For *Life's* Sake

What a relief it is, then, to turn from the murky politics of a Mishra to the lambent world of art! Chandigarh mounts so many exhibitions in its two art galleries—the Museum and the Punjab University Museum—that there is, indeed, a feeling of plenitude and pride. To begin with, the display of French lithographs—Picasso, Miro, Matisse, Braque and Chagall, among others—was both for the art student and the lay admirer a revealing experience. Why French art continues to be astonishingly fecund and innovative is not easy to tell. There's perhaps something in the Gallic sensibility which keeps it in a state of continual engagement with reality at the aesthetic level. However almost all the *avant-garde* movements which originate on the pavements of the Montmarte often lead to ersatz art and meretricious copies in other hands and in other climes.

This, to be sure, is not true of Prem Singh whose paintings have a remarkable air of fidelity to experience even when the form is largely expressionistic. It's clear he has gone to school with some great foreign 'masters' as though by an act of imaginative pupilage, though the two native influences—Amrita Shergill and Satish Gujral—could be seen in the obsessive motif of the hooded figures, and in the choice of dark and sombre and strong colours in such cases. His penchant for folk art is cunningly exploited within the context of the modernist techniques he has evolved to structure his vision of reality. Nearly all the 28 oils and the 6 pen-and-ink drawings have a distinctive personal code, signature and style. While the drawings reveal a crystalline purity of line and design, the oils show a whole world of Freudian urges struggling to be born. One of the more striking paintings is a scene perhaps of impending rape, and the unleashing of the horrendous hounds of desire. Incidentally, the next port of call for the Exhibition is Bombay.

Another great show on was the display of Dhanraj Bhagat's recent drawings. The renowned Indian sculptor, grown grey in the service of wood and metal and chisel, and disabled by a crippling pain in the arms that once created some of the most moving and authentic specimens of sculpture in India since the days of the ancient craftsmen is alas, now obliged to seek a collateral medium for the expression of his undiminished energy, vision and skill. There is a rich profusion of colour and ink drawings, and the Exhibition shows scores of these late blossoms selected from a mass of over 5000 since 1978. The main motifs—Krishna and his flute, the hooded serpent of terror and knowledge, the elephant and the horse in sport, the schools of birds in aspects of love, sleep and flight—are all worked out in bright blues and greens and reds etc, revealing the chromatic drift of his thought. Clearly, Dhanraj's hand has not lost its cunning, nor his eye the beauty and mystery of the human and animal form. The agony and the art abide.

"Photo-82"—an All-India Exhibition of creative photography—provides another perspective, though not another impulse. How the camera can in imaginative hands turn into an instrument of vision may best be seen in the handiwork of Karam Singh and Yog Joy and others who create uncommon effects through a simple flick or flash. Ordinary occurrences and common men and women suddenly assume a hum of meanings, thanks to the use of such devices as close-up, distancing, *chiaroscuro* and montage etc.

Bridge Over Troubled Waters

If the art galleries are still the concern of the elite and the *cognoscenti*, poetic symposia are at least within the ken and reach of the common man. The appeal is irresistible if the language happens to be Urdu, for it still evokes great nostalgia. In any case, an Urdu symposium has its own unique *elan* and atmosphere, its own culture and codes. Thus, the *Indo-Pak Mushaira* at the Tagore Theatre where a full house sat through for full 6 hours and more, one memorable evening, only proved that there was nothing like the muses to build bridges of amity and understanding. The *ghazal qua ghazal* is supremely suited to the endless blandishments of love, and lends itself to endless variations. Its dialectical nature permits the poet to sift emotions through the sieve of thought. As for the *compere*, Kanwar Mohinder Singh Bedi, he was all wit and urbanity and gay repartee, authenticating that *joie de vivre* which characterises Punjabi life on both sides of the border. The visiting Pakistani poets—Rais Amrohi, Bazam Ansari and Akhtar Feroze—were, in any case, expected to bring the house down, but what left me fairly wondering and, of course, pleased was the matching performance of our local and native poets such as Khumar Brabanki, Tasnim Sadiqui, Jamila Bano, Zakir, Hunar and Shakir, among others. Surely, such a thing bespeaks a true consanguinity of minds and imaginations, and augurs well for the future.

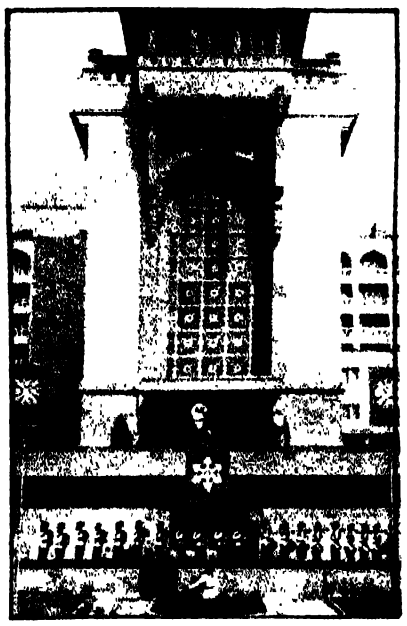
P.S.

By way of a postscript I may add that the holding of the 58th session of the All-India Medical Conference in late December at the prestigious PGI helped highlight the general lack of Government interest in a really meaningful health policy, programme and projections. In his forthright presidential address, Dr M.G. Garg of New Delhi called for a purposive and visionary approach which without being pragmatic was, at the same time, humane and compassionate. He demanded, among other things, the abolition of state duties on medicines. "Taxing drugs," he said, feelingly "is taxing sick people." In his inaugural address, Sardar Darbara Singh, Chief Minister, Punjab, emphasised the importance of controlling India's burgeoning population, and of checking effectively the menace of drug addiction and drug abuse. As a gesture of goodwill, he donated a sum of Rs 25,000 to the I.M.A. to assuage the ruffled medical minds. ■

PAINTING by Prem Singh

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents



HOTEL ASHOK in New Delhi

ANY lingering doubts about our socialist god having stumbled should be dispelled by the vulgar disparity witnessed on the New Year's eve of 1983. While the poor majority shivered as usual in the icy cold, the rich minority made a bee-line for five-star establishments to partake of pricy extravaganzas whose cost in some places touched Rs 1,500 a couple!

The statistics behind the iniquitous scenes are equally searing. Data released by the Central Statistical Organisation shows that the top 5 per cent households possess 33 per cent of the nation's wealth, nearly half of it being held by the top one per cent. On the other hand, the share of the bottom 5 per cent of the households is only 0.01 per cent. This works out to a ratio of 1:3,300 between the lowest and highest 5 per cent groups and approximately 1:20,000 between the bottom and top one per cent groups. Further, the consumption share of the top 10 per cent of the population rose from 20 per cent in 1950 to 60 per cent in 1980.

In the vanguard of our quest for a socialistic pattern of society are, of course, our ministers who enjoy perquisites that would be the envy of a medieval potentate. Compare this with the values in Scandinavian countries which enjoy the highest standard of living in the world but whose ministers live in two-room apartments.

Growing American Interest

Some initiatives are visible in the wake of Mrs Gandhi's invitation to American businessmen to come to India. Following the recent visit of American industrialists to this country under the auspices of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, a semi-government US agency, the US Department of Commerce is organising a one-month-long programme of seminars in 13 American cities from February 23 to educate businessmen on investment opportunities in India.

Mr H.R. Lucius, Commercial Counsellor in the American Embassy, explains that the seminars will be addressed by American and Indian businessmen engaged in Indo-US ventures. Indian businessmen visiting the U.S. at the time of the seminars and wishing to participate may contact him. "The seminars will focus attention on medium-scale entrepreneurs."

Asked how he squares such efforts with this country's persistence in restrictive policies on foreign investment, Mr Lucius asserts: "The change in attitude makes a difference. Now a proposal can be cleared in 90 days. Moreover, the Indian Government's more relaxed attitude towards the private sector as a whole helps the foreigner, too." To buttress his point about the growing American interest in India, he discloses that in January-September 1982 the US accounted for 118 of the 435 collaboration proposals approved by the Government, topping the list.

MR H.R. LUCIUS, Commercial Counsellor in the US Embassy.

American investment in India began to decline following the nationalisation of oil companies and the departure of Coca Cola, IBM and Remington Rand. Recently, however, there has been a pick-up and now the American investment stands at around $400 million.

Feeble Response Of Non-Resident Indians

The flow of funds from non-resident Indians has been below expectations. One reason is the grudging, piecemeal manner in which the incentives have been announced, not to speak of their limited attractiveness. For example, although the interest offered to non-resident Indians on their bank deposits is 2 per cent higher than the normal rate, it is still lower than the interest available abroad. It needs to be realised that most non-resident Indians, being either professionals or skilled or semi-skilled workers, lack a business orientation and, therefore, have a natural predilection for earning interest on bank deposits.

Another reason for the inadequate response hitherto was the unavailability of the complicated rules and regulations in an encapsulated form. This lacuna has now been filled by the Industrial Credit and Investment Corporation. It has brought out a booklet entitled "A World of Investment Opportunities at Home". It systematically explains the rules pertaining to bank accounts and investment facilities. The section on bank deposits is divided into three parts: non-resident (external) rupee accounts, foreign currency (non-resident) accounts, ordinary non-resident accounts. The section on investment facilities has eight parts: investment in government securities, investment in companies with right of repatriation, investment without repatriation benefits, portfolio investment in shares, investment by overseas companies and other corporate bodies, investment in free trade zones, special facilities for setting up industrial units, investment in electronics industry.

The booklet, which also lists addresses of 67 banks authorised to receive foreign exchange, should be widely circulated abroad.

Kothari For Power

Mr D. Kothari feels that he has a moral right to expect due attention for his views on power generation. He is the Chairman of a major company, Kothari (Madras) Limited but, that apart, Tamil Nadu's industry has been in the grip of an unprecedented power crisis.

Addressing the annual general meeting of the company recently, Mr Kothari strongly supported the long-standing demand for power generation in the joint sector. While capacity utilisation in the private power plants was 78 per cent in 1981-82, in the state-owned units it was a measly 47 per cent. Some time ago the Government considered the proposal for setting up units in the joint sector, but nothing came of it because of disagreement over the distributional aspect. The Government insisted on retaining full control on distribution.

MR D.C. KOTHARI, Chairman, Kothari (Madras) Limited.

Kothari (Madras) Ltd has done well in the year ended June 30, 1982. This is due to three factors: alleviation of power shortage through captive generation, efficiency, and high profit margins (as in the case of most sectors of industry). The company's fertiliser division registered a 30 per cent increase in production and its chemical unit achieved 90 per cent capacity utilisation. The dividend declared was 22 per cent and the profit after tax Rs 338 lakhs.

Singhania's Proposal

"We have a proposal for an Asian Pacific Economic Community," says Mr Hari Shankar Singhania, newly-elected Vice-President of the Taipeh-based Confederation of Asian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

The idea is unexceptionable. But is it practicable? Apart from the problem of reconciling conflicting interests of disparate countries, there is already the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN). The parallelism is evident from the fact that only three members of ASEAN—Hong Kong, Indonesia and the Philippines—are members of CACCI, whose other seven members are Japan, India, Australia, New Zealand, Taiwan, South Korea and Sri Lanka. Further,

MR HARI SHANKAR SINGHANIA, the newly-elected Vice-President of the Taipeh-based Confederation of Asian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

CACCI lacks governmental mandate, which means that the proposal will require endorsement but by the respective governments.

In addition to apex business organisations, individual companies are also members of CACCI, an organisation that is 15 years old but has remained underpublicised. Of the 100 odd companies which are its members, 30 are Indian. Apart from the usual promotional functions performed by organisations of this type, CACCI, according to Mr Singhania, is engaged in efforts to improve agricultural productivity in the member-countries. This is interesting, coming as it does from the chief of an organisation of businessmen. ■

THE WORLD AROUND US

***SIAMESE TWINS?** Yes. Lockheed experts are exploring this design concept of two Jumbo Jets sharing one giant wing and six power plants.*

***ON WITH THE SHOW.** Union Information and Broadcasting Minister N.K.P. Salve lights the lamp to inaugurate the Ninth Film Festival at New Delhi's Asiad Centre Auditorium.*

***A LADY IN DISTRESS?** On the contrary, Domino, played by Kim Bassinger, is on her way to safety with rescuer James Bond. Sean Connery returns to the screen as Bond in "Never Say Never Again".*

***WE ARE NOT AMUSED.** Six-month-old Prince William of Wales with his proud parents at a special photo session at Kensington Palace, London*

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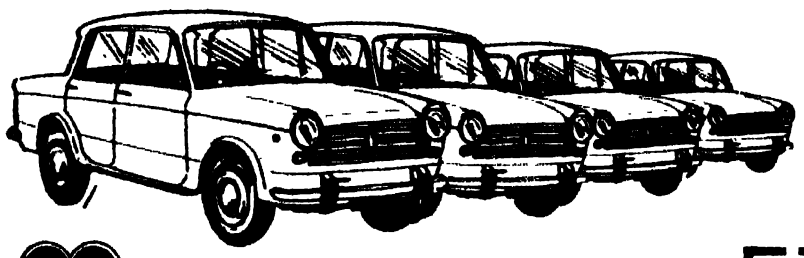
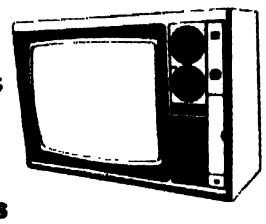


20 third prizes

Colour TV sets OR Nescheques worth Rs. 7,500 each.



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6. The decision of the judges will be final and binding. No further correspondence shall be entertained.

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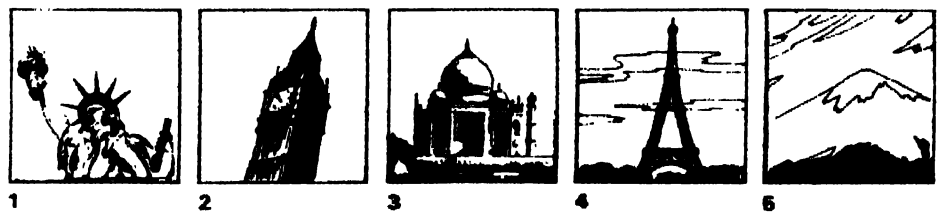

1 Statue of Liberty | 2 Big Ben Tower | 3 Taj Mahal | 4 Eiffel Tower | 5 Mount Fujiyama

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Warli Painting

Folk Art Of Maharashtra

by Chakresh Jain

—Mahesh Painter

NATIONAL AWARD WINNER Jivya Soma Mahse, who belongs to Maharashtra's aboriginal Warli tribe, demonstrated his art at the Festival of India Below: *Laxmi, who paints chowks during marriages.*

CLAD in a white loincloth and seated on the bare mud floor of his hut, his dark, lean body bent over an exquisite painting, he is busy giving it finishing touches. He is not a protege of any art school or of any school for that matter. He is an unlettered artist belonging to the aboriginal Warli tribe of Maharashtra. He is Jivya Soma Mahse, 47, of Ganjad village in Dahanu, about 125 kms from Bombay.

Looking at him one would never imagine that he has two exhibitions to his credit held in Bombay and Delhi, that he received the National Award for which he went to Delhi or that he visited Belgium with his paintings or that he demonstrated his art at the Festival of India in London. Despite all the limelight, his lifestyle has remained unaffected, unaltered.

I sit beside him in his simple mud-plastered "studio". On a pillar hangs a picture of Jivya with Indira Gandhi, surrounded by Certificates of Merit presented to him by various organisations.

How did he start painting, I query in Marathi.

Introvert, quiet, he merely looks up from his work, his face wreathed in smiles.

Doodling In The Mud

Sadashiva, his son who is his manager, informs me that when his father was barely four, he began doodling in the mud. He was a lonely child abandoned by his parents. He loved to draw and whiled away his time forming patterns in the mud.

Traditionally, Warli paintings are executed on walls of huts mainly by women as a wedding ritual when the chowks are painted with rice flour at the time of the Dev ceremony to invoke the gods.

Jivya watched these women paint, practised the art and gained proficiency over the years. He has been painting for over 12 years now.

"Sometimes the women drew just a few lines on the chowk and I completed the rest," he grins.

How was Jivya's talent discovered?

Reluctant Guests

In 1974 the Handlooms and Handicrafts Corporation invited four Warli women to Delhi for a demonstration of their art. Never having seen or travelled in a bus or train, they were reluctant to accept the invitation. Jivya was asked to escort them. They felt like fish out of water, homesick in an alien surrounding. Jivya would console them and also helped them paint the chowks.

Sadashiva reveals that the chowks painted by Jivya were far superior to those done by the women. The Corporation suggested that the Warli women should paint on paper so that their art could be sold. This was sacrilegious! But Jivya was quick to take up the idea and began painting on large sheets of brown paper. A non-conformist, he ventured to step into a field which had hitherto been a woman's domain.

Jivya is now a master of his art. His uninhibited desire to express his aesthetic urge has enriched the repertoire of Warli patterns. His works depict the lifestyle of his tribe—hunting scenes, harvesting, winnowing, singing and dancing which form an important part of a Warli villager's day, are his favourite themes. His canvases represent all the multifarious activities of a rural life. Sometimes a car, a truck or a train are included, but this is rare.

Each detail is painstakingly executed; the fine lines are meticulously drawn. Though simple in conception with flat, single-dimension perception, they manifest movement. Swirling, whirling.

Jivya uses white poster paint and bamboo twigs. The white patterns stand out against the mud-like brown paper background. He is an artist with roots in tradition with highly individual forms of expression. His paintings have won rave notices in the prestigious biennale Menton of France and have been acquired by private collectors. Each little creature he paints illustrates an anecdote or some Warli ritual.

The photo session over, he fetches a bamboo basket with dried *apta* leaves and tobacco and rolls his bidis while chatting with me. He is more at ease now.

"I paint from morning till evening. At present I am teaching this art to three Warli boys, including my son Balu. At times I work in the fields as a break from painting." Jivya owns a plot of land which is tilled by his wife and sons.

How was his trip to Belgium, I am curious to know.

"I enjoyed it immensely. *Bara watla* (I felt good)," he says gleefully. Pointing to a picture-postcard displayed in his hut he tells me, "Look at this picture of the hotel where I stayed." ■

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The Weekly Pick

Kanthapura, Raja Rao, Orient Paperback, Rs 14

Kanthapura is the name of a village in the interior of South India. The novel is about the Independence movement's effect on this sleepy village amidst dusty cart roads and elephant-haunted valleys. It is really a story of Moorti, his idealism and fervour, seen through the eyes of an old lady — who acts as a sort of chorus, commenting on the complex, vibrant and variegated texture of life. There is a remarkable blending together, of *time-past* and *time-present* with a slicing and clean style that gives the book a certain classical clarity of epic proportions.

Heir Apparent, Karan Singh, Oxford University Press, Rs 80

He calls it an autobiography. It spans 22 years of his youth—and forms some sort of a "recollections of early childhood". The photographs used are charming and the chapter on the Americans has the tell-tale marks of a sincere and open-hearted young boy. It is apparent that the author was indeed an observant and sharp-eyed politician in the making, even in those days! The last two chapters are very well knit. Jawaharlal Nehru—his *political guru* is drawn by a true *shishya*.

So Many Hungers, Bhabani Bhattacharya, Vision Books, Rs 25

Steel Hawk and Other Stories was a pleasure to read. And if you are particularly keen on realism as a backdrop, then this novel, which is based on the famine of 1943 in Bengal, will surely give you a jolt. Early in the novel, the exchange between *Dadu* and Rahoul about *Baruni* the village is heart-rending. The simplicity and intrinsic goodness of the poor peasants emerges as a gradual but persistent motif all along.

Vatsyayana's Kamasutra Translated by Sir Richard Burton and F F Arbuthnot, Orient Paperbacks, Rs 16

Kamasutra? So what's new, you ask? Well first the *approach*, and then of course, there are those lively illustrations. The translators have done a fair job of dividing the book into 7 parts. *About The Wives Of Other Men* and *On Sexual Union* are two of the best and there is a bit of humour to be found (if you're subtle enough!) under the *fun*. *A classical work of erotica it is and will remain (it seems)—as nothing is novel in what the 20th century courtesan does, compared to the genius of Vatsyayana. Even Sensuous Woman* tastes bland after this!

Julie

Khrushchev's Mouthful

The mercurial Nikita Khrushchev took Hollywood by storm on a brief, whirlwind tour of the film metropolis when he lunched at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. He and studio president Spyros P. Skouras got into a discussion on the merits of Soviet and American social life. Skouras defended the American way of life which made it possible for a penniless Greek immigrant like him to rise to the position of studio boss. Mr Khrushchev quickly silenced him with the remark, "I worked in a factory for a German, then in a French-owned coalmine, then in a Belgian-owned chemicals factory. And today I am the Prime Minister of the great Soviet state... Well, fellow Greek, is that enough for you?"

—Screen

In The Spirit Of Gandhi

Martin Sheen, the American film star of no mean genius, who played the role of an American reporter in Attenborough's *Gandhi*, has donated the $200,000 he earned to charities: to Mother Teresa and her work in Calcutta; to the Quakers who looked after Gandhi when he went to London; to Concern, an Irish group started at the time of the Biafra famine and looking after starving people all over the world.

—The Daily

Name Game

Amitabh Bachchan may have a hair-style named after him, department stores may sell Shabana Azmi saris and vendors may talk about Gabbar Singh biscuits. But sometimes the name game goes too far. Like a restaurant at Nagpada which offers "Padmini Kolhapure mutton" and a juice shop at Byculla which offers a "Hema Malini falooda". A shopkeeper at Chowpatty has Ranjeeta sipping water from a coconut to attract customers. Hotel President named their new Indian restaurant "Gulzar". Let's hope people don't expect Raakhee kababs!

—The Times Of India

Bag Secrets

Elizabeth Taylor's favourite bag is a white and yellow gold soft leather mesh pouch by Halston into which she puts the following: a gold compact, small gold comb, lipstick pencil, lip gloss, her key and, yes, Kleenex, but never, never any identification.

—International Herald Tribune

Mother Teresa On Celluloid

Dominique Lapierre, co-author of the best-selling book, *Freedom At Midnight*, will write, produce and direct a film on the life of Mother Teresa. An agreement to this effect has been signed between the French author and the Nobel Peace Prize winner. The $ 21 million film will be an international co-production involving American, European and Indian finance. The actress for the lead role has not been finalised.

—The Daily

Jackie

Leaning Temple

One of the "mandaps" of the famous Laxman Temple at Khajuraho has been tilting precariously and its basement sinking for some time.

Wide cracks have developed in the main structure of the "mandap" and holes are seen in the platform on which it rests.

—Indian Express

Teresa Up, Indira Down

Mother Teresa is among the ten women most admired by the people in 1982, according to a recent gallup poll survey.

She is number two on the list preceded by British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and followed by President Reagan's wife.

The survey showed Prime Minister Indira Gandhi as eighth on the list followed by Queen Elizabeth of Britain.

—UNI

Science Invades Temples

Tirupati temple, the abode of Lord Venkateshwara and one of the richest temples, has once again effectively introduced scientific technology for its and pilgrims' advantage.

After introducing music to its *Gosala* (cowshed) to milch more milk from its cows, the temple has gone in for solar technology.

A huge solar heater designed and installed by BHEL is to supply hot water for bathing to the visiting devotees.

This method of hot water supply will save the temple hardship of heating water with firewood and can save the use of 200 tonnes of firewood annually.

—The Hindustan Times

Fury Of The Monkey

A hair-cutting saloon at Manmad wore a look of seige last week as grim-faced policemen waited patiently for six hours to see a fierce monkey come out and enter the iron cage outside.

The monkey which went on rampage injured at least 15 people in the course of the week and played havoc with the normal life of the town. A police constable lost his ear, school-going children remained indoors and motorcyclists deserted their vehicles as the 4-foot high black faced mammal ruled over the town.

Motorcyclists became special targets of the violent monkey, which reportedly lost its beloved hit by the vehicle.

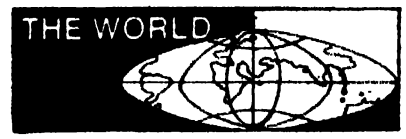
—The Hindu

Who's A Bore?

There is a world of difference between having a sense of humour and having a repertory of jokes... A man with a good sense of humour is seldom a bore; but one who tries to entertain you with jokes is often one.

—Abu Abraham in The Hindustan Times Weekly

Goldie



Where Commuter Is King

The British railway ran a special rail trip—all for one stranded passenger. It laid on one of its biggest locomotives, two drivers and a ticket collector for Mr Michael Toole when his last train left five minutes early.

"Regulations say that if a passenger is stranded and it's our fault we have to do something about it," a spokesman for the Government-owned railway said.

—Reuter

Looking In The Eye

Asian doctors practising in Britain are to have lessons at looking their patients in the eye. This is one of the items on the agenda for a study organised to help overseas doctors to pass their membership examination, according to a newspaper report which said that this was because in their own countries eye contact with strangers was considered presumptuous.

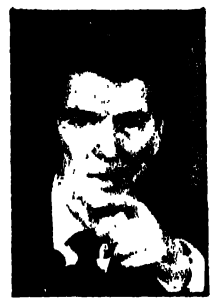
—PTI

In The Wrong Place

One hundred and forty one condoms, each containing four grams of hashish, were flushed out of the stomach of a British national about to catch a flight to Paris at the Katunayake International Airport, near Colombo.

Condoms were also found in his lone travelling bag, the inner sole of a shoe and even in his rectum. A fine of Rs 60,000 (about Indian Rs 30,000) was imposed on him.

—Express News Service



When Ideology Runs Riot

President Ronald Reagan is under enormous pressure to raise taxes and cut the defence budget. His stonewalling on the issue is drawing angry comments in the press. *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis wrote: "Two years into the Reagan presidency, Americans are beginning to suspect the awful truth: they have a government incompetent to govern, a President frozen in ideological fantasy-land, an administration spotted with fools and rogues."

—UNI

Gigi

History Of The Mahars

A Review by Thomas Gay

ADDRESSING the Indian Military Academy in 1974, the Colonel of the Mahar Regiment (who is now Chief of Army Staff) mentioned that as a young Cadet, 32 years ago, he had been commissioned into that Regiment. When he inquired who the Mahars were, no one could enlighten him, and eventually he was put wise by a small lecture from the Commanding Officer himself. This volume will not only serve as an inspiration to the officers and men of the valiant Mahar family but will also dispel the ignorance of all—civilians or even members of the Defence Services who may be as innocent as General K. V. Krishna Rao, PVSM, once was.

In writing this third edition of the Regiment's history, Colonel Longer aimed at producing "an accurate, run-on, readable account, chronological and well-documented... not broken up into units and battalions, and... set in the framework of the history of the nation and the history of the Indian Army." In the reviewer's judgment, the target was well selected, and has been fairly hit.

Of the nine chronologically arranged chapters, the first discusses the origins and ancient military prowess of the Mahars. One supposed derivation of the caste name (from "Mrityu-har") is not mentioned; nor does the author attempt the perhaps, impossible task of explaining how the Mahars came to be socially downgraded by other castes who were in no way superior to the Mahars in courage and loyalty.

Recorded history includes the Battle of Koregaon, fought on the first two days of 1818, which the reviewer (a collateral descendant of a Major who fought in the last Maratha War) never remembers without a thrill of admiration. The tiny force which held Koregaon against the Peshwa's whole army included Mahars.

Indeed, the Regimental crest originally showed the Koregaon obelisk, but this was afterwards modified into a dagger of very similar outline for understandable reasons of national sentiment.

In 1856, the Mahars and other non-Maratha castes comprised one third of the Bombay Army; and here the author might have reminded us that Richard Burton (no mean judge of men and soldiers) took a Mahar as the typical Bombay sepoy. This first chapter closes with the unfortunate changes in recruitment affected by the martial races theory and the consequent exclusion of the Mahars and other "non-martial" groups from 1892.

The book records the long, tough fight waged by the Mahar leaders (including the father of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar) and supported by G. K. Gokhale against that obnoxious theory. The success gained in 1917, when a Mahar battalion was raised, was short-lived, and final victory came only under the pressures of another war. On October 1, 1941, a Mahar battalion was raised, quickly followed by two more. When World War II ended, over 10,000 Mahars had served in the army, some in Burma and some with the Persia and Iraq Force.

In the twilight of Independence, the Mahars escorted refugees from Delhi to Pakistan, and many a defenceless Muslim owed his life to the faithfulness and resolution of his Mahar escort. Mahars again were among those who threw back the tribal raiders from Srinagar, with one Mahar platoon fighting to the last round and the last man rather than retire or surrender, and one of the Regiment's best-remembered heroes, Havildar Rawoo Kamble, falling at his gun.

In 1953, the 3rd Mahar formed part of the UN peace-keeping mission in Korea. Later the Mahar was converted to a mixed all-class regiment and some of its units took part in the liberation of Goa while others served with the UN's peace mission in the Congo. During 1962-63, the 1st, 6th and 7th Mahar fought in NEFA and Ladakh. The unit's strength was now raised to ten battalions and the Mahar MG Regiment was reconverted into a standard Infantry Regiment. The Indo-Pakistan War of 1965 saw the Mahar's finest hour. As many as five Mahar battalions fought in Kutch, J & K and Sialkot with a valour to which even the enemy paid tribute. In 1968 the Regiment was awarded hackles and other cherished honours while its strength rose to fourteen battalions.

The presentation of new colours by the President and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces followed. During the 1971 Pakistan War twelve of the Regiment's fifteen battalions were engaged. Of outstanding interest are the one-man suicide mission of young Anasuya Prasad and Chatlapur and the winning of four Vir Chakras at the Battle of Parbat Ali on the Sind border.

All in all, the book is both attractive and comprehensive. The various actions are illustrated by hand-drawn maps. The numerous photographs are well chosen. The author describes how 2nd Mahar won the battle honours of Asal Uttar. During this period the new 11th proof-reader has done a better than average job; this reviewer's eagle eye could spot only twelve misprints in some 300 pages.

"FOREFRONT FOR EVER": History of the Mahar Regiment, by V. Longer—published by Brig. I.D. Vasishtha, Mahar Regimental Centre; Rs 110.

Fiction Perfection

A Review by T.G. Khemani

"ARE we story writers also responsible for the sorry state of the short story?" The author of the book under review poses this question in his hard hitting foreword that does not spare anyone including publishers and editors, in an attempt to locate the reason for the decline in the English short story market in India.

In this bleak atmosphere it is edifying to note that some of the stories included in this collection have shown a remarkable degree of maturity in the matter of theme as well as technique. For example, the first story, *The Path to Hell* is the account of a woman who proclaims that "My happiness was never relative or tied to anybody." The woman finds that she could be happy even when she is having an extra-marital affair with a bachelor, that too without losing her love and affection for her husband. The story apart from its thematic significance deals with the Freudian concept of father-fixation in a very innovative way.

As the title would imply, the collection explores the various fascinating as well as disturbing aspects of the eternal theme of the man-woman relationship. Naturally the author has not minced words or sought smokescreens to present the never exhausting panorama of this relationship. *The Half Infidel* is a very telling instance of his no-holds barred approach to the issue. Here he presents the mysterious and stealthy sex life of a construction worker who tries to over come his psychologically rooted impotence by vanquishing a whore! Apart from the authenticity of the situation, the story once again proves the old stand that good fiction is never fantasy.

BOOK REVIEW

Keema Curry is once again a story of the poor, but their social and sexual lines have been painted very effectively in the three pages narrated by a five year old. There are no elaborate descriptions or detailed backgrounds.

The trim and neat narration, that too in the "stream of consciousness" style, makes this an exemplary work that should be read by all aspiring writers.

Similarly *The Ruins*, too, deals with the man-woman theme, but here the woman is a whore and the man her pimp who became her husband just for the sake of business.

All other stories in the collection are on the man-woman theme, except *The Homeless*, which is a very peculiar story even thematically. The son who is in the "north" is placed in a poignant situation when he is required to ask people the direction to his father's house. His father had migrated to another village away from "the native place" and the son who was in the north during this migration arrives at the new place. There is hardly any traumatic experience as poignant as to have to ask strangers the way to one's own home! In the new place the sensitive young man feels alien and when he reaches the old village, the native place has undergone tremendous changes.

Another unique story is *Survival* also in the stream of consciousness style. It is built around the theme of a calamity (probably Morvi), but the way socio-psychological facts and truths have been incorporated in it is very admirable. In fact I've not seen another Indo-Anglian story of such multi-dimensional scope as *Survival*. A young man who is saved from the flood that has killed his entire family is in a rehabilitation shelter and recounts the story. He feels he is only a surviving corpse and that he has killed his family members because he had reached the brink of despair about his responsibilities. Now he has lost all feelings because "a corpse cannot have any feelings for other stinking corpses."

"MAN & WOMAN" by K.V. Chacko; Writers Workshop; Calcutta (flexiback); Rs 20.

F. Botero, "La Familia Pinzon"

WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER: the genetic factor in obesity may warn you of impending disaster and doom as punishment for your gluttony. In this case, at least the sins of the fathers seem to find ample expression in the children!

An Indecent Obsession

OBESITY

by

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

Obesity, (one school strongly believes) runs in families, and though it is impossible to find out to what extent these familial tendencies are genetic or environmental, the modern Indian parent should be aware of the dangers of over-feeding the baby. *Demand feeding* while breast-feeding the baby, then indulging the baby with sweets and chocolates at montessori stage are practices to be avoided. The paediatrician should be consulted regularly and the weight should be recorded and watched. The *fat baby bonny baby* myth has been exploded. Now it is time for the young Indian parent to change the traditional attitude of *fattening* the child. To be effective, the prevention and treatment of obesity must be based on measures which encourage behaviour patterns conducive to weight control. Young children often eat irregularly and have many snacks between meals. An excessive intake of calories is occasioned by a sedentary lifestyle. Mothers find it difficult to say *no* when children reach out for sugary foods. They should be conditioned to find other modes of entertainment and interests than being obsessed by the thought of food.

A Parent-Child voluntary exercise programme from the early years is recommended. Our system of education does not allow for outdoor games. Most schools are cramped and a lack of games space makes matters worse for children in the cities. But a conscious and regulated effort on the part of the parents to take the children for a jog in the early mornings or away from the city during the odd weekend would prove mutually beneficial. The most disturbing part of the research findings is that persistent juvenile obesity almost certainly leads to obesity in the adult years.

Mind Over Matter

"Imprisoned in every fat man a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out." In contemporary society, wealthy sectors exercise less and live in an economy of plenty. There is an increasing awareness of the problem of obesity, so much so that more and more people are becoming members of health clubs and gyms, and gourmet cookery books that do not use butter, cream or flour have flooded the market. By enlarging our knowledge of nutrition—of the relationship between obesity and certain diseases, general health and longevity—obesity among the affluent has come to be regarded as a major hazard. The external causes of genetics and environment apart, there is ample experimental evidence pointing towards psychological factors in obesity.

A number of medical studies indicate that obesity is largely the consequence of neurotically-induced eating behaviour. A series of typical negative monologues, collected from a survey of 15 affluent obese people from a metropolitan city of India runs as follows:

"I've starved myself and haven't lost a pound."

"Its just impossible to eat within calorie-limits with a schedule like mine."

"What does it matter? I've started the day off with a chocolate eclair—I may as well enjoy myself today. Next time!"

Today, like so many other diseases, for obesity too, behaviour therapy is a standard treatment in many clinics. It has been detected, for example, that many rich but socially rejected persons tend to eat more. Another surprising discovery is that an unlimited access to food *does not* satiate the urge to eat, as was believed by some psychotherapists of the last generation; but like the hypothalmic obese rat, obese humans eat considerably *more* when no impediments or inhibitions exist.

The adverse influence of obesity on cardiovascular complications is now common knowledge. Diabetes, cerebrovascular diseases, digestive system diseases and renal diseases are some of the graver dangers to which obese anatomies are particularly vulnerable. There is a direct connection between obesity and dysfunction of the vital organs (ovaries, pituitary and thyroids).

With the advent of television, cars, easier modes of transport, fast-food and easier access to alcohol (*the beer-boom*) and a general loss of interest in the outdoor activities, people have stopped exercising enough. Snack meals of hamburgers, milkshakes and pizzas loaded with calories and dangerous cholestrol values have become immensely popular.

At last there is a flicker of hope, however, with the current accent on fibre diets. They are nutritional, low-calorie and satiate the appetite. **A low-calorie diet need not necessarily be uninteresting. For the exotic eaters, bean sprouts and mushrooms are recommended and for those, like me, the good old *paneer, channa* and greens are delicious. If you want to live long and lose the extra tiers cook without fat. You'll stay slim! ■**

Child Is Father Of The Man

There is no single definition of obesity in childhood. Several criteria contribute.

The modern medical theory is a nip-in-the bud theory. Fat children make fat parents and they in turn produce fat progeny. The clinical solution is starving the child if necessary to avoid an obese adult. In the case of human babies there is certainly an influence of maternal obesity on the skintold thickness of the baby at birth. So thin mothers tend to have thin babies and fat mothers fat babies, as pointed out by J.S. Garrow in the studies carried out by his Nutrition Research Group.

—Homyar J. Mistry

The Boats Are Waiting: Come, Sail Them!

The Asiad could well act as a springboard for our yachtsmen to take off. Certainly India has the talent, a long and inviting coastline, many ports, excellent harbours and picturesque lakes.

by Shanti S. Thirumalai

NOW that the Asian Games are well and truly behind us, let us look back and reflect upon it all.

The Yachting Organisation Committee did a wonderful job, a job with which the foreign competitors were well pleased. The facilities at the Sailing Complex were liked by both the Indians and by the foreigners: 7 races were sailed in light-to-moderate winds in 4 classes of boats: the Fireball, the Enterprise, the OK Dinghy and the Windglider.

India won the gold in the Fireball Class (Tarapore and Karanjia); the silver in the Enterprise Class (Jeejee and Fali Unwalla); and the bronze in the OK Dinghy Class (C.S. Pradipak). But the Japanese were the real champions: Ishiwata won the Windglider Gold, Nagatsu the OK Dinghy Silver, Yagi and Tanaka the Fireball Silver, Inoue and Baba the Enterprize Bronze.

Japan has thus emerged as a major sailing nation in the world and may well proceed to bag a medal in the Olympics. The Japanese Government sponsors Olympic-class sailing and takes a keen interest in the activities of the Japanese Yachting Federation. Today, in Japan, there are 1,000 snipes, 1,500 Olympic-class "470" boats, 1,000 lasers and over 20,000 wind-surfers sailed regularly.

For sailing to achieve as broad a base in India, many changes need to come about: first, cheap indigenous equipment must be made available. The Government of India should subsidise sailing in a big way. School and college students must be encouraged to take to sailing in the Optimist Class (for Under 15s) and the Cadet Class (for Under 18s). In Singapore and Japan, sailing for students is free. Voluntary organisations like the NCC, the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts should make sailing a compulsory discipline.

The English Example

Sailing Schools in England receive Government subsidy and teach interested adults basic sailing over a 3-day weekend. Similar courses can be organised here in India, so that more adults may take to sailing, know the sheer joy of moving on the water and discover a happier world.

Sailing Clubs should keep their memberships open and allow the sport to grow. We have very many "exclusive" and expensive clubs in the country; but there are genuine Sailing Clubs, too, like the Lake Club (Chandigarh), the Colaba Sailing Club (Bombay) and the Royal Madras Yacht Club.

Need For Good Coaching

Good coaching is essential for both basic and advanced training. Surinder Mongia is the only available Indian coach right now. The Government should also have coaches coming in from Germany, Sweden and England to groom promising youngsters at coaching camps.

Some day, India *might* win an Olympic gold, but that day is surely far away even for Farouk Tarapore, probably the best sailor in India today. The Chairman of the AGYOC, Adm M.P. Avati, has written to the Union Sports Ministry about the prospects of this future Olympian, a communication to which he has received a favourable reply. However, except for this, there are no plans as yet for the Olympic Games. "Still it's not too late even now," as Adm Avati notes.

Little thought, as it turned out, had been given to the future of competitive sailing. "The boats for the Games were selected by accident and historical precedence," Adm Avati pointed out. "The '470' could've been chosen instead of the Fireball. And the Seabirds (unnecessarily bought by the AGYOC) have been purchased by the Navy, which plans to race them to Seychelles! The Navy has excellent facilities which would be put to much better use than at present if the membership of the Naval Sailing Club were thrown open to talented civilian youngsters who are too old to be Cadets. The Navy would then contribute greatly to the promotion of sailing.

Wanted: Sponsors

Even now, a Finn and a Laser could be bought, since both these classes will be sailed in Seoul at the 1986 Games on the recommendation of the Asian Yachting Federation, so that the sailors will have adequate practice in handling the boat. A "470" and a Soling, if available, would be used in preparation for the 1984 Olympics. In preparing for Olympic success, the need for international competition cannot be overestimated. Yes, in order to improve, it is essential to compete against the world's best regularly. To make this possible, sponsors should be more readily forthcoming.

The Asiad Sailing Complex and the 50-odd boats bought for the Asiad will be taken over by the Government of India to form the National Institute of Sailing, which will be affiliated to the National Institute of Sport, Patiala. It remains to be seen if such a National Sailing Institute will seriously promote dinghy sailing and offer civilians the same facilities as the College of Sport in North Korea.

India has the talent, a long and inviting coastline, many ports, excellent harbours and picturesque lakes. The boats are waiting for you: come, sail them! ■

WHEN asked if he knew of a miracle, Pablo Picasso answered: "Certainly. Rubens was a miracle."

The questioner wanted to know, "Do you really consider Rubens' masterpieces miraculous?"

"Not exactly," Picasso explained. "But Rubens made only 2,000 paintings, of which we have now 4,000 left. That's what I'd call a miracle."

PROFESSOR Ernest Brennecke of Columbia is credited with the discovery of a sentence that can be made to have eight different meanings by placing the word "only" in all possible positions in the sentence: "I hit him in the eye yesterday."

ALABOURITE defending the Government's socialized medicine program in Parliament, cried: "In our country today, we have more babies than ever before! And why?"

Before he could answer, a Congressman shouted: "Private enterprise!"

A NEWLY-WED executive carefully remembered his mother-in-law's birthday and wired her: "Happy birthday Mother! May you have 100 more!"

Her iciness in the following weeks baffled him until he caught sight of the telegram and saw a zero had been left off the hundred.

A NOT particularly brilliant little girl came home one day, delighted to tell her parents that teacher said she was the best in the class. They were proud and impressed—until they asked what the class had been doing that afternoon. Said the girl, "We were practising opening our mouths wide."

THE gravestone of H. Amenzo Dygert, died 1924, aged 78, in Rural Cemetery, Phoenix, New York, explains:
An American by birth.
A German Dutchman by descent.
A Republican in Politics.
A Congregationalist in Religion.
A Druggist by Profession.
A bachelor by fate.

WHEN the Municipal clerk of a certain town in Western Europe went on vacation, he left the following sign prominently displayed on his office door:
For registration of births and deaths, see Dr. Barr.
For auto and truck licenses, go to Saint Rose.
For Municipal business, see Mr. Fletch.
For marriage licenses—think it over carefully and come back again in ten days.

THE French novelist, Honore de Balzac, once made a trip to Poland, where he did not understand the language. He was later asked how he managed to pay the taxi drivers the proper fare.

"It was simple," he said "I handed them some coins, one coin at a time, until they smiled. Then I reached out and took back the last coin, because I knew that I had overpaid."

COMPOSER Maurice Ravel was an enthusiatic collector of rare books and prints, fine porcelains and other *objets d'art*. In his study, occupying a place of honor on a pedestal, stood his most revered possession—a ball of smoked crystal, which he invariably pointed out to his friends with great pride.

"Maurice," his guests would whisper in awe, "Where did you get it? It's exquisite!"

"You really think so?" he would answer modestly. "Well, it's just a burned-out electric bulb!"

SIGN on a hospital wall: "What Pill?"

THE wife was learning to drive. A neighbour asked the husband how she was getting along.

"Not too well," he sighed. "She took a turn for the worse last week."

"HAVE you seen Edna's new bathing suit?" Jane asked her mother.

"No," she replied. "What's it like?"

"In many places," was the answer, "it's just like Edna."

POET: "I really think you should publish my poem on Spring. I'm an old subscriber, you know."

Editor: "Yes, but we have our other old subscribers to consider."

THE sharp-witted French man of letters, Voltaire, was called upon for a eulogy upon the death of a colleague whom he cordially detested. He tried to beg off the hypocritical task but was finally prevailed upon to write something. The result was the brief and reluctant statement: "I have just been informed that Monsieur Blanc is dead. He was a sturdy patriot, a gifted writer, a loyal friend, and an affectionate husband and father. Yes, he was all of those—provided he is really dead."

"FRANK, why were you absent from school yesterday?" the teacher asked.

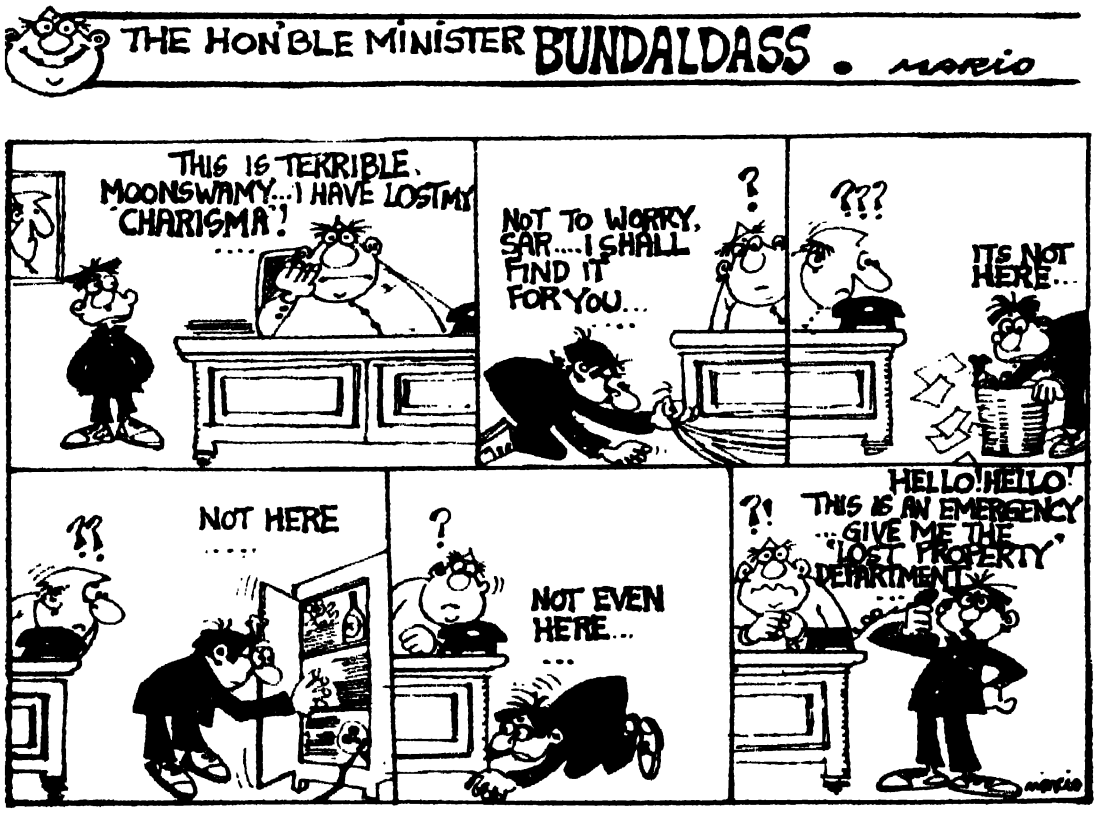
"Because yesterday our family was enlarged," the boy answered.

"Ahhhh, what was it, a brother or a sister?"

"Neither," explained the student. "My mother finally got married!"

JUDGE to defendant: "Colonel Willis, why are you called 'Colonel'? I don't think you were ever in the Army. What regiment were you in?"

"Well, Sir, it's like this, the 'Colonel' in front of my name is like when someone calls you the 'Honorable' Judge. It means the same thing!"



RICHARD NIXON, speaking in San Frascisco, offered this comparison of himself and President Johnson: "Lyndon Johnson served in the House, the Senate and as Vice-President. I served in the House, the Senate and as Vice-President. Lyndon Johnson has a dog—I have a dog. Lyndon has two daughters—I have two daughters. Lyndon Johnson has a lovely wife—I have a lovely wife. Lyndon Johnson has a television station—I have a lovely wife."

THE lawyer for the plaintiff and the rather pompous judge didn't get along well. During the final argument, the attorney was interrupted in the middle of his speech by a question from the Bench. The lawyer replied deliberately.

"I am not as dumb as Your Honour—," he paused as he poured himself a glass of water and took a drink. Then he set the glass down and continued, "—thinks."

A MAN came into court seeking a divorce. When the judge asked him what his grounds were, the disgruntled husband simply handed him a note he'd received from his wife that read:

"I won't be home when you return from work. Have gone to the bridge club. There'll be a recipe for your dinner at 7 o'clock on T.V."

"OFFICER," stormed the motorist to the policeman, "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me and yet you say I am to blame!"

The local officer eyed him accusingly: "You certainly were."

"But why?" the ruffled driver wanted to know.

"Because," the officer replied, "the Mayor of this town is the father of the fellow you hit, his brother is Chief of Police, and what's more I go steady with his sister!"

THE four little girls, dressed in clothes from the attic, were whiling away a rainy afternoon by playing "Wedding." They had a bride, two bridesmaids and a maid of honour.

"But where's the groom?" asked the mother of one of them.

"We don't need a groom," replied her daughter disdainfully.

A SMALL girl named Sally was always interrupting the family breakfast conversation by narrating her dreams.

"Sally," asked her mother, "do you know what dreams are?"

"Of course," said Sally. "They're television that you see when you're asleep."

"I HEAR Mrs. Tondavle is down with blood-poisoning."

"That old gossip! She must have bitten her tongue."

A RECORD KEEPER, classifying his job in a report for his officials, wrote: "I am responsible for maintaining all the obsolete records as up-to-date as possible."

"WHAT was the most expensive piece of jewellery you ever bought?" one man asked another.

"My wedding ring," was the reply. "I'm paying Rs. 1,500 alimony every month."

Compiled by Shrikant Misal

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Afterglow

This poignant little story, a blend of fact and fiction, is a daughter's tribute to a mother who is no more.

by
Christine M.Krishnasami

"Sharply the slate-grey sky defines
Each angular edge it meets..."

—Jane Jaffe

FIGHTING my way to the booth, I pushed in a bill and collected my platform ticket with the change I wanted to hold her hand before the train departed, or at least wave goodbye. But when I rushed to the platform, there was no train. My mother had gone. I glanced down the black length of the deserted platform and at the useless ticket in my hand. The grey sky peeking out over the edge of the grimy soot-worn roof was as empty as the spaces of my mind and heart. It was the most desolate place in all the world.

Then I woke up. I must have dozed off in my rocking chair for I am old and grey and full of sleep these days. Memories ebb and flow ceaselessly into one another in the hour between sleep and a dreamy wakefulness. There are no angular edges of clarity left now, only the rich golden suffusion of a tropical afterglow that lasts but a few enchanted moments before night spreads its restful canopy over tired minds and worn-out bodies.

Let me remember and retell, for the last time, the story of the diamond earrings

The world was a dazzle of rainbow colours, an exciting, confusing bustle for little Sundari as she clung to the *pallav* of her mother, Janakiamma, whose cousin's first pregnancy was being celebrated at the home of C Vijayaraghavachariar of Salem. The world was a flurry of bright silks, blur of flowers, condiments, potions, Sanskrit chant rising above the noise, glitter of gold thread and jewels around the sacred fire...

One of the richly clad matrons called out "Soundarya!" and a little girl about Sundari's age came running to her mother seated near Janakiamma. The Brahmin priest poured more *ghee* into the fire, the flames leapt, and the diamond earstuds and dangling *jhumkis* of Soundarya danced gaily in the firelight.

Saucer-eyed Sundari could look at nothing else. If only I, too, could have *jhumkis* like that, she thought, and why didn't Amma name me "Soundarya" instead of plain "Sundari"?

"Amma!" Sundari burst out, "why can't I, too, have *jhumkis* like these?"

Janakiamma looked where her daughter's longing gaze was fixed and smiled ruefully. "Of course, dear, you too shall have diamond earrings some day. You'll just have to wait a bit, see? Now look where those other girls are playing. Wouldn't you like to join them?"

Little Sundari clung only the tighter to her mother's *pallav*, her eyes never wavering from the splendour of Soundarya's earrings. All the way back to Mysore in the train, she sat gravely controlled beside her mother. It was only in the jiggling horse-drawn cart on the way home that she broke into frustrated sobs. Janakiamma enfolded her youngest one in the brocaded *pallav* of her rich crimson sari.

Illustrated by P B Kavadi

The matter of Sundari's diamond earrings came up now and then between Janakiamma and her husband, Chakravarti Srinivasa Iyengar What with one thing or another, four daughters to be married off and Sundari being so young, the matter was shelved. Then it became too late, for tragedy struck and the days passed like clouds that hid the moon more than they revealed it A grave injustice was perpetrated upon Srinivasa Iyengar.

Executive Engineer in the administration of Sir M. Visvesvarayya under the ceremonial canopy of Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar, Sundari's father had been given the task of completing the Krishnarajasagara Dam at the Brindavan Gardens. He was on the job night and day, often camping out at the site Under personal supervision in his meticulous fashion, he completed the work in record time.

Then Srinivasa Iyengar discovered that a clerk in the department had been guilty of irregular practices. The clerk offered

Sundari's father monetary appeasement to hush up matters and was dismissed instead. The clerk, in turn, wrote an anonymous letter to the authorities accusing Srinivasa Iyengar of malpractice. That was not all Several people were out for Mr Iyengar's blood because through articles to *The Hindu* Mr Iyengar had been exposing other instances of corruption in his department.

Chief Engineer Sir Visvesvarayya ordered an official enquiry which dragged on for years, Srinivasa Iyengar arguing his own case in court and refuting every petty charge with facts and figures

Even the British Resident supported Mr Iyengar, whom he termed an innocent man wrongfully accused by fabricated evidence which even dogs would not smell. The matter was also referred to Yuvaraja Narasimha Wadeyer. Although His Highness and Mr Iyengar were personal friends who would go horseback riding together, His Highness regretfully expressed his inability to interfere in an internal administrative matter

Mr Iyengar had the entire proceedings published in book form at his own cost. The Government banned the book. Having discovered their initial error, however, the authorities asked Mr Iyengar to accept a temporary demotion (he had been suspended from service during the entire enquiry) as Assistant Engineer, promising that they would reinstate him within one year so that the faceless governmental machinery would be enabled to save face

Mr Iyengar's answer was characteristically unequivocal. "If I am guilty, prove me so and take appropriate action. Otherwise, if I may not continue in my present position, suffer me to retire from the service"

He was fifty years of age then The Government retired him on a reduced pension of Rs 100 a month with no benefits, proving once more the futility of one honest man's courage pitted against collective ruthlessness.

Meanwhile, little Sundari grew up, a preoccupied student who hid her blossoming womanhood behind a sepia facade as glimpsed in an old photograph album that never fails to surprise and amuse the present generation. When she won the Sri Ramanujacharya Prize for distinction in the Lower Secondary Examination, the Prize for Best Candidate in all three years of the Higher Secondary and the coveted First Position in the Pre-University Entrance Examination, Janakiamma's heart overflowed

Hidden under the bed in Janakiamma's sparsely furnished room, there reposed an old black tin trunk whose secrets were known to her alone From the inner recesses of this trunk she now unearthed a weathered pouch containing an exquisite medallion a little over an inch in diameter, worked in chased and fretted gold and displaying, in the ancient art of repousage, a Hindu god flanked by two graceful consorts They gave my daughter no medal, Janakiamma thought to herself, but I shall give her one

Sundari went on to complete her Bachelor of Arts in English with distinction and first position in the university, winning her own Weir Memorial Gold Medal and purses. In 1933, she emerged as the best student and the only woman candidate for M A. in English at Mysore University, being recipient of the Rangonayakamma Gold Medal. Her M.A. papers were preserved by the university, for a long time, as models.

Then came an opportunity for Sundari to travel abroad and study at the University of London. By this time, Janakiamma's health had suffered setbacks. Presenting to the world her usual decorous serenity, nevertheless, she would not let young Sundru grow alarmed Sundari's departure from her ancestral home, with its jasmine creepers and decorative pillars, generated the excitement that might have graced her wedding

In the pre-dawn greyness a few hours before she was due to leave for Bombay, the young lady tiptoed into her mother's room.

Janakiamma lay tossing and turning, but motioned her daughter towards a small parcel on the bedside table. As Sundari's eager, impulsive fingers tore open the wrapping and opened the lid of the little box, the eyes of mother and daughter met. Once again, Sundru's dark lustrous head was buried in the crumpled folds of Janakiamma's faded sari.

So did Miss Iyengar step aboard the "S.S. VICTORIA" at Bombay, all set for windy adventure and wearing the brightest, most beautiful pair of diamond earrings anyone had ever seen. So it was that London was a brave new world where she met people from everywhere, played tennis and discovered the world of theatre. In between bouts of study, she toured the country.

One fine summer's morning when all was right with the world, she went down to the lobby of her hostel and withdrew her mail from its cubbyhole. Back in her room, she saved her father's letter for last. And then the ground shook and the splinters flew.

Srinivasa Iyengar had written that after suffering for months, Janakiamma had breathed her last in hospital. Her last audible word had been "Sundru".

Sundari sat staring at the paragraph until the lines of her father's Victorian script merged one into another like clouds in a painting by Constable. Then she put on her street gear and went out for a walk. Oxford Street passed her by and Regent Street. Back at Piccadilly Circus, she walked blindly anywhere, anywhere...

At last she dragged herself back to the hostel on Russell Street and went up to her room to finish reading her father's letter. It concluded with the information that Sundari's diamond earrings had been purchased in secret by Janakiamma with money that had been scrimped over the unforgiving years, money that Janakiamma had been reserving for her own funeral expenses But not to worry, Mr Iyengar had added, relatives had come to his aid and all was as well as could be expected. Sundari was to bear her loss like a thoroughbred and carry on with her work and commitments.

Sundari obeyed. After obtaining her M.A. in English at London, she returned to India. For a while, she worked at *The Hindu* office in Madras and then acted as companion-tutor to some wealthy young ladies at Ahmedabad.

These were years of poverty and struggle, often with but one square meal a day so that she might help her aged father pay off the mortgage on the ancestral home. Her sisters were all married with families of their own; her brothers were dead; the ancestral forest land was gone.

THAT was me, of course, silly little Sundru that I used to be, so easily dazzled by diamonds and by a world that has always over-prized them. Some of the medals I won at university went into making gold bangles for *my* daughter. She has redesigned the diamond earrings so that they form a mango-shaped fire in the hollow of her throat and sparkle daintily in her ears.

After her time, who will wear these jewels forged on the anvil of memory, experience, caring, loss and pain?

It seems like only yesterday that, as I sat in my rocking chair, she was quoting poetry to me—lines by someone called Bunting, I think:

Not to thank dogwood nor
the wind that sifts
petals are these words,
nor for a record,
but, as notes sung and received
still the air,

These are controlled by
yesterday evening,
a peal after
the bells have rested... "

When I am gone, it will be my daughter's turn to be left behind on the long deserted platform, gazing out into empty space. But when she takes my gnarled hands in hers, looks into my eyes or quotes me poetry, the same look passes between us as it did once between my mother and myself in the pre-dawn greyness of long ago before I left for Bombay, London and the merciless tests of life. And that is all that matters. The rest, you might say, is merely expensive-looking carbon.

With some difficulty, I turn round round in my chair and look out of the window at the western sky. Layers of creamy orange cloud emerge invitingly out of jagged edges of violet-grey wrapping paper. Through veils of Persian rose flung over shades and contours of blue, there glitters the most flawless diamond of them all, the evening star. In a moment, it will be afterglow. ■

Blocking The Road To Dusty Death

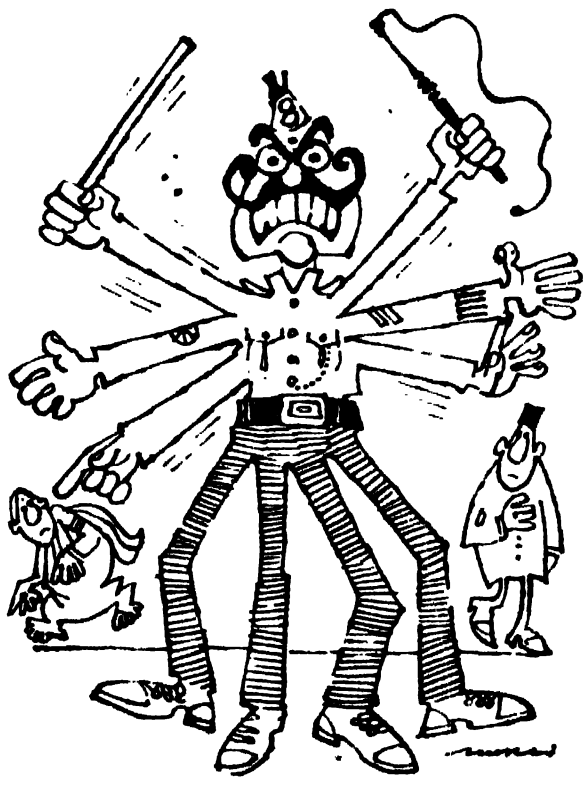
by Ranjit Lal

HERE at last is a massive road safety campaign drawn up to reduce accident fatalities. The three-pronged programme will tone up training, improve deterrent facilities for those remaining untrained and make punishment for offenders extremely swift and much more just.

For a start, traffic cops will be subjected to a crash course under the direct supervision of Chief Lion Tamer (of Russian Circus fame). All constables will be equipped with electric whips which are being imported from a country with a suitably repressive knowhow. (According to the grapevine, Israel has filled in the lowest tender). In addition, new uniforms which add eight arms and four legs to the cops will be supplied. These will enable them to direct traffic from as many directions simultaneously and also chase fleeing offenders. To make cops look more fierce and intimidating, special *Rakshasa* masks are being designed. Doordarshan has denied the rumour that the design for the mask was based on the visage of one of its announcers (he has since had it patented!)

The significance of traffic lights will be drummed into the learner drivers with rigorous Pavlovian techniques. This training programme is apparently adapted from a children's game called L-O-N-D-O-N-LON-DON! Slow-learners are to be conditioned with the help of red and green chillies. An eminent behaviourist maintains that all that is needed is to condition the drivers to comb their hair/powder their noses every time they come across a red light. He admits, however, that this could lead to bedlam when such drivers go past red light areas.

To discourage jaywalking, all road dividing fences are to be electrified and be redesigned after the Berlin Wall. To take care of the Load Shedding Contingency (LSC), drivers are to be planted over with special hybrid poison ivy which imparts instant sterility on touch. To ensure that all vehicles keep to their lanes, all yellow and white lines on roads will be spiked with eight-inch flourescent nails. All trucks, buses, taxis and autorickshaws will be fitted with Electric Shock Giving Device (ESGD) in the driver's seat which becomes operative whenever the speed limit is exceeded. As an added precaution, Automatic Evacuation Device (AED) will eject the driver through the roof (without parachute) if he tries to tamper with the seat or tries to place insulating material such as a wooden plank on it before sitting. These extreme measures are being adopted because earlier attempts to install Embarrassing Whopee Cushion Device (EWCD) on the driver's seat for the same purpose failed to produce the desired results. It was found that neither drivers nor passengers were put out or discomfitted by the audio effects of the seat.



Punishment for committing traffic offences is to fit the crime as closely as possible. Jaywalkers who have shorted electric fences and developed immunity to poison ivy will be rounded up and let loose in a derelict depot with a mini bus in *musth* on a full moon night. Vehicle-owners with siren horns or those that play tunes and use the same to call their wives, children, friends from their houses, friends' houses or bathrooms, are to have their heads stuffed in the bonnet after which the horn will be blown till the battery goes flat. Rash and negligent driving will be eradicated with the negligent drivers being rashly and negligently shoved over suitable Himalayan cliffs along with their vehicles, by driving them over bridges, into trees that need felling, into hutments that need demolishing and so on... Bus drivers who do not stop correctly at bus stops will be tied to buses and will be made to canter behind them at 60 kmph (interspersed with sudden and totally random halts!). In an exquisite form of retribution, Heavy Motor Vehicle (HMV) drivers caught bullying Light Motor Vehicle (LMV) and two-wheeler compatriots will be made to swap positions with the latter and will be driven as a ham is pushed into a sandwich, between two HMVs driven by the LMV drivers. All autorickshaw and taxi drivers caught weaving and pirouetting—and who remain un-nailed—will be extradited from city limits by being put on a gigantic, imported open-ended roller coaster. Those who do not dip their headlamps will be put directly in front of two lighthouse lamps until their *battee bandh ho jatin hain*. Non-signallers will be lined up in a suitably public place (like battlements of the Red Fort, Marine Drive wall etc) and will be made to do callisthenic signal exercises every Sunday afternoon. Vehicles parked in No Parking zones will be towed away to the nearest Students Union instead of a police station and will be released only after issuance of the Tin Work Challan. Drunken drivers will be doused in the alcohol they have been consuming (in some cases this may not be necessary) and they'll be set ablaze—though this move has been criticised as an infringement of the sacred Indian marriage rites.

Finally, all RTO officials, inspectors, driving instructors responsible for giving the above-mentioned violators their licences will be made to take full part in whatever form of retribution that is meted out to the offender. ■

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CAS213

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan 19

This is going to be a very active and interesting week. Business and career should be given top priority. New contacts made early in the week will prove profitable. You will make rapid strides in the personal and business spheres. Midweek brings an elevation in your status. Seniors and elders should be listened to calmly.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb. 18

You will be under heavy pressure, both mentally and physically early in the week. You receive a piece of news which will make you shed your complacent attitude in haste. However, you tackle all the problems with enthusiasm and look forward to the end of the week. You may be on the defensive with seniors and elders.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar. 20

Despite a large number of bottlenecks and difficulties, you will make a headway in your career. Artists and sportsmen make rapid strides in their respective fields. Keep a tight rein on your temper; don't let it get the better of you. You will strike a new strategy that will benefit you in various ways.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Financially, you will do well in the next couple of weeks. Banks and other financial institutions will come to your aid. Youngsters are likely to form new ties this week but it will take much time and effort to strengthen the links. All domestic backlog should be cleared early in the week. Midweek is excellent for entertaining.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

Your enthsiasm should be channelled in the right direction in consultation with seniors both in the family and at work. Seek the help and co-operation of Government officials to solve certain difficult problems. You may have to revise your plans and put them up for scrutiny before experts.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

Instead of whiling away precious time in arguing on unprofitable deals you are better advised to concentrate on legitimate duties and responsibilities. Tackle family members with care and caution, do not expose their drawbacks and shortcomings under any circumstances. Midweek is excellent for business negotiations.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

You will be kept busy making arrangements for travel abroad in the next couple of weeks. Do not seek undue publicity but carry on your activities quietly. Recognition will come your way in the course of time. Clear all domestic backlog early in the week in expectation of a family celebration, midweek.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

You must conserve your physical energy to the largest extent possible. Do not effect changes at work merely because it strikes your fancy. Check your expenses so that you can avoid borrowing from different sources to raise additional funds to meet your requirements. The younger generation will be under stress.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

An extremely busy but nevertheless interesting week. Your interest revolves mainly around the activities outside home. Games, sports, entertainment and buying of luxury goods will be the items on your agenda. Don't be too critical of others. The early part of the week is quite entertaining.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept. 24-Oct. 23

Job activities will flourish. Business, however, will be slightly poor. Investment in stocks and shares will attract your attention considerably but don't be too hasty. Clear all backlog early in the week so that you are free to rejoice in the company of friends and relatives later on. Midweek is full of outings.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

Slowly and steadily you will acquire physical and mental stability. You can now begin to plan a new strategy for business and other professional activities. Luck favours romance this week. Unexpected money gains early in the week will help you tide over your financial difficulties. Do not squander your money.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec. 20

The emphasis in the next four weeks is on personal well-being and domestic matters. At all costs you must avoid widening the generation gap. However, your humour and wit save the day. Group activities keep you busy, midweek. It comes as a surprise to none if you are elected or to a covetous post.

STAR FOCUS

Love In 1983—I

Capricorn: An interesting year when you must make the best use of new ties that emerge in May. July and August are months to strengthen all relationships, whether old or new. Your love affairs will take strange twists and turns in September but will finally take concrete shape in October/November. Do not disturb existing relationships unless you are sure of new ties.

Aquarius: You are not very serious about love or romance but almost unwittingly you form sweet attachments. A rare combination of events in the second half of the year brings another attachment between July and October. You may develop certain prejudices in September but will patch things up in October. A marriage may take place in November.

Pisces: As usual you will be in two minds about your romance and tend to be suspicious about your love mate. Try and strengthen the relationship in July-August. However, you are likely to drift further apart from your partner after a quarrel on flimsy grounds. A new friendship may be taken as a brief interlude but remember that old is gold. Don't do anything you may regret.

Aries: Basically, you are fond of thrills and romance. This year, everything hinges on what type of a friend or companion you meet in June, August or November. If he/she is sober you will reach an understanding and the tie will be strengthened otherwise by end of the year, you will break apart and once again travel alone with only sweet memories of the relationship.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, January 30

An interesting year lies ahead of you. Be pleasant to family members and keep up your sporting spirit in the face of adverses in July, August and September. On the vocational front, you will do well and can gain independence after October.

Monday, January 31

Your courage and drive will help to build up your own independence in profession or vocation by the last quarter of the year. Between July and September you must be alert and active in all walks of life. Finances are good in April and November.

Tuesday, February 1

Be ready to overcome difficult problems and conflicting issues in April, August and September. The early and last quarter of the year are favourable when you can build up goodwill and start out on your own independent venture.

Wednesday, February 2

This will be a most important year. You must turn a new leaf in career, either in the first or last quarter. Budding industrialists will establish themselves soundly in their business.

Thursday, February 3

Everything hinges on how well you maintain status quo in career/job/profession till the end of September. The first quarter holds bright prospects for starting out on a new business venture.

Friday, February 4

Much depends on how firm you stand under adverse circumstances. Do not be too hasty in your decisions and think well before making the necessary sacrifices.

Saturday, February 5

A progressive and rewarding year, provided you act discreetly between July and September. November and December are excellent months for winding up old business and starting out on a new venture.

ABHA 10

The Crowd In India

by Surindar Suri

A revealing characteristic of any society is found in the geometry of its collective behaviour, especially the pattern of crowd formation. In countries that have undergone the Industrial Revolution as well as some type of Protestant Reformation, the geometry of crowd formation is mainly linear. Queues form spontaneously because people tend to move in straight lines. There are popular jokes about some people, such as Englishmen, who cannot resist joining a queue even if they do not know what it is for. Indians, who consider standing in the queue as a form of punishment, are attracted by any swirling circular gathering. Germany, with a less puritanical past, exhibits a peculiar form of crowd behaviour. A queue often forms, as for a city bus, but it frequently breaks up into a motley mass when the bus arrives. France and Italy are also non-linear in their crowd morphology.

The queue involves the acceptance of an hierarchy, though temporarily and for common convenience. The pattern fits in with the deferential status-oriented behaviour of the average Englishman. In the US, where the people are more anti-hierarchical in their social ideology, queue formation is not spontaneous. It is accepted as a functional imperative rather than a preferred pattern of social conduct. The ethos of mass society and compulsions of the machine age, particularly the universal use of automobiles for personal transportation, enforce a certain geometry of public order.

A Swirling Mass

The crowd in India is a swirling mass. It is neither perpendicular as in a queue nor horizontal as in a side-by-side friendly gathering. Typically the religious places in India are mostly circular rather than rectangular like the churches in the West. Traditionally, Indian society has been stratified along caste lines with a dual polarisation. At one extreme stand the Brahmins to whom all others are virtually untouchable. At the other end there were the outcastes who were untouchable to virtually everybody else. In other words, untouchability became a universal phenomenon, entering into the individual's own psyche and physical body. The necessity of touching the untouchable was atoned for by means of rituals and sacrificial ceremonies.

In Christian faith man is born in sin. He fell from the Garden of Eden and is condemned to hard work in order to survive. The Indian, on the other hand, is haunted by the perils of pollution. Even the purest cannot remain unsullied because the very survival of life depends upon elements and objects that are polluting. This is the dilemma—moral and aesthetic as well as intellectual—that underlies the karmachakra, the wheel of man's fate. Thus there is a swirl within the individual and it prevents him from forming an orderly crowd, except under extraordinary circumstances.

Fading Tradition

The weakening of the power of tradition, has considerably deritualised social interactions and crowd formation patterns. However, though the pollution ritual cannot be and is not practised often, it has not been surrendered. The caste values have neither been given up nor yet transcended and transformed.

In Japan the case is different. Rituals have governed Japanese social relations for centuries, as they have in every society in the past. Now that the Japanese society has modernised, industrialised, and become, in many respects, a mass society like that in America and Europe, it has made a smooth and relatively unbroken transition. In mass transportation where the ritual distance between individuals cannot be maintained nor the niceties observed, the Japanese undertake a deliberate but temporary suspension of traditional attitudes and patterns of social conduct. This means that the Japanese are not being linearised nor forced into the individualistic pattern. Their group model remains the circle where everyone can bow to everyone else.

The confusion that would be produced in situations where the circular patterning does not work is obviated in Japan by a series of well-thought out measures. Places where people must stand in line, as when boarding a train, are marked out clearly with bright paint on the platform. Queuing is obviated by providing a large number of ticket-selling automatic machines at railway and subway stations. So, though Japan is an overcrowded group of islands, the governing elite makes every effort and uses considerable ingenuity to avoid situations where uncontrollable crowds might assemble.

A crowd may be prevented from becoming a mob if the services or objects that the people need are brought to the individuals concerned rather than allowing them to gather at the place or around the person who is supposed to supply them. In fact this method has been used successfully in India on certain occasions.

The assumption that the linear crowding pattern of the West would somehow take root in India ignores the fact that the average Indian, unlike the average European, is not an individualist. Nor is it true that a group-oriented society cannot industrialise and modernise itself, for the experience of Japan and several others proves that it can. In fact the typical Indian, like his Japanese counterpart, has a group ego. He is incapable of acting on the basis of purely individual responsibility or within the framework of an atomised moral Universe. The widespread inefficiency and corruption in India result from the official policy of placing responsibility upon individuals. That the atomised individual ego does not exist in India is recognised in some cases. In long-distance buses there is a rule forbidding passengers, who are sitting in seats next to the driver, to dose off or fall asleep while the bus is running. It is assumed that a sleeping neighbour would induce sleepiness in the driver. In contrast, bus drivers in Europe or the US are pleased when a passenger sitting nearby doses off during travel because it is a compliment to their smooth and skilful driving. He does not have the group ego so that a sleepy neighbour does not induce sleepiness in him.

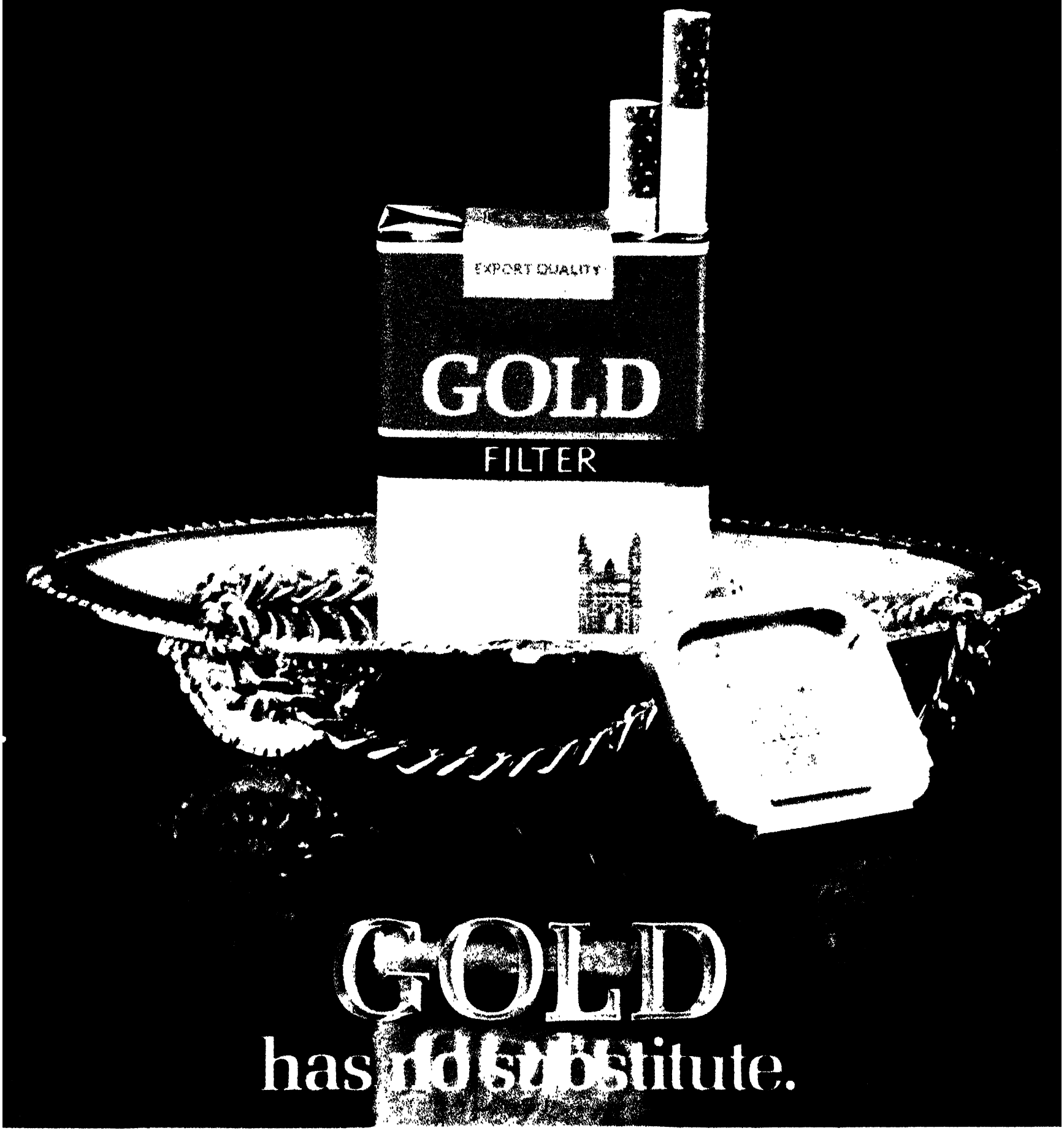
Once we give up the Western-induced assumption that decision-making on the basis of the self-integrity of an individual in isolation is possible in India, but accept the reality that the atomised individual does not exist here, we can devise methods of effective crowd control. Crowd behaviour in any society represents the psyche of its individual members writ large. If we grasp that, we can use the insights so obtained to evolve effective methods and procedures of decision-making, of ensuring honesty, integrity and efficiency that are practicable in our distinctive social and cultural matrix.

Sense Of Time

The sense of time in a society is related to its morphology of group conduct. Social linearity implies a mechanical and additive sense of time. Minutes, hours and days are independent units. They can be combined in certain ways to produce an optimal time duration. But the time sense in non-Western societies is not linear; it is circular. It is also non-additive. There is in these societies a strong sense of identity with one's forebears, living and dead. To many Indians, Rama, Sita and Ravana of mythology are more alive and meaningful than the persons around them. Here again the Japanese have succeeded in operationalising the circular time sense of their society. The national day of Japan even now commemorates its foundation by a mythical sovereign. Nor do statistical averages mean much to them. It is not a meaningful concept to the group ego.

Japanese manufacturers do not expect their workers to produce goods of an optimum average quality but demand perfection from them. They very nearly get it. Statistical optimum standards do not provide the right challenge to Indian workers either. Hence quality control and efficiency of operations in India have deteriorated. We cannot force our crowds into a straight line but must learn to deal with them in circular patterns. Only then may we create orderliness, efficiency and incorruptibility in our society. ■

Find both in Gold – smoothness and satisfaction.



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STATUTORY WARNING CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH
CASVS-249-3

THE PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

WHAT DID YOU SAY, KID ?
DADDY NOT HERE.
KIT, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
HANS.. BRING THEM UP!

UP YOU GO. MCCOMBER FIRST..THEN THE BRATS AND THE DAME.
MY MOMMY!
SHH. HELOISE...

!

RAOL, WHAT'S KEEPING HANS ?
PROBABLY ROLLING THOSE SOLDIERS FOR WALLETS AND WATCHES.
IDIOT.. FIVE MILLION WAITING AND HE STOPS FOR THAT ?
GET HIM UP HERE, RAOL.

HANS! WHAT HAPPENED ?
THOSE SOLDIERS WAKE UP..? NO...
SY BARRY 8/1

OUT LIKE A LIGHT. FELL DOWN THE STAIRS ? HUH... THAT MARK ON HIS JAW... DEATH'S HEAD!

HANS.. RAOL.. PROBABLY ARGUING OVER THE SOLDIERS' WALLETS. GET THOSE GUYS UP HERE FAST, OR WE LEAVE WITHOUT THEM!
!
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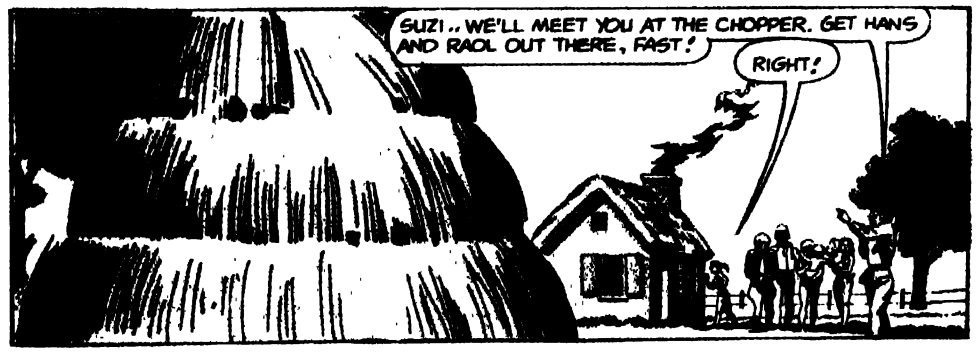
SUZI.. WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE CHOPPER. GET HANS AND RAOL OUT THERE, FAST!
RIGHT!

HANS.. RAOL..?

HANS.. RAOL.. KNOCKED OUT! GUNS AND FLASHLIGHTS... GONE! THOSE MARKS ON THEIR JAWS!

!!

KNOCKED OUT ? BOTH OF THEM ? SOLDIERS DO IT ?
NO... SOLDIERS STILL UNCONSCIOUS...
YOU SAID.. SKULL MARKS ON JAWS ?! YOU WERE SEEING THINGS!
!
SY BARRY 8/8

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME ? GO BACK AND LOOK!
NOT ME. THEY KNOCKED EACH OTHER OUT OVER THE SOLDIER LOOT.
SKULL MARK ? "PHANTOM"..?
LET THEM ROT!

WAIT A MINUTE, PABLO! I THINK WE MAY BE IN BAD TROUBLE!
YEAH ? OPEN UP. GET THIS CHOPPER OUT! WE'VE GOT 5 MILLION WAITING FOR US, CALL THAT TROUBLE ?

YES.
!
DADDY!
!
CONT'D

"LOSE 10-15 CMS OF BULGING FAT"

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SAUNA SYSTEM

reduce a combination of your WAIST and HIPS; NOW!

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Just fill out the coupon and post your order today! Try it. Use it FREE for 14 days. A trial period which will cost you nothing. Watch cms disappear. If for any reason you are not delighted, send it back, we will refund your money. Over 876,000 satisfied customers all over the world make us bold enough to make this super guarantee!

Slim Down Scientifically Without Starving!
That's right! 10-15 cms starting the very first day! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programmes. And many famous film stars who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, you can use it to melt cms off your waist, your hips, anywhere!

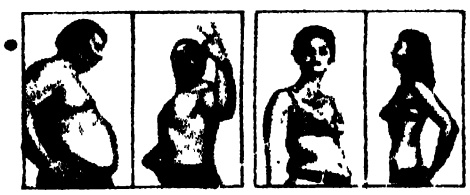
Don't Hold Fat In .. Lose It!
If you want to go even further, the Sauna System will do it for you. Our special fastening system allows the Sauna Belt to adjust to your new size as you shrink away. And your waistline, hips and other problem areas will continue to shrink when you use the Sauna System programme. You can use it as often as you need to keep those cms off!

Not A Cheap Imitation!
The Sauna System is strong — quality construction has added benefits which give soothing, invigorating support to tired, tense back muscles, while helping you trim away cms easily and comfortably. Just one look at our distinctive waist-belt and you know you'll be getting the utmost.

Remember, elastics and girdles are merely flimsy imitations, which just squeeze the fat in. But the SAUNA SYSTEM takes it off — fast! It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and it can work for you, if you order now!

The Sauna System comes with its own easy exercise programme to shed unsightly cms even more rapidly.

REAL PEOPLE LOSE POUNDS AND CMS
Here are the impressive stories (all sworn and notarized) of a few outstanding users. Everyone may not do as well, but if they can do this well, just think how many pounds and cms you will lose quickly with the SAUNA SYSTEM.



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Mrs. Mildred C. Cable — Land O' Lakes, Fla.
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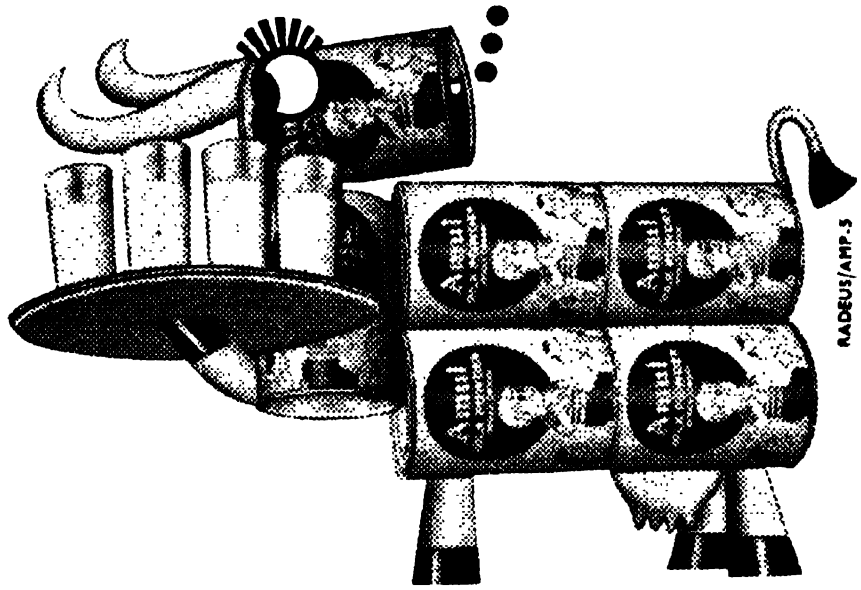

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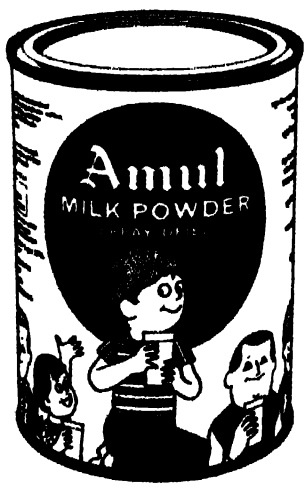

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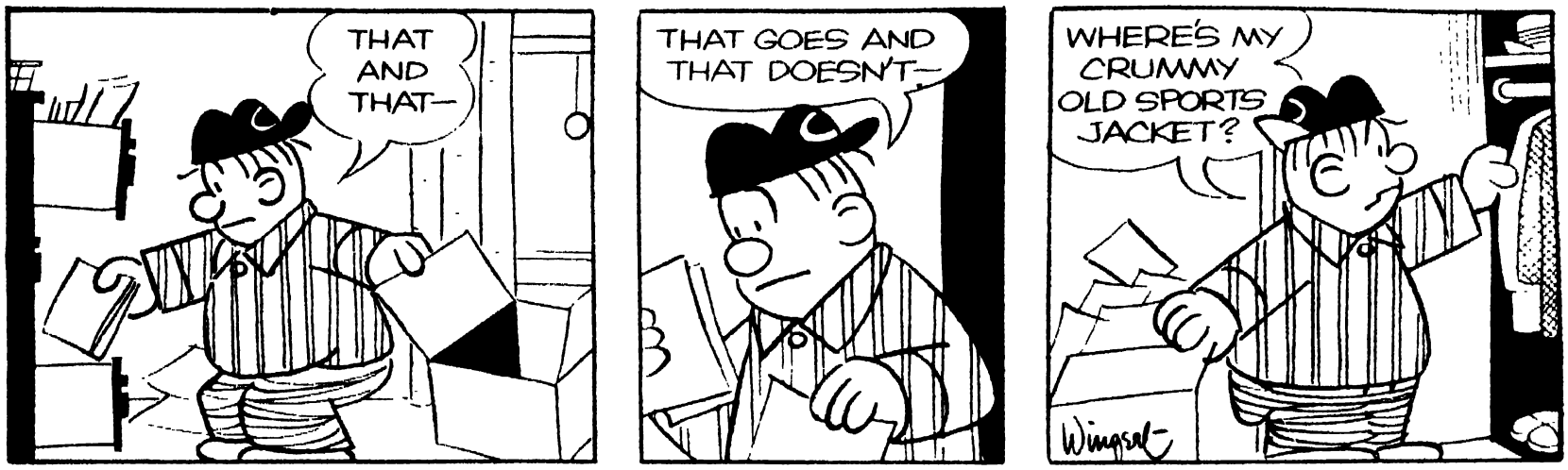
by Dick Wingert



Dennis the Menace® by Hank Ketcham

Hercules, Jr.

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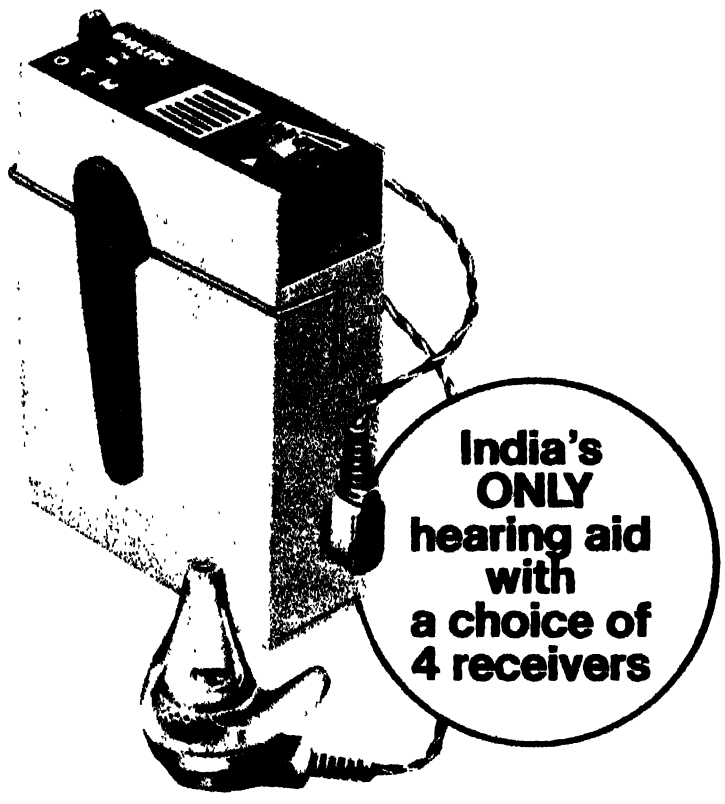

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This Week's Bridge
1982 World Championships — III

Open Pairs:

A record field of over 250 pairs started this event. The first elimination, down to 224, was very mild, and most of the Indian pairs in the fray made the cut. The elimination from the semi-finals to the finals was brutal — only 40 pairs qualified, which placed an enormous premium on luck, not to mention good play, of course.

After two of the four semi final sessions, Santanu Ghose and Govind Singha of Calcutta were fifth, but no other Indian pair did particularly well. Santanu incidentally, was a member of the W.B.F. Appeals Committee, a signal honour, and he played from the W.B.F. quota! But Ghose - Singha fell away thereafter, and no Indian pair made it to the Finals field of 40.

U.S.A. had 14 pairs in the Finals, France had 8, and the rest were spread out from different countries. China, playing in their first World Championship, had one pair Wang - Lu in the Finals, a very creditable performance. Actually, our new zone, B.F.A.M.E. had no representatives in the pairs finals, not even the Pakistanis who finished runners up in the 1981 Bermuda Bowl.

At the halfway stage in the Finals the top four positions were held by American pairs! Andersen - Berkowitz, Janitschke brothers, Martel - Stansby and Hamman - Wolff, who had won the 1974 World Pairs Championships at Las Palmas. The other pairs are not very well-known here in India, but they are among the hottest pairs in the U.S. today.

At the end of four sessions, the results were announced - Rebattu - Maas were first, Martel - Stansby second! But the latter soon discovered a major error in the computer scoring, as did several other pairs - soon the corrected results were announced, and Martel - Stansby had won, with the unfortunate Rebattu - Maas of Netherlands second, and Chagas - De Mello of Brazil third.

So Lew Stansby 42 and Chip Martel 28, are new World Pairs Champions.

Here are a couple of hands they especially enjoyed, taken from the Daily Bulletins etited by Dorothy and Henry Francis:

There's nothing like changing horses in midstream. Martel originally was going for ruffs by leading a singleton on this deal, but he decided he didn't want them after all. He got the message through to Stansby by his discard. It was a doubled contract so the message was vital. As a matter of fact, if their opponents had been allowed to make their contract, the Open Pairs winners wouldn't have been Martel and Stansby — it would have been their opponents! If nothing else changed, of course. The deal came up in the third final of the Open Pairs.

Board - 2: Dealer East. N - S Vul.

	♠ QJ98 ♥ AJ7 ♦ 2 ♣ QJ1093	
♠ K3 ♥ KQ1054 ♦ QJ963 ♣ 5	N W E S	♠ 642 ♥ 932 ♦ 1074 ♣ AK76
	♠ A1075 ♥ 86 ♦ AK85 ♣ 842	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Martel		Stansby	
		P	1D (i)
1H	D'ble(ii)	2H	2S
3D	4S	D'ble	All Pass

(i) Precision

(ii) Negative.

As Stansby took his Club Ace and Club King, Martel realised declarer would place the Spade King in his hand Stansby had made only a simple raise of his partner's suit, and Martel knew that if he ruffed the third Club, declarer would win the heart return and spurn the finesse of the Spade King and drop the now lone King to score his doubled contract Acting on that, Martel played the Heart ten (!), leaving Stansby to work out that the Spade King was doubleton with his partner and to get the Hearts going while his side still was able to gain the lead Otherwise the Heart loser would disappear on the good Clubs. Martel's message came through loud and clear Stansby switched to a Heart, and Martel was able to cash the setting trick when he won his trump King. Yes, we know that an original Heart lead would beat the contract off the top, but didn't this make a much better story? Who was the other pair? Jeff Meckstroth and Eric Rodwell!

Stansby and Martel believe in spirited auctions and in doubling as is evidenced by the following deal from the third session of the Open Pairs finals. They also know how to scramble

Board - 17 Dealer North None Vul

	♠ K932 ♥ AK4 ♦ 98 ♣ J843	
♠ AQ10 ♥ J875 ♦ A5 ♣ A962	N W E S	♠ 1865 ♥ 1096 ♦ QJ642 ♣ 5
	♠ 74 ♥ Q32 ♦ K1073 ♣ KQ107	

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Martel		Stansby	
	P	P	P
1C	D'ble	1D	1NT
D'ble	P	2D	D'ble
P	P	RD'ble	P
2H	P	P	D'ble

All Pass.

North made the not unlikely lead of th Diamond nine That went to the Queen King and Ace Martel then made the ke play at trick two: since North was origin ally a passed hand, Martel placed th Spade King with him for his double If h played the Club Ace and ruffed a Club then finessed the Spade coming back, th defenders will be in a position to pul trumps and cash two Clubs to defeat th contract one But Martel decided to try a little deception — he played the Spad ten! His left-hand opponent looked at i suspiciously but decided to duck Tha was all Martel needed. He then pro ceeded to plop down the Club Ace, ruff a Club and come to the Spade Ace fo another Club ruff That came to tw Spades, two Diamonds, two Club ruff and one Club — plus one Heart or power.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Knight Sac And Fork

WHEN two Knights are in action, combinations based on a Knight fork are likely to be round the corner. In position No 297 a Knight sacrifice is followed by the offer of the exchange which Black cannot accept for fear of losing his Queen in a fork by the other Knight. In position No. 298 after the sacrifice of a White Knight his companion takes his place and a further Bishop sacrifice brings about a winning fork.

Kupreichik - Gulko
USSR Ch. 1981

1. e4, e6 2.d4, d5 3.Nd2, c5 4.exd5, exd5 5.Ngf3, Nc6 6.Bb5, Bd6 7.dxc5, Bxc5 8.Nb3, Bd6 9.00, Ne7 10.Bg5, 00 11.c3, Bg4 12.Re1, Re8 13.h3, Bh5 14.Nbd4, Qc7 15.Qa4, Rac8 16.Nh4, f6 17.Ne6, Qd7 18.Bf4, g5? 19.Bxd6, Qxd6 20.Bxc6, Rxc6.

Position No 297: 21.Ng7!, Kxg7 22.Rxe7ch!, Kh8 23.Nf5, Qb8 24.Rae1, Rxe7 25.Nxe7, Ra6 26.Qb5, Rb6 27.Qxd5, Rxb2 28.g4!, 1-0

3.Nd2) French Defence; Tarrasch Variation. 3...Nf6 and 3...Nc6 are Black's other continuations.

4...exd5) 4...Qxd5 avoids the isolated QP but entails some development problems.

7.dxc5) Lutikov-Gulko, Moscow 1982: 7.000, cxd4 8.Nb3, Nc7 9.Nbxd4, 00 10.Bg5, Qc7 11.h3, h6 12.Bxe7, Bxe7 13.c3, Bf6 was won by Black.

11.c3) Rodrigues-Uhlmann, Berlin 1979: 11.Re1, a6 12.Bc2, Bf5 13 c3, Qc7 14.Bxe7, Nxe7 15.Bd3, Bxd3 (drawn 40).

12.Re1) Velimirovich-Lyubojevich, Yugo 1978: 12.Bh4, Qb6 13.Bd3, Ne5 14.Be2, Nc4 15.Bxe7, Bxe7 16.Qxd5, Nxb2 (0-1; 28).

12.. Re8) Better is 12...Qc7. 13.h3, Bh5 followed by .. h6 or f6. The text self-pins the Knight on c6 and presents White with some tempii.

16...f6) Concedes a hole on e6: the right move may be 16...h6.

18...g5?) The losing move. He had to play 18...Bf7 when the combination 19.Nxg7? does not succeed i.c. 19...Kxg7 20.Bxd6 (or 20.Bxc6, Rxc6 21.Bxd6, Rxd6) Qxd6 21.Bxc6, Qxc6! avoids the fork. But 19.Bxd6, Bxe6 20.Bxe7, Qxe7 (20...Rxc7? 21.Qxa7!, Nxa7 22.Bxd7, Rxd7 23.Rxe6 wins a Pawn) 21.Nf5, Qd7 22.Nd4 is favourable for white.

21 Ng7!) This move based on a Knight fork on f5 completely upsets Black's calculations.

28.g4) If 28...Be8 29.Qg8 mate, or 28...Bg6 29 Nxg6ch, hxg6 30.Qf7 wins

Dommes - Agapov
Leningrad, 1981

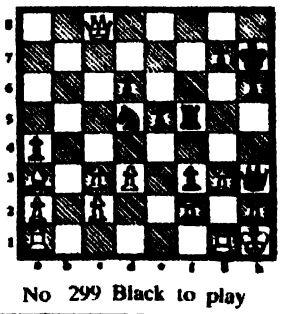
1.d4, Nf6 2.c4, c5 3.d5, e6 4 Nc3, exd5 5.cxd5, d6 6.e4, g6 7.f4, Bg7 8 Bb5ch, Nfd7 9.a4, 00 10.Nf3, a6 11.Be2. Re8 12.00, b6 13.Nd2, Nf6 14 Bf3, Bb7 15.Nc4, b5 16.axb5, axb5 17.Rxa8, Bxa8 18.Nxb5, Nxc4 19.Re1, Nf6 20.Nbxd6, Rxe1ch 21.Qxe1, Bxd5 22.Bxd5, Nxd5 23.f5, Bd4ch? 24.Kf1, Nf6? 25.Bg5, Nbd7

Position No 298: 26.Nxf7!, Kxf7? 27.Nd6ch, Kg7 28.Bh6ch!' Kxh6 29.Nf7ch, Kg7 30.Nxd8, 1-0.

3...e6) Modern Benoni Defence.

7.f4) More incisive than 7.Nf3

8...Nfd7) 8...Nbd7? or 8 Bd7? 9.e5!



No 299 Black to play

9.a4) 9.Bd3, 00 10 Nf3 occurs frequently.

10 .a6) For 10 . Na6 see Falk Ostoich, No.270 12 9.82

11 . Re8) Kasparov Kuipers, Dortmund 1980. 11 . Nf6 12.00 Qc7? 13 e5 Ne8 14 e6, fxe6 15 Bc4, Qc7 16.dxe6 Nc7 (1-0, 28).

Semkov Popov, USSR 1980. (in the above) 12 Bg4 13 e5!, Bxf3 14.Bxf3 dxe5 15.fxe5, Nfd7 16 e6, Nc5 (1-0, 32,

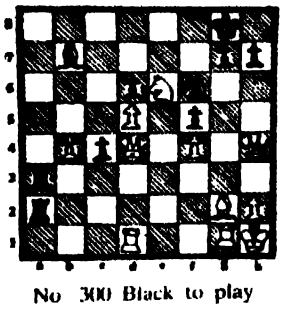
15.Nc4) 15.Re1, Nbd7 16.Nc4, Qb8 17.Ra3 might give better prospects for White The text permits simplication with the liquidation of centre pawns.

23...Bd4ch?) Here or on his next move Black should get an even game by...Qc7 whether or not White exchanges Queens

26...Kxf7?) Possible was 26...Qe8 continuing a Pawn down.

27...Kg7) The Knight fork is inevitable; 27...Kg8 28.Qe6ch.

R.B. SAPRE



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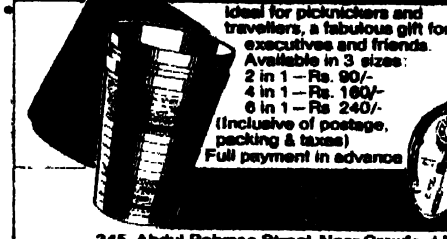

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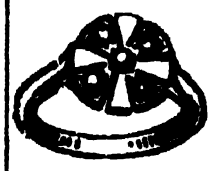

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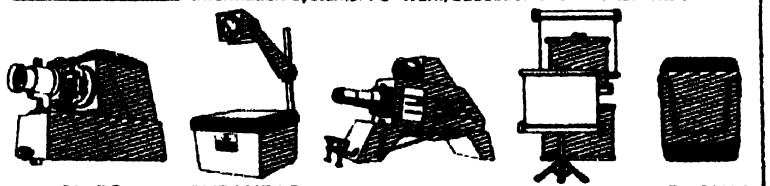

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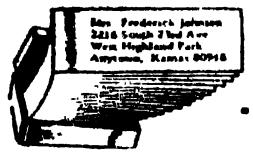

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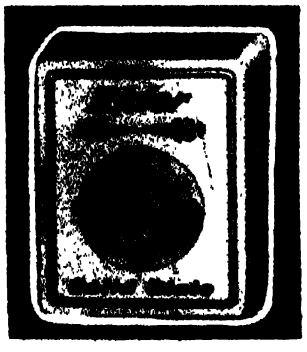

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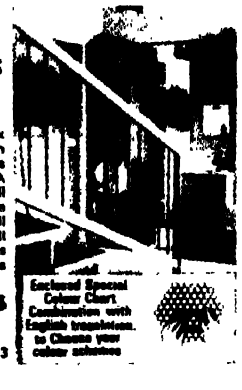

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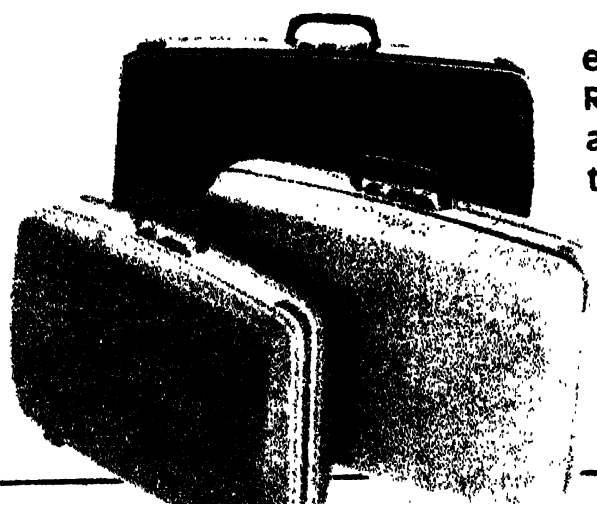

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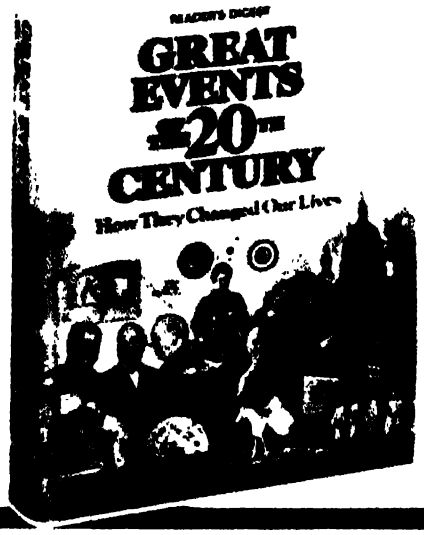

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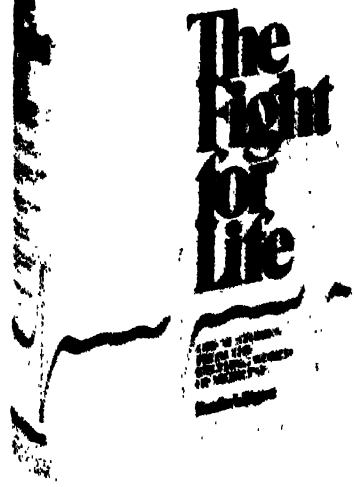

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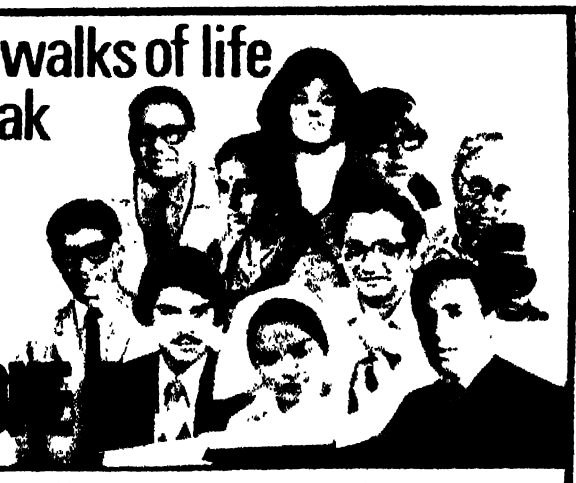

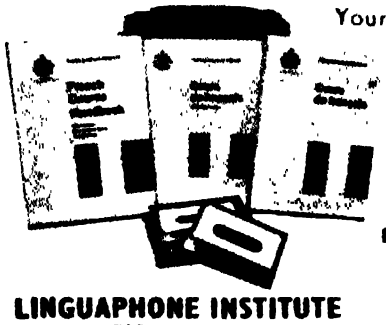

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Muslim Minorities

Sir—Syed Shahabuddin's "A State Of Siege" (January 9) is most illogical. According to him Muslims who adorn Parliament or hold party positions or who have become Ministers and Governors, etc, are men with "only Muslim names". Who are the real Muslims then? Let him define a Muslim. Also, he has kept mum on the issue of Jammu and Kashmir, the only State having a predominantly Muslim population which has the privilege of having a separate Constitution. Some of the Hindus there have no right to vote for the Assembly Elections or to acquire property in that State. Does this, according to Shahabuddin, amount to "participation in politics"? Or is he only interested in the Muslim participation in politics? Thirdly, if Balraj Madhok loves to play the "old cat-and-mouse game" of Indian first or Muslim first, what else are the other Muslim leaders, including Syed Shahabuddin, doing?

A.G. Karandikar
Bombay

Sir—Balraj Madhok, a known Jana Sanghi, has no right to talk about the present state of Indian Muslims. Instead, a piece by a secular Hindu would have helped in clearing the misunderstanding between the two communities.

Unbiased readers can never agree with Mr Madhok that the progeny of those who opted for partition cease to be Indian citizens. This is an anti-secular and anti-national view. Besides, Mr Madhok's allegation that the Muslim League, which masterminded the two-nation theory, shares power in Kerala is untenable. The League that contrived India's partition was led by Jinnah under the banner of All India Muslim League while the Muslim League, which is presently in power in Kerala, is the Indian Union Muslim League founded by the great freedom fighter, the late Ismail Saheb.

N.A. Sulaiman
Kerala

Sir—Syed Shahabuddin says Indian Muslims do not support the two-nation theory. Let him comment on what the Kashmir legislators are doing. Why do they want to open the door to Muslim immigrants from Pakistan? Why do they reject national programmes like Family Planning by making a reference to the Koran? Poverty, illiteracy and unemployment are not uncommon among Hindus. But Mr Shahabuddin wants to prove that the Hindus are more affluent than Muslims. It is not true. Hindus are not only broad-minded but also want their counterparts to mingle in the national mainstream. After all, we have been living in India for centuries.

And, why are we not really bothered about Harijans converting to Buddhism or Jainism? Because we have no problems with their way of life. They never claim their "group identity" or propound a separate nation theory as Muslims do. We fear their numbers. Bitter memories of partition of this great country have still kept us alert. We *don't* want to build a Hindu Rashtra. Not all the Hindus belong to the RSS just as all Muslims are not members of the Muslim League.

T.A. Mundargi
Shorapur

Well-Said

Sir—I have read and pondered over Mr K.C. Khanna's article, "The Roots Of Conflict" (January 9). As a Roman Catholic priest and member of a minority community I am proud to be his countryman.

C.V. George SJ
Pune

Sai Baba And Science

Sir—How could a prestigious journal like the WEEKLY publish a scurrilous report on Sri Sathya Baba? ("Godman Or Magician?", January 2).

The caption, "Sri Sathya Sai Baba scoffs at science and Marx and would have us believe there is no greater person than him in this universe" was not only wrong but also in bad taste.

Baba does not scoff at science. He has, on the other hand, started a university with advanced courses in science in a rural area for the benefit of the young (from all parts of the world).

Yes, he does maintain that science cannot explain, or provide proof for, *everything* under the sun. And he is entirely right!

A.N. Wupendram
Hyderabad

Sir—G.S. Reddy's piece was somewhat lopsided. He has selected a few devotees—a politician, a general, a maestro and a celebrity—and misquoted them, since in actuality they have seen only glimpses of Baba's (vain) glory. They deserve my sympathies. The only people who would stand testimony for or against his faith, are his wise and otherwise aides. The author further makes a feeble comparison of the times then and now. The old order has changed and people (I am convinced) can't just afford to accept utter hypocrisy and all that sham superbly glorified.

Hats off to the Vice-President who has guts enough to call a spade a spade. I feel everyone's life is an open book. If Baba ever meant what he said ("come, experience and then (dis) believe me"), G.S. Reddy would have been the last person to have approached and Baba the first to have avoided! Congrats to G.S.R. anyway!

Dr V. Hanaram
Bombay

Sir—My son Kailash was undergoing treatment for cancer of the kidneys. When we drew a blank at the Tata Memorial Hospital, a retired professor of English, suffering from breast cancer and under the spiritual treatment of Baba, took my son to the clinic at Baba's ashram at Andheri, where he was put on a cot, surrounded by fresh flowers of which Baba is very fond. My son had a glimpse of Baba from a distance and like a beggar waited with folded hands but the Baba went away without coming to the clinic. The professor took my son again the next day when my son saw "Him" from a distance. (He did not come to clinic to bless my son.) The professor was equally disappointed. My son was advised to write a registered a/d letter so that he would receive Baba's signature on the acknowledgement form and that would be a blessing. It was done and the signature was a rubber stamp! That was worshipped with great faith. However, my son's condition deteriorated and finally on June 9, 1982 he expired. Is Baba a God or Bhagwan? We do not know. We human beings want to measure him by "known" things, which is a blunder. Also, death is an unknown phenomenon. Thus astrologers, godmen, and mystics are able to make a living. Rajneeshs and Babas will continue to emerge so long as human nature remains unchanged.

Dr H.P. Gupta
Bombay

Sir—Shame on you for having published a bogus article. Are you aware that over 50 million people of 55 countries of the world are HIS devotees? They include scientists, doctors, psychiatrists, businessmen, engineers, lawyers, administrators, politicians, the rich as well as the poor. Never, and no incarnation of God in His own lifetime, has had such a following. Nor Christ or Mohammad, for that matter. Not even Lords Krishna or Rama. It is very difficult to carry conviction with so many people, by mere sleight of hand!

Wg Cdr Raizada Harbans Chowdhry (Rtd)
Haryana

Corny Choice?

Sir—"Critics' Choice" (Jaunary 2) made interesting reading. Understandably enough, many of the notable films were missing from the lists. But some of the ommissions were unforgivable. While Bimal Roy's *Do Bigha Zameen* figured prominently in several lists, Roy's other classic, *Bandini* was mentioned by none of the eight critics. Again, while Guru Dutt's *Pyasa* and *Sahib, Bibi Aur Ghulam* were mentioned, *Kagaz Ke Phool*—perhaps the film-maker's most moving film—was ignored completely. Basu Bhattacharya's *Teesri Kasam* was also sadly left out. Gulzar's best film to date, *Mausam*, should have also figured in the choice of the critics. A few other films by Hrishikesh Mukherjee, apart from *Anand* and *Anuradha*, also deserved pride of place—*Satyakam* and *Abhiman*, for example. And, pray, why wasn't *Guide*—one of the most enchanting films our country has ever produced—mentioned by anyone? On the other hand, the inclusion of an out-and-out potboiler like *Amar Akbar Anthony* was amazing. If that was the criterion, *Sholay* should have been included.

Subhash K. Jha
Patna

Mullahs In Khaki

Sir—The extract from the smuggled book by Air Marshal Asghar Khan ("Pakistan's Power-Mad Generals", December 26) was interesting. Had Asghar Khan himself come to power, an Air Marshal would have succeeded a General.

Democracy cannot exist in Pakistan so long as it remains Islamic. One politician after another has been exploiting Islam to capture power. As long as human rights are suppressed, democracy, too, will be throttled.

Yet, one has to admit that the law and order situation in Pakistan is much better than in India. Cases of theft, dacoity, cheating are dwindling due to fear of punishment. The shambles that is Indian democracy cannot inspire the Pakistani people.

Prafulla Kanti Biswas
West Bengal

Better Dead Than Red?

Sir—Kudos to the WEEKLY for exposing India's collapse towards bankruptcy (December 26). We are spending too much on defence due to our Soviet connection. We have gathered a huge inventory of Soviet arms—most of our combat aircraft,

nearly 500 of them, are MiGs and Sukhois. So is also the case with Naval ships and the Army's artillery and tanks. Our missile force is 95% Soviet SAMs and AAMs. But these are second grade and, as a result, we are forced to buy Western arms. When Mrs Gandhi blames the West for introducing sophisticated military technology in the subcontinent, she is in fact admitting her discomfiture at having to re-equip.

M.L. Halder
24-Parganas (W.B.)

Ah, Arabs!

Sir—Mr Pranay Gupte's article on Saudi Arabia (December 19) was fascinating. The Saudi Government should be congratulated for the rapid progress achieved in just ten years. The palmleaf-thatched huts of the erstwhile desert settlements are fast being replaced by modern skyscrapers. The constructions of ultra-modern cities like Yanbu on the West Coast and Jubail on the East Coast, to be completed in the third five-year plan, shows the capacity of the Arabs to achieve things in record time.

Muhammed Talheth
Coimbatore

Superb Story

Sir—"One More Dacoit" (November 28) was an absorbing story woven in a first rate literary style Mr Nagar has ably painted so many vivid scenes from village life on such a small canvas This story has left an indelible impression on our minds and hearts.

Vishwa Priya
Prakash Chand Jain
Varun Kumar
Badri Prasad Sharma
Dausa

WEEKLY Books?

Sir—I enjoyed Mridula Garg's story "Daffodils On Fire" (November 21) I'd like to read more stories by her.

The WEEKLY's stories have generally been well chosen. Do you publish annuals or books like "The Best From The WEEKLY"? A selection of your stories should do well in paperback.

A.M. AABAD
Kuala Lumpur

Cheiro's Curios

Sir—I am researching the life of the world-famous palmist, astrologer and numerologist, Cheiro, Count Louis Hamon (1866-1936). In his books, Cheiro states that he studied under the Joshi caste in the Western Ghat foothills, near Bombay. Readers possessing details and anecdotes about this extraordinary man may please communicate with me at the following address:

122 Olive Road,
London N.W. 2 6 UU England

Kevin M Desmond
England

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Contents

8 COVER STORY: ***Misty Dawn Of NTR's Ram Rajya.*** Will NTR redeem his promise and usher in a Ram Rajya? Or will his rag-bag team of political novices and defectors turn the State Administration into a Rabble Raj? Will his Government be as corrupt and capricious as the Congress (I) or will it be different? So far the portents are omnious, says G.S. Reddy.

18 INTERNATIONAL — I: ***Power And Lust In Washington.*** These are the two poles around which life seems to revolve in the Federal Capital. But while scandals abound, quest for power is the ultimate goal for Washington's male-dominated society, says Valeska Von Roques.

30 INTERNATIONAL — II: ***A Hand In The Drug Trade.*** A recent investigation into the 1980 failure of the Sydney-based, American-owned Nugan Hand Merchant Bank has brought amazing facts to light about the possible role of the CIA in the fall of the Whitlam Government in the mid-1970s. The concluding part of CIA's perfidy in Australia by James A. Nathan.

23 ECONOMY: ***Save The Sandalwood.*** This fragrant wood may disappear altogether as a result of nature's marauding and man's unlawful activities, says R. Krishnamurthy.

20 IN THE STATES: ***The Sinking Valley.*** If adequate steps are not taken to prevent the silting and swamping of Dal lake, the Valley of Srinagar may be lost to us forever, says E.R. Ram Kumar.

ALSO: ***A Tale Of Tribal Exploitation.*** By Sheela Barse

Drought In The Hills. By A Special Correspondent.

27 HAPPENINGS — I: ***Letter From London.*** Taya Zinkin takes a serious (and favourable) look at Asians in Britain.

26 HAPPENINGS — II: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** This week Sumita Sandilya muses on General Vaidya, polo in Calcutta and the new Salt Lake Stadium.

29 ASTRONAUTICS: ***Gagarin's Dream Comes True.*** In 1984, when an Indian cosmonaut joins his Russian counterpart, the Gagarin prophecy will be fulfilled By K.A. Abbas.

35 EDUCATION: ***Textbook Muddle: With An Absence Of Malice?*** Sushila D'Cruz on the controversy over the misrepresentation of facts in the history textbook prescribed for schools in Maharashtra.

37 REMINISCENCES: ***A Tryst With The Mahatma.*** M. Sirajuddin recalls a memorable meeting with Mahatma Gandhi during his days with the Railway Police

16 WILDLIFE: ***All Creatures Great And Small.*** The future of Indian wildlife rests on a concerted effort towards the protection of these endangered species, says J. Banerjee.

12 ASTROLOGY: ***Soothsayers Of The World, Unite!*** A Special Correspondent covers the All India Conference of Astrologers organised by *Bharat Nirman* in New Delhi.

47 POLLUTION: ***The Scourge Of Noise.*** M.B Shah on this form of pollution which can become a regular health hazard.

32 ART: ***Ceramics Are Cute.*** Viju Sadwelkar's painted tiles have a phoenix-like quality, says Vithal C. Nadkarni

36 HUMOUR: ***Madvertisement.*** H. Jesse Kochar's spoof on classified advertising.

50 HEALTH: ***Vive la Vitamins.*** Bijalpita Chatterjee writing on the current opinion on vitamins, stresses on natural sources.

51 SPORTS: ***Pak Smash India To Pulp.*** A photo commentary on the plight of Gavaskar and his men in Pakistan. By Amiya Tarafdar.

38 FILMS: ***Indian Film Festival: Project Hope?*** Each year we hold a film festival, and each year we make bigger fools of ourselves. If we had any self respect we would have stopped holding these jamborees a long time ago, says Anjali Ewing.

40 PHOTO FEATURE: ***Compelling Colour.*** A collection from the album of P. Mansaram.

44 FICTION: ***The She-Camel.*** Short story by Upendra nath Ashk.

Plus: *That's Business:* 22, *The World Around Us:* 15; *The Weekly Pick:* 54; *Poetry:* 42; *Hal:* 52; *Stars:* 55, *Bridge & Chess:* 59, *Comics* 60

Next Issue

Will The Congress (I) Put Its House In Order?

"In the wake of the Congress (I)'s debacle in the Deccan and Mrs Gandhi's rapidly fading charisma, the question is whether and how long the party would stand by her. According to her own logic, since she has ceased to be a massive vote-getter, the Congress (I) should have less and less use for her

"Now she is alone, a tragic figure whom many see as a gifted politician who misconstructed her destiny surrounded by small men with petty ambitions, But she can still put her house in order by shedding her sense of insecurity and taking pains to demonstrate her faith in the system," says K.R. Sundar Rajan.

Sparkle, Brilliance And Glitter

Although a variety of gems and gemstones are available in India, the bulk of them are imported, cut polished and exported, says Meera Pandya.

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS: RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR: VITHAL C. NADKARNI SUB-EDITORS: PREETI CHATURVEDI, RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR ART DIRECTOR RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE): PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT: K.A. NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS: J.S. JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: JITENDRA ARYA, S.N. KULKARNI

DEMIGOD N.T RAMA RAO IN HIS TIRUPATI CONSTITUENCY The Celluloid God's meteoric rise to power has been on the strength of promises which, according to the author, are going to be very, very hard, if not impossible, to fulfil.

After Thunderbolts And Lightning

Misty Dawn Of NTR's Ram Rajya

Will NTR redeem his promise and usher Ram Rajya in Andhra Pradesh? Or will his rag-bag team of political novices combined with defectors turn the State Administration into a Rabble Raj? Will his Government be as corrupt and capricious as the outgoing Congress (I) regime or will it be very different? So far the portents, as our correspondent reports from Hyderabad, are ominous. But it is too early to judge. It would be manifestly unfair at this stage to belittle NTR's honest intentions and the enthusiasm of the young academics who have rallied to his banner with the sole purpose of cleaning up the Augean stables. They need time to settle down. It is possible, though by no means certain, that they may eventually govern the State much better than the way the other regional grouping, the AIADMK, is doing in neighbouring Tamil Nadu. The *Weekly* wishes them well.

by G.S. Reddy

THE one-man demolition squad, N.T. Ramarao, who ripped through the Congress(I) fortress in Andhra Pradesh and took over the reins of administration as Chief Minister, is yet to find his bearings in his new real-life role. The 60 million people of the State—soon to be renamed Telugu Nadu—are now looking forward to the promised "Ram Rajya"—an ideal state assured by N.T. Ramarao. Whether the new Chief Minister, who promised everything under the sun to the voters, will be able to live up to the rising expectations of the people is an open question. But, if the events of the first 10 days after his being voted to power are any indication, the establishment of Ram Rajya is going to prove to be as elusive as a mirage.

The day Nadendla Bhaskara Rao was inducted as Minister for Commercial Taxes and Finance, people, who otherwise had no reason to doubt the intentions of NTR, raised eyebrows. The corrupt practices of Bhaskara Rao—who as the Commercial Taxes Minister in Dr Chenna Reddy's Cabinet reportedly amassed huge wealth—are too familiar. One does not understand why NTR, despite his proclaimed determination to wipe out corruption, has risked such an appointment. When asked about this, NTR said: "Some of my Ministers could have resorted to malpractices in the past because of unavoidable political reasons."

Surprisingly, NTR's Government, though it vowed to root out corruption from every walk of life, has not so far cared to ask its Cabinet members to declare their assets. (Incidentally, the Janata Government in neighbouring Karnataka—which, too, promised a clean government—asked the new Ministers to declare their assets.) If the Telugu Desam Government was serious about its intentions, it should have ensured an appropriate beginning by making the assets of its Cabinet members public.

Enquiries by this writer revealed that the new Andhra Government is planning to replace the present Chief Secretary, B.N. Raman, and the Director-General of Police, Anambram. It may still change its mind. But, if it does not, it will be difficult for it to retain its image untarnished. B.N. Raman and Anambram are not only known for their honesty, they are also a source of inspiration to the young honest officers in the State service. In fact, the

—M.A. Rahim

new Government was spared an embarrassing situation when its orders for replacing the present Commissioner of Police, Chandrasekharan, were squashed. If these orders had been put into effect, the Government would have found itself in an unenviable position, because Chandrasekharan was to be replaced by an allegedly none too clean officer, Radhakrishna Murthy.

Growing Feeling

For the past few days, there is a growing feeling that NTR is unwittingly trying to outdo the previous Governments in making false promises. False because, though many of his commitments are desirable to usher in the promised Ram Rajya, they are not feasible financially. For instance, take the case of building *pucca* houses for Harijans. After visiting Padirikuppam in Chittoor district, where 5 Harijans were burned to death on January 5 (Polling Day), the new Chief Minister declared that his Government would construct 20 lakh *pucca* houses in Harijan colonies in the next 5 years. A conservative estimate shows that the Telugu Desam Government would need at least Rs 1,200 crores to fulfil this commitment!

With the State finances in the red, the new Government will find it difficult to implement even the basic promises of the Telugu Desam Manifesto—namely, supply of rice at Rs 2 a kilo and free nutritious midday meals. If the Government is to supply rice at Rs 2 a kilo, then the scheme should be subsidised by the State, because NTR has promised a higher support price to the farmers. The subsidy, running into tens of crores of rupees, will make a heavy dent on the meagre State resources. Besides, the midday meal, if made more nutritious with the addition of a boiled egg and a cup of milk, will need at least Rs 150 crores each year.

Apart from this, Telugu Desam has promised supply of protected drinking water to all the 13,000 villages that are without this basic facility. To implement this scheme, the new Government will need a few hundred crore rupees. While the State Administration is at its wits' end in finding ways and means of raising resources for these basic schemes, NTR is merrily committing himself to schemes that are absolutely out of bounds.

Ten Commandments

No doubt NTR made a good start when he took the oath of office in public, before a huge crowd of 3 lakh people. Immediately after being sworn in, he said: "The Government that is formed now, the Ministers and the officials—all are your servants." To reinforce the sincerity of his nascent Government, he issued Ten Commandments to his Cabinet:

1. *Telugu Desam legislators should keep in constant touch with their electorate and understand their problems through frequent tours.*
2. *Non-interference in employees' appointments and transfers and non-intervention in the affairs of officials discharging their duties.*
3. *Working towards a clean administration and wiping out corruption.*
4. *Avoiding felicitations, lavish dinners and other ostentatious acts while touring in their constituencies.*
5. *Dedicating Telugu Desam to the up lift of the poor and backward people.*
6. *Exposing culprits resorting to black-marketing, hoarding and other anti-social activities.*
7. *Attending the Legislative Assembly meetings without fail and bringing the people's problems to its notice.*
8. *Following the orders of the Party's Chief Whip and Whip.*
9. *Close contacts with the party workers at the grass-roots level.*
10. *Discipline, sincerity and simplicity among the party legislators.*

Will the Telugu Desam party legislators follow these Ten Commandments scrupulously and set an example in public life? The conduct of some Ministers so far leaves little hope for such an expectation.

Basic Issues

The Manifesto of the Telugu Desam, though it promises Ram Rajya in the State, avoids certain basic issues that should have been dealt with: for example, it is silent over the nationalisation of private buses in certain parts of the State—an issue that resulted in many agitations by the Communist Party of India.

Ironically, the new Government, while proposing to do away with several Boards, Corporations and Committees to contain expenditure on establishment expenses, is proposing to constitute new bodies, like an Agricultural Prices Commission, a high-power committee for determining Wages of Agricultural Labourers, a high-power committee to suggest Constitutional Amendments for according more powers to the State, and the like. According to some senior officials, these bodies, whose utility is doubtful, will only add to the expenditure on Centre-State relations.

NTR has made it clear that his Government will extend all kinds of possible support to the Union Government and strengthen national unity. But the State's relationship with the neighbouring States may run into rough weather. When the new Karnataka Power Minister made a request for supply of power to his State recently, his plea was turned down. Similarly, one is not sure whether NTR will permit diversion of the Krishna waters to Madras when the Rayalaseema area of the State, dependent upon the Krishna waters, is facing a water shortage.

While campaigning for his party, NTR promised that, in his Ram Rajya, law and order will be improved to such an extent that women need have no fear about walking alone on the deserted roads even at midnight. To achieve this, he is proposing to streamline the working of the Police Department.

To keep a watch on the functioning of the police force, a Board is to be constituted. This Board—consisting of the Governor, the Chief Minister, the Home Minister, the Assembly Speaker, the Chairman of the Legislative Council, the Opposition leaders, etc—will supervise the work of the Police Department. Investigation into any case is planned to be completed within 3 months. Further, plans are afoot to ensure the independence of the Director-General of Police by according him the protection given to a High Court Judge. Additional police personnel will be recruited to make the force more effective.

NTR's healthy Ram Rajya envisages a substantial increase in the outlay on Medical Services. As there is a dearth of finances even for other basic schemes, one is not sure how the new Government will tackle the scarcity of funds in expanding the Medical Services. At present, only →

—M.A. Rahim

FOR MOTHER AND SON ALIKE, Andhra has proved a personal defeat. Rajiv Gandhi reportedly took a good deal of interest in the management of the poll strategy; Mrs Gandhi, while engaging in hectic campaigning, risked her personal reputation on the outcome of the election. This is the first time that almost the entire South has gone out of the grip of the Ruling Congress at the Centre

—M.A. Rahim

—M.K. Sameeran

THE GOD THAT SUCCEEDED. His screen image made N T. Ramarao a cult figure for the masses. Like MGR in Tamil Nadu, in his campaigning, NTR proved a master in the art of appealing to the emotions of women, who venerated him from his screen roles. However, living up to his movie image—of being a do-gooder and a doer—is not going to be all that easy for NTR. A legend like MGR, he is already coming face to face with the reality—in the shape of a host of problems sure to confront Andhra Pradesh even after it becomes Telugu Nadu

2 per cent of the State Budget is allocated for Health Services—a poor record compared to the neighbouring States: Kerala (14 per cent), Karnataka (9 per cent) and Tamil Nadu (6 per cent). In fact, several Public Health Centres in the State are without doctors, leave alone other facilities.

Though the previous Governments had also adopted Telugu as the official language, NTR's Government is taking vigorous steps to implement Telugu at the Secretariat level, too. The flashy signboards of various Ministers, written in Telugu, provide a pointer in this direction.

While the previous Governments succeeded in implementing Telugu up to the district level, they left the Secretariat untouched, because of some peculiar problems. For instance, several employees of the Secretariat, especially those hailing from Telangana, are not at home in Telugu, because of their education in Urdu. Naturally, in such a situation, one cannot force Telugu upon these employees. In fact, there is a growing resentment among some sections of the Telangana employees at these hasty steps of the Telugu Desam Government. That NTR should go ahead with these acts (including efforts to acquire Telugu electric typewriters) in spite of his specific assurances to the minorities is indeed tragic.

Perhaps NTR has forgotten the promises he made to the minorities. At one point, he even said that Urdu will be encouraged wherever necessary. The previous Governments gave a raw deal to the minorities, though the AP Minorities Commission had submitted three reports, listing the steps that should be taken to improve the lot of the minorities in the State. It appears as though NTR will prove no better than the previous Governments in protecting the interest of the minorities.

Telugu For Telugu's Sake?

In NTR's Ram Rajya, the education system is being totally revamped. Job-oriented courses are proposed to be introduced at the high-school level. Study of Telugu, Telugu History and Telugu Culture are to be encouraged. An ambitious scheme (though there are no resources for implementing it) is being launched to take over all the private educational institutions. In an interview, NTR said that the takeover will be applicable to *all* the private professional colleges, too, in order to stop commercialisation of education.

Will NTR try to promote his party outside the State too? If the experience of the AIADMK is any indication, then the answer is a positive No. The AIADMK made a vain bid to enter the Andhra and Karnataka Assemblies. But it was totally rejected, save for the Kolar Gold Fields seat it won in the last Karnataka Assembly Elections. With the impact of NTR's glamour being confined to Andhra, he will not have a major role in national affairs or at the Centre. The sweep in the Assembly Elections is no guarantee of the party's success in the forthcoming Lok Sabha polls. A lot needs to be done to retain the vote banks that have so generously catapulted NTR to power.

According to a top official, the new Government is seriously thinking of posting local (Telugu) people in the key posts of administration. This policy, if implemented, is bound to backfire on the Government. NTR should realise that there are several Telugu people working

in key posts in other States. This move, if it materialises, will put many of the Telugu officers in other States in an uncomfortable position. Though NTR heads a regional party, he should not let regional considerations prevail over his national perspective.

Promises Galore

Before making a declaration in public, NTR should consult his Cabinet colleagues and assess the pros and cons of his decisions. Even the Telugu Desam's Manifesto has several promises which cannot be fulfilled even in 20 years, leave alone 5. For instance, the Manifesto promises a house to every Government servant before he attains 50 years of age.

A noble idea indeed! But is it really feasible? According to one reliable source, there are at least 40,000 State Government employees who will be attaining 50 years of age this year. Even if each house costs Rs 50,000—a conservative estimate—the Telugu Desam Government will need at least Rs 200 crores to implement such a scheme this year. It does not take a financial expert to say that the NTR Government will have to do without this scheme for the present. So, before announcing any further schemes, the NTR Government should bear in mind the promises it had *already* made and take steps to fulfil *them*.

NTR, though he thinks he is infallible, should involve other Cabinet members and come to a decision on the problems facing his Government. I am told that the show is now being run by Nadendla Bhaskara Rao, after NTR's initial *faux pas*. If this is so, then one will be forced to assume that the Regional Party Chief is completely shaken by the initial blunders he has committed

The State has had enough of former Congressmen like Bhaskara Rao. What the State urgently needs is a sincere person with unshakeable convictions

The Telugu people saw these traits in NTR and voted him to power, hoping for the Ram Rajya he promised. Now it is up to N.T. Ramarao—the political *avatar* who created a sensation by uprooting the giant Congress(I)—to see that the Telugu people have not been wrong in voting his party to power ■

—M.A. Rahim

WITH NADENDLA BHASKARA RAO whose induction as his Minister for Commercial Taxes and Finance led to the raising of quite a few eyebrows. The image that the people of Andhra have of N. Bhaskara Rao from his days in Dr Chenna Reddy's Cabinet is evidently none too bright.

—Newstoday

FOR THIS OLD WOMAN -one of the many who voted him to power— NTR is Andhra and Andhra is NTR. The new Chief Minister has from his people a mandate which gives him the authority to initiate extensive reforms. The Congress (I), having been routed by NTR's Telugu Desam in the Assembly Elections, will perhaps do well not to find fault with him for the sake of finding fault but act as a responsible opposition

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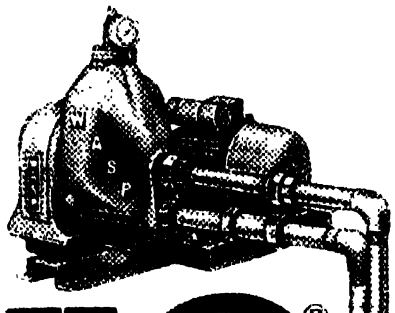

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The Future Of Astrology

Soothsayers Of The World, Unite!

Whether it is the man in the street perched before a parrot or the Minister ensconced with his *tantriks* and pundits, a vast majority of Indians are intensely preoccupied with the future and the effect the stars have on their destinies. According to experts, who recently met at an astrological seminar in Delhi, however, the predictive aspect is just one of the myriad facets of a "science" that has an ancient pedigree.

by A Special Correspondent

THE banner at the hall said "National Seminar on Astrology" and it was a cold December morning in Delhi. A crowd had gathered at the venue—though there had been no fanfare of announcements. Of course Rao Birendra Singh, the Union Agriculture Minister, inaugurated the meet and Speaker Balaram Jakhar of the Lok Sabha released the compendium of papers as the souvenir Yet there was a variety of men and women in the audience, not all astrologers, not all seekers of personal fortune.

Among the participants there was Dr B.V. Raman, known the world over as the authority in Indian astrology, editor of the Astrological Magazine. He is known to have warned the world of the outbreak of a major conflagration in 1936 and in 1943 told that Hitler would meet with a violent end in 1945 There was the sedate S.K. Kelkar of Pune, the colourful Bejan Daruwala and Parsu Ram were the other well-known professionals There was the contingent from Astrological institute of Bangladesh and researchers from Calcutta's Indian Institute of Astrology and learned men from the South like the bearded C.V. Seetharama Iyer of Trichinopoly who grew under the influence of Sringeri.

Shouldering their way through the crowds during the breaks, taking earnest notes, questioning and interviewing, listening with rapt attention to the speeches were a tribe of foreign journalists, representing some of the media giants of the United States.

Would the seminar bring forth fateful predictions? It did not, though predictions for the year have been made and published in astrological journals. Would the destinies of nations and leaders be revealed? Would the key to the secret chambers of the ancient learning of the East be handed over to the world?

Such hopes were belied. The seminar organised by the Bharat Nirman, an organisation for constructive national activities, was intended to promote astrology, one of the most ancient sciences of India, and also to seek for astrology a recognised status which has been denied to it so far even by the eminent people who turn to it in secret.

An outcome of the seminar was the decision to promote an all India body for study and research in astrology. This body will exert control over the use and practice of astrology and strive to expose the dishonest persons who have brought disrepute to the science.

The seminar on astrology progressed through discussions at two levels. Guarding its flanks against unabated attacks by domestic rationalists, scientists and materialists, a great part of the discussion revolved round the question of the status of astrology as a legitimate mode of enquiry into reality. The defenders ranged from the traditionalists asserting the sanctity of the revealed word to the erudite and rational spokesmen like Dr B.V. Raman who questioned the scientists on their own ground. Others held up the empirical basis of forecast in astrology, as in meteorology or medicine The second level concerned itself with the state of art as practised today.

A seminar on astrology would naturally discuss the problems and issues related to the study of astrology with experts exchanging notes on these. To an extent, this was achieved through the papers presented in person and through the souvenir carrying reprints. Even so, the seminar was constrained right from the start first by the imperative need establish its right to exist, so vehement being the opposition to the study of the "occult"

As, the meet opened in Delhi on December 27, an association calling itself "The Indian Assocation of College-going Scientists" circulated a bitter attack denouncing the claims of astrology as a science and condemning its use. It argued that astrology prevents individuals from being self-dependent and, therefore, truly free.

The moral condemnation of astrology as harmful to society is answered by the astrologers who insist that the stars only rule over the general set of influences that affect life and within that frame the individual can and must make his own decisions to optimise advantages and cut losses to the minimum. Be that as it may, the concern for human safety and welfare did not stop the Manhattan project or the march of discoveries that is modern science today. If forces in nature do influence events concerning man on earth, moral postures will hardly suffice to push investigation under the carpet. Such a posture is hardly becoming of scientists—even of the college-going kind.

But *is* there investigation? Is there the rational approach to the queries raised by the unknown, is there analysis, the determination of cause and effect, the ceaseless correction and modification of every step in knowledge? Is there only adherence to revered texts and reluctance to verify them on the touchstone of total experience? Is astrology a science at all? Such questions are hurled at Dr B.V. Raman, the doyen of Indian astrology today and answered by him at different times and places with a frankness and humility that commands respect.

"I firmly believe that there is an epistemological obligation to know what a thing is about before you accept it or reject it" declares Dr Raman. Indeed, it is an obligation that forms the cornerstone of all science—never to believe anything until it is proved. The experience of man over the years has thrown up many interrelationships between phenomena which science has later confirmed as indeed essentially linked.

"Astrology addressing itself as it did to the bewildering complex that was life did not make the kind of instant impression that is fancied as the badge of acceptabil-

ity. Astrology was essentially a pragmatic discipline and as such was multidisciplinary in nature," says Dr Raman.

Obviously the claims of ancient Indian science must be assessed in the darkness of ignorance. There is no common language to link the modern scientist to the ancient texts where each term is open to a complex of interpretations. The interpretative wisdom is the jealously guarded secret of generations of gurus who refused to hand down the torch except to those who qualified in their rigorous test of aptitude, discipline and intellectual attitude. They asked for belief and not disbelief initially.

To the non-believer the seminar brought home the all-pervasive ignorance of the nature of our much vaunted Indian tradition, and the achievement of our ancestors. Who does not know of Varsh Mihira, Bhaskara and Aryabhatta of Indian astronomy? Ninety per cent of educated Indians is the ready answer. Even the few who dimly recognise the names have hardly a notion of what they contributed. One knows of Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler but not these sages who had made calculations and revelations in astronomy, now corroborated by science, more than 2,000 years ago.

The motion of planets round the sun was known in India long before civilisation dawned in Greece. The path of the sun among stars and other galaxies was also a phenomenon described by ancients. The "procession of the equinoxes" whereby the sun gradually shifts towards the lovely Rohini (Aldebaran) in Taurus is described with accuracy in the ancient texts. However, ancient astronomy and ancient methematics of India will remain shrouded in mystery, unexposed to the school and college students till perhaps it is "discovered" with much ceremony by Western scholars or Western cults.

"Perhaps if seasoned science men join hands with astrologers of long-standing experience, useful results may emerge. A common forum, for the two classes of savants to meet is, therefore, essential," says the frail, ascetic looking, soft-spoken Dr Raman. He could easily be taken for a dean in any modern university.

But a forum for the twain to meet is easier said than achieved. The approach of science is essentially analytical. It divides nature into so many parts and proceeds to probe their depths. The approach of Indian learning has always been synthetic. It is not the vision of "A Separate Reality" but the whole reality that the sages have stressed. From seeing one goes on to viewing and then on to total perception. But it is the process from the unknown to known that marks out the mathematical and philosophical bias of ancient Indian learning.

Others among the astrologers are less concerned with a dialogue with science. Jyotish Shiromani S.K. Kelkar believes that though the rules of astrology are given by ancients "we have to change them and modify them". Calling for a statistical approach, Mr Kelkar cites surveys conducted by him which have shown some old rules to be outdated. The belief that marriages celebrated at a time when Jupiter enters Leo are liable to be childless has been found to be untenable. Then again the dumb and deaf seem seem to be exceptions to the shastras. All this needs fresh rules and investigation.

The 78-year-old C.V. Seetharama Iyer who has renounced the world and entered vanaprastha asks: "why waste time on futile debate on the status of astrology? Those who are here are present because they recognise its status. Most pundits give expositions of their views—which is not the subject for a seminar. They have forgotten the precision of the trade. What, for instance, are the possible preventive measures when an evil forecast is seen? No one has dwelt on such problems. Devi's blessings rule over all our diverse efforts, as all rivers meet the sea."

What Is Astrology?

ASTROLOGY, one of the oldest fields of study among mankind, epitomises the human desire to know the shape of events in times ahead. It has for its basic premise the assumption of a basic unity in nature. The earth, the planets, the solar system and the cosmos are viewed as part of an arrangement where every part is correlated to others. A correlation is postulated between human and geophysical behaviour and the planetary movements.

A horoscope is prepared on the basis of the position of the sun the moon and the eight planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto—and their positions as related to a point of earth at a particular point of time. In addition, the 12 signs of the Zodiac form the framework or map in which the relative positions of the planets are recorded. Besides these 12 signs of the Zodiac there are the 12 houses corresponding to common activities of mankind such as marriage, home, career, travel and others.

The interpretations of astrology may concern the world, a nation, an undertaking or an individual. Calculations are made to pinpoint past, present and future events on the horoscope and the influences of the various heavenly bodies at the time.

The study of astrology, as linked to the study of stars and planets, is known to have existed in India as long as 5,000 years ago. Subsequently astrology flourished in Egypt, Babylon and Greece. Ptolemy, the Western astrologer, is known to have propounded his own theories in the second century AD. Indian astrologers, however, hold that the masterworks in the study of stars and planets and their influences have hardly been improved upon after the time of Varaha Mihira of the ancient Indian civilisation. ■

Mr K.N. Rao is one of those astrologers who pursue the studies as an amateur, concentrating on astrological research for its own sake. The walls of his small study are lined with charts and tables. To North Indian astrologers he brought the appeal to use the Ashtak Varga for effective forecast. The work on 337 Bindus for each varga, take long hours to accomplish, but the results, he feels, are more reliable. With great enthusiasm he welcomed the device presented by a young astrologer which can do the work in minutes. Similarly he appealed to the South Indian astrologers to make use of the Sarvota Bhadra Chakra which has proved so useful in the North.

Mr Rao fears a greatly harmful conspiracy against the integrity of India after April 1983. But though the year presages to be a sombre time for the country, a silver lining is seen in more and more of the younger generation turning to religion. For the Prime Minister, at the helm of national affairs, May 1983 augurs serious health problems. For the world, a really explosive situation will develop in 1985 with Saturn, Ketu and Mars afflicting Scorpio.

While other astrologers wax eloquent of India's emergence as a world leader in matters social and spirutual, Dr Raman's predictions, though couched in technical language, are sombre. Says the Astrological Magazine, "The head of the government is having the sub-period of Mars in the major period of Saturn. The Indian independence chart is having Mars in Ketu till 28.7.83 and then on the sub-period of Rahu Ketu and Mars are *shashtashtaka*. Any tyro in astrology will be able to recognise the fateful significance of these directional influences."

Regarding the world, the Astrologica Magazine sees a general improvement in the economy of the United States though there is danger of embroilment in conflict in Central America and El Salvador. Intense seismic activity along the San Fransisco coast is foreseen. It warns also that President Reagan will be well advised to take care of his health and person. The same advice is given to the royal family of Britain. The Soviet Union may see a "reshuffle in its ruling clique" about the time of the June lunar eclipse.

Indeed 1983 does not promise to be a year of peace or prosperity for the world or one of fulfilment for India. The big consolation is that there is no likelihood of a world war this year.

The forecasting aspect of astrology is but one of its uses. The deep roots of ancient learning perhaps never meant it to be its primary function. The marvellous accuracy of the astronomical observations made thousands of years ago call for a more serious and catholic consideration that a mere brush off as "a bit of luck". A civilisation that had so many bits of luck without the help of modern scientific techniques and knowledge, should not be disowned in such haste. The astrological seminar would have served a noble purpose if it can arouse even the spirit of historical inquiry into the amazing civilisation of 5,000 years ago ■

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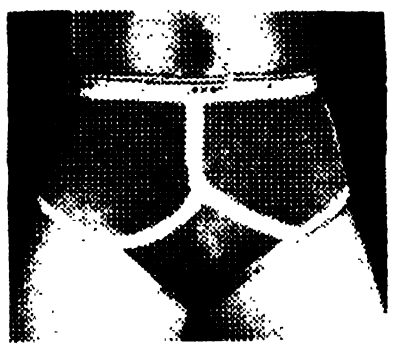

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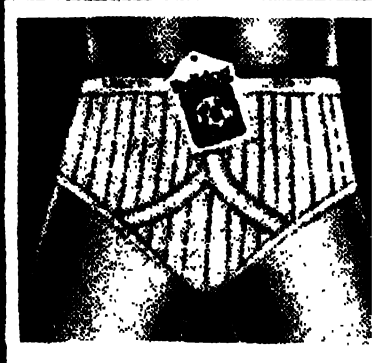

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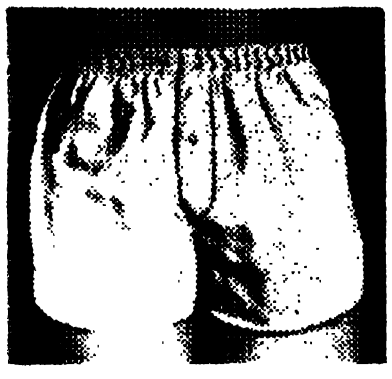

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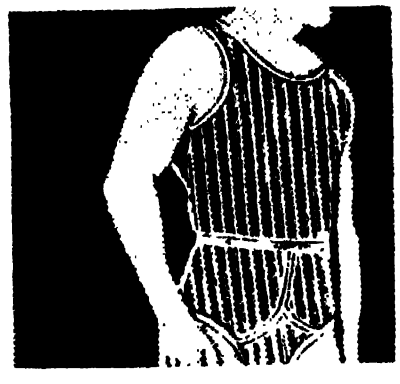

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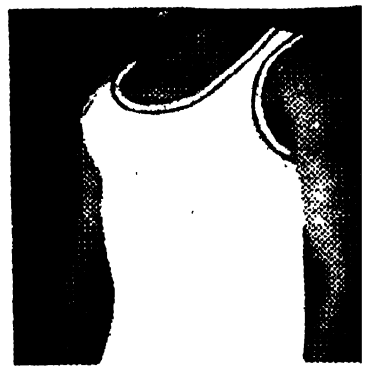

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A LA PHILIP HABIB. Elizabeth Taylor, swathed in bandages and wearing a neck brace, meets Israeli Prime Minister Menachim Begin while on her "mission of peace and understanding in the Middle East"

A DAY TO REMEMBER. The President of India, Giani Zail Singh, released a commemoration volume to mark the inauguration of the Platinum Jubilee celebrations of the Indian Merchants' Chamber in Bombay recently. To his left are Mr Shriyans Prasad Jain, Vice-Chairman Platinum Jubilee Celebrations Committee and Mr Kantikumar R. Podar, President of IMC.

THE WORLD AROUND US

"PLEASE SIR, I WANT SOME MORE." It's "Robby", the sea elephant, not Oliver, the orphan, with his keeper Martin Alberts of Duisburg Zoo.

"DOLPHIN QUEEN". Vice-Admiral M.K. Roy crowns Miss Ravina Khurana at the Navy Ball at Eastern Naval Command headquarters at Vishakhapatnam.

MUSCLE MAN? No, its Bev Francis, the world's strongest woman and she weighs a mammoth 80 kilos.

THE POACHER'S TOUCHSTONE. A rhino horn. —J. Banerjee

Though wildlife in India is in peril there is no need for panic, says the author. For, a concerted effort towards the protection of these endangered species has already begun.

Endangered Wildlife

All Creatures Great And Small

by J. Banerjee

SINCE 1,600 AD civilised man has wiped out some 270 species of animals and birds. This century we have stepped up their rate of extermination to one complete species a year; and, at such a pace, almost 600 other species of animals and birds could soon follow the dodo into extinction.

However, in recent years, there has been a growing awareness of the need for wildlife conservation. In India more and more people are concerned about preserving our flora and fauna. This is definitely a welcome sign.

As in most other countries, we have also awakened late to the need to protect and preserve our wild animals. The cheetah or the hunting leopard has become extinct in India because of our failure to give it protection in time. The tiger, too, faced the same dire threat; but thanks to a timely warning by naturalists at the Ninth General Assembly of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature in New Delhi, in December 1969, the Indian tiger found a place in the Union's Red Book.

A BRAHMINI MYNAH caught in a trap.

—J. Banerjee

The one-horned rhino that once lived at many places in the Indo-Gangetic plain as far as Punjab, is now found only in a few protected places in Assam and West Bengal. The cheetah—of which Emperor Akbar is stated to have had over a 1,000 as pets—now adorns only a few zoological parks.

A timely ban on killing and the provision for a protected place to live and breed freely in helped save the Indian lion. Yet, the species is now confined to a small place—its last foothold—in the Gir forests of Gujarat.

The Indian wild buffaloes have been restricted to the Manas and Kaziranga sanctuaries in Assam and to some parts of Madhya Pradesh and Orissa. Among other threatened species are the bara singha or swamp deer, the chausingha, the Kashmir deer or hangul, the musk deer, the snow leopard, the black buck and many Indian birds, like the pink-headed duck, the white-winged wood duck and the great Indian bustard. The black buck, perhaps the most beautiful of all antelopes, once roamed in hundred-strong herds in open plains and valleys; they are now a rare sight, except in Rajasthan and few other neighbouring States.

Where The Blame Rests

Three factors, singly and in combination, must share the blame for the disappearance of wildlife. The first is the progressive destruction of their natural habitat, thanks to the advances of "civilisation" and the consequent environmental pollution. Miles and miles of virgin jungles and grasslands have forcibly had to make way for towns and factories and roads and railways. And 32 tigers died of folidol poisoning, in the space of 18 months, in Madhya Pradesh.

A second factor for the disappearance of wildlife, is the disappearance of their prey and it has resulted, for example, in many tigers becoming man-eaters. As for the third, it is man and he is perhaps, the biggest culprit of all. Indiscriminate shooting, even in the face of a governmental ban, has greatly reduced the deer population in Kashmir and this is but one instance.

According to a recent report, 25 out of the 1,115 one-horned rhinos in the Kaziranga Park were killed by poachers in 1981. The number for 1982 was expected to be even higher. The poaching goes on inspite of the Government's having raised the jail term from three to six months for the offenders. One reason is the lure of money which scores against a short jail sentence; especially, as the rhino horn easily fetches a sum far exceeding 60,000 rupees in the market.

Superstition has also played its part in the large-scale destruction of many species which are now rare. In

Wildlife Protection In Sikkim

AN ADDRESS by experts of the Forest Department.

SIKKIM, the 22nd State of India, is bounded by West Bengal, Bhutan, Nepal and Tibet. With an area of 7,300 sq km Sikkim rises from 200 metres in the foothills to 4000 metres; and the region falls into various vegetation and climatic zones ranging from the sub-tropical, to the tropical and temperate. Its climatic conditions have helped a variety of flora and fauna sustain themselves. The entire region including the Alpine Zone has hardy species of birds like the snow cock, the sky lark, the partridge, etc.

"Operation Trap Demolition"

The Wildlife Protection Act was extended and enforced in Sikkim in 1976 and an area of 850 sq km in North Sikkim was demarcated as the Khangchendzongna National Park. Poachers, from outside the country, infiltrated the area for hunting during the summers. They planted rows of hedges with traps so that animals from the high zones like the musk deer, the renowned "Shaepi" of Sikkim, the monal, the tragopan could be caught easily. Hence, "Operation Trap Demolition", a three-pronged attack, was launched in the national park—for the first time in 1977—by the Wildlife Wing of the Forest Department, aided by the Sikkim Armed Police.

The main objectives of the operation were: to apprehend the poachers; to make a census of the wildlife sighted; and to demolish the hedges by uprooting and rendering them ineffective for laying traps. Three notorious poachers from outside the country were apprehended and convicted in a court of law. A similar operation was launched in 1978 and a lesser number of poachers were apprehended and convicted. Since then, such operations have become a yearly feature of the department. Also, hunting licences have been banned till such time as the census will be complete.

THE RED JUNGLE FOWL

THE KALIJ

A RED PANDA

Educating The People

The Wildlife Wing of the Forest Department organises student rallies and exhibitions. Public gatherings are addressed by the Ministers, in remote areas, every year with a view to publicising and educating the people on the subjects of environment, ecology and the importance of the co-existence with wildlife. Village leaders are also invited to record their difficulties, views and suggestions which are thoroughly examined by the department. There has been a marked increase in the faunal population due to extension of the Wildlife Protection Act and massive afforestation done by the department over the last ten years. In the current year itself, 46 lakhs of free fruit, fuel, and fodder seedlings, as against a previous 43.75 lakhs, have been planted by the department to maintain the ecological balance. ■

Photographs by
A. Pazo and M.K. Lama

China and some other countries every portion of a tiger was regarded as a powerful aphrodisiac. The carcass of a Sumatran rhinoceros was reportedly sold in small bits and pieces for a total of £1,500 in 1967 by aphrodisiac traders. The rhino horn container is claimed to have properties for detecting poison in drinks and there are some who believe that the powder of the horn as well as the rhino's urine have aphrodisiacal properties.

The prices of animal skins and rugs and the demand for the mounted heads of wild beasts soared so high in recent times that the fur traders, encouraged by the fashion houses, flooded the Western markets with these products in the hope of making a fast buck. Tiger-skin coats (at prices up to $3,000) were vigorously promoted in Europe and America till the Indian Government banned tiger shooting and the export of tiger skin.

The Friends of the Earth Society also embarked upon a new scheme in the early seventies to save non-returnable animals. If the sixty odd species in question, including otters, tigers, leopards, seals, whales and crocodiles became extinct, no technology would bring them back. So, concerned mainly with the slaughter of animals for fashion, the Friends were determined to bring this particular battle to Britain and for two reasons. Firstly, the World Wildlife Fund estimated that 85% of the international fur trade passes through London, and secondly, it has proved virtually impossible to stop the supply of skins at source.

"Policing the vast areas," said a report of *The Times*, London, in early 1972, "where poachers work, is beyond most of the nations involved. For example in the Somali Republic where the leopard is almost exterminated, the Government has passed a law giving it total protection. It is illegal even to own a leopard-skin. But since a leopard skin is worth more than the average yearly income of a Somali shepherd, there is little chance of the species survival... In Kenya the poachers are well-organised, sometimes operating in 80 strong groups. One party of 68 poachers has 42 fire-arms, including two Bren guns, and four Stens."

Yet, despite an appeal from IFTA for a voluntary ban on killing of seven particularly endangered species—the snow leopard, the clouded leopard, the La Plata otter, the giant otter, the leopard and the cheetah—no guarantee was forthcoming from the fur traders as to the stocks held by members before the ban, as to members' support, or even the action to be taken against a member defying the ban. And when a leopard skin fetches a minimum of £400 in UK, any such guarantee is hardly likely.

According to one top official of the International Fur Traders Federation: "Voluntary ban (as appealed by the Friends of Earth Society) obviously has its limitations and the Government should introduce new laws that would protect the spotted cats and other endangered species."

Undoubtedly the co-operation of such concerned groups and associations is valuable, but neither this nor the advice of the conservationists, nor the restraints of the true game hunters will decide the future of the endangered species. The responsibility for their survival or extinction lies squarely with the Governments of the world.

Public opinion is a powerful weapon and it can force a Government to take prompt action in saving wildlife that is threatened. A recent case concerned the great Indian bustard. It was saved from being killed by Saudi noble men under the patronage of the Indian Government

The future of Indian wildlife rests on a concerted effort to protect harmless animals and birds. Their protection is the need of the hour. But, before the wildlife can be protected effectively and so preserved, the people of India must be educated on this subject. For, if conservation must succeed the people and the Government must work towards it as one. ■

Power And Lust In Washington

by Valeska Von Roques

WASHINGTON — Less than half an hour after meeting him, civil servant Hal Lyons offered his host David Green oral sex, popularly known as "a blow job." The price was to be $200, including naturally the amorous services to be provided by Lyons' pretty woman companion, herself a state department employee.

Green agreed and the money changed hands but then, the cupboard in the room swung open and out came Thomas Wise, who, like Green, is a police officer, and had carefully recorded the entire scene. Lyons fell in a trap. Early this year, he went on trial on charges of procuring and unethical behaviour.

Moral scandals seem to be part of the Federal Capital's scene just like cherry blossoms in spring time and crowds of tourists in summer time. They hardly arouse big attention.

But when, several weeks ago, they found in the bathroom of a Democratic politician the corpse of a young boy who committed suicide and who was known to police as a pederast, the discovery should have normally cast a dark shadow across the career of Congressman, Frederick Richmond. As it happened, he was already forced to resign his seat two months earlier on charges of involvement in a drug affair, and tax fraud.

The revelations about the alleged sexual abuse of youthful messenger boys by members of Congress has also been something that had gone beyond the limit of what is tacitly tolerated in Washington's secluded political world.

By overstepping such a limit, the powerful Chairman of the House of Representatives' Finance Committee, Wilbur Mills, in 1974, had abruptly snapped his successful career. He was caught watching the midnight bath of his lady friend Fanne Fox, a striptease dancer, in a lake in front of the Jefferson Memorial.

Or take Wayne Hays. As Chairman of the House Appropriation Committee, he was overseeing the operating costs of Congress and won a solid reputation as a money-pincher. So it was doubly painful when it leaked out that the moralising Mr Hays was misusing public pennies for the upkeep of his girl friend Elizabeth Ray. He set her up in an office as a secretary though she could not even type. Hays lost his seat and his mistress wrote a best-seller.

Last year, a blonde, buxomy lady lobbyist Paula Parkinson held the city at tenterhooks. The story went around that Ms Parkinson had recorded on videotapes her nightly exercises with politicians of both parties to sell them to *Playboy* magazine.

Simultaneously appeared in bookshops the memoirs of Rita Jenrette, the wife of a Congressman, first published in *Playboy* and illustrated by her bared breast.

From the memoirs, the shocked American public could learn that their representatives do not hesitate to perform sexual activities in front of the *holy of holies* of the U.S. democracy: on the steps of the Capitol where usually are taken only the pictures of visiting scout and church groups with their senator.

With lurid detail, Mrs Jenrette described how her husband unbuttoned her furcoat, while she opened the fly of his trousers, how he pulled up her blue silk gown and both made lusty love "in the shadow of a powerful column in front of the Capitol."

Mrs Jenrette explained away her daring revelation as being an example of the rare intimate moments she had experienced with her husband, without interruption or a telephone call—an apparent vengeance for the countless other erotic adventures of her husband at which she was not present.

Rita discovered her husband one day on the top floor of their summer house in the arms of a voluptuous lady who, he afterwards insisted, was none other than Shirley Maclaine. To make him lose his penchant for alcohol, John was sent to a sanatorium, where he stayed longer than on previous occasions, because a warm-hearted woman warden there had helped him to pleasantly while his time away.

John is not the only bad boy in the rotten world of the Federal Capital which had revealed itself to his unsuspecting, puritanically-educated wife from Texas.

The Governor of an American Federal state with whom the Jenrette couple had spent a weekend, pursued her till under the shower. Grave-faced senators pinched her bottom and whispered shameless offers into her ear. A lobbyist put drugs into her food to make her agree to a love game with other couples while her John would sit by in drunken stupor.

Such excesses have become traditional in Washington and part of its political culture. A newly published book by the well-known political analyst Garry Wills titled *The Kennedy Imprisonment* shows that even in the Kennedy clan the "competitive discipline of lust" belonged to the education of the boys in the same way as rough sport competitions and lunch-time political talk.

Wills has portrayed Joseph Kennedy Sr, the founder of the political dynasty and former ambassador to London, as a man notorious for his lust for women. He reportedly liked to enter the bedrooms of the girl friends of his sons on weekend visits to show everyone that in the Kennedy realm, he was the top cock.

He liked to boast about his love affairs with young film stars and as he succeeded in gaining the friendship of a true great star, Gloria Swanson; he did not mind taking her ostensibly along with his pious wife Rose, on foreign travels.

The near-compulsory need for women of his second son John F. Kennedy carried, according to Wills, already "pathologic features." One of J.F.K's student friends describes in Wills' book how things used to happen in the young senator's apartment: A young blonde girl from West Palm Beach came into the house and disappeared with John into the bedroom. He would come out later complaining he had to get rid of her promptly because she was dumb. Shortly, another girl would come in, probably the one for the the night. The next morning, yet, a third one would show up at the breakfast table, young Kennedy would take girls in "by the dozen."

In his affairs, Wills asserts, Kennedy displayed neither discretion nor finesse. As a young navy officer he lost his job with the Defence Department in Washington because he would enjoy the company of a nordic beauty queen named Inge Arvad who was known to be on the Nazi payroll.

As President, Kennedy once informed British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan how he should carry out his duties of a perfect host: Kennedy suffers from headaches each time he has to be without a woman for a long time.

And as Kennedy finally brought into the White House, Judith Campbells, the mistress of the Mafia Boss Sam Giancana, he had reached doubtlessly a "new frontier" of a kind different from the one mentioned ceaselessly in his Presidential oratory.

Lyndon Johnson, Kennedy's successor, tried to outdo his predecessor even in this area. His promiscuity was legendary in Washington.

"This President at least does not discriminate" was the way he was being described in Washington because of the quality of women he would take with him in bed. This is at least the way US author Myra Mcpherson tells things in her book *"The Power Lovers."*

According to Ms Mcpherson, Johnson liked to compare ladies to the cows of his ranch when he boasted he had stamped one with his brand iron.

There were no locks on the doors of the bedrooms in the Johnson ranch—the woman visitors had to expect nightly visits of her host who, says Ms Mcpherson, would coo to them in his rocky Texas drawl to roll over... "Here comes your President."

But even obscure politicians know how to use their power for the satisfaction of their private lust. They have built for themselves in the faraway recesses below the Capital—a world for their secret privileges carefully concealed from the unsuspecting eyes of tourists thronging respectfully through the marble halls.

That secret area contains swimming pools, saunas, slimming and rest rooms accessible only for the members of the two Houses, shops and restaurants with inflation-proof prices and a private bank providing loans at conditions unavailable in the real world up-stairs.

The US people's representatives get their shoes shined for free, their hair done for a small tip, they ride, unseen by the public, in their own elevators from which are banned even their closest collaborators. That these privileges also include the free use of sexual pleasures is quite natural.

But it would be wrong to believe that Washington is a city eternally immersed in erotic joy. In fact, complains journalist Blythe Babyak in *Newsweek* magazine, it is a city where sex is secondary and where the only romance is the one with power.

There is no time for flirting in Washington. Day in day out, men and women meet one another at countless cocktail and dinner parties. But these are just a continuation of the workday with a glass in hand.

Thus, says an article in the newspaper *The Washingtonian*, actress Sophia Loren might sit on a sofa with a deep-cut decollete, but when Tip O'neill, the powerful House speaker steps into the

RITA JENRETTE'S (seen with her Congressman husband, John) revelations about her "escapades" on the steps of the Capitol shocked Americans when they were first published in Playboy.

room, all the men promptly turn their back on her and rush to him.

A New York career woman transferred to Washington, describes her own experience, "I became suddenly invisible, at the fabled Washington parties, men marched past me to that spot in the room where they felt was the center of power."

These complaints about the erotic desert of Washington appear not to fit in with the sexual exploits with which the City's manfolk keep shocking the prudish provincial population. But they complement one another. Since the fight for power is in Washington such an absorbing and stressful passion, there remains little time or energy for the citizens' intimate activities—at most for fleeting joys on the level of a massage salon.

At the same time American politicians may gain the exaggerated illusion about their role as men, and as men wielding power.

This corresponds to the specific American tradition of machismo which makes US politicians and their partners appear most of the time as taken directly from the scenario of a Western. The ideal image is the "right guy" who works hard and plays hard, who drinks hard and has many love affairs, who fights the bad guys and beats them into submission with his fists and his gun.

In this thought-system world policy itself becomes a global competition of manliness, according to a book, *The Machismo Factor*, published recently by Lucy Komisar. Under its influence, the American politicians (naturally not only American, but particularly them) cool their feelings for the interest of the nation.

Like John F Kennedy, they dream of rubbing the nose of thier rival "into the ..", will not to be "kicked around" (Jimmy Carter), or they want to see the enemy go down, whining, not with a thud, in the liking of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. Ms Komisar quotes Lyndon Johnson's contempt for the Vietcong and his boast he would cut the Vietminh leader Ho Chi Minh's sexual organ off if he ever laid his hands on him

SENATOR HARRISON WILLIAMS (with his wife) talks to reporters after being expelled by the Senate Select Committee for his conduct in the Abscam case.

WILBUR MILLS, the former Chairman of the House of Representatives with his lady friend, Fanne Fox, the striptease-dancer, at the Boston Burlesque Theatre. This "friendship" ruined Mills's career.

For these machos, says Ms Komisar, negotation equates cowardice. For John F. Kennedy, his advisors, cautioning him against a direct confrontation with the Soviets during the Cuba crisis, were mere weaklings who wanted to "save their balls". Richard Barnet, the American politolog, calls this attitude, "The hairy breast syndrome".

No wonder then, if these men believe that they must have their last word also in private life with womanfolk. In this respect, however the counter-balancing influence is their puritanical education which force them to extoll before the electroate the virtues of the holy American marriage

Thus, an American politician's wife is required to stand by his side when he shakes hands with workers at a factory gate in the morning, at the lunch table in front of the inevitable chicken and poison-green coloured tin peas, and listen while he pours out eternal electoral platitudes.

And when he is finally elected to office, she must stand by him with their freshly-bathed children and possibly hold the Bible on which he will be sworn in. Their marriage may have long fallen into ruin, yet the facade must be preserved.

Although nearly every second marriage ends in divorce in the United States, a divorce is a black spot on the career of a politician who wants to safeguard his marketing value. This has prompted Edward Kenedy to take along once again his long estranged wife during his presidential nomination campaign, and let her pronounce before the voters his election slogans.

The barely recovered Mrs Kennedy, who had undergone treatment for alcoholic abuse, hardly looked like a happy bride—rather a zombie with a wind-up speaking automat inside. Once Edward Kennedy's attempt at becoming a presidential candidate was over the spectacle was promptly terminated and their separation was renewed until the next election (Senator Kennedy has since divorced his wife and decided not to run for Presidency in 1984.)

For these reasons, unavoidable Washington divorces are pronounced preferably in August. With everyone fleeing the oppressive heat the time has come, according to *Washington Post* gossip columnist Diana Mcleellan, for politicians to trade their wives for newer models.

But divorces in Washington politics are rare, simply because romances likely to destroy a marriage are rare Love affairs are rush jobs, performed, according to Ms Mclellan, in cars, in bathrooms, on the black leather sofas of a representative's office or—in a celebrated case—in the private sauna of a cabinet member.

Since American politicians are so terribly busy working for the common good, some of them consider it unworthy of themselves to seek out company for thier bed. It is the duty of their collaborator to find partners for their boss for a bit of togetherness between two ballots in Congress or two stops on an election tour

The serious paper *The Washington Monthly* some time ago described how it used to be with Edward Kennedy, a man known around the Federal Capital for his countless love affairs. On occasion, the *Monthly* asserted, he didn't know beforehand his woman companion. She was selected by his collaborators as the female type the Senator preferred and then asked whether she would like to have a "date" with him This, as a rule, meant a lunch and then a "quickie" in bed.

Teddy Kennedy's case shows, however, that some change has taken place in Washington's "man" club The *Washington Monthly* article clearly established that Kennedy's problem with women has become a problem for women with Kennedy With his compulsive urge for women the senator had demonstrated a giant baby-ego which must be catered to constantly, a heavy case of arrested development that made it difficult for women to vote for him.

Politolog Garry Wills also believes that Edward Kennedy's pronounced penchant for throw-away affairs had badly hurt him during his quest for the Democratic nomination While this type of behaviour of his elder brother was watched with secret admiration by the Liberal intelligentsia—considering it a sign of masculine vitality—the same Liberals today see Teddy's attitude as mere contempt for women, something no longer tolerated in those quarters

The changing climate has also prompted many Americans, and not only the prude moral majority, to demand after the Watergate debacle a new political ethic which would not exclude private life of the politicians.

But basically, the Washington interplay of power and sex is not likely to change soon. For it is still the main stimulus for all the participants. Power, in the words of Henry Kissinger—a man not lacking in experience—is for most Washington women themselves the "best aphrodisiac". ■

(By special arrangement with *Der Spiegel)*

In The States

The Sinking Valley

SRINAGAR: "The world's most beautiful scenic spot" -the 1,500-year old city of Srinagar, the "Venice of India" -will become a swampy, polluted city in the near future, and the jewel of the city---the Dal lake- will be a silt-laden, weed-ridden area for our grandchildren.

Several studies conducted by experts show that if the present rate of deterioration continues, "Dal and Nagin lakes will be lost within the next 80 years and what will remain will be a small spring in the lakes, surrounded by vegetable farms and swamps."

And what is Srinagar without Dal lake?

Srinagar has been the dream garden-city since the days of Ashoka. The Mughals added formal beauty to nature's loveliness by laying out fanciful gardens, the likes of which only they could work out of imagination. Face to face with the ethereal beauty of the valley, Shah Jehan rapturously exclaimed:

Agar jannat bar ruye zamin ast,
Hamin asto, haman asto, haman asto

("If there be a paradise on earth, it is this it is this, it is this!")

The very names of the gardens they built sound like the cascading waters from the serene, icy mountains into the silver shimmering lakes. *Shalimar, Naseembagh* (garden of breezes), *Nishat, Chashma Shahi*.

The rippling waters of the Dal lake have mirrored, for centuries, the terraced gardens which surround it, the ageless snow-capped mountains and the azure skies. Presiding over the scene is the Shankaracharya temple on a 400-metre high hill and Pari Mahal, the Buddhist monastery converted into a school of astrology, built by Shah Jehan's son, Dara Shikoh. The lake is also the main thoroughfare of Srinagar, connected as it is by a network of canals and the Jhelum river.

All this may be lost to us forever. The reason for the gloom is the abominable condition of the lakes themselves. Dal lake has already shrunk by more than half in the last 50 years. Its present area of 19.6 sq km comprises 11.7 sq km of open water, 3.9 sq km of floating garden, 2.6 sq km of marsh and 1.4 sq km of land.

The lake, which now attracts millions of tourists, may soon stand as a monument to official apathy and the despair of conservationists, environmentalists as also tourism officials, tongue-tied as they are by the bureaucracy.

In fact, there is already a drop in the number of tourists visiting Srinagar. The State had earned Rs. 27 crores in 1976 from tourists. It was expected that the revenue would double by 1990 and treble by the year 2000. The fall has come as a surprise to the authorities but not strong enough to shake off apathy.

Yet, as if in acknowledgement of facts, the Government has been developing places like Kokernag, Ladakh and other areas to attract tourists to the State.

If the lake continues to shrink at the present rate, it may be reduced to a mere channel in three decades, according to Prof. J. Dave, Professor of Environment Management and Dean of the Environment of Science, Jawaharlal Nehru University.

GROWING VEGETATION. Much of the area occupied by the Dal lake is now surrounded by vegetation and swamps. Life is slowly being choked out of the once-limpid waters of the Nagin Lake (left).

The biggest blow to the lake came in 1952 when its water level fell during the floods. By 1956, it had been reduced by about 30 per cent. The nullahs and drains flowing into the lake have been adding sand and mud to it, much to the delight of land-reclaimers. Already hundreds of hectares of the lake area has irretrievably gone over to cultivation.

There were suggestions that the drainage of the houseboats should be taken to the shore in order to reduce the pollution, but few boats have cared to implement it. Another suggestionhas been to ring the lake with a concrete drain to prevent muddy water from flowing into it. This will also have the advantage of checking silting.

A committee appointed by the Government found the sanitation very poor "and there is a very real risk of cholera and typhoid epidemics breaking out" here. The financial effects of such an epidemic can be disastrous to the State "as it can have a permanent effect on the tourist industry."

"The increasing population around the lake, which includes part of Srinagar itself, over-grazing of the catchment areas, increasing intensity of agriculture, both in the catchments and in the floating gardens and wastes from the houseboats have resulted in the inflow of nutrients and as a consequence the further deterioration of the lake," the committee warned. The tragedy is that the thousands of houseboats that the lake supports are also among its killers. The *shikaras*, as these boats are called, are the dischargers of so much filth and excreta that the city, which gets its water from the lake, can never be free from water-borne diseases.

The city, in its turn, has also been dumping waste into the lake with great abandon. The floating vegetable discards, earth and aquatic plants clog the waterways. To make way for the boats, the owners remove and dump the plants in areas which are slowly being filled up. Indeed, many plots of land thus created have been illegally occupied for housing and cultivation.

The prolific growth of weeds and other aquatic plants, fed on the ever-increasing inflow of chemicals, fertilisers and pesticides into the lakes from the surrounding orchards and cultivated farms, has been choking the life out of the once-limpid waters.

In fact, so thick is the growth of these plants that they have practically decimated other acquatic forms of life like fish. An anxious Central Inlands Fisheries Research Institute has taken strong objection to the creation of artificial islands for vegetable cultivation "as it results in nutrients from the lake bottom being lost, affecting fish growth."

Thousands of fishermen depend on the lake for their livelihood as the lake provided some 1,000 tonnes of fish every year. As a remedial measure, the Regional Research Laboratory in Jammu has developed a special kind of fish which can help in clearing the water and eliminating weed and algae.

Despite the heavy growth of weeds, water hyacinths and other plants, rarely is any de-weeding operation taken up. Because of the deterioration in the quality of water, not only the lake's aesthetic beauty but also its recreational potential has been affected, making it increasingly unsuitable for swimming, boating and fishing. The luxuriant growth of macrophytes like *Myriophyllum spicatum, Nymphoides petata* and *Phragmites communis* cover most of the lake surface, endangering its life span. These macrophytes decay and add to the layers of the lake, making it shallow.

According to two biologists who have studied the problem, "the fern *(Salvinia natans)* has reached a nuisance level by covering more than nine per cent of the lake area. It has carpeted the water surface, excluding light, thus hastening the decay of the macrophytes."

The problem of silting, too, is so menacing that experts of the Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation, after a thorough study, recently suggested increasing the open water area so as to cut down the quantity of nutrients and sediments entering the lake. The five experts in 1978 suggested the setting up of a Dal lake corporation. They also wanted afforestation taken up in a serious way in the catchment areas, especially in the denuded slopes, and confining grazing to the lower areas.

The ecological problem of Srinagar was first noticed as early as the fifties, yet concrete steps towards stemming the rot have been tardy. Apart from studies by experts and a Rs 20-crore plan which is still on paper, no major attempt has been made to save Dal lake and Srinagar valley for future generations.

Unless serious steps are taken to prevent silting by afforestation and dredging of the lake floor, de-weeding, checking organic and inorganic pollution and reclaiming the lake area from the encroachment of land mass, Dal lake may go the way of Naini lake, a once-beautiful sheet of water now given over to silt, weed and pollution.

And once Dal lake dies, Srinagar and the whole Kashmir valley will follow---and the world will be deprived of one more bit of pristine beauty.

E.R. Ram Kumar

A Tale Of Tribal Exploitation

DALLI RAJHARA: The Government of Madhya Pradesh, one of the poorest States (next only to Bihar and UP), must have spent a couple of lakh of rupees in an effort (which eventually boomeranged), to boost up the Industries Minister Zhumuklal Bhendia whose future as a tribal leader is threatened by the growing strength of Shankar Guha Niyogi in Bhendia's constituency—the villages around Durg and his home town, Balod.

Since Niyogi organises a massive get-together of his followers among the mine workers and the tribal farmers, unionised as Chattisgarh Mines Shramik Sangh (CMSS) and Chattisgarh Mukti Morcha, on December 19 every year to commemorate the martyrdom of a local tribal, Veer Narayan Singh in the so-called mutiny of 1857, Bhendia decided to hold a parallel *jalsa*, ostensibly initiated and funded by an association formed for the uplift of Adivasis. Chief Minister Arjun Singh and four Adivasi and Harijan ministers, including Mr Porte, whose brother is Collector of Durg, flew in by two helicopters. Bhendia claimed that 21 MLAs and one MP also attended the function. Needless to say the Government machinery was used extensively to transport villagers to the rally in Dalli Rajhara. The cost of flying the two helicopters 1600 kms (Bhopal-Dalli Rajhara-Bhopal) for fuel alone must have been nearly Rs 40,000.

When I asked Bhendia about his future plans for the tribals of the region, he announced the commissioning of an epic poem on the life and work of another tribal martyr of the region! When I pointed out to him that though he has been their leader for a couple of decades, the tribals had hardly progressed, the Minister conceded that he had failed to persuade the Government to implement some "good programmes"! Incidentally, Durg is considered to be one of the nine growth centres in Madhyo Pradesh, which needs 45 growth centres for as many districts.

The Government of this largest State in India has a per capita monthly income of only Rs 72 and yet it has spent several lakhs of rupees in the last few years to show off, much like proud owners of heirlooms, the impoverished, oppressed and exploited Bastar region as a "home of colourful tribes". The Government-sponsored film maker Shyam Benegal, travel writers and hoardes of known and unknown journalists have been invited at State expense to see and depict the Bastar tribals as colonial anthropologists would have done—self-consciously eloquent about the pulse beats of the young camping in the *ghotuls* (havens where marriages are made), the rhythm of the tribal dances, the quaint bows and arrows of the children of the jungle and so on.

At Niyogi's annual rally, we encountered reality. The faces that looked at us on the dais were not the kind that could have excited the curious in search of the exotic. They were not live totems of a delightfully savage and stunningly static tribal culture. They were devoid of colour, sparkle. Those people in CMSS's cherry red and deep green uniforms had never had a square meal all their lives nor had their forefathers. They looked resigned. Daily exploitation by the bribe-hungry policemen, forest officials and the local leaders was their fate and they seemed reconciled. They had mutely suffered rape of their women and had helplessly watched the killing of their colleagues, women included, by the police in 1977 and 1978 when they rose in protest under the leadership of Niyogi.

I did not get a chance to investigate how much Niyogi has done for the tribals and how. But journalists in the State seem to be admirers of the man and his work. His latest programme of *nashabandi* (ban on liquor) certainly has hurt interests of liquor vendors so much so that they have now launched a murderous offensive.

Mr Sharma, a colleague of Niyogi's, alleges that one of the main liquor *thekedars* tried to kill him by driving his truck at Sharma's scooter late one night as the latter was riding along the lonesome road between Dalli Rajhara and Durg. The truck slid down the slope, the driver lost control of the vehicle for a few seconds which gave Sharma a chance to escape into the jungle. He tried to stop a cyclist and then a scooter-rider. But when the men saw blood on his forehead they fled. However the scooter-rider whose help Sharma had sought was able to indicate the likely spot where the injured Sharma could be found when Niyogi came looking for him.

When some of us journalists went to a high-ranking official to seek accommodation at the Government Rest House, and later when we went to see the Ministers, we saw these liquor *thekedars* exchanging warm greetings with the people in power.

Niyogi used the poor people's money to stage an impressive three day get-together. He invited all kinds of people to address the tribals—Lok Dal's Purushottam Kaushik (ex-Minister), Gandhian Sushila Nayyar, Shetkari Sanghatana's Sharad Joshi, trade unionist George Fernandes and Arun Shourie. George and Shourie did not turn up. Nayyar was invited because she is chief of All India Prohibition Council. Kaushik, because he is said to have helped Niyogi when he was arrested under the National Security Act in early 1981 and Sharad Joshi came under the mistaken impression that a journalist friend of his was arranging a private meeting between him and Niyogi about whom Joshi hardly knew anything.

The tribals came on foot, on bicycles, by buses and by hired trucks to the CMSS programme. Nearly 8,000 people ate two meals during the three day mela. On the second day of the meeting, Niyogi's rivals tried to provoke fights by blocking the CMSS delegates' trucks right under the nose of Government officials. But Niyogi managed to control the situation by asking his followers to retreat. He then sent them out by different routes.

Nothing could have proved Niyogi's strength as management of this crisis did. Apart from that there was this undeniable fact that while Bhendia used the Government machinery to collect 25,000 people for two hours, the CMSS show, funded by the poor themselves went on for three eventful days.

Sheela Barse

NO MORE COLOUR, NO MORE SPARKLE. The tribals of Bastar are resigned to their fate—one of rank exploitation, by Government officials, from beginning to end.

NO SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. Vultures feeding on a dead animal in a drought-hit area.

Drought In The Hills

SIMLA: Himachal Pradesh is in the grip of a severe drought for the third year in succession, resulting in extensive damage to food crops, potatoes, pulses, fruits and fodder to the tune of Rs 44.42 crores. According to a recent survey conducted by the State Government, about 21.30 lakh people have been directly hit by the drought. These families have lost between 25 per cent and 100 per cent of their crops.

The kharif sowing during 1982 was quite normal and the prospects of the crops during the year appeared bright initially because of the well-spread rainfall. But these hopes were dashed when the monsoon withdrew abruptly in the first week of August last year. Later, there were some irregular and erratic rains in certain parts of the State which did more harm than good as they resulted in soil erosion and floods. Following the failure of the rains, the standing kharif crops started withering and soon there was widespread drought.

In November last year, the Central Government had deputed a team of experts from the Union Ministries of Planning, Agriculture and Finance to Himachal Pradesh for an extensive on-the-spot study of losses caused by drought and other natural calamities. After the team submitted its report, the Centre released Rs 17 crores to the State for immediate relief measures for the people and also to advance short-term loans to the farmers for the next sowing season.

Besides approaching the Central Government for liberal financial aid to meet the situation created by the drought, the State Government has announced various relief measures to mitigate the sufferings of people affected. The Government has announced the remission and suspension of land revenue where the losses have been estimated to be between 25 per cent and 100 per cent. Recovery of all Government loans have been deferred for one year. The Government has also decided to spend Rs 7 crores on various relief works for employment-generating schemes like roads, irrigation and water supply schemes, etc.

The State Government, however, does not seem to be happy. According to a spokesman, the Central aid is "not even a drop in the ocean-in view of the magnitude of the damage."

Meanwhile, two Opposition leaders, Mr Shanta Kumar, a former Chief Minister and Major Vijay Singh, an independent legislator, have accused the State Government of 'uneven' distribution of relief in the drought hit areas and of diverting the drought relief funds received from the Central Government towards the completion of a number of schemes under execution. ■

A Special Correspondent

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

IS Mr L.K. Jha, Chairman of the Economic Administration Reforms Commission, losing his patience? Addressing the Institute of Financial Management and Research in Madras on January 4, he said "The concept that nothing should be allowed to be done without a licence or a permit is not a symbol of radicalism but an extension of Section 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code." These are strong words.

Interviewed, Mr Jha confirms that he has been correctly quoted and points to the need to build up public opinion. But public opinion is already there, in its vanguard being many knowledgeable observers of the economic scene. The latest convert to the view that over-regulation has been proving counterproductive is Mr Jha's erstwhile colleague in the ICS, Mr B.K. Nehru, now Governor of Jammu and Kashmir. In a paper presented at a workshop organised recently by the Associated Chambers of Commerce and Industry, he has urged the replacement of a "command economy" by a competitive economy. Elaborating, he said "This implies an elimination of physical controls and their replacement by generalised regulations which so affect the market as to achieve the same social ends. This would also make the cosseted Indian industry more efficient."

Mr Jha explains that the recommendations the EARC has made to the Government on the subject of controls come under three broad heads: industrial licensing, working of the Monopoly and Restrictive Trade Practices Act and rent control laws. Asked whether he feels that the Government is sitting over the recommendations, Mr Jha is naturally mum. He clarifies, "The thrust of the recommendations is towards trimming controls and removing procedural hurdles that make for delays. We have given them a framework of criteria but not actually identified specific controls that could be jettisoned."

Mr Jha refuses to comment on my observation that the Government is most unlikely to go beyond tokenism in ridding the economy of excessive controls unless the exploitative nexus between fund-seeking politicians and profit-greedy industrialists is broken. He asserts that this has nothing to do with his terms of reference. Hyper-technically he may be right, but nobody can fully delve into the issue of controls and yet remain oblivious to their political implications.

The EARC has also dealt with direct tax laws. Here, too, the Government has still to bestir itself. Mr Jha says: "The Commission is concerned with the improvement of tax administration and not rates of taxation, which are to be determined by the Government. Our recommendations, if approved by the Government, could be incorporated either in the Finance Bill or implemented through a bill to amend the Income Tax Act and not made a part of the budget proposals."

Pre-Budget Mems

"The Government has no business to be in business," Mr S.L. Kirloskar had declared in his valedictory presidential address to an annual session of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry. The corporate grapevine has it that he singed his fingers. Whether the story is apocryphal or authentic, FICCI presidents have learnt to adopt a low profile vis-a vis the Government during the run-up to the budget, the thinking obviously being that nothing is to be gained by crossing swords with a powerful interlocutor.

The FICCI, under Mr G.K. Devarajulu, is suitably circumspect. Its pre-budget memorandum to the Government is being kept a closely guarded secret. Mr Devarajulu himself is so taciturn that he is not prepared to go beyond a platitudinous repetition of the state of the economy. Nonetheless, all businessmen think alike. What the FICCI has proposed can be surmised from the pre-budget memoranda of its affiliate chambers of commerce which are, of course, publicised. The oft-repeated demands are: Reduce corporation tax to 50 per cent, de-link depreciation allowance from historical costs, give relief in respect of excise duty and sales tax, reduce commercial lending rates.

MR G.K. DEVARAJULU, President, Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry

Mr Devarajulu would rather talk about the FICCI business delegation which he recently led to the United Arab Emirates. Reminded that the Arabs have till now not cared to invest in India, he says: "Because of recession in the West, they are now looking for investment opportunities in other regions. What they want is specific initiatives by us, whether it is deployment of their money in India or export of our technology to UAE. For example, authorities in Sharjah want to set up units to manufacture shoes and electrical appliances. We can also collaborate in third countries in Africa." The FICCI and the UAE Chamber of Commerce are to set up a joint-holding company to promote joint ventures.

Output Down, Profit Up

The Calcutta-based Chloride India Limited seems to have formed the healthy habit of winning accolades on the export front. It was prominent among the companies which recently received trophies from the President for export performance in 1979-80. Earlier also, in 1975-76, the company won a trophy and in the interregnum, there have been three certificates of merit. Moreover, Chloride India was the first company to set up a 100 per cent export unit (in Haldia) outside a free trade zone. Its other two units are in Shamnagar (West Bengal) and Chinchwad (near Pune).

MR J. SENGUPTA, Managing Director, Chloride India Ltd.

The company's exports of car batteries in recent years have risen thus: Rs 5.18 crore in 1980-81, Rs 6.84 crore in 1981-82 and Rs 10 crore (estimated) in 1982-83. Over 80 per cent of its exports are to the Soviet Union. If Chloride India wants to make headway in other markets, it will have to develop batteries for the models in vogue there, particularly the Japanese cars. At present its Haldia unit is operating at only 35 to 40 per cent of the licensed capacity.

"Why is the Exide battery so expensive, its price ranging from Rs 600 to Rs 800 depending on the size?" is a question many car-owners would be prone to ask. Mr J. Sengupta, Managing Director, mentions the high price of lead which is fixed by the Government on the basis of the metal's international price. He also refers to the "reasonable" refund made for old batteries by his company. However, it seems that the battery industry could, for the consumer's sake, do with more competition. At present the only other well-known companies in the field are Mysore Electro-Chemicals (MEC) of Bangalore, Standard of Bombay, AMCO of of Bangalore and Willard, which is located near Ghaziabad.

Mr Sengupta, who is slated to take over as President of ASSOCHAM in April, expects the turnover of his company to increase from Rs 66.85 crore in 1981-82 to Rs 69 crore in 1982-83. Last year the company paid a dividend of 20 per cent.

Defeatist Approach

The Shanti Prasad Jain Management Research Centre recently took a useful initiative in organising a three-day seminar on labour-management issues in collaboration with the Bureau of Public Enterprises, the National Labour Institute and the International Labour Organisation. It is, however, difficult to share the views of some participants, including business management professors from abroad, who tended to adopt a defeatist approach towards the prickly problem of multiplicity of unions and their politicisation.

This malaise can be alleviated, if not eradicated, by making efforts to ensure that the leadership of unions comes from the ranks of workers and by introducing a proper secret ballot system—as against the check-off system which is generally supported by the party in power because of political motives—for determining a representative union. In West Germany, which has an enviable record of good industrial relations, there is the apex German Trade Union Federation, popularly called DGB (Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund). Affiliated to DGB are 17 trade unions organised on the basis of "one industry, one union". We could study the West German System with much benefit.

Tight Money?

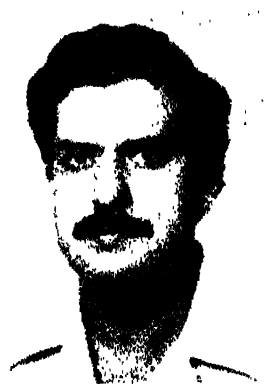
Reports emanating from Bombay only a few weeks ago spoke of tightness in the banking system. But Mr Vinod Dikshit, Joint Secretary, Banking Department, the Union Ministry of Finance, thought they were exaggerated. His thesis ran thus: although the ceiling fixed for increase in non-food commercial credit in the current financial year is Rs 4,600 crore, the expansion remains much below it being only Rs 2,672 crore till December 31. Neither has the increase in bank deposits been unsubstantial, being nearly Rs 5,000 crore. Therefore, there should be enough liquidity in the banking system.

Mr Dikshit's view notwithstanding, the inter bank call money rate had indeed firmed up at the ceiling level of 10 per cent, which is supposed to indicate a tight situation.

The discrepancy could perhaps be explained in terms of three factors. It seems that the rate of growth of deposits has not been commensurate with the rate of credit expansion stipulated under a ceiling as high as Rs 4,600 crore. The Life Insurance Corporation and the Unit Trust have been withdrawing funds from the money market. A number of public sector companies, running on loss or slender profit margins and unable to get their debt rescheduled, have of late been making forays into the banking system.

For all that, the inter-bank call money rate did come down to 5 per cent by January 13. Mr Dikshit may, after all, be right! ■

MR VINOD DIKSHIT, Joint Secretary, Banking Department, Union Ministry of Finance.



Save The Sandalwood

Nature's marauders and man have been responsible for the large-scale disappearance of sandalwood trees from their natural habitat. Unless adquate steps are taken for their protection, sandalwood may be lost to us forever.

by R. Krishnamurthy

NO Hindu home in this land of festivals ever goes without sandalwood. Sandalwood paste and *kumkum* are part and parcel of every Hindu religious ceremony While sandalwood carvings and handicrafts have been a matter of vanity to erstwhile Maharajas, a small piece of sandalwood along with a round polished granite slab is even today a necessary possession for every Hindu home

Of all sandalwood products, sandalwood oil is the most valued, although synthetic sandalwood oil, like synthetic rubber, has now come into market. The oil earns India a sizeable amount in foreign exchange

Nature takes care to hide her precious possessions against marauders and destroyers. Hence it is difficult to recognise a sandalwood tree if one goes by its perfume alone. For it is not the bark of the tree that is sweet smelling but the roots and the xylem vessels in the trunk. While the roots contain 5.75 to 6.0 per cent of sandalwood oil, the billets contain 4.5 to 5 0 per cent

How does one, then, decide that a particular tree bears substantial sandalwood? It is not necessary to fell the trees to determine this. With a Prestler's tree increment borer, one can examine the tissue. The hole thus made can then be plugged with bee's wax to ward off insect and fungal attack

This lovely creation of nature does not choose a fertile habitat for its growth. It thrives on eroded red laterite soil in the states of Tamil Nadu, Karnataka, Kerala, Andhra Pradesh, Punjab, Uttar Pradesh and Manipur. A moderate rainfall of 300 mm and a fair degree of sunshine throughout the year are congenial to its growth. It can grow even at elevations of 1,800 metres above sea-level, and under a rainfall of 300 cm.

Sandalwood or *Santalum album* of the family *Santalaceae* is a slow growing species and stores its heartwood for as long as five decades—this from its tenth year.

Karnataka was at one time the leading producer of sandalwood. However, the spike disease that struck most of its forests has rendered it dependent on Tamil Nadu to meet a major part of its requirements for the Mysore Sandal Soap factory, a State Government unit. Now, Tamil Nadu leads in sandalwood production, with its chief tracts in the Javadis, Chitheri, Denkanikottah, Kolli Hills, Talaimalai and Satyamangalam forests. Chitheri and Javadis have better quality of wood.

AT THE MERCY OF MAN A full grown sandalwood tree seen against the backdrop of a hill in Bannari at the foot of the Talamalai hills Left Uncleaned sandalwood barks await cleaning and processing at a sandal wood depot

Sandalwood is essentially a root parasite. Nearly 150 species of plants have been identified as host plants for sandalwood The chief among these are the *Lantana* bushes, a common sight in the forests. With commercial interest in sandalwood growing at an enormous rate, species like *Cassia siamia, Vagai (Albizzia lebbeck)* and *Leucaena glauca* have been introduced artificially as host plants.

Succulent Fruit

The sandalwood trees bear fruit in the months of September and October—purplish-black, globose and succulent drupes. Birds eagerly peck at these fruits and disseminate the seeds. Although the natural regeneration of sandalwood through such dispersal of seeds is guaranteed, it is advisable to artificially plant the seeds in order to avoid extinction. Nursery techniques are being evolved to hatch the seedlings and then transplant these into the forests So far, however, artificial introduction has not taken much root

The major pests and diseases that attack sandalwood are the spike disease and the stem borer Though different views were held on the causes of the former, it is now generally agreed that a mycoplasma-like substance may have been responsible for the spike. A spike-affected sandal sheds all foliage and there has been no cure so far.

Of the stem borers, the larvae of *Aristobia octofasciculata aurivillus* bore into the heart-wood The adults feeding on the bark kill the tissues outright if the tree is young. Although insecticides could effectively control this, no systematic steps have yet been taken in this direction. This calls for tremendous amount of devotion to work among the forest officials at the division level.

The worst enemy of sandalwood is, however, man himself, who ventures to cut down the trees illegally. Although sandalwood's other enemies can be tackled sooner or later, the last one evades the clutches of the law by his ingenious methods As the possession of less than five kilogrammes of sandalwood is not an offence in Kerala, unlike in Tamil Nadu, the State offers excellent scope for the illicit felling of sandalwood trees The offenders carry the felled tree in parts for final cleaning. Some such gangs are at times even armed during the clandestine operations.

Unless the Forest Protection Squad takes strong measures to root out this menace, the very existence of this wondrous gift of nature is threatened There may come a time when sandalwood will no longer wrap Hindu homes in its gentle perfume. ■

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Letter From Calcutta

Foot And Mouth

IN spite of the Marxist furore, I am prepared to accept Lt-Gen A.S Vaidya's assurance that he did not justify the Congress (I)'s electoral pact with the Tripura Upajati Juba Samaj. But I cannot understand what the GOC in-C, Eastern Command, meant by claiming—as his clarification admits—that any organisation which tries to prove its bona fides through the democratic process rather than by any other means is taking a step in the right direction and is welcome. And why should this baffling reply be given to a specific question seeking his opinion of the poll alliance?

Perhaps the question should not have been asked. But it would have been perfectly appropriate and acceptable for General Vaidya to decline to reply on the grounds that military officers are not expected to air political views. Instead, he chose to give an answer that was obviously open to misinterpretation. The truth is that the tradition of army reticence is not very strong nowadays. General Cariappa and Field Marshal Manekshaw have never minced words, of course, but the tendency is now spreading to officers on active duty, especially in Eastern Command which, because of the problem areas of Nagaland, Manipur, Tripura and Mizoram, can often claim a valid reason for communicating with the Press.

Fun And Games

Some of the bitter controversy over Calcutta's Salt Lake Stadium, now being built, may evaporate if it is the venue for next January's pre-Olympic elimination rounds for Asian football. But there seems to be more than a little substance in the charge that sport is being sacrificed to money.

Mr Priya Ranjan Das Munshi, vice-president of the All-India Football Federation, complains that the Left Front's manner of raising funds for the stadium favours the rich, especially those with a lot of black money to get rid of. He has a point. For any company can get an application form from a small commercial bank, pay Rs 25,000 down and reserve future seats. Private individuals can do so for smaller sums. Mr Das Munshi's fear is that at this rate there will be no seats left for poor people with an interest in games.

The autonomous Cricket Association Board (President: Mr Siddhartha Sankar Ray) also complains that in its zeal to attract donors, the Government has promised seats not only in the new stadium but also in the CAB's Eden Gardens stadium where there is already an acute shortage of accommodation during test matches. Such criticism has not had much effect on the Left Front which looks on the Salt Lake Stadium as a matter of political prestige, and is ready to repay generosity with generosity, even to the point of giving away what it does not own.

Police Raj

Calcutta's human parking metres are already rapacious enough without encouraging the police to add to their illicit earnings by fleecing motorists. The new system—ostensibly to check traffic abuses—is summary punishment: if a car is wrongly parked or violates some other rule, a sergeant materialises and takes away the driver's licence and tax token, giving him a receipt in return.

This has to be produced at the Lalbazar police headquarters where the policeman on duty suggests a deal: either the errant driver faces the expense and time-consuming tedium of court prosecution, or else he pays some money (usually about Rs 80) on the spot without being given any receipt, and has the satisfaction of seeing his name scratched off the list of offenders.

Who benefits from this money? For that matter, who benefits from the daily takings of parking fees which were introduced on the plea that whatever was collected would be used to improve the conditions of roads? Calcutta's roads are as bad as ever though parking fee contractors are waxing rich, while traffic policemen have found another way of inflating their incomes.

Islamic Neighbour

Since whatever happens in Bangladesh is closely followed in West Bengal, the news that Lt Gen. H.M Ershad will declare Islam the official religion was received here with some perturbation. The Chief Martial Law Administrator has, of course, promised that hands will not be chopped off and that similar Pakistani excesses will be avoided; but a Koranic constitution will destroy Bangladesh's secular liberalism.

The fear is that if that happens, it will encourage the Muslim League there and elements like the old Razakars, Al Badr and Al Shams groups who opposed the liberation war and supported Pakistan. Hindus and Buddhists are bound to feel insecure; a fresh influx of refugees (which always follows the rise of communalism) will also add to already acute problems in West Bengal, Assam and Tripura. But, at least, West Bengal's ten million or more Muslims fear no kind of retaliatory action.

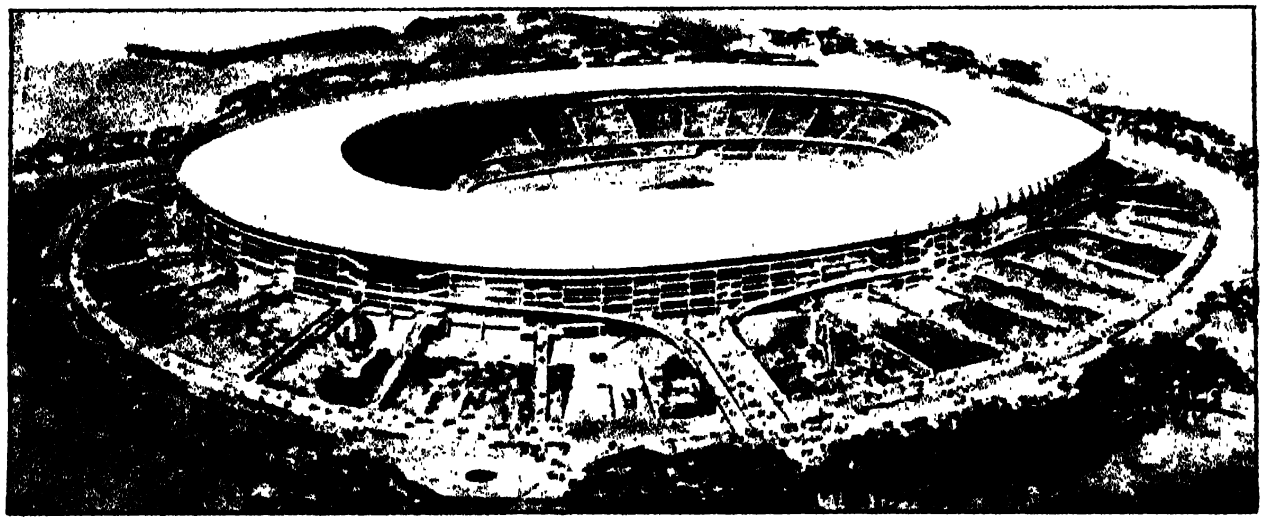
LT GENERAL VAIDYA, G.O.C.-in-C, Eastern Command

MODEL OF SALT LAKE STADIUM

Horse-Play

With racing and the horse show, polo is one of the principal equestrian—and more luxurious—gracious—features of the winter season's entertainments. The glamorous Rajmata of Jaipur was an unscheduled visitor this time, reaffirming faith in a sport that owed so much to her late husband's skill and patronage. Another kind of elegance was provided by visitors from France, the Polo Club de Rambouillet, who, though roundly defeated by the 61st Cavalry in the Darbhanga Cup match, nevertheless played with languid style.

It all explained why polo, a rich man's game, has fallen on hard times in spite of the Calcutta Polo Club's obvious enthusiasm. Yet there was a time when the game, which originated in Baltistan in Central Asia and was popularised in modern India by British officers in the 1860s, was originally more than mere sport. It was a form of defence; and Pemberton's *Report on the Eastern Frontier of British India* recorded in 1835 that Manipuris "were able for many years not only to repel the aggressions of the Burmahs, but to save the whole country...and plant their banners on the banks of the Irrawattee" because every Manipuri male was born to the saddle and instructed in polo from infancy.



—Photographs by Mona Chowdhury

POLO.

After The Party

Mr Prafulla Chandra Sen, West Bengal's former Chief Minister, has again asked for partyless panchayat polls. On the face of it, this sounds an idealistic plea. But why is the demand always made only by politicians who have no party to speak of? Similarly, only minority parties ever ask for proportional representation. ■

Sumita Sandilya

Letter From London

by Taya Zinkin

THREE quarters of a million Indians, half a million Pakistanis and Bangladeshis, many East African Indians and some Anglo-Indians live in Great Britain. All of them come directly or via Africa from the subcontinent which used to be called "Undivided India". They have been integrating, more or less. The Anglo-Indians have vanished, absorbed into invisibility. At the other end of the spectrum, illiterate Muslims in *purdah*—often Bengalis from Bangladesh—remain like foreign bodies exposed to unwarranted attacks from racist phagocytes.

But before one looks at the way Britons respond to the presence in their midst of these immigrants, a dip in the London Telephone Directory can indeed be illuminating. There are four *Moraes*. Neither *Moraes* nor *Judith* reveal an Indian origin. Not so with, say, *Mirza*, of which there are 101 with un-British names like *Shakoor*, *Anwarul* or *Muhammad*. This, even to the layman, spells religious and ethnic differences. There are 23 columns of *Patel*, five of *Singh*. The 38 *Mukherjis* are split into *Mookerjee* (3), *Mukherjee* (29), *Mukherji* (3) and *Mukhopadhyay* (3), a tribute to Bengali ingenuity.

Who can say where the Mirzas, the Patels or the Mukherjis come from? India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Kenya, Uganda, Birmingham or Southall? Even the Sikhs, once they cut their hair and trim their beards, are thrown into the giant melting-pot Britain is gradually becoming.

The Spotting Game

One generation ago, playing the spotting game was child's play for the initiated. Indians from East Africa used to dress, walk, speak and behave so differently that they stood out a mile from their Asian kin. This was even true of the men; they did not dress differently, but they did carry themselves differently. No longer.

The spotting game is becoming increasingly difficult as more and more Indian women and girls cut their hair, wear dresses, skirts, jeans, trousers or jumpsuits while more and more of their British sisters grow their hair, dye it black, wear *salwar kameezes*, *gharuras*, *adivasi* earrings and trinkets, tattoos and, occasionally, even nose-studs. Indian women (be it from Kenya, Lahore or Madras) can still be distinguished from Italian, Spanish, Iranian or Portuguese women because their legs tend to be spindly; however, once legs are hidden, the melting-pot makes spotting increasingly impossible.

Leaving all this aside, let us now see how Indian women—that is the women of the subcontinent—fare in Great Britain. They fall into different categories. Each category deserves to be looked at on its own. First, at the top of the ladder, are educated women from the professional upper and middle classes who speak good English and often have specialised skills. They take to life in England like ducks to water, particularly if they have come from Pakistan, because, then, with a few exceptions, they have no desire to return to the "Pure Islamic Land of Purdah".

Favoured Position

Many women from the subcontinent are perfectly at home in London, where they often occupy a favoured position. They look "exotic". Many are very good-looking, more with grace, and, in saris, dwarf all other women into inelegance. They are doctors teachers, dress designers, owners of boutiques, investment analysts, financial experts, account executives, travel agents, university lecturers or social workers; some are in publishing, while others sing or dance or teach Indian dancing and yoga. Only in the media and in nursing are they conspicuous by their absence. Could it be that even in Britain, where nursing is a much-respected profession, they cling to Indian prejudices?

Moreover, they are conspicuous largely because they are better at their jobs than their British counterparts. My nearest Thomas Cook's office would collapse were it not for the pert Indian from Mombasa, who alone can read complex time-tables and never grumbles.

Next on the ladder are the middle-class women with a smattering of English who help their husbands run the shop. They come mostly from East Africa or Gujarat and are extremely popular. They provide a valuable service: keeping shops open when the British ones are shut. Moreover, as the corner shop is making way for the impersonal supermarket, with the loss of personal and friendly service, people value more and more the friendly Indian shop assistants.

Not far from where I live in Central London, there is a fairly large Indian supermarket which, besides the standard lines, specialises in all sorts of delicacies from the Continent as well as goodies from the East. It boasts a superb delicatessen section and a range of frozen and tinned foods practically without rival; and it remains open seven days a week from nine in the morning till eleven at night. Miss Patel, who presides over the delicatessen, warned, with a charming smile; "I'd not take that slice if I were you; it's no longer quite fresh. Let me start a new lot for you." I thanked her, asking what she would do with the stale bit. She laughed and said: "We'll eat that ourselves."

But not all middle-class women work in family concerns; many are shop assistants in department stores or cashiers in supermarkets. Some even work as hairdressers or do alterations in dress shops.

Always Friendly

In a sense, these middle-class women play in English life the part often played by Anglo-Indians in busy shopping centres like Colaba in Bombay. Because, unlike many of their British counterparts, Asians are always friendly, people take to them. However, this does not mean that women from the subcontinent find life in Britain easy. Far from it.

There are many who must find life in England hell, especially on first arrival if they know no English and come from villages. The jump from, let us say, Chota Gaon to Southall is even more traumatic than from Chota Gaon to Bombay or Calcutta. Life in the village is one thing, life in the city quite another. It takes getting used to, especially if the husband has already been here for a few years and got so used to things that he no longer appreciates the hurdles one fresh from the village has to overcome if only to cross the streets or brave escalators, not to mention travel by subways. For a woman in a sari, an escalator can look like a death-trap. I remember how my Indian friends used to react the first time they met an escalator—and they are highly sophisticated! But far worse than traffic on escalators is the language barrier.

It hits these women on arrival. Far too many immigration officers have the nasty habit of treating those they think they can bully with impunity, as if they were dirt. The performance of such bullies at Heathrow or Gatwick leaves a great deal to be desired. Until recently, there was that ludicrously offensive virginity test for prospective brides, but racialism and discrimination will be dealt with on some other occasion.

The Universal Way

The women from the subcontinent, who come from villages not knowing English, tend to cluster in ghettos. This is a sensible and universal way in which minorities, be they Italians in New York or Cypriots in North London or Bengalis in Hackney, tend to behave. Ghettos provide the support of one's own community and create enough of a market for shops to cater to special needs. However, it has the disadvantage of slowing the process of assimilation by one generation since it is the children rather than the parents who learn English.

Nevertheless, even women can be enterprising. Many of them particularly from the Punjab, can be seen at Heathrow. Although they cling to their national dress, they manage somehow to fraternise with the British cleaners and can be seen in the underground to Heathrow, early in the morning, going to their morning shift. Cockney, and a kind of pidgin English, interspersed with *achchaas*, enlivens the journey as cleaners exchange news in friendly chit-chat. Then, too, there are the women who take factory jobs, preferably within walking distance from their homes. These women are perhaps the most exploited, especially when the factory is a sweat-shop run by one of their compatriots. First-generation migrants without skills are exploited the world over. But life for them is better here than it would be in, say, Muhammad Ali Road. They may be homesick, they may miss their relatives and the sunshine, but they are looked after under the National Health Service if they fall ill, their children's education is free and they are entitled to welfare benefits.

Gandhi is reported to have said that a nation can be judged by the way it treats its minorities. How Britain passes Gandhi's test is something that still needs to be thoroughly explored.

Why Businessmen Are Nervous

by Virendra Agarwala

THE Finance Minister has made it absolutely clear that there is little scope of reducing corporate or other taxes or of enhancing concessions. But it is a fact that the tax rates in India are the highest in the world. Looking at the purchasing capacity of the masses, it is essential that fiscal concessions must be so granted as to enable the common man to meet both ends. Although we are committed to eradicating poverty, we have formulated a tax policy which has accentuated poverty. This contradiction must be brought to an end. The purchasing capacity of the common man has been eroded to such an extent that he can barely exist on the present income levels and the dwindling value of the rupee. In a democratic country, people have every right to expect the Government to formulate policies which will ultimately help to raise their purchasing capacity. The fiscal policy is judged entirely by the monetary benefits it grants to the people, particularly to those living below the poverty line. If the economy actually expends, then it is the function of the fiscal policy to see that its fruits are percolated to the lowest class.

Tight Money Policy

The Finance Minister had predicted that 1982 would turn out to be a "bridge year" from recession to recovery but, unfortunately, it has not happened. Though there is no single remedy for the economic slump, many experts feel that both monetary and trade conditions must be eased in order to encourage domestic demand and permit a long-term recovery. Tight money policy has brought some notable gains over inflation, but it has also put our economy into the worst post-war slump ever and saddled it with a whopping debt.

Unlike in India where we incessantly talk about socialism but have, in actuality, created small islands of affluence in a vast sea of poverty, and an emasculated middle class, in Japan they have been practising egalitarianism without making a fuss about it. Japan has adopted a policy on incomes which has given it hardly any ultra-poor and very few super-rich. The bulk of the populace—about 90 percent—is in the well to do middle class. Unlike India, where the middle class is financially emaciated, the Japanese middle class is able to purchase items other than basic necessities. This has been rendered possible by maintaining a high wage level, low tax level and low inflation rates. The existence of a large domestic market has enabled the Japanese industry to offer the consumer high-technology and high-quality goods at prices which he can easily afford.

It is misleading to believe that big business has no other business but to campaign for fiscal concessions. The business community is shrewd enough to appreciate the Finance Minister's dilemma and also the pressing needs of growth and distributive justice. Prices and availability of some essential commodities have, of course, begun to fluctuate. However, such apprehensions about the budget are sure to exist till the budget for 1983-84 is actually presented.

FINANCE MINISTER PRANAB KUMAR MUKHERJEE

The pre-budget atmosphere in the last three years was quite stable—obviously because of political stability at the Centre. But the nervousness in the market now is largely due to the financial uncertainty on the part of the Government itself. The shortfall in collection of taxes—direct and indirect—is admittedly all-pervasive and universal this year. This, together with expenditure running well ahead of budget estimates and a central loan of nearly Rs 1,400 crore raised by created money to clear State government overdrafts, means the budgetary deficit during the current year has swelled to well over Rs. 3,000 crore. States have again run overdrafts, notwithstanding the fact that the Centre discontinued this practice on July 11, 1982. More than Rs 2,085 69 crore were converted into medium and short-term loans by the Centre in order to put an end to the practice of overdrafts. The problem of overdrafts has always been a major irritant in Centre-State relations. Neither the States nor the Centre have learnt to practice fiscal discipline.

Unnecessary Expenditure

Markets have reason to be nervous when the people discover that the Government is spending extravagantly on either non-developmental activities or on projects which are not part of our priorities. The recent series of upward adjustments in excise and customs duties have created a stir in the market. These adjustments, which raise revenue prior to the new budget can have no rationale or justification. Earlier, revision of prices of selected goods and services before the presentation of the budget had attracted adverse attention. But such price revisions could be rationalised, they have reduced the significance of the budget. What is more important, industry would not be able to function smoothly if decisions are taken in an adhoc manner by the Government rather than following any well-thought-out strategy.

The people, by and large, expect the Government to bring about a radical change in the economic philosophy which could accelerate the pace of growth while reducing unproductive expenditure in a big way. The public sector has come to stay, and no one expects it to be dismantled, but it needs to be so managed that the country's meagre resources are put to the best productive use. The public sector, the bastion of a vibrant and egalitarian economy, is at the crossroads today. There is an urgent need to reinforce and reinculcate the fundamental premise of the public sector against the insidious threats that are inherent in a renaissance of this all-important sector of activity.

The Government, as an entrepreneur and as an owner, is less business-like than a private entrepreneur. It is unfortunate that the culture of the public sector has been one of government administration rather than of professional management. An air of distrust and an obsession with legality has continued to atrophy intiative and vitality in the public sector. Its poor performance has caused growing scepticism on the part of the public about the Government being in business.

As a nation we must pursue a policy which helps the industry to grow at a faster pace. It implies that licensing procedures need to be simplified and procedural delays cut down to a minimum. The Government should seriously explore the possibility of scrapping the licensing system, for all industries, particularly for investments of over Rs 10 crore.

Mr L.K. Jha, an eminent economist, has gone on record as saying that proliferation of controls has become a major obstacle to the timely fulfillment of the targets of planned development. We may have some controls but at the same time we need to appreciate that socialism is not synonymous with bureaucratic controls. A policy of gradual decontrol in respect to cement and steel has produced favourable results. We have made exciting progress but we can still do much better if these controls and licensing procedures are either simplified or altogether scrapped wherever found unnecessary.

The current decade is proving difficult for the poor nations. Over a quarter of a century, ending in 1980, world output trebled in real terms with growth in every region of the world having surpassed both expectations and previous records and despite the increase in population from 2,800 million to 4,400 million, the per capita income doubled. Thus, although standards of living have become better than before, there is now a greater gap between the rich and the poor both in real purchasing power and in a more simple income comparison. For many of the low income countries, the long-term trends offer less reassurance for the future. It is true that the future will be determined considerably by the wisdom of the domestic policies and the will with which their implementation is pursued. The plight of developing countries is far worse with the decrease in overall economic growth, the stagnant volume in world trade that affected all commodity and raw material prices and the increasing external payments problem, particularly for the non-oil producing countries.

IMF Loan Squandered

India's overall balance of payments position deteriorated sharply during the fiscal year 1980-81, as reflected by the draft on reserves of Rs 576 crore against the accretion of Rs 369 crore in the preceeding year. It meant a rise of about Rs 3,100 crore, or 65 per cent, in government imports including crude, petroleum and other bulk imports that widened the trade deficit in 1980-81 to Rs 5,967 crore from Rs 3,374 crore in 1979-80. The improvement in official aid and banking capital receipts was more than off-set by a turn-around in miscellaneous capital transactions and a rise in amortisation payments. The net foreign exchange assets of the banking sector declined by Rs 1,126 crore as on November 26, 1982. It is unfortunate that the IMF loan—which will not be available after 1984—is being squandered for importing commodities for which there is adequate productive capacity in the country. If the remedies are strictly adhered to there is no reason why the economy, which has been maintaining an upward trend since 1980-81, should not surge forward in 1983.

There has been no let-up in the stagnation of industrial production. There are many factors which are sure to hinder the achievement of the Sixth Plan. Bad industrial relations, which are often mentioned in this connection, are only one of the symptoms of the wider malaise that affects the economy. There is a growing alienation between the rich and the poor, the elite and the masses, the Government and the people. This gap needs to be bridged if optimum production is to be reached. This can only be achieved if, besides efficiency, equity is recognised as a worthwhile goal and the credibility of the economic and social system is established. The prior claims of the poor on any economic gain must be given their due, which means that the system must give proper priority to the production of those goods which are required though not necessarily in effective demand, and that it must not produce all goods which are in demand but not really needed. How the two can be reconciled is a vital question to which the Finance Minister will have to address himself while presenting the Union Budget for 1983-84. ■

Gagarin's Dream Comes True!

by K. A. Abbas

YURI GAGARIN

IT happened 21 years ago on a day in June 1961, in an unnamed suburb in Moscow, at the Soviet Air Officers' Club, where I was expected. Without much questioning, my interpreter and I were shown into the drawing room. There was an electric wallclock in the room, and as the two hands of the clock met and merged, at noon, the inner door opened and the (then) world's most publicised person, shyly, entered the room. He was the "Columbus of the Space Age"—Yuri Alexeivich Gagarin.

This was the young man whom I had come to meet. He had been where no man had ever been before, beyond the gravity-charged atmosphere of this earth and he had travelled at an incredible speed of over 18,000 miles per hour. He was also the only man who (till then) had looked down at our planet and who could personally testify that it is round like a football and whirls in the cosmos.

We talked for more than an hour. He took an orange from the fruit bowl on the table and, taking out his ball-pen, traced on it a map of the world. Then, marking on it the flight-course of his capsule, said:

"I could see your India—the Himalayas as well as the narrowing of the peninsula into the Indian ocean—it was beautiful—beyond any description that I can give you—like a painting by Nikolai Roerich!"

Towards the end of our talk, he said something prophetic and these words came back to me, when he was no more. I asked him for a message to the youth of India. This is what he said:

"I would like to travel in a spaceship, with a crew of young cosmonauts from different countries, including India, Russia and America. This will be a research spaceship. You realise that this is still only a dream. But let us jointly strive to make this dream come true. And, indeed, is not our earth itself such a spaceship which speeds through the expanses of the universe? This spaceship belongs to all of us, people of the world, and its crew should live in peace and friendship."

He repeated this invitation and the sentiments, two years later, when he came to India on a personal invitation from the late Jawaharlal Nehru. Today Gagarin is no more. He died on one of his test-flights. But, his words have come true. His dream has been fulfilled.

India's Cosmonauts

Two Indian pilots, R. Malhotra and R. Sharma are now under training in the Soviet Union and their names were first revealed when they were introduced to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on her last visit to the Soviet Union. They are both being trained as cosmonauts who will soon—how soon none can say yet—go up in a spacecraft with their Soviet comrades and, may be, cosmonauts of other nationalities, too—in a Russian spaceship.

What, specifically, is the training that is being given to R. Malhotra and R. Sharma? It is highly confidential. But, it cannot be very different from the training Yuri Gagarin had and which he described to me, except that in 21 years, it is probably more sophisticated and streamlined.

When Lt Gagarin of the Soviet Air Force applied to be trained as a cosmonaut, he had to go through a rigorous health-test—the same that the two Indian pilots would have had to undergo. So, the test would be medical and psychological. Not only that, biochemical and electro-psychological methods would also be applied to test each candidate's fitness to stand the maximum physical and psychological strain. It appears the final test is still to come—the test that even Gagarin found tedious and irksome.

For this test, the candidate is confined in a capsule, without a watch, so, he loses all count of time. Every now and then, he has to report on a one-way radio channel, but he has no means of finding out whether his radio messages are being received in the control room. How long can he remain in this fathomless darkness?

Unknown to the candidate, secret electrical wires are attached to his seat to convey, to the control room, his nervous and psychic reactions. For, in space, he would be cooped up in his spaceship for days on end. Of all the training devices and tests, this is the hardest and most severe, because the cosmonaut never knows how long he has spent in "solitary imprisonment"

The "Vibration Stand"

Another machine for testing endurance and nerves is the "vibration stand". In it, one is mechanically shaken and rattled for a couple of hours; it simulates the violent vibrations of the spaceship when the powerful rocket engines are working. The last and perhaps most pleasant experience is that of weightlessness and it is absolutely essential for the training.

Even the most elementary motive of self-preservation requires astronauts to learn many lessons in the science and theory of space flights, about every thing that may be connected with the ballistic functioning of the rockets—noises, vibrations, overload stresses, and (above all) weightlessness. Connected with it are the conditions in the artificial spaceship, the restricted size of the cabin and the couches on which the cosmonauts would have to be strapped while taking off, the extremely limited field for movements, the emotional tensions, and the inconveniences of carrying out the flight for days and nights encased in a heavy, cumbrous but life-saving space-suit. Thus they will have to learn to be scientists, astronomers, doctors and astromechanics who will be able to go out of the space capsule when and if the need arises to dock with another space-vehicle or carry out the necessary repairs to the outside of their own spacecraft

No superman—or flying *genii*—has had to do all these things. This is no magic—this is not fantasy—this is Science, the science of flying outside the orbit of conventional earth-gravity and of carrying out tasks necessary for human life. Thus, will spacemen Malhotra and Sharma join that select band from the Soviet Union, America and France; and may they carry the spirit of Aryabhatta with them.

PRIME MINISTER INDIRA GANDHI with India's aspiring cosmonauts R. Malhotra and R. Sharma at the cosmic centre named after Y.A. Gagarin.

HE WAS NO GREAT SHAKES AS PRIME MINISTER—at least according to the CIA! Gough Whitlam is seen with Indira Gandhi during his visit to India in June 1973. Whitlam, it may be recalled, supported the proposal to turn the Indian Ocean into a Zone of Peace—something that was opposed by the United States and favoured by the Non-Aligned Movement.

CIA's Perfidy In Australia—2

A Hand In The Drug Trade?

A recent investigation into the 1980 failure of the Sydney-based, American owned Nugan Hand Merchant Bank has brought amazing facts to light about the possible role of the CIA in the fall of the Whitlam Government in the mid 1970s. Nugan Hand seems to have employed an incredible collection of former top-ranking US Intelligence officials. And, since 1977, the Sydney Police have received reports suggesting that the Bank served as a conduit for the drug trade. In 1980, following the apparent suicide of its Chairman, Frank Nugan, the Bank collapsed. Before that, Nugan Hand had swiftly expanded from a $1 million capitalisation to an estimated $1 billion operation, with offices in 22 countries—mostly in Asia. Even if all the charges against CIA activities in Australia are false, no US Administration can evidently undertake an investigation to bring out the truth. The base facilities in Australia are crucial to US security. An investigation can only open up opportunities for irresponsible as well as properly motivated critics.

by James A. Nathan

IN the year 1976, one highly placed ASIO informant, who did not like Whitlam, told *The Bulletin* that the CIA was "active on the sidelines of the loans scandal". In 1981, a CIA contract employee, Joseph Flynn, told the *National Times* that he actually manufactured some of the cables under the direction of former CIA employee Edwin Wilson, now infamous because of the assistance he has allegedly provided Libya in terrorist activities.

Flynn, a man of colourful background, has been deemed believable in this story—if not in others he has told—by respected members of the Washington legal community, the Australian Press and several US investigative journalists. He has also claimed to have helped Wilson in preparing documents that were leaked to the press. Joseph Flynn claims he was paid by Michael Hand, a co-founder of the now defunct Nugan Hand Bank.

About the same time, Admiral Bobby Inman, former Director of the National Security Agency and Deputy Director of the CIA, gave further credibility to this line of suspicion. Asked in Washington on September 30, 1980, and January 24, 1981, about the collapse of the Nugan Hand empire, Bobby Inman expressed deep concern that any further investigation of Nugan Hand would lead to disclosure of a range of "dirty tricks" played against the Whitlam Government. It seems that the controversial Task Force 157 was active in Australia while the Whitlam Government was in power. Inman has said that Task Force 157 member Wilson worked closely with Bernie Houghton, a key Nugan Hand official.

Task Force 157 operated out of the Office of Naval Research until Inman disbanded it soon after he became Director of Naval Intelligence. Task Force 157 had two functions, the first was to run more than 100 CIA properties. The man in charge of the latter operation was Wilson. Early in Inman's tenure as Director of Naval Intelligence, Wilson approached the Admiral to suggest that he, Wilson, would help secure naval intelligence appropriations through the US Senate if Inman steered contracts to Wilson's properties. Wilson was soon fired.

If You Need Him, You Pay Him!

Almost immediately, Theodore Shackley, Deputy Director of Operations for the CIA, urged Inman to appeal on Wilson's behalf. According to one source, Inman's response was: "If you need him, you pay him."

But there is more that tantalises. Task Force 157 communicated to Washington by voice link. The messages were relayed through Los Angeles and then forwarded to Washington. A young cipher clerk, Christopher Boyce, worked in the code room of TRW Inc, which handled the messages. During his trial on espionage charges, Boyce's only defence for giving codes and plans to the Soviets was that he opposed US policy not only in Chile but also in Australia. With reference to the overthrow of Allende in 1973, Boyce told his accomplice that, if "you think that's bad, you should hear what the CIA is doing in Australia".

In other words, Boyce believed that the Whitlam Government was being destabilised. As Desmond Ball, a highly respected expert on defence communications, noted, Boyce should have known, for he monitored messages from Pine Gap, the US intelligence gathering facility in Australia. In Ball's own words, the message provided a "unique insight into the plans and foibles of the Labour Government—such as the communications with respect to the loans affair".

Alice Springs is almost at the dead centre of Australia. Just outside of town is the enormous US facility at Pine. It is supposed to be jointly run and about one-half on the nearly 500 employees are Australian. But only 16 of the Australians are said to have security clearances for code work. Along with Christopher Boyce's testimony, a former Deputy Director of the CIA has privately indicated that information from Pine Gap has never been shared with Australia. As Ball points out, there is every external indication that information is withheld routinely to this day. Whitlam claims he was ignorant of Pine Gap's capability which, according to Victor Marchetti, former executive assistant to the Deputy Director of the CIA, has the ability to act as a giant vacuum-cleaner, sucking up telexes, voice communications and cable traffic over most of the Pacific.

Pine Gap's importance lies in its versatility and range of missions. Its capability is due to its location. It is in a uniquely stable geological formation in an area free of electronic clutter, with some of the lightest cloud-cover in the world. Except for Alice Springs—population: 14,000—the region is almost uninhabited. The Australians have accorded the facility remarkable hospitality. People and cargo routinely fly in and out, entering and exiting without the burden of customs or immigration checks. The place enjoys almost extraterritorial status.

They Were Alarmed

The agreement to renew the Pine Gap lease expired on December 10, 1975, and was renewed by Fraser. Whitlam had said in April 1975 that he might not renew the agreement or that at least the terms of the lease should be changed. Whitlam may or may not have been serious about this threat. But his own intelligence services, as well as the American Intelligence community, were alarmed.

Perhaps the ultimate sin against Australian and American security guardians occurred when Whitlam accused the head of the smaller section of the opposition, the National Country Party's Douglas Anthony, of receiving CIA funds and favours from a former CIA officer once in charge of Pine Gap. This charge linked alliance intelligence facilities indirectly to alleged covert operations that would be intolerable to any Australian Government.

During a 1973 interview in Australia, Marchetti noted in passing that he "heard from my good friend, Dick Stallings, about how things are being done down there in Australia". Brian Toohey, then working for the *Australian Financial Review*, overheard the remark. And Toohey found out that Stallings had worked at Pine Gap in the late 1960s. Toohey's interest was piqued by two facts: first, Stallings had no technical background; second, Stallings had become a close friend of Anthony. Toohey's investigations reached Whitlam, who asked the US Embassy for a list of all CIA employees acting in Australia in the late 1960s. Stallings' name was not on the list. Toohey learned of this fact and published a background article on Stallings for the *Financial Review*.

Real Shock

The ALP had always believed that Pine Gap was built and manned by US Defence Department officials. That it was a CIA facility giving Pentagon cover to CIA officers came as a real shock. The resulting static grew when it appeared that one of the officers, Stallings, had established not only a friendship with an opposition figure but, charged Whitlam, had helped finance the ALP's opposition.

The CIA was enraged. On November 10, 1975, the day before Wilson was sacked, ASIO's new Director-General (DG), a bureaucrat who really owed his appointment to Gough Whitlam, received a formal *demarche* from the CIA. The cable

was published in the *Financial Review* in 1977 and has been widely reprinted in Australia. Its authenticity has never been denied. It read, in part:

> *On November 2 the PM of Australia made a statement... to the effect that the CIA had been funding Anthony's National Country Party...*
>
> *On November 6, the Prime Minister publicly repeated the allegation that he knew of two instances in which CIA money had been used to influence domestic Australian politics.*
>
> *Simultaneously, press coverage in Australia was such that a number of CIA members serving in Australia have been identified...*
>
> *CIA cannot see how this dialogue with continued reference to CIA can do other than blow the lid off those installations in Australia where the persons concerned have been working and which are vital to both of our services and countries, particularly the installation at Alice Springs..*
>
> *CIA can understand a statement made in political debate but constant further unravelling worries them.*
>
> *Is there a change in the Prime Minister's attitude in Australian policy in this field?*
>
> *This message should be regarded as an official* demarche *on a service-to-service link...*
>
> *CIA feel* (sic) *that... if this problem cannot be solved they do not see how our mutually beneficial relationships are going to continue.*
>
> *CIA feels grave concern as to where this type of public discussion may lead.*
>
> *The DG should be assured that CIA does not lightly adopt this attitude*

Australia's Permanent Secretary of the Department of Defence did try to get Whitlam to stop a scheduled November 11, 1975, parliamentary debate about CIA agents and Alice Springs. But passions were high. Both Whitlam and Anthony refused. On November 11, the day after the telegram was received and before Whitlam could have acted—had he wanted to—Kerr fired the PM.

The CIA's concern to halt Whitlam's revelations is especially peculiar in its timing. There was not that much more to say about Pine Gap, as the cable notes. It had been revealed as a cover for US CIA personnel and as a CIA station. In Australia, many people conclude that there could be only two more CIA concerns: that the Pine Gap lease would not be renewed—but Whitlam had privately insisted that the CIA had no worries and they probably would not have had until the provocative cable was sent—or that CIA funding of other operations aimed at Australia's unions and parties was about to be revealed. It is widely believed that the Nugan Hand Bank was a bursar for such operations.

Nugan was an Australian and Hand is an American. If quick profit is a guide, Nugan and Hand were a match made in heaven. Frank Nugan started off in the fruit and vegetable business in the Australian country town of Griffiths, a place where people have been killed for speaking to authorities about the huge crop of illicit drugs grown in the region. In Sydney, in 1969, Hand established Australian and Pacific Holdings Ltd. Of the 19 founding shareholders, 10 worked with Air America or Continental Air Services, an airline subsidiary of the US Continental Airlines under CIA contract in Laos.

In early 1973, Nugan and Hand became merchant bankers. They immediately made money as financial advisers to American servicemen passing through or living in Australia. The Bank's founders, along with Nugan and Hand, were 4 officials of Air America, a CIA property.

Nugan Hand quickly expanded from a $1 million capitalisation to an estimated $1 billion operation with offices in 22 countries—most of them in Asia. And one, in Chiang Mai, Northern Thailand—the Golden Triangle—was in an area where the frontiers of Thailand, Burma and Laos join.

The Director of the Chiang Mai office claimed on Australian Television that he handled 2.6 million dollars in less than 6 months. The money was garnered from the drugs transiting the area. The Bank, he put it starkly, was a "laundry" for Meo tribesmen and other poppy-growers. The Bangkok office was run by the former CIA Chief of Station in Bangkok. Back in Sydney, when Nugan died, records from the Bangkok office were full of descriptions of troop deployments and arms sales in the region. Investigators found it hard to believe that Nugan Hand was just a bank and not an abetter of US Intelligence.

Some of the branch locations were peculiar—in the words of one investigator. Moreover, the management was of a calibre and number to "run a small-sized war". For it included Air Force General LeRoy Manor, Chief of Staff of the entire Pacific Command and a specialist in counter-insurgency, Army General Edwin Black, the Commander of US Forces in Thailand; Rear Admiral Earl Yates, former Chief of Staff for Policy and Plans of the Pacific Command; as also Patry Loomis, a CIA employee who helped Wilson recruit a team of Green Berets to train Libyans. Loomis was on the Board of Directors under an alias, according to a highly placed CIA source.

The activities of the Nugan Hand Merchant Bank—drug charges aside—were strange indeed. Yates attempted to relocate 3,000 Meo tribesmen—refugees who had assisted the US war effort in Vietnam—to the Caribbean, using the Nugan Hand offices in the Cayman Islands to disperse funds sought from the US Government. Kent Crane, an arms merchant on close terms with current high White House officials, made a number of trips to Sydney, one in the company of Yates.

Crane, a former CIA operative, was said to be handling Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi's investments. Wilson also assisted the Shah in moving money from Iran to a Nugan Hand Bank branch in Switzerland. And Wilson was a close associate of the Nugan Hand Saudi representative, Bernie Houghton. Houghton was a member of Task Force 157 until it disbanded. Plus Wilson and the man who signed off on the CIA *demarche* sent to Australia on November 9, 1975—Shackley, then Head of the East Asian Division of the CIA—were also associated with Task Force 157. Shackley has had a long, close relationship with the Nugan Hand Bank, according to Australian sources.

The portents are ominous. Since 1977, the Labour Party has officially and consistently entertained the proposition that the CIA was involved in the Whitlam coup. Labour is ascendant in the polls. The Labour Party in Australia, now led by former Queensland Police officer Bill Hayden, has already spoken about US bases, claiming that it would demand joint control.

Nugan was an Australian and Hand is an American. If quick profit is a guide, Nugan and Hand were a match made in heaven.

The (US Intelligence) bases are coming to represent to Australians a badge of weakness and vulnerability... (They) are increasingly considered less an asset and more a liability. They seem to place Australia's survival at stake by making what had been an area free of nuclear phobia a strategic target.

When Hayden met Bush in April 1982, the issue of CIA involvement in Australian domestic politics dominated their conversations. Hayden is being pushed by the newly elected Labour Party based in Melbourne to repudiate the Australia-New Zealand-United States security pact (ANZUS) altogether. And other State Labour Parties may well follow suit. The Party of the State of Victoria recently told the Acting Melbourne Consul General that it would prefer that no US Navy forces, whether or not they might carry nuclear munitions, visit Melbourne. And a number of Australia's most respected strategic thinkers are currently urging a re-evaluation of ANZUS and they have embarked on tireless public education campaigns concerning the functions of US bases and their capacity to draw Soviet atomic fire in the event of East-West hostility.

The technical education and evaluation surrounding US installations have been sober and judicious. Pine Gap's functions have been quite convincingly documented. Since the United States lost its intelligence stations in Iran, Pine Gap is called one of the last reliable means of verifying any Soviet-American strategic arms accord. US installations on the Australian North-West Cape provide the means of coordinating any US nuclear retaliatory strike against Soviet targets. And these installations are also said to be the most sophisticated anti-submarine warfare-monitoring facilities in the world. Some 300 miles north-west of Adelaide (capital of South Australia) lies Nurrangar, an early-warning monitoring station linked with a geostationary satellite high above Borneo.

Not So Binding Stake?

These bases have always been seen by the Australians as a quid pro quo for the ANZUS pact. Australia could afford only with difficulty the logistics, the manpower and the weapons of currently defined interests in the Indian and the Pacific Ocean. A continental defence, which is one of the alternatives to a withdrawal from ANZUS, could be even more expensive. The bases were a bargain, as Australian strategist Hedley Bull has pointed out; for the bases symbolised an American stake in Australia, visibly binding the United States to Australia. The bases assuaged a fear of abandonment. They were such a blessing that the Harold Holt Government of the 1960s charged but one peppercorn for rent of the North-West Cape naval facility.

Yet US intelligence bases and security agreements are increasingly considered less an asset and more a liability. They seem to place Australia's survival at stake by making what had been an area free of nuclear phobia a strategic target. Such fears are heightened by US counterforce strategies—especially since they would almost have to involve the detection and coordination capability located in Australia. Bases not only make Australia a potential strategic target but a political hostage as well.

Even if all the charges made against the CIA's activities in Australia are false, no US Administration can eagerly undertake an investigation to bring out the truth. For the facilities in Australia are crucial to US security. An investigation opens up opportunities for irresponsible as well as properly motivated critics.

At the same time, refusing to cooperate in an investigation to clear the air now seems to carry even higher risks for US security. Any Left-leaning government may well think it better to cut ties with the United States in the light of the fate the Australian Left feels befell Whitlam. No future Labour Government will feel secure that the whole story has been told if the past has not been cleared up convincingly. In the mid 1970s, Cairns was barred from even visiting Pine Gap and the three Prime Ministers who preceded Fraser have complained that not only were they incompletely informed about US bases but that they were also misled.

No Longer A Source Of Strength

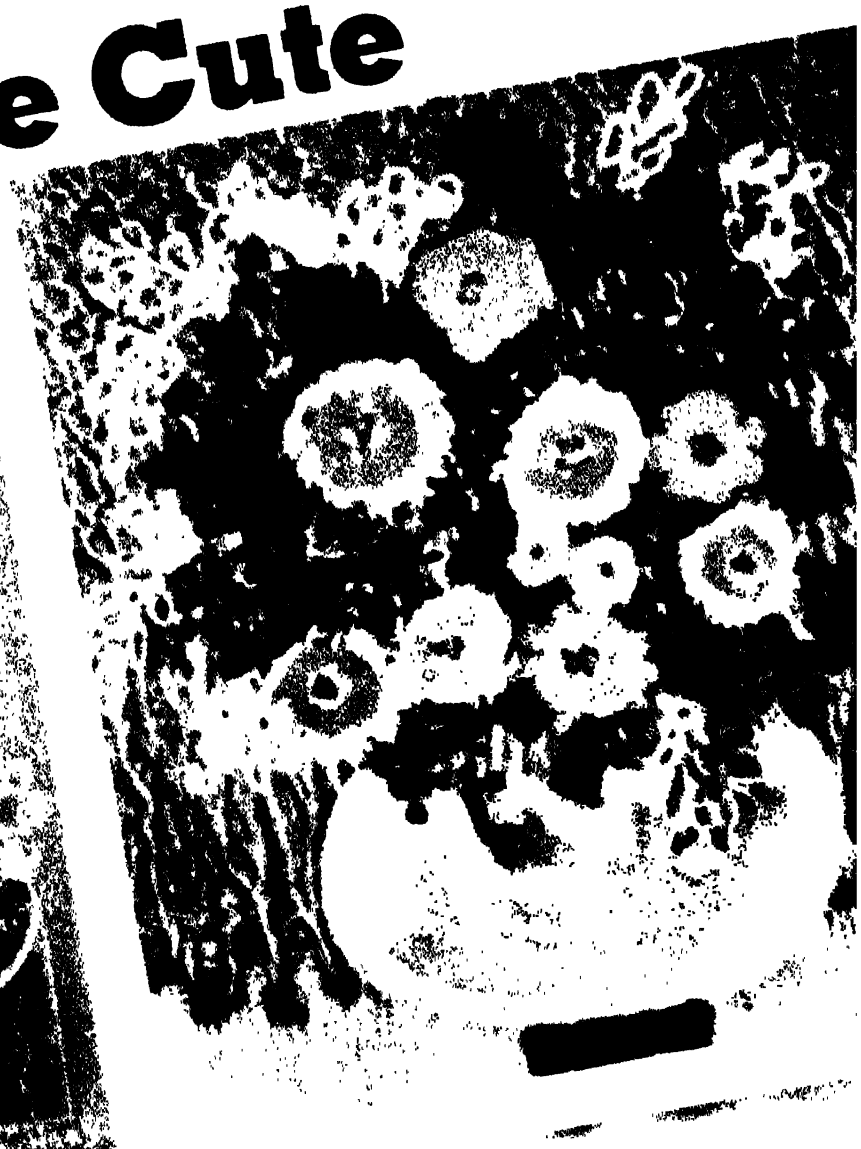
The bases are coming to represent to Australians a badge of weakness and vulnerability. Whitlam's deputy was barred from entering Pine Gap and Whitlam could not know that the US electronic feed from Pine Gap to Washington was handled by a commercial firm in Los Angeles—TRW—until the Boyce trial. And the Australian Government did not know what Boyce, a 23-year-old dope-smoking college dropout, could sell for a song to the USSR.

Substantive questions need answering before balance and amity can be restored to the relationship. If it can be proved that Washington was more than a bystander, the relevant documents ought to be released. If the CIA was guilty of any of the serious charges being aired in Australia, corrective steps are necessary to reassure the Australians that the United States will never undertake similar activities in the future. Perhaps, given the CIA's reticence in making painful disclosures in the past, the matter ought to be taken up by Congress. ■

concluded

By arrangement with *Foreign Policy*

Ceramics Are Cute



Ceramic tile painting is endowed with a phoenix-like quality: baptised by the fires of the kiln, it can easily withstand the ravages of Time.

VIJOO Sadwelkar's painted tiles are a decorator's delight. Delicately drawn, brightly coloured and superbly framed, they instantly glamorise your walls. The shiny ceramic surface and the brilliant hues are no doubt appealing to the viewer. But they can be tricky, offering a real challenge to the noviciate. For, unlike works on canvas or paper, paintings on glazed surfaces are "twice-born". "glaze" your design

a kiln to achieve the final result which is a painting of great durability. It is acid-resistant and can safely be exposed to wind, rain and sun. However, the baking process can sometimes literally "misfire": colours are altered, charred, blackened. The tiles may chip or flake

Photographs by Uday Dandappa

off... Thus the artist's skill and judgment in the *application* and *mixing* of glazes is crucial to this medium. And, until they are baked, the glazes are dry, powdery and extremely fragile; they can come off at the slightest pressure. (Admittedly however, the quirks of the kiln can also *enhance* the qualities of a painting beyond the artist's expectations!)
Thus every painting partakes a phoenix-like quality: it is tested and tried by fire. Within the limitations imposed by the medium, one can create images of great vitality and verve.

Vijoo's firm control of colour and line are at once evident. (She uses a scraper-point to incise her images upon washed areas in one continuous line. This leaves her no room for prevarication.) "I have always been fascinated by fishes, birds and traditional motifs." says the artist: "I used to watch my elder sister (Mrs Newagi, who retired recently from SNDT) doing miniatures when she was learning art at the J.J School of Art, Bombay. My mother, too, is an accomplished person. She conducted tailoring and cutting classes for women, both at Lonavla and Bombay and has written a best seller on the subject. We were always encouraged to express ourselves creatively.

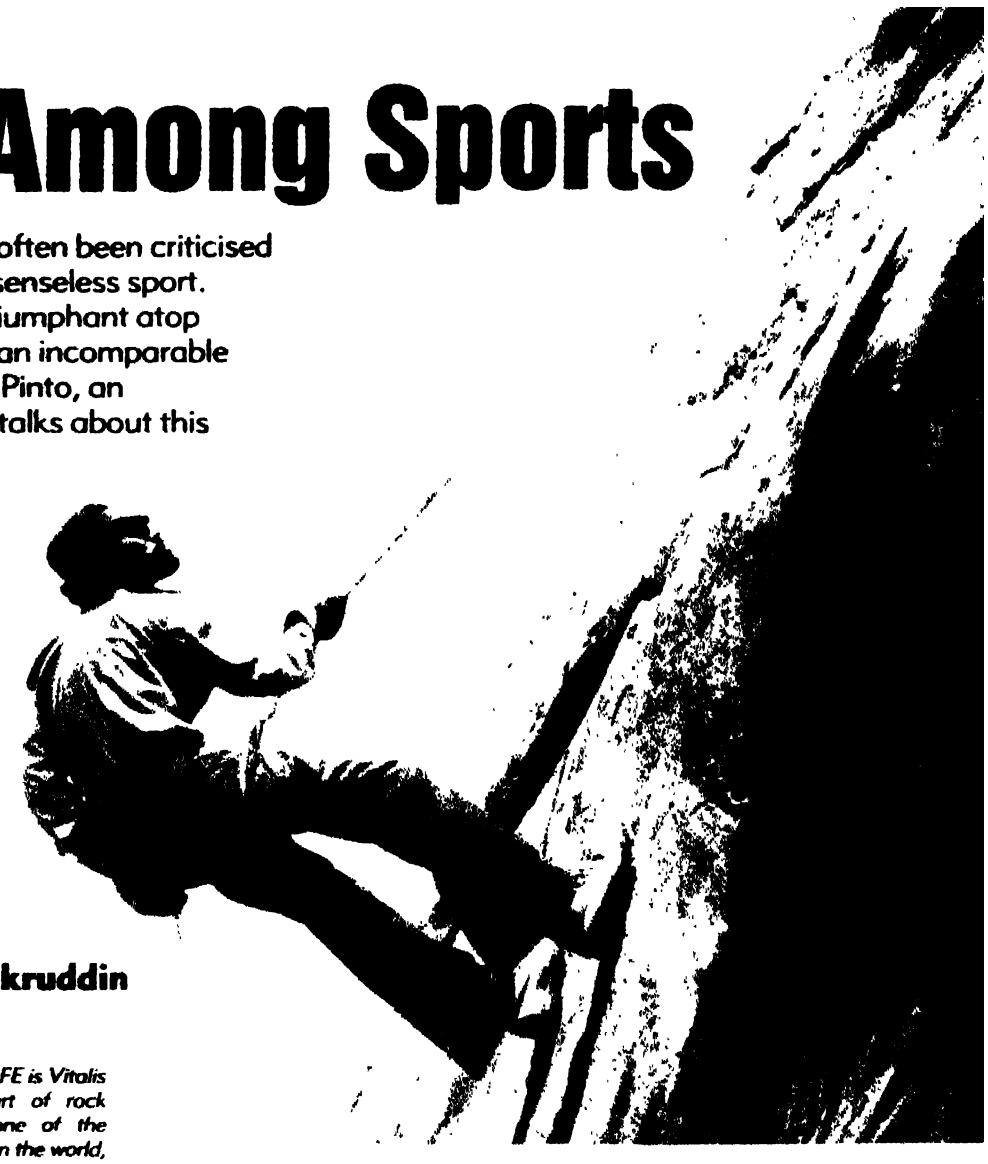
"At the J.J. School I met Baburao Sadwelkar, the eminent artist and art educationist Just before our marriage in 1956, he introduced me to the Vitrum Studio where, allong with K.H. Ara, Badri Narayan and Sharad Palande, I first started work in this revolutionary medium. We worked on several thousand tiles, made pioneering experiments to obtain different visual effects in tone, texture and scales of colour.

"In 1961 with two small children to look after, I gave up full-time service. I rejoined the studio (renamed HEX-AMAR) in 1966. However, since 1971 I have been working on my own." (She conducts a class at the Bhulabhai Memorial Institut and *also* runs her house.) ∎

Mountaineering

King Among Sports

Mountaineering has often been criticised as a dangerous and senseless sport. However, to stand triumphant atop challenging peaks is an incomparable achievement. Vitalis Pinto, an experienced trekker, talks about this exhilarating sport.



HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE is Vitalis Pinto, demonstrating the art of rock climbing Mountaineering, one of the costliest and toughest sports in the world, involves myriad disciplines—rock climbing is one such aspect

by
Dr Mohamed Fakruddin

WHY do so many people deliberately risk their life and limb to overpower some cold, unfeeling heap of stone and ice? That men climb mountains "because they are there" is only a partial answer. Perhaps mountaineering derives its chief attraction from its inherent danger, which makes its aficionados take calculated, almost suicidal risks in order to stand triumphant atop a peak

Vitalis Justin Pinto, 37, one of the founders of the Mysore Mountaineering Association, Bangalore, and a well-known climber of the Ladakh, Zanskar, Pir Panjal and Kumaon mountain ranges, revealed several interesting features about this "king among sports", in an interview

He says mountaineering is not only the costliest but one of the toughest and most scientific sports in the world. It involves myriad disciplines—hiking, camping, rock climbing, skiing, scientific exploration, acclimatising oneself at high altitudes, etc, and calls for all-round participation.

He quotes James Ramsey Ullman, the noted chronicler of the successful American Mount Everest Expedition of 1963, as having provided the most fitting answer to the question why men climb mountains "Challenge is the core and mainspring of all human activity. If there's a wrong, we right it; if there's a record, we break it; and finally, if there's a mountain, we climb it."

Beginnings

Mountaineering as a sport owes its beginnings to Horace Benedict De Saussure, a Geneva scientist, who dreamt of scaling Mont Blanc as early as 1760. However the first to stand on its 15,781 ft high summit were Jacques Balmat, a 24-year old Alpine guide, and Gabriel Paccard, a noted doctor, on August 6, 1786. The following year De Saussure *did* realise his dream, by scaling Mont Blanc during his combined climbing and scientific expedition In 1851, Albert Smith, an English physician, also scaled Mont Blanc and wrote a lucid account of his experiences In 1854, a group of wealthy enthusiasts founded the Alpine Club in London

Alpinism was, however, temporarily halted in 1865, following the tragic deaths of the four mountaineers who accompanied Edward Whymper on his eighth attempt to conquer the 14,701 ft high Matterhorn summit. It was eventually resumed and after almost all Alpine peaks had been scaled, a new trail of adventure and discovery was blazed on the then-unexplored Indian Himalayas, the American Andes, the Canadian Rockies. The pioneers of mountaineering in the early years of the century, says Mr Pinto, were mostly from Britain, Germany, France and Italy.

When It Began In India

When asked about its popularisation in India, Mr Pinto says that mountaineering began to gather momentum in this country rather innocuously at the Doon School, Dehra Dun, in 1942, when three 15-year old schoolboys, led by their mountaineer-masters Holdsworth and John Martin, climbed up 19,000 ft in the Arwa Valley above Badrinath. Then, in 1951, Gurdial Singh, another master at Doon School, led a few young Indians to success, atop the 23,000 ft high Trishul peak.

The thrilling scaling of Mount Everest by Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing Norgay, on May 29, 1953, proved to be a major landmark in the history of mountaineering.

In 1954, the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute was founded at Darjeeling, with enthusiastic support from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Dr B.C. Roy (the then Chief Minister of West Bengal), who saw to it that the Institute gained a firm footing and trained several promising youngsters who later joined many of the early expeditions to the Himalayas.

Mr Pinto says, in modern times, mountaineering has become a valuable source of scientific study. The sciences of geology, meteorology, medicine, photography and glaciology have benefitted considerably from mountaineering.

Asked about mountaineering as "big business", Mr Pinto felt that by and large, in India at least, it was as yet, just a "voluntary" hobby. Professional mountaineering was limited to instructors at the mountaineering institutions, rock climbing associations and the defence and police forces.

However, according to Mr Pinto, mountaineering can be developed into a major source of income and foreign exchange by setting up regular Himalayan institutes for mountaineering sports, and making full use of our majestic mountains. ■

Textbook Muddle

With An Absence of Malice?

While a bitter controversy still rages over the muddling up of facts, the offending chapters have been blanked out of the history textbook prescribed for middle school.

by Sushila D'Cruz

THREE "blanked out" pages before me in the history textbook prescribed for class VIII in Maharashtra's schools mirror the silent protest of two minorities—the Muslims and the Christians.

December 17, in fact, might well have been a sad Friday in view of the proposed one-day Catholic Schools' bank over the textbook muddle, had it not been for the timely announcement of Chief Minister B.A. Bhosale to withdraw the objectionable Chapter II on the *Rise of Christianity* and an assurance that necessary amendments in Chapters V & VIII would be made.

Earlier, following vehement protests by the Muslims, the offending chapter on Islam in the same textbook was deleted.

The book, as a whole, bristles with factual errors and bad proof-reading, thereby making a mockery of the laudable sentiments in the preface which embodies, among other points, that the book intends "to awaken in students a sense of pride, foster in them a spirit of international understanding and religious toleration and to make them enlightened citizens."

It further states that "to ensure flawlessness, the textbook was sent for a try-out to a few select schools in Maharashtra and was referred to several renowned historians and history teachers seeking their opinions which were duly considered before the book was printed."

A cross-section shed light on this "burning issue" in the course of interviews.

Alluding to the step-motherly treatment to the chapter on the *Rise of Islam*, Miss Yasmin Chagla, a senior history teacher in a Bombay school, pointed to some glaring errors and conspicuous omissions. Teachings and practices of Islam mean two different things, she said, and wondered how they could possibly be grouped together. Another error, she stressed, was the meaning of Islam defined as 'the path of salvation' Referring to the *Larousse Encyclopaedia of Ancient And Medieval History*, Miss Chagla held that Islam "connotes submission to one God."

The absence of an account of pre-Islamic Arabia, the cultural contribution by the Muslims (in architecture, sciences, poetry and music), and the unity of the Arab tribes, which Prophet Mohammed successfully achieved, was sadly bypassed. The Koran, the basis of Muslim philosophy, was also downgraded. Adequate details on all these counts were necessary in order to present a comprehensive picture of Islam to the students, she felt.

Professor Sadanand Varde, Janata Party MLA and former Education Minister of Maharashtra, clarified his stand that his opposition to the Government decision to delete certain portions in the textbook centred on two reasons: first, the publication of historical data should not be denied merely because it was embarrassing to a particular community or individual. In this context, he elaborated that the term "fled" with reference to Prophet Mohammed had raised a storm of protest although there was no deliberate intention to hurt the religious sentiments of the Muslims. Nevertheless, the latter felt that the term "fled" conveyed a sinister meaning and should have been replaced by the word "migrated". Prof. Varde, however, was of the firm opinion that sugar-coating a repugnant detail "cannot serve to hide it", for "a rose by any other name still remains a rose". He regretted that such trivial matters over word usage should have been magnified beyond all proportion.

Rewriting History

Secondly, he resented, the fact that the Government should succumb to pressures of the Christians and the Muslims by issuing directives that the so-called offending chapters be deleted or rewritten. How could this happen when the Board of Studies was an autonomous body, he pointedly asked.

Taking the book all in all, he maintained that stress on the construction of sentences, syntax, grammar and spellings deserved more careful attention. Naming a few source books in writing the textbook, Prof. Varde maintained that they were historians of repute like Will Durrant and H.G. Wells who are known for their objectivity. Reference was also made to Jawaharlal Nehru's *Glimpses Of World History* though eyebrows had been raised in amazement as to when Nehru had turned a historian. Besides, the writers were teachers and historians themselves, he added

Referring to the Marathi version of the textbook, he was taken aback by the demand of a Muslim MP for the removal of a poem *Sarva Dharma Sambhava* (Secularism) by Sant Tukadji Maharaj on the ground that it made unsavoury references to Islam. Elucidating the poem written by the "national saint" (he was honoured with this title by the late President, Dr Rajendra Prasad), he was baffled as to how an offence could have been caused, for the poem states thus: "We are all Indians transcending communal diversity."

The "distortion of facts" in the chapter on Christianity had touched even the Archbishop of Bombay, Rev. Dr. Simon Pimenta, to the core, apart from the Catholics at large, for he personally wrote to the Chief Minister of Maharashtra expressing dissatisfaction over the "insubstantial correction" made in the offensive chapters prior to their deletion.

The derogatory reference that "Christ claimed no divinity" in the textbook was also strongly denounced by Fr Nereus Rodrigues, Diocesan Inspector of Schools, who eloquently stated that He had always identified Himself on a par with God. This is documented in the New Testament of the Bible, precisely in Chapter 14 of the evangelist, Mark. In fact, Christianity hinges on this dogma. History should be taught as history and not as religion, he stressed, adding that interpretations in history books are totally unwarranted", like the view that St Paul's teachings differed from those of Christ.

Christmas is the celebration of "the word of God made flesh" or the "incarnation of God" and this "miracle" was never forbidden from being preached by the disciples as wrongly quoted in the book, Fr Nereus explained.

Bad Light

Christianity as a whole was not shown up in good light, observed Prof. George Moraes, a former President of the Indian History Congress and member of the Indian Historical Commission. He regretted that the reason for the division of the non-European world among the European followers by Pope Alexander VI was skipped, thus portraying him as an autocratic ruler. He explained it thus. the discovery of the West Indies in 1493 by Christopher Columbus had precipitated bloody colonial wars and in order to bring a stop to this bloodshed the Pope had "granted" an "award" at the turn of the 15th century—namely sanctioning a dividing line in the New World, allotting part of it to Spain and part to Portugal which were no doubt his European followers, and the "award" was widely respected and lasted till 1600.

Prince Henry, the Portuguese navigator, is elevated to the status of a King, although he never ascended the Portuguese throne, Prof. Moraes stated

Another wrongful presentation concerns Galileo, the Italian astronomer and physicist, who was summoned to Rome and tried by the Inquisition for supporting the Copernician theory which was regarded as dangerous to faith Failing to recant his theory, he was no doubt tortured, but the torture did not make him abjure his belief as stated in the book For the *Columbia Encyclopaedia* mentions that Galileo continued in the pursuit of scientific truth until his death

All said and done, the Pune University Board of Studies in history and the State Textbook (Secondary) Board maintains that there was no malice in the presentation of Christian and Muslim history while the Society for the protection of Fundamental Rights in Bombay denounced the "negative twist" that the authors had given to the chapters.

In summing up it can be said that the history textbook has itself made "history" by the unprecedented wave of protests it had unnecessarily triggered ■

Madvertisements

by H. Jesse Kochar

'GET me ads, get me ads," the editor constantly pestered me. "Too many blank pages," he complained.

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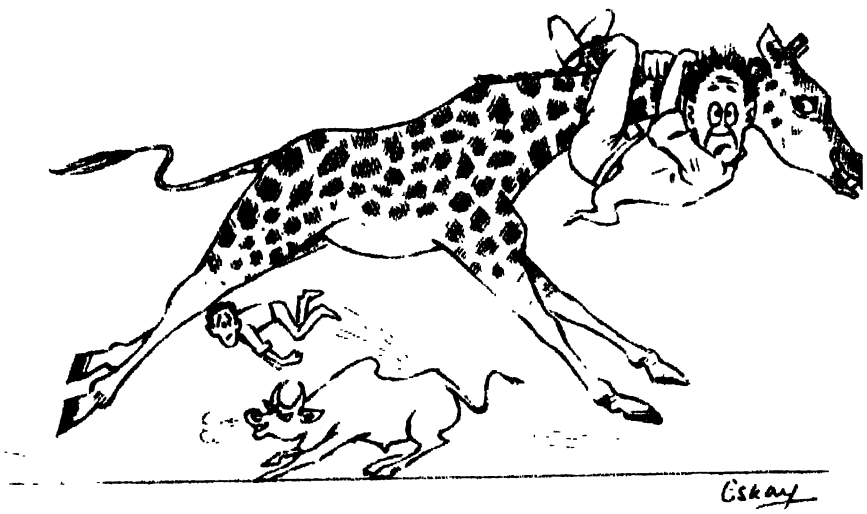

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A Tryst With The Mahatma

by M. Sirajuddin

On the death anniversary of Gandhiji, the author, who was then an officer in the Railway Police in pre-independent India, recalls a meeting with the Mahatma which is deeply etched in his memory.

IN the year 1945 Mahatma Gandhi was to visit Madras at the invitation of the Hindi Prachar Sabha. The proposed visit had generated great public enthusiasm, as several years had elapsed since his earlier visit. During this period, momentous events had occurred in which he played the key role.

During the fortnight preceding Gandhiji's visit, administrative pressures were mounting, because the Mahatma's visits everywhere in the country were a big administrative and traffic problem. Whatever the political tensions and differences, on such occasions the administrative staff functioned at its best—British and Indian alike. On the present occasion the Railways had their own problem, as Gandhiji was travelling by train. The organisers of the Hindi Prachar Sabha were anxious that Gandhiji should travel by a special train. The General Manager of then M & SM Railway, a reasonable man in many ways, said they might do so, provided they paid for it. Provide a free special train for a rebel! The prestige of the ruling race clouded his reason. The Sabha was not in a position to bear this heavy cost.

Getting Ready For The Day

At this stage the officials of the Sabha came to me. Leave it to me, I told them. I was then the Superintendent, Government Railway Police, and at the moment charged with the responsibility of the Mahatma's safe conduct by rail to Madras. It had now become for me a matter of my country's prestige; and I told the General Manager briefly but in no uncertain terms that if Gandhiji travelled by the regular Mail, not only that train but all others would run 12 to 15 hours behind schedule on account of which there would be a general hardship and outcry, that matters would get out of control for which I could take no responsibility and that, above all, the incidental inconvenience to the venerated leader would generate a great deal of public resentment. A special train, I said, was the only answer. The answer came—a special train.

A greater problem remained, not only of regulating the thousands of citizens who would flock to the not too spacious railway station at Madras, but also of preventing Gandhiji, when he detrained, from being mobbed by the eager and pressing crowds. It had been our experience on such occasions that people broke through barricades and police cordons. Then followed a meeting between the Police Commissioner, Madras, the Chief Operating Superintendent—both senior British officers—and myself. The Commissioner was not very contributive to the discussion; his anxiety was evident in his face. The COPS looked at me.

I suggested we might divert the special train to a suburban station and none would know this last minute change except senior railway and police officers. The COPS jumped at the idea. Excellent, he said. Ambattur station would be ideal. The Commissioner asked me in a somewhat frigid tone how I proposed to deal with the Congress leaders who were planning a big welcome at Madras railway station; to him I said quietly, I would speak to those gentlemen, and later did so.

IN TOUCH WITH INDIA. If he did not travel on foot, then it was always by train.

Clockwork And Goodluck

The great day arrived. It was a cool and clear afternoon. Meanwhile the secret was well kept. We all gathered at Ambattur, a suburban railway station, seven miles to the west of Madras. The regulatory arrangements worked perfectly, and Gandhiji got down from the train fresh and smiling. The great man looked around, pleased and visibly relaxed. The leaders greeted him and a minute later C Rajagopalachari presented me to the Mahatma, who graciously acknowledged my salute. As I had previously arranged, his car followed mine through the streets which were getting congested with the evening traffic. None along the route were aware that the car was carrying the Mahatma! We arrived at the Hindi Prachar Sabha without any incident.

More of Gandhiji's graciousness was yet to come. On the evening previous to his departure from Madras, I had a telephone message from the Sabha that Gandhiji had asked for me. Could I come? Within minutes I was there and was taken to the Mahatma's presence. A few others were also there. It was like finding myself in the sanctum sanctorum.

He looked at my uniform with a curious smile, invited me to sit down and said in his soft voice, "I have troubled you, my friend, to thank you. You have spared me much strain.

"Will you extend your goodness further and take me tomorrow evening in a similar unobstrusive manner through this crowded city to the house of my friend Srinivasa, who is ill?"

For a moment I was non-plussed and said, "Sir, the city is in the jurisdiction of the Commissioner of Police." He smiled and said he would like to leave the matter to me. As I saluted and was about to leave, he added, "If you are not in a hurry, my young friend, please dine with us." **A strange emotion overwhelmed me—my smallness and his immeasurable eminence. I excused myself. There was much to be done. The morrow's responsibility was heavy on my shoulders.**

A Cherished Secret

I kept Gandhiji's last minute programme to myself. I did not even inform the Commissioner. In this I had taken upon myself a great responsibility and had anything gone wrong, there would have been a great deal for me to answer for. My youth at the time was the only excuse for this foolhardiness.

I presented myself at the Sabha the next evening and Gandhiji was ready to leave. He asked me whether I would be good enough to get into his car—to show the way, he added with a smile. Only he, great as he was, was capable of such graciousness, I thought. I said, "Thank you, Sir, but I would like to pilot your car." We reached Sastry's house where Gandhiji stayed for half-an-hour, after which I again led the cars carrying him and the other leaders, to Ambattur.

Except those who had come to see him off, there was no one at the railway station, that the entraining was to be at Ambattur was also kept a secret. There were still a few minutes before the train left and Gandhiji talked to us in a light vein. And when I finally saluted him, he said in unforgettable tones, "I am happy to have met you, my friend. I wish you a fine future."

Sure enough, two days later the Commissioner took me to task. He ignored what I said and remarked truculently that I had wished to steal the thunder. I **flashed at this and retorted that there was no question of stealing any thunder when we were dealing with a man who was above all thunder.** ■

INDIAN FILM FESTIVALS

Project Hope?

Each year we hold a film festival, and each year we make bigger fools of ourselves. If we had any self-respect, we would have stopped holding such jamborees a long time ago.

by Anjali Ewing

TIME OUT The Jury caught in a light moment But they were not laughing when they announced that there was not a single film which deserved the Golden Peacock award.

"BUNGLING all the way" "Festival limps along" "Film festival running risk of being non-event". "Chaos due to lack of foresight". "Film festival future bleak?"

These are just some of the opinions of our best film critics on the Indian film festival held each year. And what do they do about it? They write dismal, dejected and disgruntled daily reports for two whole weeks, after which they hope (even pray) for a better film festival the next year. They dream of a festival which is well organised, brings the cream of world cinema to the country and also attracts the biggest and best names in the business. But it is not only futile, it is unreasonable to hope for such a festival the way we run ours.

The first film festival in India was organised in 1952, to date, we have had 14 film festivals 9 international and 5 Filmotsavs. So we cannot claim that we have had no opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the correct way to do it and to make our efforts a success. But we have learnt nothing. If we had any self-respect we would have stopped holding these jamborees a long time ago. But we hope .

Some Problems

Money is probably the first and biggest problem You cannot begin to organise a festival of this sort without knowing how much you are willing to spend on it. And, naturally, the more you put into it, the more you get out of it Elementary, my dear authorities Unfortunately, our Government has the dreadful habit of coughing up the funds in fits and starts, and by the time it decides to take a dose of Formula 44, it leaves the organisers barely a few months to get everything ready before the curtain goes up.

Another problem is that each festival is organised by a different team of people. This is because officials in the Directorate of Film Festivals and the Information and Broadcasting Ministry are transferred to other jobs by the time the next film festival comes round. So you have raw, inexperienced people bumbling along, organising a prestigious show without a clue as to how it's done. And yet, all we really have to do is follow the method that the authorities in Cannes, Berlin, Venice and Moscow adopt

A third problem is inconsistency. The Indian film festival has no clear-cut objectives or policy. Sometimes it flirts with the West; at other times it woos the Third World. Sometimes it aims at being truly international, at other times it tries to foster the cinema of developing countries In the end, it endears itself to no one.

Then there are the minor irritations which are so characteristic of each festival—prints which don't turn up in time or those which do and get stuck at the customs, prints which come without subtitles, films which are shown with the reels mixed up, invitees who find there are no seats allotted to them; screenings held without proper information; entries accepted long past the deadline, schedules planned without foresight; discriminatory treatment—the list is very long. It is a wonder—a miracle, actually—that we continue to hold a festival each year and that people come back—like masochists—for more

The best way to judge a film festival's success is to gauge the quality of the films shown. Any good festival will attract—and get—good films. The fact that we are getting the dregs is tell-tale Until last year I read reports by Indian film critics which said that our festival was ranked seventh in the world. Considering the Jury refused to award the Golden Peacock this year, it would be wise not to delude ourselves any longer. Even the Manila Film Festival, which is two years old this year, is getting much better films than us (they even got *Gandhi*!), and this despite the refusal of many producers to have anything to do with it because of their political antipathy to the Marcos government.

Next year will mark a decade since we started organising the competitive film festival Many are of the opinion that we should do away with such a festival altogether and only stage a Filmotsav (non-competitive festival). But that is a counsel of despair. Things would be a lot better if the Indian film industry took over the responsibility of organising the film festivals and also raising funds for the purpose. The Information and Broadcasting Ministry, in that case, should chip in with a substantial subsidy. A committee of respected and able leaders of the industry, working closely with film critics, film societies and the Film and Television Institute of Pune would be the best bet, though the NFDC, which took over from the Directorate of Film Festivals this year, should continue to run the market section I'm sure a film maker abroad would be more receptive to an invitation from Satyajit Ray than to one from a Mr Ramaswamy of the DFF or a Mr Punjabi of the I & B Ministry!

Forum For Third World

There is no film festival in this part of the world to speak of, especially after the Tehran Film Festival folded up In spite of the money being poured into the Manila Film Festival by the Americans, it will never be a big success as long as an authoritarian regime remains in the saddle in the Philippines. The members of its jury are practically unheard of (except for our own Satyajit Ray who surprised and disappointed many by accepting to head the Jury last year). If we were to organise ourselves, we could become the showcase of Third World cinema (dare we compete with Nantes?) or Asian cinema. As it is, we have an excellent Panorama of our serious cinema which draws foreign film critics in hordes. If we had a competition section of only Third World cinema and invited films from the West for the information section, it could be the answer we've been searching for. Such a policy would mean purchasing films from the Third World countries for distribution here, something the Government has tried to avoid so far but which is quite essential because we have common problems. Besides, much of Third World cinema compares favourably with films being made in the USA, the UK, France, West Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Italy

All competitive festivals should be held in Bombay, the nation's film capital, and all non-competitive festivals should rotate between New Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore and Hyderabad. There was some talk this time of Goa being an ideal place to have the film festival Yes, Goa would certainly be idyllic, but there's money to be made at such festivals and Goa has no cinemas worth mentioning. So such schemes are out!

With effect from next year, the competitive festival will be held in August. It was clear to many that we needed to change the dates of the festival. January is too close to Christmas and New Year—vacation time for most people all over the world. Besides, Delhi is freezing in January and there's not much fun in talking to distinguished visitors when half your face is tucked into a shawl or a muffler August, however, doesn't sound much better That's the time of year we spend in the swimming pool; it is far too hot for people to be traipsing around. The ideal months to hold the film festival in India would be March, April, October and early November. After all, a film festival combines business with pleasure and ideal weather keeps everyone happy.

The policy of disqualifying films shown at competitive festivals elsewhere from the competition section of the Indian Film Festival needs to be reviewed. One simple analogy. Bjorn Borg is not disqualified from Wimbledon if he has played at the US Open. If he is good, let him win wherever he can. That's the policy we should have adopted from the beginning but it's not too late to make amends

In fact, it's never too late. Where there's a will, there's a way. I vote for Project Hope.

YOL *(Turkey), directed by Yilmaz Guney*

MAN ON THE WALL *(FRG), directed by Reinhard Hauff.*

REQUIEM *(Hungary), directed by Zoltan Fabri*

QUARTET *(UK), directed by James Ivory.*

SIGN OF THE BEAST *(Finland), directed by Jaakko Pakkasvirta.* ▶

The Third Eye

Compelling Colour

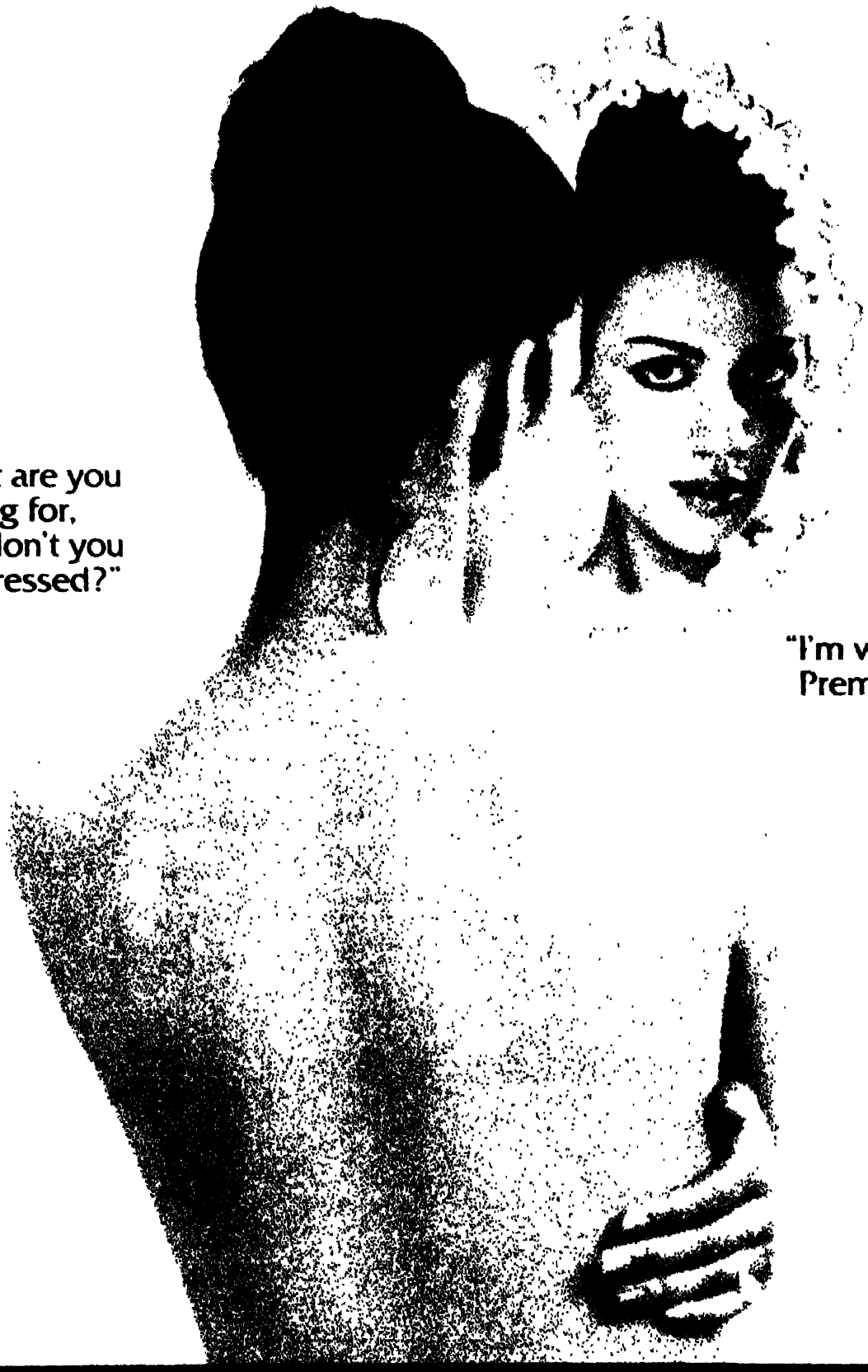
Photographs and Text by P. Mansaram

I started with photography to record my paintings and to take pictures of my family when I came down to India. I began to use a camera instead of a sketch book. In the process I discovered the magical quality of photography. When one dimension is missing, the illusion of a third dimension through perspective can be very exciting.

My photographs generally contain a human element or are pictures of nature. Sometimes, just the colour or the atmosphere attracts. I do not worry too much about technicalities; I wish to portray the joy and human drama which is all around us.

Too many of my pictures have been published to remember them. There are many more which have never been published. But I am especially proud of one black-and-white photograph which was published along with one of my paintings in an American book on collage.

In the end, all photographic images are basically collages. ■



"What are you waiting for, why don't you get dressed?"

"I'm waiting for Premier."

Coming soon **premier mills**
No.1 in fashion fabrics

Poetry of the month

Selected by Nissim Ezekiel

Observation

I like to look at you
as you keep on talking about your husband
whom you do not hate
but cannot love
I like the honest expression
of your physical desire,
and the conflicting conscience
that sends you back and forth to therapy.

I have watched birds and trees since my childhood.
I have watched my pets and the seeds in my garden growing.
I wonder if it is the same love of life
or the morbid scientist's curiosity
that fascinates me in watching you.

With your schizoid self-preoccupation,
I like you as an object of observation.
I admire my great detachment,
but hate my introspection
as a corpse hates feeding upon itself

—**Sumatheendra Nadig (Bangalore)**

Poem 8

Mother
is eighty
Her eyesight is poor
But if he goes there
she calls him
to come closer
and sit by her

He sits close to her

She feels him
all over—
his face,
his hands,
his neck,
and finds him
and is happy.

Again that voice
speaks:
Dear Friend,
where is the wall,
and where the picture
which seeks?

T.K. Doraiswamy (Trivandrum)
(Translated from the Tamil by M.S. Ramaswami)

Two Poems

I

This is to say
that faced
with honest violence
I snigger embarrassed.
A face to me
is as interesting
as the grey concrete
I pass every day
My green tree
no longer delights me
I have stopped
anticipating it
Sometimes, when
I have nothing
better to do,
I sit on
my bed
comforted by my fat
books,
gazing at figures
passing by in my mirror

II

The despondent
Your fumbling
attempts
to rekindle old fires
freezes my body
into Rodin's statue.
Your desperation,
agonised frustration,
I view
like a commercial.
Forgive me,
my body,
for I am hemmed in
by my own walls.

Himani Bhatt (Dehradun)

Coronation

Cough, cough I seem to be
smoking my way to death. Ha!
It's the made-for-each-other
blend My love, how I relish
the poison breath of thy kiss . .
Ho now .
I'm drunk! The glowing touch
of fire-hot alcohol shimmers
like the sea of froth
on the rocks.
Setting fit for a
coronation! Long live the king
the king ...
is dead! He was
buried with pomp and show
at the fire-grave tonight
and they all drank to
his good health and
placed a placard upon the
tombstone Statutory
Warning: Cigarette Smoking
Is Injurious To Health.

Amit Nagpal (Bombay)

Requiem For Two Dogs

They lay motionless
on the heartless charcoal road,
struck like lightning
by the monster trucks of the modern age,
driven by reckless speed maniacs
who don't care
whether a poor dog lives or dies.

I saw them sprawled on the road to Delhi,
with open eyes,
staring accusingly at the steely sky
as if asking
what they had done
to deserve the brutal blow.

A question haunts my mind, though—
What made them die together?
Was it a bone they had found somewhere?
Or was it a case of inseparable lovers?
Maybe a truck first struck one,
and the other came
to pay his condolences—
only to join his friend in instant death.

Will someone lift them up
and give them a grave?
Or will they be flattened out
by the stream of speeding trucks
into the darkening night?

Poor little creatures!
The world is too fast for you.

Vandana and Jyotsana (Chandigarh)

The Need For Prayer

by N. V. Eswar

"LAKSHMY, will you please get me change to pay the vegetable vendor? Saraswathy, will you get the newspaper for me, please? Krishna, is the coffee ready? Govinda, will you please post this letter for me? Narayana, collect the clothes from the laundry. Oh Parvathy, can I have my lunch now?"

Requests of this type fly about in any household. Each one of them is addressed to any one of the numerous goddesses and gods of the Hindu pantheon. It is the custom with Hindu families to be named after a god or goddess. So whether you like to pray or not, you are always obliged to take the name of a god or goddess whenever you want anything done. You address a prayer to one of your family members and it is answered immediately Prayer to God is also something on the same level.

Whenever I find myself in a tight corner, I pray. It's not that I ask God to intervene and lift me out of the situation I just chant, mentally, hymns that come to my mind. I feel at ease and relief arrives from the most unexpected quarters. Or a solution,which I had not thought of earlier, comes to mind

In the last few years I have found myself in impossible situations and have escaped coming to grief because of them through prayer. During one of my train trips to North Bihar, a few years ago, I was rudely awakened at midnight by heavy pounding on the window of my compartment. I opened the window only to be confronted by a menacing crowd of nearly fifty ticketless travellers who ordered me to open the door

Violent Crowd

I protested that it was a first class compartment and all the berths were occupied but the crowd grew violent and began stoning the bogie The crowd swelled. I sat on my berth and began praying. My fellow passengers just shrank into their berths asking me not to open the door. I continued praying. And the crowd moved away from my compartment, apparently disgusted with my possum-like posture. Someone among the crowd hooted that I had gone into samadhi.

The next morning, I learned from the guard that nearly a thousand ticketless travellers had forced their way into the train the previous night and the train had been held up at the station for more than two hours

My approach to the unseen hand has been personal and constant. So much so that my prayers have taken on a man-to-man hue. One day my wife heard me complaining bitterly. She peeped furtively into the room and was amazed to find nobody there with me. Sarcastically, she asked me whether I was alright. I told her that I was only talking to God. She, of course, did not approve of my casual approach. But I strongly maintain that a prayer to God is such a personal affair that it can be addressed very much like the requests one usually makes to the family.

It's only when you adopt a casual attitude that you can establish that certain element of intimacy which is so vital for you to flow into God and for God to flow into you For God requires man as much as man requires God, even as the Gita has stressed it

During a recent trip to my village, I met a priest wearing a tattered silk cloth. I asked him why he could not buy a new one and he replied that he had no money. "The Lord there knows I am wearing the same cloth for the last six years," he said. "All I could do was to pray to Him to give me a new one. And He knows that I have been praying."

A few minutes later, a child came running to the priest and said that he was wanted in their house The priest, by his denomination, could not participate in any of the religious rites, so the family had, at the last minute, decided to gift him a new silk cloth

It is not that one should pray to obtain immediate and material answers in the above fashion This example was cited only to prove that prayers are answered in everyday life. Prayer must be for its own sake. As Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "Prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft."

No set time has to be kept apart for prayers It should be a continuous process I pray when travelling, during a dull moment between finishing a job and taking up another, ascending or descending in a lift I pray as I wait for a bus or a train I pray even when I am in the bath

The idea is to not indulge in even one idle moment. My continuous engagement in prayer gives me a mental poise which has often helped me maintain my equilibrium, thus averting tragedies that may have befallen.

In my former job there was steep opposition against me. The boss picked on everything I did or said,to provoke me. My family priest suggested I pray I had never done it before, except in a formal, and even impersonal way at the temple or before the family deity. Which made me somewhat skeptical in the beginning. I followed his advice, however, and found that it worked.

Inspite of the deep-rooted resentment and provocation, I remained absolutely calm This confused my boss for he knew that I had a very violent temper. He realised that it was useless trying to pick a fight with me What he didn't realise was that his fight was no longer with me. It was now with God Himself. He gave up And never bothered me after that

Mental Poise

I had scored but that wasn't the point any more. It was the mental-poise that I had obtained through prayer. Prayer, today, has become very important to me especially since every passing day presents its own quota of crises, without any apparent solutions.
Losing yourself in prayer makes you oblivious of the outside world and its problems They just don't exist, so you are never confronted by them Your mental calmness projects itself and pervades the atmosphere around you As you are, so is the world around you.

When you pray it's not just for yourself, it's for others as well That is why all Hindu ceremonies end with the prayer: *Sarve Jana Shukhino Bhavanthi* (Let there be happiness for every one in this world)

Constant prayers create a sense of humility and yet generate a feeling of confidence in yourself. It is these conflicting, yet commendable traits that attract others to you and make them want to do things for you, even without your asking them Prayer thus makes for a smooth running all around you in this mundane existence dictated by a sluggish economy and exigencies.

So pray as often as you can, for you should. Even if God does not answer your prayers and drop mansions, automobiles television sets, ranches or refrigerators into your laps, pray. For it leads to a happy and peaceful existence. ■

He had barely bought the animal, when he had been forced to part with it. It was as if in the presence of the rich, he suffered a paralysis of the will. How was he going to face his daughter?

The She-Camel

by Upendranath Ashk

(Translated from the Hindi by Sudha Chandola and Kathleen Moor

CHAUDHRI Nandu, seated in the shade of a tree, saw Baakar casting greedy eyes at his flock and in his hoarse voice called out, "Hey! What are you doing here?" He had been relaxing against the tree trunk and now straightened up to his full height of six feet. His coarse, homespun shirt was buttonless and his broad chest and powerful arms were plainly visible.

Baakar, a member of the Muslim community residing at P-Sikandar, came a bit closer. Above his small pointed dirty beard and arrow-like moustaches, his deep-set eyes sparkled for moment. Smiling faintly, he said, "Mister, I was looking at the she-camel. How pretty and young she is. It is a pleasure just to look at her."

Hearing his flock praised, Chaudhri Nandu's suspicion lessened somewhat. He said, "Which she-camel?"

"The fourth from the other end." Baakar pointed at her.

Under a shady tree eight to ten camels were tied. In the midst of them that young she-camel, her long, beautiful, well-shaped neck raised, was plucking at the thick leaves. As far as the eye could see the stockyard was crammed with large, tall camels, pretty she-camels, black, fat, ugly buffaloes, beautiful Nagori horned oxen and cattle. There were a few donkeys, too, but they were almost unnoticeable.

In the stockyard of the desert town of Bahaawal it was natural that camels should be in the majority. In this sandy area the work of providing transportation, of ploughing and carrying loads is done only by the camel. Even in the old days when cows sold for ten rupees and bullocks for fifteen, a good camel didn't come for less than fifty rupees. And its worth had gone up even though canals had come to this area and there was not such a scarcity of water. Passenger camels sold for between two hundred and three hun dred rupees and camels used for carrying loads and ploughing did not cost less than eighty to one hundred rupees.

Edging forward a bit, Baakar said, "I can truthfully say, Mister, that I haven't seen such a beautiful camel in the whole market."

Nandu swelled with pride and replied, "She isn't the only one. They are all beautiful. I give them enriched fodder."

In a softer tone of voice Baakar asked, "Will you *sell* her?"

Nandu said, "Of course! I brought them all here to sell."

"Then tell me how much you're asking for her."

Nandu surveyed Baakar from head to toe and laughingly asked, "Do you want her, or are you buying her for your boss?"

"I want her," Baakar said with determination.

Nandu shrugged his shoulders. How could this labourer afford to buy such a beautiful she-camel? "How in the world are you going to afford her?"

The one hundred and fifty rupees lying in Baakar's pocket were itching to jump out. A little angry, he said, "What is it to you who buys her? You should only be interested in your pocket. Tell me what the price is."

Nandu, looking at Baakar's tattered clothes, his *tehmad* above his knees and his shoes so old they appeared to be left over from the days of Noah, said with a mind to discourage him: "Look, you go buy some ordinary camel. The price of this one is not less than rupees twenty times eight."

The tired, anguished face of Baakar glowed with delight. He had been afraid that the headman would state a price he couldn't afford, but when he himself had said one hundred and sixty rupees, his joy knew no bounds. He already had one hundred and fifty rupees. If the headman did not accept this amount he would borrow ten rupees. He didn't know how to haggle. Immediately he took out the one hundred and fifty rupees and threw them down in front of Nandu. He said, "Count them. I don't have a penny more. The rest is up to you."

Nandu absent-mindedly started counting the money. His eyes lit up at the amount. He had said the price was one hundred and sixty rupees to get rid of Baakar, otherwise the very best she-camel in the marketplace was available for one hundred and fifty rupees. He had never dreamed he would get even one hundred and forty rupees for this one. Nevertheless, quickly hiding his feelings and as if doing Baakar a favour, he said, "She's really worth two hundred rupees, but for you I'll knock ten rupees off my price." Saying this he got up and gave the tether to Baakar.

Even so a lump came to Nandu's throat. This she-camel had been born and raised at his place. Having brought her up, to hand her over to someone else today made him feel somewhat like a father when he gives his daughter away in marriage. In a quivering voice he said, "This camel has been well cared for. Don't you ruin her." Like a father-in-law would say to his son-in-law: My daughter has been raised with great affection; see to it that she suffers no hardship.

Flying on the wings of joy Baakar replied, "Don't you worry at all. I'll care for her with my life."

Carefully tucking away the bills in his waistband, Nandu filled a clay mug with water from a pitcher as if to wet his dry throat a bit. Dust was flying everywhere in the market. Even in big city stockyards where dozens of temporary taps are installed and sprinkling is kept up all day, there is no scarcity of dust. So in a desert stockyard dust reigns supreme. On the sugar seller's sugarcane, on the candyman's sweets,on the yogurt vendor's dumplings, everywhere dust had full and final authority.

The water in the pitcher had been brought from the canal in tin buckets, but on the way it had become murky, almost muddy. Nandu had planned to drink it when the particles settled, but his throat was getting dry. Finishing the mug in one gulp Nandu offered Baakar some water. When Baakar had come he had been extremely thirsty, but now where was the time to have a drink of water? He wanted to reach the village before nightfall.

Picking up the camel's reins he crossed through the cloud of dust and left.

BAAKAR had wanted to buy a young beautiful she-camel for a very long time. He was a labourer. His ancestors had been potters, but his father had given up the traditional occupation and become a labourer. After him Baakar had also continued feeding himself and his small family by this means. It wasn't that he worked hard. He always shirked work. Why shouldn't he, when his wife was there working twice as hard as he, sharing his burden and giving him every comfort? His family wasn't big—he himself, his wife and a tiny daughter So for whom should he put himself out? However, the cruel pitiless Creator had awakened him from his inertia and his happy daydreams and forced him to understand his responsibilities. He had learnt soon enough that there is more in life than just pleasure and ease; there is also sorrow and hardship.

Five years ago his beloved wife had died, leaving behind a pretty, doll-like daughter. At the time of death his wife had showed all her pain in her dim, lustreless eyes as she told Baakar, "My Razia is now in your hands; don't let her face any hardships."

This sentence changed the whole course of his life. After his wife's death he brought his widowed sister from her village and forsaking his laziness and fecklessness, he drove himself to fulfil the last wish of his deceased wife.

He worked day and night so that he might afford different kinds of things to please his little daughter. Whenever he returned from the market tiny Razia would wrap herself round his legs and fixing her big eyes on his dirt-smeared face, would ask, "Daddy, what have you brought me?" He would take her on his lap and shower her with either candy or toys. Then Razia would climb down and run to show her girlfriends her toys or candy.

One day when this little doll was eight years old she had one obstinate desire. "Papa, I want a she-camel. Buy me a she-camel." Such an innocent little girl! How could she know that she was the daughter of an impoverished, resourceless labourer, for whom the purchase of a camel was an impossible goal and the dream of it almost a sin? Laughingly, Baakar took her on his lap and said, "Rajjo, you yourself are a she-camel." But Razia wouldn't take this for an answer. One day she had seen Masheer Maal mounted on a she-camel, his daughter seated in front of him, come to this village to hire a few labourers. This was the moment that the strong desire was born in Razia's childish mind that she herself would one day ride a she-camel. And from that very day whatever indolence had remained in Baakar also vanished.

Though he had tried to distract Razia, in his heart-of-hearts Baakar vowed to buy a beautiful she-camel for her. And so it happened that where his average income had not been even three annas per day, it now grew to eight to ten annas. He began to work in distant villages. During the harvest he would work day and night harvesting the crops, threshing and storing the grain in barns, making haystacks. During the planting season he would drive a plough, make furrows, sow seeds. When there was no job he would get up at dawn and, walking a distance of sixteen miles, would reach the marketplace; after doing eight to ten annas worth of labour he would return home. He would save six annas a day. He did not allow anything to interfere with this routine. It was as if he were possessed.

His sister would say, "Baakar, you are completely changed nowadays. You never pushed yourself so hard before."

Baakar would laugh and say, "Do you want me to be idle all my life?"

His sister would reply, "I am not suggesting that you sit idle, but I can't advise you to accumulate money while squandering your health."

On such occasions Baakar always felt as if he were seeing his dead wife in front of him and her last wish would echo in his ears. He would cast an affectionate glance at Razia playing in the courtyard and, sadly smiling, start work again. And today, after one and a half years of very hard work, he had been able to fulfil his long-cherished desire. Here he was walking along the banks of the canal, the tether of a she-camel in his hand.

It was dusk. In the west the rays of the setting sun were giving their final gift of gold to the earth.There was a chill in the air and somewhere in distant fields chirping *titihari* birds were in flight. Every now and then Baakar would see some farmer →

mounted on his camel lurch by, or a group of farm boys returning from the fields seated in a bullock cart filled with bales of straw. As they went along the boys would pet the oxen, singing a stanza or two of some song or play with the snouts of the silently moving camels tied to the back of the cart.

Baakar, as if awakening from some dream, looked towards the sun setting in the west. His village was still very far away. Happily glancing over his shoulder at the silent camel following behind him, he caressed her fondly. Then at the thought that Razia might go to sleep before he reached home, he stepped up his pace.

THE small village of Masheer Maal came into view. His village was close by, only about four miles from here. Baakar's pace slackened and his imagination began painting variegated pictures on the canvas of his mind. He had just reached home; little Razia, dancing with joy, was hanging on to his legs, then seeing the camel her big eyes filled with delight. Next he saw that he had seated Razia in front of him on the camel and was galloping along the banks of the canal. It was evening; there was a cool breeze and here and there a black crow, cawing several times, would spread his large wings, swoop low, then fly off. Razia is infinitely happy, as though she is flying in an airplane...

He now imagines that he is standing with Razia in the marketplace of Bahaawalnagar. With wonder and astonishment tiny Razia looks at the huge piles of grain, the countless wagons and other amazing things. Baakar is cheerfully giving explanations for everything. A recordplayer is playing in a store and Baakar takes her there. How a song comes out of this wooden box, who is hidden inside it, these are matters beyond Razia's comprehension.

Engrossed in his daydreams he was passing by a village when suddenly a thought stopped him and he entered the settlement of Masheer Maal. It was not a big village, at the most there would be thirty huts. There were as yet no wooden beam roofs nor fired brick buildings in this area. In Baakar's own village there were fifteen houses. Houses? They were only lean-tos. Tents were made of reed mats, they couldn't even be called huts.

Masheer Maal village was a settlement of twenty to twenty-five such lean tos, only the residence of Masheer Maal was made from adobe brick, but even he had only a thatched roof.

Baakar stopped in front of Naanak, the carpenter's hut. Before going to market he had placed an order for a saddle for the camel. He realised that if Razia insisted on mounting the animal he would not be able to refuse her. It was this thought which made him turn in here. Once or twice he called out to Naanak. From inside someone, perhaps it was his wife, answered that he wasn't there, he had gone to the market.

Baakar's heart sank. He had no idea what to do. If Naanak had gone to the market, could he have made the saddle before leaving? Then he thought, "Perhaps he did finish it first." This idea gave him some comfort and he called out again, "I gave an order for a camel's saddle. Did he make it or not?"

The response was, "I don't know."

Half of Baakar's joy vanished. How could he take the she-camel without a saddle? If Naanak had been home, whether the saddle was ready or not, he could have borrowed another. Then he had another idea. He could borrow one from Masheer Maal. He had so many camels there would surely be an old saddle. For now that would work. By then Naanak would have the new saddle ready. Thinking along these lines he started off in the direction of Masheer Maal's house.

IN the days when Masheer had been employed he had accumulated a tidy sum of money. When the canal had been built here he had purchased several plots of land for a song. Now he had retired here. He had tenants, a good income and was leading a comfortable life. Seated on a cot on the front porch, smoking a hookah, he was dressed in a white turban, shirt, vest and *tehmad*.

Seeing the filthy Baakar coming towards him holding the reins of a camel he asked, "Hey Baakar, where are you coming from?"

Baakar bowed in greeting and replied, "Sir, I'm coming from the market."

"Whose she-camel is this?"

"She's mine, sir. I've just bought her."

"How much did you pay for her?"

Baakar wanted to say that he had paid one hundred and sixty rupees. In his eyes even two hundred rupees was cheap for such a beautiful camel, but his conscience wouldn't let him say this. He spoke up, "Sir, he was asking for one hundred and sixty rupees, but I only paid him one hundred and forty."

Masheer Maal glanced at the camel. For a long time he himself had been wanting to buy such a beautiful she-camel to go riding on. He had a she-camel, but she had been sick last year. Although with the use of indigo and other medicines she had recovered, there was no longer that spirit in her walk, not that spring. This camel captivated him. What a beautiful, well-structured body, what a pretty whitish brown color, what a long, supple neck.

He said, "OK, I'll give you one hundred and sixty rupees. I need a she-camel and the extra twenty rupees can be for your labour."

Baakar smiled bitterly and said, "Sir, I haven't even had the chance to enjoy owning her yet."

Masheer Maal stood up and began patting the camel's neck. "Wow! What a beautiful animal! All right, I'll give you five more rupees."

Then he called out, "Nura! O Nura!"

The servant had been chopping up straw for the buffaloes. He came running, hatchet still in hand. Masheer Maal said, "Take this camel and tie her up. What do you say? Not bad for one hundred and sixty-five rupees."

Nura took the reins out of the stupefied Baakar's hand and looking the she-camel over from head to toe said, "She's a fine animal." With that he went off towards the barn.

Masheer Maal took sixty rupees out of his money belt and putting them in Baakar's hand said with a grin, "Just a little while ago a tenant gave me this. It must have been destined for you. For now you take this much. I'll give you the rest within the next month or two. If you're lucky, it's posible you'll get it even sooner." Without waiting to hear the reply he walked off towards the barn. Nura was again chopping the hay so from way off he yelled, "Forget the buffaloes' straw. First give the camel something to eat. She seems to be hungry."

He came closer and began to stroke her neck.

The declining moon had not yet come out. In the hour of solitude a mist was spreading over everything. A few stars had emerged above and in the distance the trees had become big, dark blotches.

Seated under the cover of a bush on the outskirts of his village, Baakar was staring at one faint light. He knew Razia would be awake, awaiting him. He was waiting too, waiting for the light to be extinguished, waiting for Razia to go to sleep so he could stealthily enter the house. ■

(From "The Short Stories of Upendranath Ashk," Newspool Books.)

The Scourge Of Noise

THE quantum of noise in Bombay and other urban parts of India, according to scientists, is fast exceeding the human tolerance limit. If this continues, by the end of the century, a large number of people may well turn deaf, besides acquiring a number of diseases by noise pollution. Article 48A of the Constitution enjoins upon the state to endeavour to protect and improve the environment (Directive Principle of State Policy).

Various other laws have been enacted for the prevention of noise and the maintenance of a peaceful atomsphere. The Bombay Police Act (BPA), the Indian Penal Code (IPC), the Criminal Procedure Code (Cr PC), the Bombay Rent Act (BRA), the Bombay Municipal Corporation Act (BMCA) and various other laws prohibit nuisance by noise.

However, it is a common experience that none of these laws is observed in practice. Once police permission to operate loudspeakers is secured, people think they have the licence to "deafen" the area with as much noise as possible. When harassed citizens complain to the police, they find the forces of law reluctant to move in the matter. Police action, if any, is mostly perfunctory in nature. There is a sound reason for this passivity: most of the applicants have used pressure or clout of some kind or other to secure permits for the operation of loudspeakers.

Such permits are issued without prior inspection of the surroundings for suitability. Besides, frequently, several loudspeakers operate at full blast, often within a radius of less than a furlong of each other. They compete with one another in blaring capacity, thus shattering peace in the area almost permanently,considering the frequency of public functions in our cities.

Secular Indeed!

Similar is the problem created by a religious gathering. Being secular, India has a vast maze of temples, mosques, *gurdwaras* and churches, often within a short distance of one another. Calls to prayer, recitals and chants over loudspeakers shatter the silence and often become a matter of despair to people who do not hold that particular religious belief. One cannot stop religious functions altogether—that is too extreme an action; but what one *can* do is withdraw the loudspeaker permits from such bodies so that their ceremonies are conducted within the relative privacy of their four walls.

Politicians and mob meetings are a modern nuisance. The din they create during election campaigns, and the like is plain unbearable.

There are also no temporary or permanent arrangements to control noise in theatres and public halls. As a result, the unfortunate residents of such areas have almost permanently to live amidst a welter of cacophonous sounds. Add to this the recent phenomenon of open-air theatres—during festivals in by-lanes and on public roads—and the pollution is total. Whenever people have requested that loudspeakers in the vicinity of their homes be toned town, they have been bewildered by the violence of the abuse, threat and assault with which their requests are met. Plus, since freedom, a new dimension has been added to the noise pollution in the form of constant slogan-shouting, *morchas*, *dharnas*, picketings and the like.

Fight For Peace!

Since most of our politicians, social workers and public figures have relied upon noise for their success, it is difficult to appeal to them for any relief. Once they have generated sufficient noise in pursuit of power, they retire into cocooned nests and into the silence of the aristocratic localities in their towns.

So the only remedy available to peace-loving citizens is in the form of an organised fight for peace. Although the makers of laws are indifferent, they *can* be compelled through judicial proceedings and public opinion properly to execute these laws. However, if the citizens themselves are not prepared to insist on the scrupulous observance of laws in such matters, they might as well learn to live with the nuisance rather than pointlessly was about it, as they are apt to do.

M. B. Shah

Energy From Space

BY an ironical quirk of of fate, salvation for poor millions in India and other Third World countries, whom the benefits of even basic technology has largely evaded so far, may lie in energy obtained from space. With the scope for tapping solar energy on earth itself being limited, the only answer to the impending energy crunch seems to be the solar power satellite (SPS).

It is in the context of unequal development in different parts of the world that the potential of space science and technology has to be viewed. The recent advances in space technology have indeed benefitted the poor countries through weather forecasting, resources surveys, etc.

The atom did hold high hopes, but its use has been fraught with problems like nuclear-waste disposal, dangerous leakages and the high cost of installation and maintenance, especially in poor countries. On the other hand, fusion energy continues to be a distant dream.

Thus the one silver lining in this picture of gloom is provided by the recent researches in solar energy which has unlimited possibilities, especially for a tropical country like India. It promises a cheap, reliable and pollution-free supply of energy.

The discovery of the sun as a source of energy, surprisingly, is a recent one with the advances in physics, astronomy, chemistry and the space sciences. These researches hold out the hope that extra-terrestrial solar energy can be a reality within 20 years—by the time conventional fossil sources are expected to dry up.

The idea of collecting solar power in space through photovoltaic arrays or solar collectors in orbit and transmitting it through micro-waves or laser beams was first thought of in 1968.

Since then this concept has been further developed, and though the environmental and economic aspects are yet to be studied more elaborately, it has been established that this source can compare favourably with other energy alternatives.

The solar power satellite will receive about 15 times the solar energy which could be received on the ground and it will be available all the time without earthly limitations.

Such a satellite will have a working life of 30 years, providing a variety of options because of the absence of gravity and limitations of the earth's environment.

It is estimated that an average satellite can supply ten million kw of power which can be received by a 60 sq km antenna located outside a city. It can meet the energy demands of four million people in a developing country.

Thus, 150 satellites can meet the requirements of 600 million people in urban areas. However, 37 such solar-power-receiving structures in India will be enough to begin with, though these calculations do not include the requirements of the rural population, which is too widely dispersed to be served in the immediate future.

These rural people will, however, get an indirect benefit as the conventional sources of energy from the urban areas can be diverted to them. Moreover, as a physicist foresees, "the existing infrastructure could easily assume the task of distributing the new liquid fuels from the satellite-powered chemical synthesis plants, and one ten-million kw satellite can synthesise enough methanol to provide cooking fuel for 16 million people, thus freeing millions of tonnes of cow-dung for manure and saving trees from being destroyed for firewood."

Though, costwise, the satellites are not yet attractive to many developing countries, reservations about unfavourable environmental implications because of energy leakages near the receiver, antenna site—such as the effect on the weather and damage to the ozone layer—have been set right by recent studies by the Department of Energy of the United States.

As for cost, a country's development and progress require large and small technologies in an appropriate mix. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Government of India has set apart Rs 10 crores for research in fuel. The answer to the high cost of the power-satellites is obviously a co-operative venture, with contributions according to their capacity by many countries.

by E.R.R.K.

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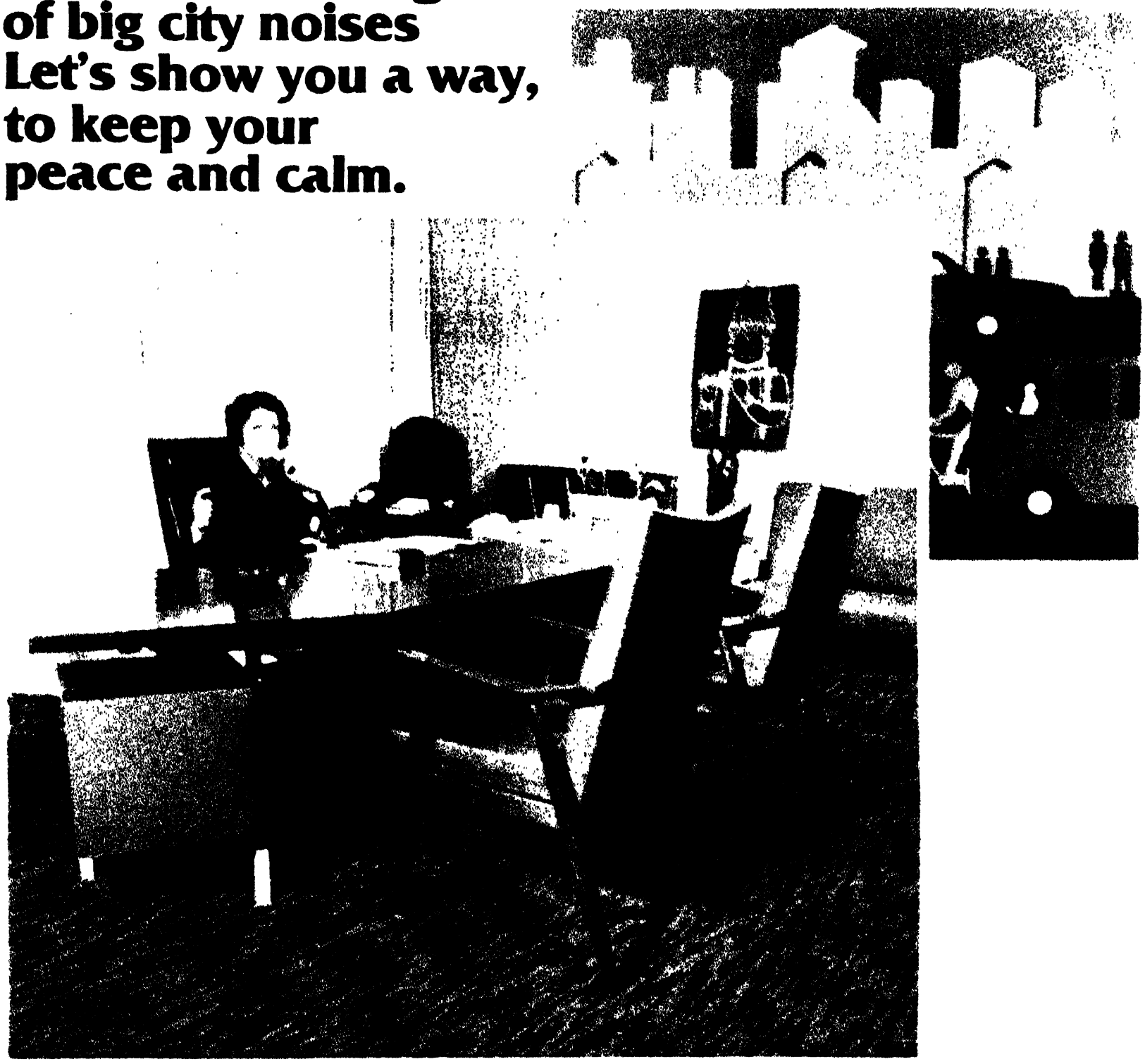

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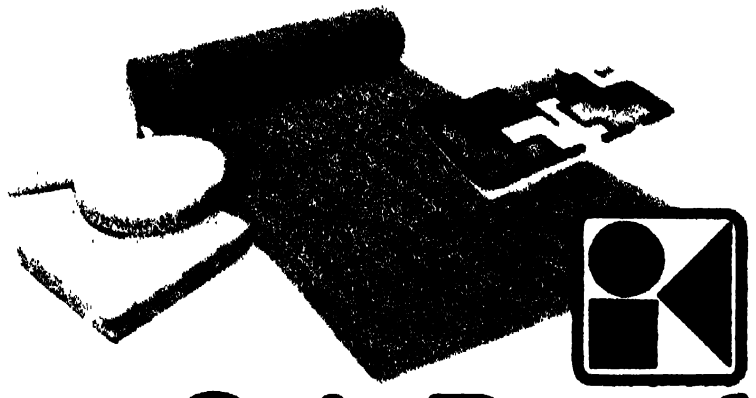

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Vim Vigour Vitality

Vive la Vitamins

by Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

THE stormy eighties. Life moving at the pace of a nuclear missile. In the hurly-burly of a conveyor belt existence, the human body is subjected to greater and greater stress. It is fairly widely acknowledged in dietetic circles that stress creates an extra demand for vitamins and minerals that are absolutely necessary for normal functioning. If stress overtakes you it also takes away a large chunk off your vitamin reserves—consequently depleting its supplies. In fact some vitamins and minerals are essential to keep certain vital organs fully functional. The brain, for instance, cannot convert glucose into energy without the catalyst Vitamin B1.

Good Things In Little Packages

Although vitamins are an indispensable factor in human physiological exercise, they are (amazingly enough), required in comparatively very small doses, supplementing the body's requirements of fats, carbohydrates and proteins.

No one disputes the need for vitamins but what is disputed however, and rather hotly, is whether or not we need to supplement our ordinary diets with vitamin pills.

One school of nutritionists believes that you can have colossal doses and depend on megavitamin therapy for the cure of all ills ranging from paranoia to sore throats! There is a more accepted and undisputed theory in practice, however, which points out that indiscriminate use of vitamin doses, many times the recommended daily allowance, might be biochemically hazardous just as in the case of drug abuse.

An Apple A Day

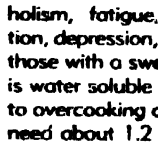
With a normal intake of vitamins one need hardly worry about malnutrition and deficiency diseases. It is, therefore, essential to ensure a regular intake of vitamins (remember the age old belief) in a "balanced diet". Moreover, it is crucial to understand that the vitamin balance in natural foods can hardly ever be matched by even the lust of multivitamin pill. For, the balance of vitamins in natural foods is extremely complex and can perhaps never be exactly accomplished with the most sophisticated equipment in the most sophisticated of laboratories. You may do well to remember that a lasting way to glowing health is through a healthy intake of vitamins in natural foods.

The Vitamins At A Glance

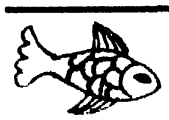
Vitamin A (*Retinol*) is fat soluble. It is easily available abundantly in eggs, liver, oily fish, kidney, green and yellow vegetables like spinach, carrots, peaches and apricots, and all dairy products. An indirect source of this vitamin is a substance called *carotene*, which the body can convert into Vitamin A.

In our country, many people who cannot afford foods rich in this vitamin fall prey to nightblindness (poor vision in little light). Studies show that it has a therapeutic and preventive value in stress-induced diseases, infectious diseases and respiratory infections. This vitamin, if consumed in large quantities can lead to severe disorders of the nervous system, bones and other disorders. Recommended dosage 750 micrograms daily.

Vitamin B1 (*Thiamine*) is water soluble. You can find it in nuts, yeast, beans, pork, wheatgerm, bread and milk. This vitamin is associated directly with alcoholism, fatigue, forgetfulness, indigestion, depression, pregnancy, smokers and those with a sweet tooth. As this vitamin is water soluble it should not be exposed to overcooking and the atmosphere. You need about 1.2 milligrams a day and as there is no chance of storing this particular vitamin, a daily intake is the only way out.



Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin) is also water soluble. If you like cheese, milk, yeast, greens, mushrooms—then you are an innocent B2 consumer. Good for you! This vitamin will ensure a fairly happy state of mental health and will make your skin lustrous and eyes powerful. But if you are prone to cracking at the corners of the mouth or inflammation of the tongue, then watch out. Good for dieters and the young as it stimulates growth.

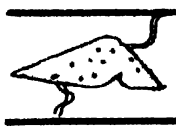


Vitamin B3 (*Niacin*) is water soluble. Soyabeans, fish, brewer's yeast, nuts, greens, wheatgerm, whole grains, pulses, and liver will give you enough of a supply. Deficiencies are associated with apprehension, personality changes, confusion, worry and depression. B3 has been useful in treating insomania, schizophrenia, other stress disorders, and is currently being used in overcoming excessive alcohol consumption. Most important of all, *pellagra*, a vitamin deficiency disease caused by a serious lack of nicotinic acid may occur. Exposed areas of the skin become dark and inflamed, and later the patient develops diarrhoea and shows lack of mental balance. 18mg suggested daily intake.

Vitamin B5 (*Pantothenic Acid*) is water soluble. You can get an inexhaustible supply of this vitamin in sunflower seeds, peanuts, bees royal jelly, tomatoes, potatoes, yeast. It is absolutely necessary for the functioning of all cells. Neither fat nor sugar can be converted into energy without it. It is essential for growth and antibody protection. Often called the "anti-stress vitamin", because of its importance to adrenal glands. 10mg every day should be enough to revitalise your cellular activities.

Vitamin B6 (*Pyridoxine*) is water soluble.

Sources: organ meats, whole grains, walnuts, bananas, yeast, brown rice. Aids in metabolism and is important for brain functions—deficiencies are associated with diabetes, anaemia, nausea, nervous disorders and even asthma. This vitamin is a bonus for all you women who suffer from pre-menstrual tension—include it regularly in your diet and it will actually save you the down-and-out feeling.



Vitamin B12 (*Cynacobalamin*) is water soluble. Indians who are mostly vegetarians need to sit up and take heed that most of the anaemia they suffer from, is due to a complete lack of B12 in their normal vegetarian diet unless they replenish it by eating enough cheese, milk (and eggs?). It plays a pivotal role in the formation of red blood corpuscles (erythrocytes). Older people should be given enough of it. The absorption process of this vitamin in the body is quite remarkable. The process depends on the presence of a substance called an intrinsic factor, usually present in the gastric juices of the stomach. If there is a problem in the absorption of this vitamin, the person may be given injections at monthly intervals. Can be stored at 1 microgram a day which should keep the doctor away.

Vitamin C (*Ascorbic Acid*) is water soluble. Do you remember mother's voice ringing in the ears—"Drink your juice" as you ran down the stairs in double-quick time while still trying to tie your shoelaces? It is found in all citrus fruits, greens, pepper, broccoli, strawberries, tomatoes, spinach. Excellent for the healing of wounds and fighting infection, repairing tissue, maintaining healthy adrenal glands. Lack of this vitamin is known to cause *scurvy*. If you are on a slimmer's diet you should take at least 130 mg a day. Ordinarily, 60 mg should do.

Vitamin D *Cholecalciferol*) is fat soluble. Found plentifully in fatty fish, cream, eggs, butter, cheese, liver. This *sunshine* vitamin is unique—it is produced in the skin on exposure to sunlight. For bone formation it is indispensable and if you want strong, milky teeth its certainly what the doctor would prescribe for you. A lack of this vitamin can cause *rickets* in children. But caution is the catchword here—an excess of this vitamin may mean a deposit of calcium in the kidneys and the heart and this may prove harmful in the long run.

Vitamin E (*Tocopherols*) is fat soluble. Found in whole grains (rice, wheat), sunflower oil, peanuts. The wonder vitamin that proverbially does *everything*! It is usually believed to be an anti-clotting agent, it is said to heal burns, it improves blood flow and oxygen utilisation. But most interesting of all, it is claimed that this vitamin is absorbed *directly* by the skin. A great boon for herbal-cream oriented beauticians because their vitamin E packs are selling well. No specific dosage recommended.

Vitamin K: leafy vegetables; spinach and oranges. It is also formed by the bacteria that build natural colonies in our intestines. It has an all-important role in blood clotting and as it is required in *very small* quantities, usually there is little chance of deficiency unless you are a complete fast-food fanatic.

All in all, if you eat wisely—and curb the devil in you that wants the hot-fudge nut sundae instead of a fruit salad at the end of the meal, you should not require a multi-vitamin pill. With the advent of tinned food, we tend to be tempted to rely on pre-cooked food that has lost all its nutritional value. If you eat a fairly *mixed* diet, there is no reason why you need have supplemental vitamins.

Finally, there is one point that you must remember: taking that extra vitamin capsule may correct *some* deficiencies but there is a certain stipulated limit—don't forget. And there are certain vitamin depleters like sugar and alcohol—stay away as far as possible from them—try not to eat overcooked food, and *try* to develop a taste for fresh salads. **Above all, if you want to make doubly sure of your vitamin intake—take the vitamin pill—but be certain that you have one that supplies *all* B vitamins, because they work together synergistically.** ■

FOR ALL THE GRACE AND FLUENCY OF ZAHEER ABBAS and the concentrated fury of Imran Khan, it is Javed Miandad *(seen sweeping Maninder Singh above)* who remains Pakistan's most combative cricketer. India were already down in the dumps by the time they came round to the Fourth Test and Miandad ground them into the Pak dust by hitting a second unbeaten 280 which now has put every Indian bowler to the sword. The most remarkable aspect of this Miandad innings was the avidity with which that batsman ran singles even after crossing the 200 mark. And, following his unbeaten 280, Miandad was there on the field at silly-point to mount the psychological pressure on India—a pressure that now them crash to 273 all out and lose by an innings and 119 runs.

PATHAN IMRAN had Sunil first ball, remember, in Gavaskar's second knock of the November 1978 Karachi Test, but the Indian opener got the benefit of the umpiring doubt that time and went on to hit a hundred in each innings. However, in the first four Tests of the current series, the new Pak skipper has had the drop on Gavaskar each time. (Gavaskar has combated Imran on occasion, but as a purely defensive mould.) Actually Imran's struck terror into faint Indian hearts every time he's come on to bowl, marshalling his resources with skill and imagination to take a decisive 3-0 lead in the series by the stage of the Fourth Test at Hyderabad (Sind).

THE ZAHEER TOUCH is the touch India missed in their own country but have encountered all over again in Pakistan! Zaheer Abbas it was (according to Gavaskar) who has timed the decline of our span in 1978-79. Now, in 1982-83, smashing what remains of India's bowling to pulp, Zaheer *(seen playing Madan Lal here)* has established for Pakistan an ascendancy in the series never surrendered by an Imran bowling with his tail up.

Photographs by Amiya Tarafdar

Pak Smash India To Pulp

MUDASSAR NAZAR has always been a thorn in India's side—when not successful with the bat, he's chipped in with a vital wicket or two. In the Hyderabad (Sind) Test that India lost by an innings and plenty, Mudassar showed himself a rare grafter in hitting 231 and setting up a new world record for Pakistan in partnership with Javed Miandad. The most eloquent commentary on the failure of India's bowling in this series is its inability to get a player like Mudassar Nazar out. Syed Kirmani behind the stumps can only stand there and reflect on how our Spin Trio in its heyday would have made short work of the Mudassar Nazars of cricket.

MEMORY IS SHORT, but it is pertinent to recall that it was on our last tour of Pakistan that Viswanath showed the first signs of fallibility against fast bowling, when Imran Khan consistently aimed for his rib-cage Viswanath—up to that point fairly consistent—has (if you look up the records) been an in-and-out performer since. It is noticeable—particularly with this series—that both Vish and Sunny now play at the quickies and miss much more often than before. This suggests a slowing of reflexes—a slowing Imran Khan's been quick to exploit. It is easy to argue that Vish now has no place in India's team to the West Indies, but is there a single batsman of matching class to take his place? Viswanath, according to the doyen of Kiwi cricket critics, Dick Brittenden, is a better player of pace than Gavaskar, though there may have been little evidence of it during the current series.

MR Little lived in a little house in a little town, and he worked for a very little salary. The neighbours wondered how Mr Little and the whole Little family could get along on such a small salary. He was asked, "Mr. Little, how do you and Mrs. Little and the seven little Littles get along on such a little salary?"
He replied, "Every Little helps."

A MAN and two children entered a restaurant and ordered three plates and three glasses of water. When the waiter brought the order, the man took some sandwiches from his pocket, unwrapped them and after passing one to each of the children, began to eat.

The astounded manager, who had been watching, rushed over: "What do you think you're doing?" he exploded. "And who are you?" inquired the diner.

"I'm the manager."

"Good," said the man. "I was just going to send for you, why isn't the orchestra playing?"

MABEL was the only child in the class who spoke up briskly when, for the benefit of some visitors, the teacher asked:
"Can any little girl recite?"
"Please teacher, I can."
"That's a good girl, Mabel, step out in front of the class.
Now, what can you say for us?"
"Nelson's farewell to his mother."
"Splendid. Well, now begin."
"Ta-ta, Mum," said Mabel, dramatically, waving her hand in the air.

SHE was about to go out on her fist real date and she asked her mother, "What shall I do if he tries to kiss me?"

"Well," said her understanding mother, "I suppose you could whisper for help."

DURING the history lesson, the teacher pointed out to the class that a surname often indicated the trade of the ancestors of those who bore the name. He gave obviously simple examples of Smith, Taylor and Baker. Then he questioned one of the boys:

"What were your ancestors, Webb?" "Spiders, sir!"

BUSINESSMAN: "I like your approach."
Salesman: "Thank you, sir."
Businessman: "And now let's see your departure."

DAD commented to his daughter: "That fellow who's been taking you for walks in the park seems to me to be rather ill-mannered."

"Well," she replied, "he's a little rough around the hedges."

"ONE of the most tactful men I ever saw," says a manufacturer, "was the man who sacked me from my very first job. He called me in and said, "young man, I don't know how we're ever going to get along without you, but starting from Monday, we're going to try."

TEACHER: "John, who was Anne Boleyn
John: "Anne Boleyn was a flat iron."
Teacher: "What an earth do you mean?"
John: "Well, it says here in the history book
Henry, having disposed of Catherine, pressed
suit with Anne Boleyn."

"DO you make life-size enlargements of sm
shots?"
"That's our speciality."
"Fine. Here's a picture I took of Mount Everes

A BUSINESSMAN engaged a boy who wo
ed well but persisted in whistling jazz tunes.

Unable to bear this any longer, the emplo
said: "For goodness sake, if you must whistle
the time, whistle something decent".
"Well, sir," replied the boy, "you can't expe
grand opera for ten shillings a week."

*"What? Find it on the road?? Oh no! I created
masterpiece!!"*

A GIRL should use what Mother Nature
her before Father Time takes it away.

PROFESSOR's wife: "Don't you think I h
put too much salt in the soup, dear?"
Professor: "Not at all, darling, there is perf
not quite enough soup for the salt, that's all

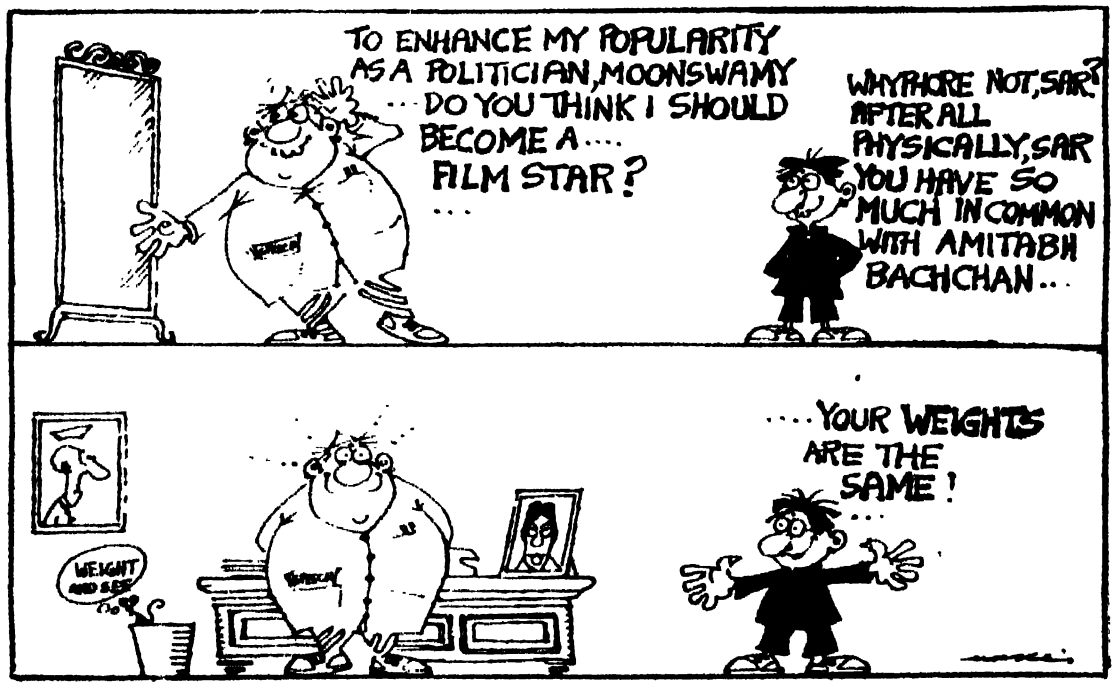
PROFESSOR's wife: "A truck ran over
best hat!" A bsent-minded Professor: "Was I
ing it?"

DOCTOR: "What on earth have you b
doing, Jack! Why, your tongue is absolu
black, man!"
Jack: "I dropped a bottle of whiskey on the ne
tarred road."

THERE once lived a lad who could thin
nothing but girls, girls and more girls. Howe
he outgrew it. Now, all he thinks of is wom

HE fell in love with a pair of blue ey
made the mistake of marrying the whol

THE HON'BLE MINISTER BUNDALDASS . morio



The only time we do some social service is when we do it by accident!!

"PATRICK", said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy." "But father," said Pat, "wasn't it only last Sunday that you were telling us to love our enemies?"

"It was," said the priest, "but I didn't say anything about swallowing them."

A WOMAN married to a hypnotist, brought her husband to court, charging him with cruelty. "Your honour," she complained, "my husband is the meanest man in the world. He hypnotised me into thinking I was a canary and gave me birdseeds for breakfast, dinner and supper."
The husband objected. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I don't think that was mean."
The magistrate's eyes popped out.
"No," the husband asserted, "I could have hypnotised her into thinking she was a sparrow and let her find her own food."

COUNSEL addressed the man in the dock: "Did you or did you not, on the day in question or at any time previously, or subsequently, say, or even intimate, to the defendant or to anyone else, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust, and denied by plaintiff, was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me! Did you or did you not?"

The man in the dock clutched his throat, "Did I, or did I not what?" he gasped.

SOLICITOR: "Did you call him a rogue, a liar, a highway robber and a vagabond?"
Defendant: "I did"
"And did you call him a double-eyed twister?"
"No. I forgot that."

COUNSEL: "What is your age, madam?"
Witness: (hesitatingly) "I've seen twenty-three summers."
Counsel: "How many summers were you blind?"

SMITH was a young lawyer, clever in many respects, but very forgetful. He had been sent to interview an important client, when the head of his firm received this telegram: "Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

The reply was a masterpiece of sarcasm. It ran: "Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

"IS it possible to confide in you?"
"Certainly, I will be as silent as the grave."
"Well, then, I have a pressing need of ten bucks."
"Don't worry. It is as if I had heard nothing."

A SCOTSMAN on a visit to a friend in London, overstayed his welcome. His host thought that a hint might have the desired result.

"Don't you think," he said, "that your wife and family will want you to be with them?"
"That's very thoughtful of you," replied the Aberdonian, "I'll just send for them."

"WHAT did your father say when you told him you wanted to be an artist?"
"Oh," he said, "All right, but don't start drawing on me."

NIGHT watchmen are the laziest people on earth. They never do a day's work.

IT's no fun to kiss a girl over the phone unless you happen to be in the same booth with her

(Compiled by Sheela H. N.)

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep

The Weekly Pick

Poverty and Women's Work, Malavika Karlekar, Vikas, Rs 75

This is a compilation of data collected during a study of 80 sweeper women of Delhi. Well knit, the information gleaned by the researcher is organised into 6 heads. Of these, *Employment Conditions*, and *The Role of Home-maker* make very interesting reading. It is fairly clear from the studies that female employment in this category is essential for the national economy as well as the individual family. The socially-ostracised community, we often forget, is indispensable to our way of living, and it is indeed appalling that scavengers are cast aside so savagely.

Mamallapuram And The Pallavas, Michael Lockwood, Christian Literature Society, Rs 44

Mahabalipuram. The very name conjures up images of the culturally advanced Pallava dynasty of South India. But this is not a book for one-night-stop tourists. It is actually a selection of research articles, some of which have been submitted to the Archaeological Society of South India. The descriptions of the cave temples are vivid, precise and analytical, and each style is accurately deciphered and neatly slotted into appropriate historical compartments. For students of Ancient Indian History and Archaeology, a veritable treasure.

You Can't Please Everyone
Kobita Sarkar, IBH, Rs 15

Subtitled "Film Censorship. The Inside Story" The author's longstanding experiences as a film critic emerge in the course of this single-breath commentary on the faulty, illogical censorship rules practised by the film world of India. She raises pertinent questions (for eg Why the kiss should be taboo?). The book abounds in anecdotes and personal impressions which makes it really worthwhile reading. She analyses the reason for inverted sex and sadism in our films (which she quite rightly points out is a warped expression of human attachment and involvement). And she makes another perceptive point: that eve-teasing and rape and dowry deaths in films are often reflected in real-life attitudes.

Julie

Newman's Campaign

Suddenly Paun Newman is everywhere: in magazines and TV chat shows. He is even advertising safety belts for motor cars. For years Newman instructed his public relations firm, Roger & Cowan, to keep his name out of the media in order to protect his privacy. All that has changed now with Newman seriously bidding for his first Oscar for his performance as an alcoholic lawyer in *The Verdict*. One studio executive says that Newman is a "willing participant in this (Oscar) campaign no matter what he says about hating awards".

—The Sunday Observer

Liz To Adopt Orphan

Elizabeth Taylor, the 50-year-old movie star, is trying to adopt a 12-month-old baby girl she found in an Israeli orphanage but the baby's missing father has turned up and says he wants to keep his daughter. When staff at the orphanage told her that the baby's mother died of leukaemia and that her father had disappeared, Liz rushed across the room and lifted Karen out of her cot. She pressed the child very close to her and kissed her repeatedly. She very much wanted Karen to be with her so she could enjoy a better life. Talks were well under way when Karen's dad, 26-year-old Abraham Peretz, turned up to claim his daughter. But Liz is still hoping he will change his mind and will be influenced by her record with Maria, the girl she adopted 21 years ago and who is now a successful model.

—The Daily Mirror

Woody Joins Immortals

Woody Allen has got into the Hodder Book of Christian Quotations, a 4,000-strong collection published on January 17. They have been chosen on the liberal and experimental principle that they "cast some light upon the mysteries and exigencies of life". Together with the 13th century sage Dante Alighieri, and the 12th century mystic Sir Richard Chichester, are sardonic, solemn and often secular 20th century voices. Cliff Richards, Marshall Tito, Charles Aznavour and Joseph Stalin.

—The Guardian

Remembering Marilyn

Marilyn Monroe died 21 years ago, but the polka dot blouses, circle skirts and sheath dresses of her era are being revived in the hope that the '80s woman wants to look like the '50s star. The "Remembering Marilyn" boutiques opened last month at 12 Bloomingdale's department stores. Mr Roger Richman, who represents the late actress's estate, said he expects the boutiques to catch on because of Miss Monroe's enduring mystique and because the era of the '50s is particularly appealing during economically troubled times.

—The Evening News of India

Jackie

Box Items

Anything happening to the journalist tribe is (these days) a box-item—whether his purse is picked, his car is missing, he was not given a complimentary pass, he was not cared for at a function or he was denied entry to the Intensive Care Unit to interview Amitabh Bachchan.

—V. Sundaram in The Hindustan Times Weekly.

Lure of Banditry

Lured by the exploits of Phoolan Devi, more and more women in the Chambal region seem to be taking to banditry.

The police say that every major gang in the ravines has now a woman, not as a mere moll but as a leader.

Many of these women are already a terror to villagers in Chambal—and all but one switched from the security of married life to the perils of banditry.

—Free Press Journal

Shared Traits

Mrs Gandhi said both Sanjay and Rajiv Gandhi shared the traits of their late father, Mr Feroze Gandhi, and had great concern for honesty and achieving excellence in their work. She said they were both direct and knew their own minds and had leadership qualities. Perhaps Mr Rajiv Gandhi had greater self-confidence and poise, she added.

—The Hindustan Times

Grandma's Concern

I am sad that the little boy is not getting the care that is his due, nor is he in surroundings which can help to build character and inculcate values.

—Mrs Gandhi on grandson Varun

Great Achievements

Many of our young people had become apathetic, and many taken to destructive activities. Sanjay was able to harness this strength for creative purpose and to get the youth involved in nation-building programmes. He was on the threshold of far greater achievements.

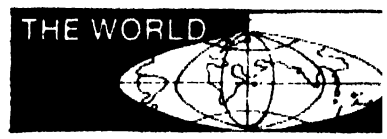
—Mrs Gandhi quoted by UNI

Spineless Leaders

The State-level leaders are so spinelessly steeped in the habit of being spoon-fed that even after the trauma of the election debacle, they are unable to handle their own local affairs.

—Comment in The Hindustan Times

Goldie



Nancy Re-enters Films

First Lady, Nancy Reagan, wi resume her acting career. She has agree to make an appearance in NBC's weekl comedy "Different Strokes". She will pla a character who condemns the use a drugs, an issue that is close to her heart.

The last acting job that Mrs Reaga had was in 1957 when she played in th film "Hellcats To The Navy" opposite he husband, now President Reagan.

—AF

Three Hours More

In a formal petition to the city council 39 Zurich prostitutes have sought revision of local curfew rules. In a letter t the city executive, published in th local press, the women said that fixin the start of the police-licensed hours at pm instead of 8 pm would also give ther more time to spend with their children.

Under the present curfew, street-wall ing at Niederdorf, the "red-light" distri of Switzerland's financial capital, is fo bidden between 3 pm and 8 pm.

—A

Treading In Crusoe's Footsteps

A Scotswoman embarked on an 800 -mile pilgrimage which will rewrite th history of Robinson Crusoe.

She is Mrs Ivy Jardine whose 20-yea old son, Allan, is a direct descendant o Alexander Selkirk, on whose 18th centur life story Daniel Defoe is believed to hav based his adventure story.

The pair left for Robinson Crusc Island, off Chile, to erect a granite plaqu 3,000 feet above sea level where Selkir kept a lookout for four years for a rescu ship.

—The Guardia

Police Computer Find Father

A former police cadet has found h long-lost father by using the Metropolita Police criminal record computer. Ca Mullins, aged 17, had spent more than year searching for his father who he ha not seen since his parents split up whe he was nine months old. He had trie public records and the Salvation Arm and was about to give up when he trie the criminal record computer. Within 1 seconds he had the information.

He left the Metropolitan police to sta a new career in the army. "It's a b embarrassing to learn your father has record when you are in the force but was worth it to find him," said Carl. H father, also named Carl, said: "I had slight brush with the law last year for th first time in my life."

—Penny Cherit

Gig

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

The accent is on friends, new acquaintances, business and travel abroad. The necessary recommendations and favours should be secured from available sources in order to enhance your reputation. Follow your hunches: they may bring a windfall or the key to certain mysteries and puzzling events of the past

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

The emphasis this week is on domestic comforts and financial well-being. Do not make undue haste with regard to business dealings. You will be caught up in the social whirl early in the week. You must build goodwill and maintain status quo. Clear all backlog by midweek so that the weekend may be free

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar 20

This is perhaps the best week this month. You can boost up business and steer your personal life in the direction you want. You will be much in demand among friends and associates. They will come to you for consolation and draw confidence from your steady practicality. Do not let them down.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21 Apr 20

An excellent week for securing the desired co-operation from family and seniors, Socialise as much as possible and widen the circle of your friends. Such activities will help you to gain the contacts necessary for expanding your business and professional activities. Follow your intuition in all matters

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

The week days assure you of great success in the social field. Some one close to you may pay you a surprise visit and keep you busy all the week. Clear all backlog early for midweek will find you on sudden travel. News from abroad will help enlarge your group activities and export business as well. The weekend is hectic.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

There are splendid opportunities this week for settling partnership issues and confirming marriage proposals. Guests from abroad may suddenly descend on you early in the week. You must be prepared to look after and entertain them. A windfall may come your way. Avoid air travel during the weekend.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Curb your social and political activities for the time being. You must operate from only behind the scenes. Be sporting in the face of minor defeats in the early part of the week. You may meet a stranger midweek. You will benefit from the meeting and be kept busy strengthening the acquaintance

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

A week for quiet consolidation of your affairs rather than launching out on new ventures. In the next four weeks you must curb social and political activities for the time being. You must operate from only behind the scenes. Be sporting in the face of minor defeats in the early part of the week Clear all backlog.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug 22-Sept 23

A week for quiet consolidation of your affairs rather than launching out on new ventures. In the next four weeks you must balance your budget strictly because much of the money you need for your ventures will not be easily procured. Follow your intuition when in difficulties: it will help you to score over rivals.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

It will be prudent to take the counsel of legal and technical experts before you commit yourself an anything, either in business or personal life in the next two weeks. Do not make lofty promises you cannot keep. A stroke of luck brings money your way midweek as also applause and appreciation.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov. 22

Those who deserted you in the past will return to you, contrite and full of apologies. Do not promise any friendship or association without sifting the chaff from the grain. A parcel comes from abroad bringing with it good tidings. Think deeply and well before you make any commitments

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

Loved ones who have troubled you in the past will surprise you by suddenly acceeding to your demands. Youngsters will bring some thrill into your life. Artists, writers and surgeons will be at their best this week. Recognition of their work comes midweek bringing them into the limelight.

STAR FOCUS

Love In 1983 - II

Taurus: Taureans exhibit great tact while playing the love game and know all the tricks there are to make their prey submit to their designs. The year provides ample opportunities for exhilarating games of chase and challenge, especially in the second half of 1983. Almost inadvertently you will form a delicate tie in March. The relationship will be strengthened.

Gemini: The intellectual aspect of your personality attracts the opposite sex towards you in late February or early March. Job activities and other shared hobbies bring you closer in June. August finds you giving expression to your innermost feelings but you suddenly change colour in September. October will find you in two frames of mind about a new tie.

Cancer: A contrasting year of bitter-sweet experiences. You may come in contact with a lovable soul in May. Around July, some rare developments occur but your domestic problems will upset the balance in August/September. This will be taken seriously by your new-found friend and the relationship may break sooner than you anticipate. Do not lose heart.

Leo: Your tendency to react to flattery and praise will be made use of by those who have designs on you and they may put you in an embarrassing position. At work you will be extremely responsive to a member of the opposite sex and will begin to take the relationship seriously in July. However, you will soon realise that the relationship is not genuine

Sunday, February 6

Your energy, confidence and studious habits will make for better career prospects. Between May and September be discreet about your investments and avoid taking any risks. You will gain greater momentum from October onwards.

Monday, February 7

The middle of the year may cause much confusion leading to dissatisfaction both in personal life as well as career. Do not break old relationships at least until September.

Tuesday, February 8

Rely on your judgement and intuition with regard to career they will not let you down. Take a better look at your prospects before plunging into new ventures.

Wednesday, February 9

An unsettled period lies ahead of you. You are better advised to maintain status-quo. Better luck comes your way in April. November is good for finances and career. Early 1984 is a good period for marriage.

Thursday, February 10

The events of the year will prove beneficial to your career. However, you must be very cautious while making your moves. You will have to take some important steps in October and make a change for the better in November.

Friday, February 11

A year of mixed influences. As far as possible do not take up any challenges in mid-1983. Conserve energy in August and September. Gainfully utilise your resources in October/November.

Saturday, February 12

Physical and mental pressures throughout the year cannot be ruled out. Build up your finances until October after which you will have an easier time until your next birthday.

CO-ORDINA

MAPP-GR-82-15-ENG

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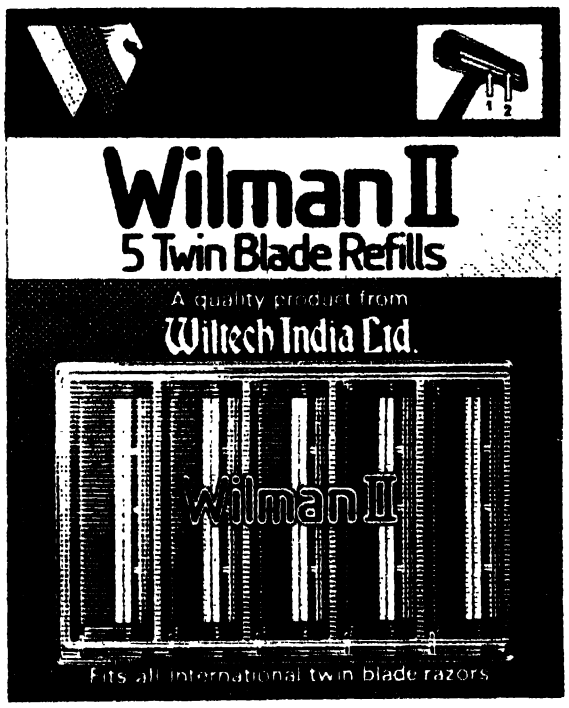

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Wiltech India Ltd.

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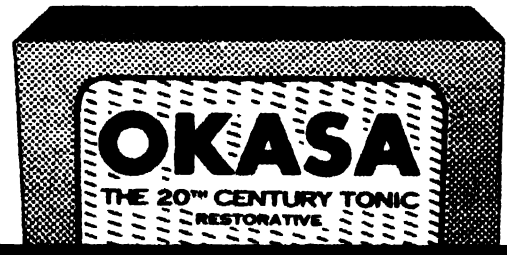

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ARMS/D/608-F

This Week's Bridge
1982 World Championships — IV

Ladies Pairs:

YET another record field entered the Ladies Pairs. The French and Americans had the largest contingents, followed by pairs from other European countries.

As in the Open, 40 pairs qualified for the finals. Defending Champions Kathie Wei and Judi Radin did not make it, but their 1981 teammates from the second place American team Edith Kemp-Nancy Gruver, and Betty Ann Kennedy - Carol Sanders did, the latter just qualifying in the 40th place. Several strong French and American pairs made it, but none from India.

In a remarkable climb, Kennedy-Sanders, starting with no carryover, leap frogged the field and walked off with the Championship, ahead of Deas-Palmer of USA and Sally Horton-Sandra Landy of Britain, the 1981 Venice Trophy winners

Both Sanders and Kennedy had been ill during the Championships, but they shrugged off their troubles for a magnificent win. Here are a few of their deals, culled from the Daily Bulletins edited by Dorthy and Henry Francis:

Carol Sanders and Betty Ann Kennedy formed their partnership 13 years ago. Except for a five-year haitus to take care of their families, they have piled up several championships. This is their third world championship—they were victors in the Venice Cup competition in both 1974 and 1976. They also came mighty close in New Orleans in 1978 when they finished second in the Ladies Pairs. Carol also finished third in the Mixed Pairs in 1978 and seventh in 1974. Betty Ann Kennedy was sixth in the Mixed in 1974, and they as a partnership were seventh in the Ladies Pairs in the same year.

One of the hands that demonstrates the skill that enabled them to pull themselves up by their bootstraps was the fourth deal of the third final on which Betty Ann was the declarer.

Board - 4: Dealer West Both Vul.

	♠ A9 ♥ K843 ♦ Q432 ♣ AKJ	
♠ QJ105 ♥ Q107 ♦ AJ108 ♣ 102	N W E S	♠ 7642 ♥ 96 ♦ K7 ♣ 97543
	♠ K83 ♥ AJ52 ♦ 965 ♣ Q86	

The bidding:

West	North Kennedy	East	South Sanders
P	1NT	P	3NT
All Pass.			

Lead: Heart nine

In case the opening leader was leading the Heart nine from the Q109, Betty Ann played a Jack from dummy. That was covered by the Queen, and the King won the trick. Betty Ann could see only eight tricks if the Hearts were breaking, so she cashed the Heart Ace to make sure When the suit broke she put her right hand opponent in with the Heart ten. The shift was to the obvious Diamond—the Diamond Jack Betty Ann wasn't about to cover that—she had to play her RHO for the length and most of the strength in that suit. If that were so, the other hand would have to unblock a high honour for her partner. That was the winning line East unblocked the Diamond King, winning the trick, and led another to the Ace. West returned the Spade Queen, taken by the Ace, and Betty Ann had a squeeze on West. Betty Ann cashed a Heart and three Clubs, forcing West to make TWO discards This was the position when the last Club was led:

	♠ 9 ♥ — ♦ Q4 ♣ J	
♠ J10 ♥ — ♦ 108 ♣ —	N W E S	IMMATERIAL.
	♠ K8 ♥ — ♦ 9 ♣ Q	

West could not stand the pressure What had begun as eight tricks had become ten—three Hearts, three Clubs, two Spades and a Diamond—plus the squeeze trick

Carol tried a bit of deception on this deal from the last session, and it paid off.

Board-23: Dealer South, Both Vul

	♠ AJ97 ♥ A75 ♦ 42 ♣ K1042	
♠ 62 ♥ KJ843 ♦ KJ ♣ J983	N W E S	♠ Q3 ♥ 10962 ♦ 8753 ♣ A65
	♠ K10854 ♥ Q ♦ AQ1096 ♣ Q7	

The bidding:

West	North Kennedy	East	South Sanders
			1S
P	2NT(i)	P	3H(ii)
P	4S(iii)	All Pass	

(i) Jacoby 2NT
(ii) Singleton
(iii) Nothing in reserve

The opening lead was the Heart four, and Carol took the Ace. She went after Diamonds before touching trumps because she anticipated a Heart return if the Damond King was offside. It was offside, and West returned the Diamond Jack. Carol took the Ace and cashed the Spade King and Sppade Ace Then she led a low Club—and nobody told East she had to hop with the Ace if she wanted a trick Carol happily won the Queen and cashed the three good Diamonds, pitching the rest of the Clubs from dummy. Making six was worth a huge matchpoint score.

Carol Sanders, squeezed the last possible trick out of this hand from the third session of the Ladies Pairs finals.

Board - 22: Dealer East, E - W Vul

	♠ K94 ♥ J93 ♦ QJ42 ♣ Q98	
♠ A875 ♥ A6 ♦ 98653 ♣ 43	N W E S	♠ 1032 ♥ Q107542 ♦ - ♣ J1072
	♠ QJ6 ♥ K8 ♦ AK107 ♣ AK65	

The bidding:

West	North Kennedy	East	South Sanders
		P	2NT
P	3NT	All Pass	

West led the Diamond nine, and dumy's Queen won as East besides Queen as East bean ill-fated echo with the Heart five Carol gave East a chance to complete the echo by leading a Diamond to her Ace—and East co-operated by playing the Heart two. Now it was time to let West take advantage of the misinformation—she led the Spade Queen to West's Ace. West of course led the Heart Ace and another, and was disappointed to see Carol produce the King But that was only the beginning of the misery for East Carol played out all her Diamonds and Spades and came down to her four clubs In dummy she had the original three Clubs and the Heart Jack. East had to find some way to hold all four of her Clubs plus the Heart Queen, but of course she couldn't She folded her cards, conceding the rest to declarer Making 11 tricks at No Trump was a very fine score ■

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Queen Sacrifice On h2

FAMILIAR patterns often recur in combinations. In position No 299 there is the potential threat of a Queen sacrifice on h2 followed by a Rook check and a Knight check resulting in mate in four. The forced mate in four after Queen and Rook sacrifices in position No 300 is not obvious at first sight.

Hartston-Barua

The brilliancy prize of Rs 2,000 provided by the Bank of America was awarded to this game played in the Bhilwara International Grand Masters' Tournament at New Delhi. Sponsored by Mr L.N. Jhunjhunwala of the Bhilwara Group of Industries, this great event was staged at the Soviet House of Art, Science and Culture with the cooperation of the USSR Ambassador Mr Vorontsov, from December 15 to December 31. President of India, Mr Zail Singh declared it open at an impressive function.

Ranking, points and prizes: GM Dorfman (USSR) 8/11 (Rs 15,000); GM Kupreichik (USSR) 7½ (Rs 10,000); GM Taimanov, (USSR), D. Barua, P. Thipsay 7 each (Rs 6,000, Rs 4,000, Rs 3,000 shared); IM R. Ravi Sekhar 6½ (Rs 1,0001; IM's. Parameswaran and Ravi Kumar 5½ each; IM Hartston (UK) and V. Koshy 4½ each; Nasir Ali 2; Alexander 1.

Barua and Thipsay made their second norm to become eligible for the International Master title.

1 e4, e5 2.Bc4, Nc6 3.Nc3, Nf6 4.d3, Bb4 5.Nf3, d5 6 exd5, Nxd5 7.00, Bxc3 8.bxc3, 00 9.Ng5, h6 10 Ne4, f5 11.Qh5!?, f4! 12.Ba3, Rf5 13.Qf3, Kh8 14.Rfe1, Nb6 15.Bb3, a5! 16.Nc5, Qd6! 17.Nxb7!, Qg6! 18.Nd6!? cxd6 19 Qxc 6, f3 20.g3, a4! 21.Bd5, Nxd5! 22.Qxa8, Qg4!! 23.Qxc8ch, Kh7 24 Kh1, Qh3 25.Rg1, ..

Position No 299:

25. .Nf6!! 26.g4, Rh5!! 27.gxh5, Qxc8 28.Bxd6, Qxc3 29.Rab1, Nxh5 30.Rb5, Qxc2 31.Bxc5, g5! 32 Rb7ch, Kg6 33.Rb6ch, Kf5 34.Rxh6, Kxe5 35.Rxg5ch, Kf4 36.Rhxh5, Qxf2 37.Rf5ch, Ke3 38.Rhg5, Qxa2 39.Rg1, Qb2 40.Re1ch, Kf2 41.Rd1, a3; 0-1.

4.d3) The Vienna Game.

5.Nf3) 5.Bg5 and 5.Nge2 are the alternatives.

7. Bxc3) Not 7 ..Nxc3 8.bxc3, Bxc3 9.Ng5! ('Kurs Dvebutov')

11.Qh5!?) A bit superficial; better was 11.Ba3, Re8 (11 ..Rf7! 12.Nd6!) 12.Qh5, Ne7 13.f4; or 12...Be6 13 Nc5

16.. Qd6!) Preventing Be6 and threatening 17 .a4 as well as planning a King side attack.

18 Nd6!?) Even after 18 Nc5, a4 19.Be6, Bxe6 20.Qxe6, f3 21 g3, Qg4 or 19.Bd5, Nxd5 20 Qxd5, f3 21 g3, Qg4 Black has a winning attak.

22.Qxa8) A possible defence is 22.Qxd5, Ra6 (22 . Rb8? 23.QxQxd6, Qg4 24.Qxb8, Qh3 25 Qxc8ch, Kh7 26. Qxf5ch (23.Qc4

25.. Nf6!!) The threat is 26 ..Qxh2ch! 27.Kxh2, Rh5ch 28.Qh3, Ng4ch 29 Kh1, Rxh3 mate.

28...Qxc3 The Black Queen proves far more powerful than White's two Rooks.

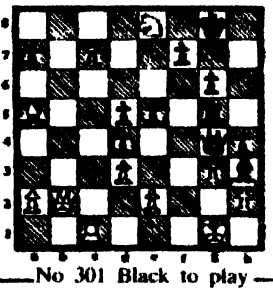
Inkiov-Bajovic Plovdiv 1982

1 d4, Nf6 2.c4, e6 3 Nf3, b6 4 g3, Bb7 5 Bg2, Be7 6.00, 00 7.Nc3, Ne4 8 Bd2 Nxc3 9 Bxc3, d6 10 d5, e5 11.b4, Nd7 12.e4, c6 13 Rc1, cxd5 14 cxd5!, a5! 15.a3, axb4 16 axb4, Ra7 17 Qb3, Qc7 18 Bb2!, Rfa8 19 Nd2!, f5 20.f4, exf4 21.gxf4, Bf6 22 Nf3, Bxb2 23 Qxb2, b5! 24.Ng5, Qb6ch 25 Kh1, bxc4 26 Nc6, Nf6 27 Rg1?, Ra2 28.Qc3, Qf2! 29 Rcf1, Qh4 30.Rd1, R8a3 31.Qd4...

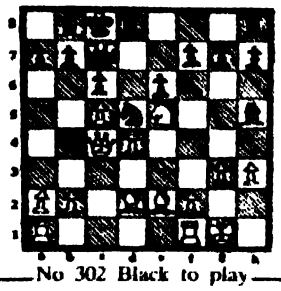
Position No 300

31 ..Qxh2xh!!, 0-1, in view of 32.Kxh2, Ng4ch 33 Kh1, Rh3ch!! 34 Bxh3, Rh2 mate

Queen's Indian Defence. 8.Qc2, Nxc3 9.Qxc3, f5 is usual. 14.cxd5 seems logical. 18.Ra1 or 19.Ra1 to contest the file was necessary. 27.Rxc4, Ba6 28 Rc6; or 27 .Ra2 28.Qd4 would have enabled White to put up a fight.



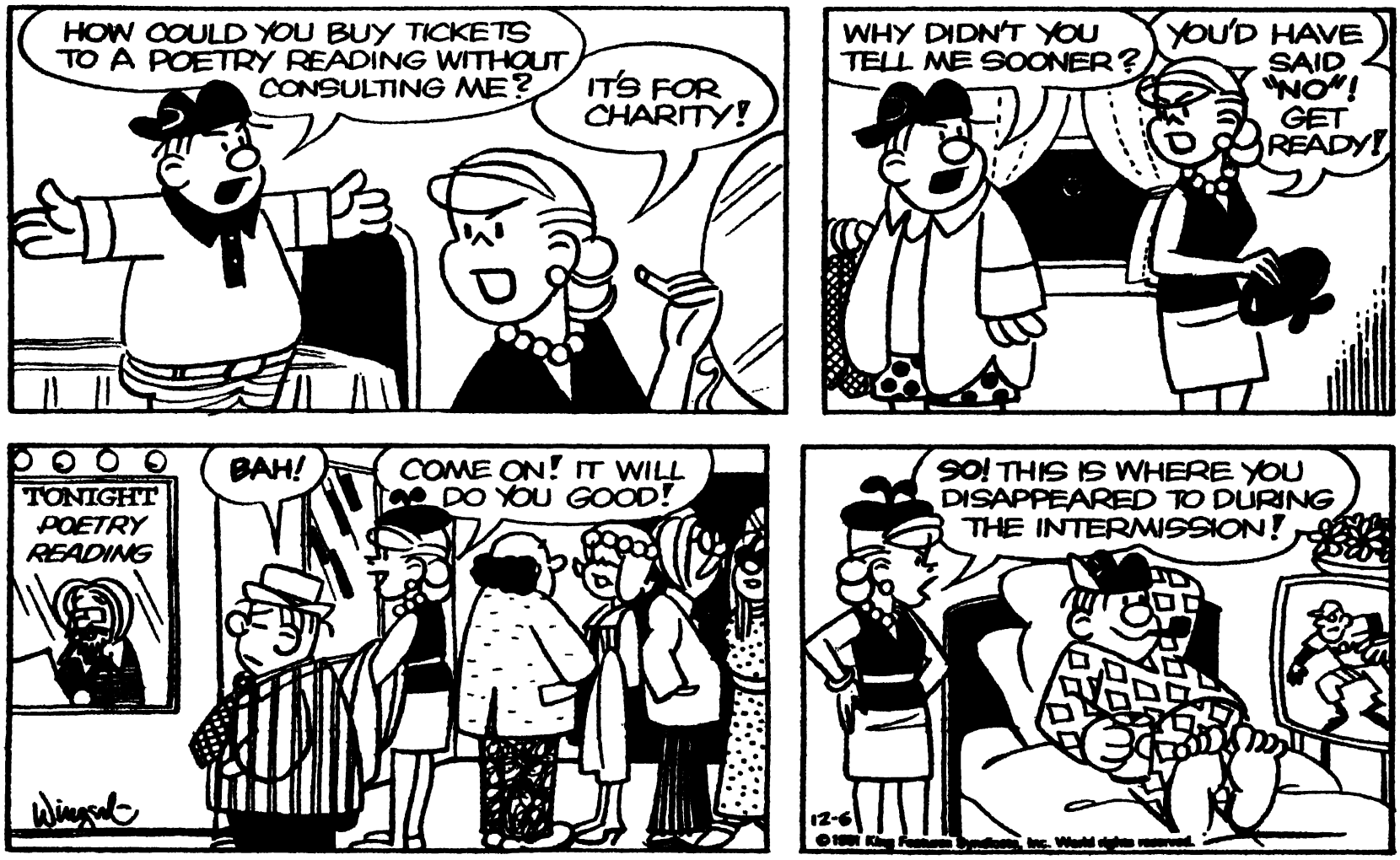
No 301 Black to play



No 302 Black to play

HUBERT

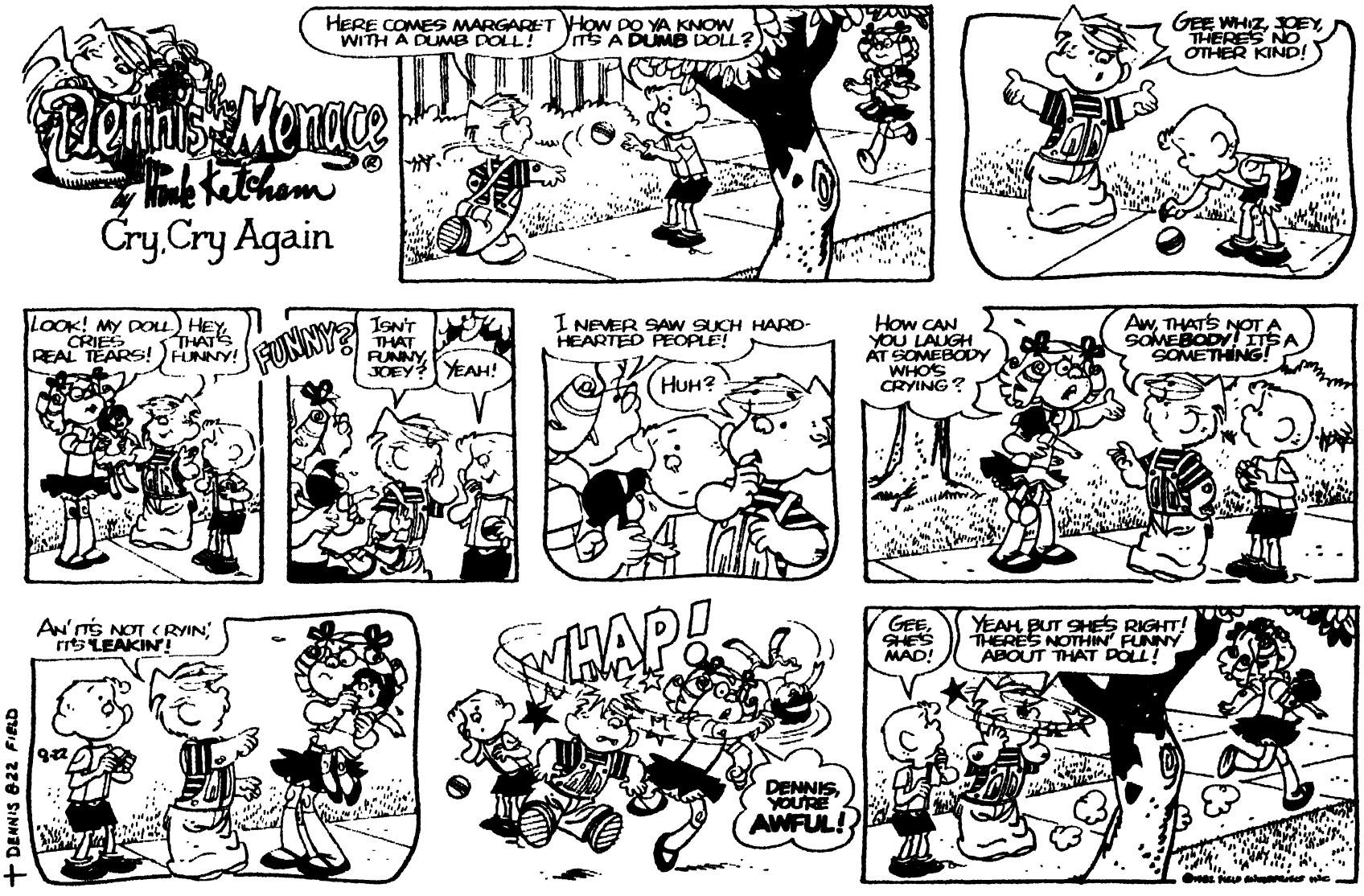
by Dick Wingert



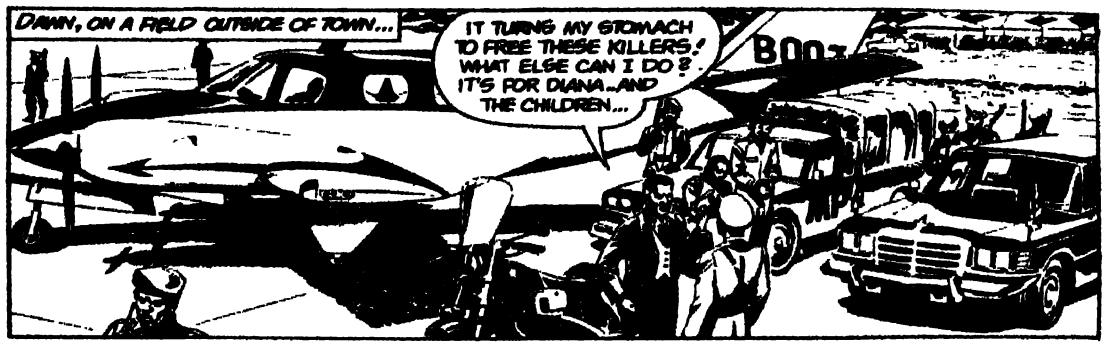
Dennis the Menace®

by Hank Ketcham

Cry, Cry Again



THE PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK


DAWN, ON A FIELD OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
IT TURNS MY STOMACH TO FREE THESE KILLERS! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? IT'S FOR DIANA..AND THE CHILDREN...
BOOM

DADDY!
DADDY? SO THIS IS THE MYSTERY MAN IN THE CELLAR!
PHANTOM!

DROP YOUR GUNS OR I SHOOT THIS WOMAN!
AND THESE KIDS!
BAD BAD LADY!

!
!
PHANTOM GUNS ROAR...WITH DEADLY AIM!
!

SHOOT MY CHILDREN?!
UH!

DIANA..KEEP THE GUN ON THIS WOMAN. IF SHE MAKES TROUBLE, USE IT. YOU TWO... BACK TO THE HOUSE.
NO..HE'S TAKING US DOWN TO THE CELLAR... TO KILL US!
SY BARRY 8/15
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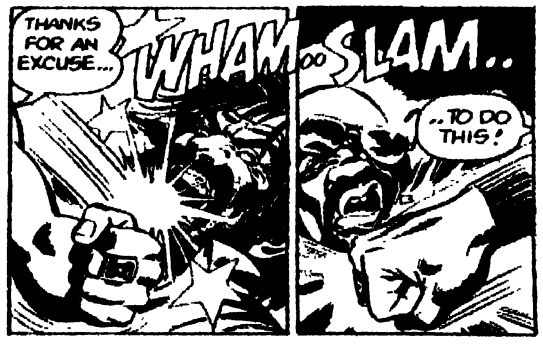
LOAD ALL THESE VERMIN ON THE CHOPPER, CAPTAIN McCOMBER. THEN TAKE OFF.
MAN, YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE. WHO ARE YOU?
MY DADDY!

PABLO'S THE LEADER. A VICIOUS KILLER.
THEY'RE ALL KILLERS. THE COURTS'LL HANDLE THEM.
LAST TRIP TO TOIDY BEFORE WE FLY.
I DON'T HAVE TO, MOMMY.

HE'S PUT HIS GUNS AWAY. I'M GOING FOR HIM!
EASY, PABLO. THAT'S LIKE GOING FOR DYNAMITE!

THE TERRORISTS...
!
LAST CHANCE.. NOW... GRAB HIS GUNS!
SY BARRY 8/22

CRACK
UH..
OU..!
HE WHIRLS...CATCHING THEM IN MIDAIR...


THANKS FOR AN EXCUSE...
WHAM
SLAM..
..TO DO THIS!

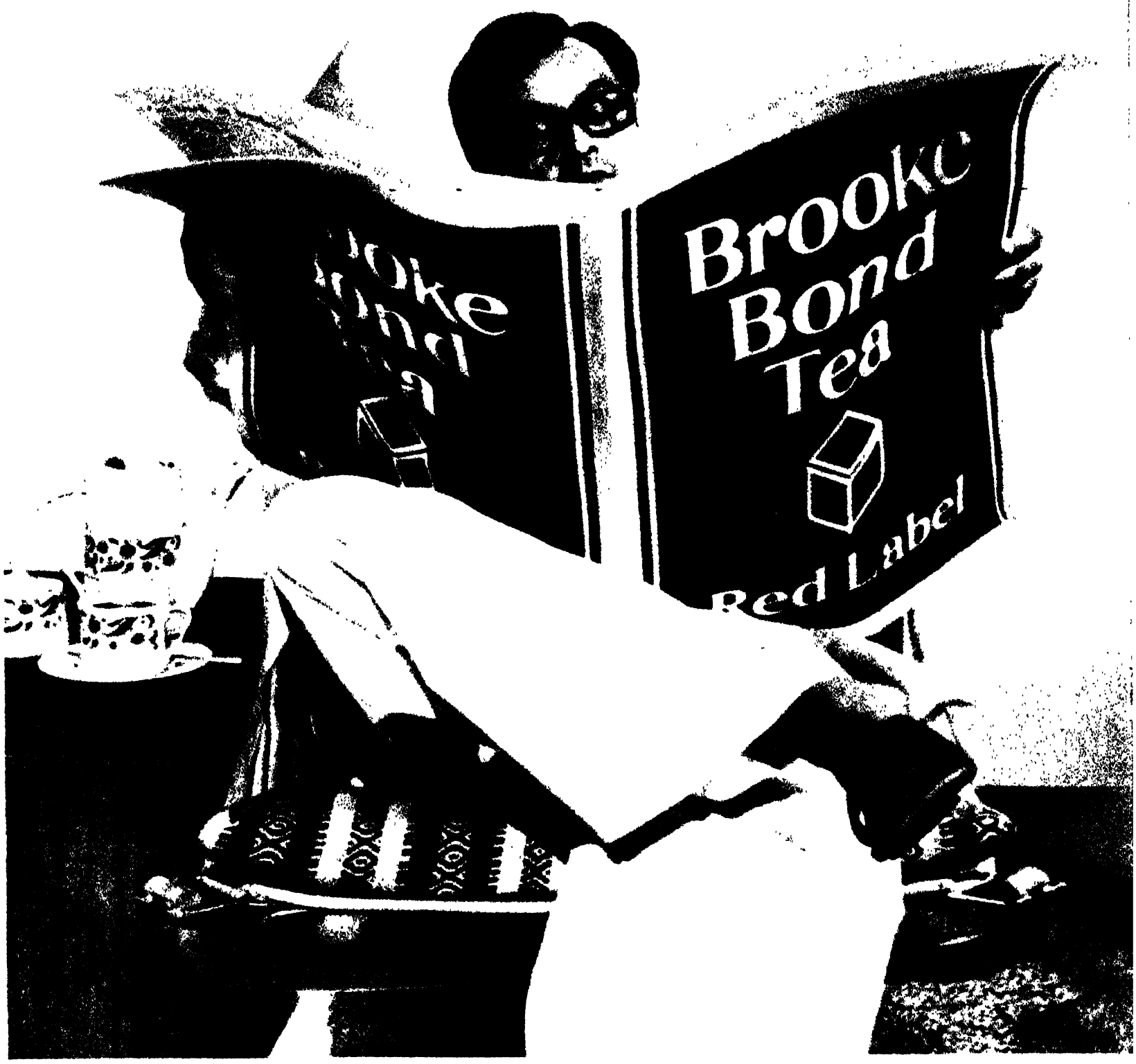
YOU ARE SOMETHING! THE ONLY NAME I'VE HEARD FOR YOU IS "DADDY." MAY I CALL YOU DADDY?
YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO OLD FOR THAT, McCOMBER...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
HIT BY A TRUCK.
THEY'RE ALL TIED LIKE THIS... THEY'LL ALL "SLEEP" QUIETLY FOR A FEW HOURS.

..JUST IN CASE..TAKE THESE. DON'T BE AFRAID TO USE THEM..THEY ARE VICIOUS KILLERS.
AREN'T YOU ..COMING WITH US?
CONT'D.

THE PHANTOM

In millions of homes, good mornings begin like this.



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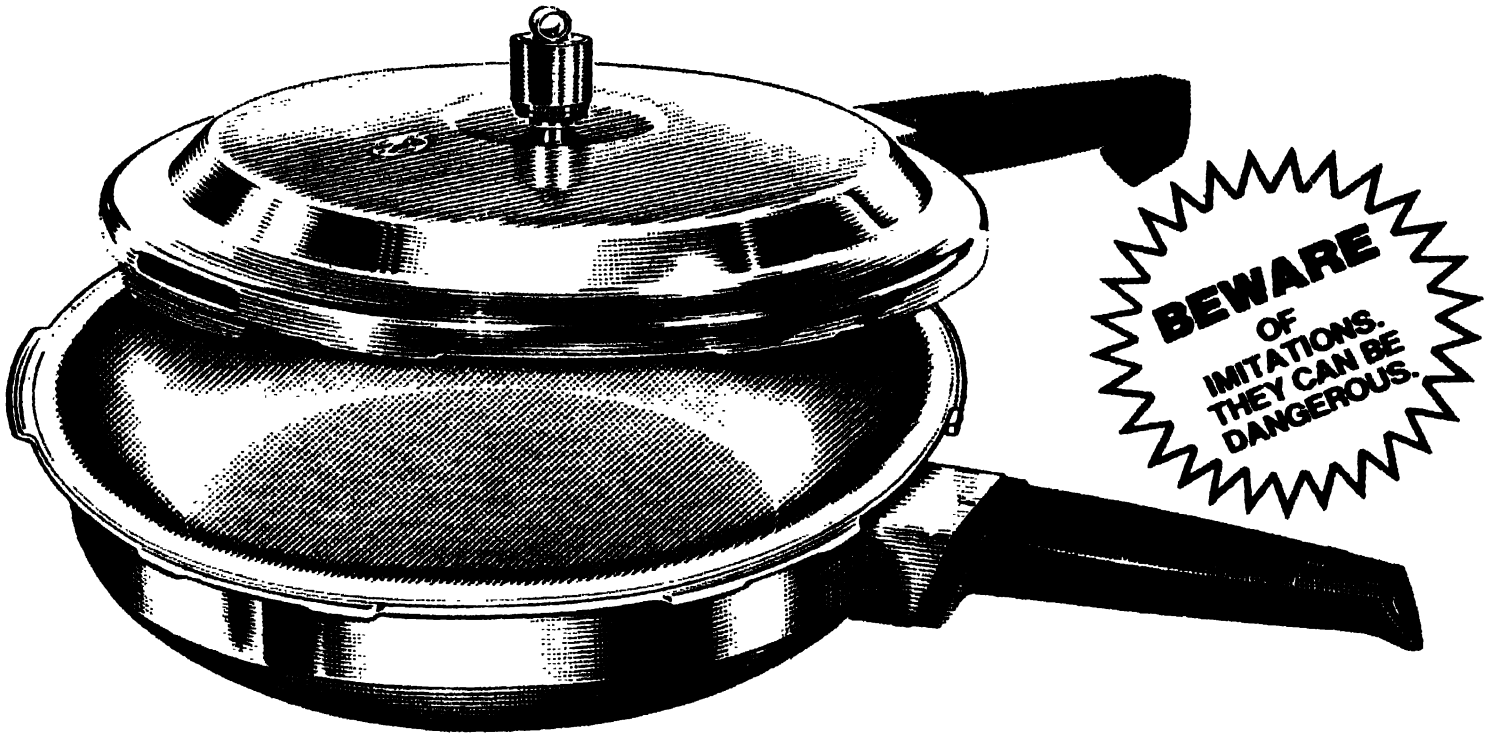
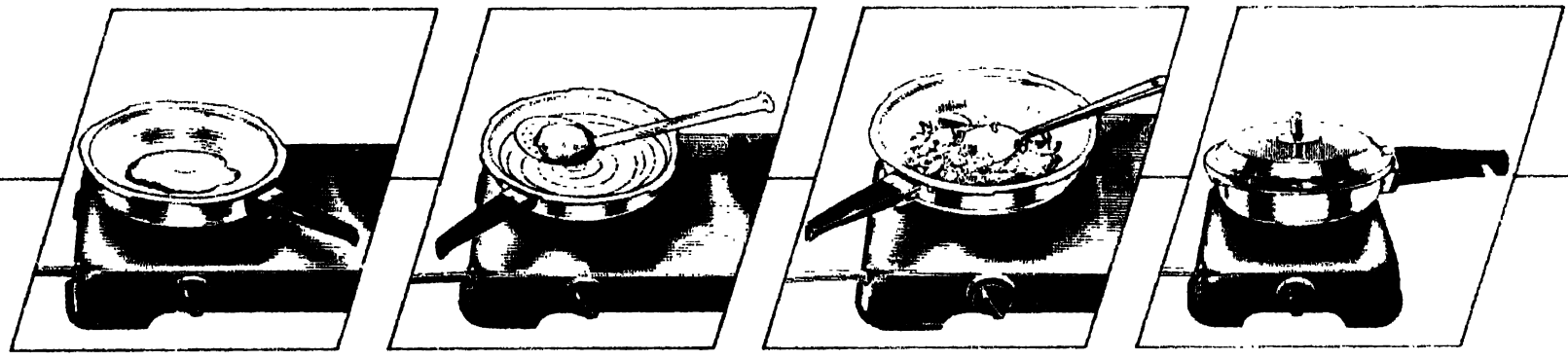


FRY **DEEP FRY** **SAUTE** **PRESSURE COOK**



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from APCO

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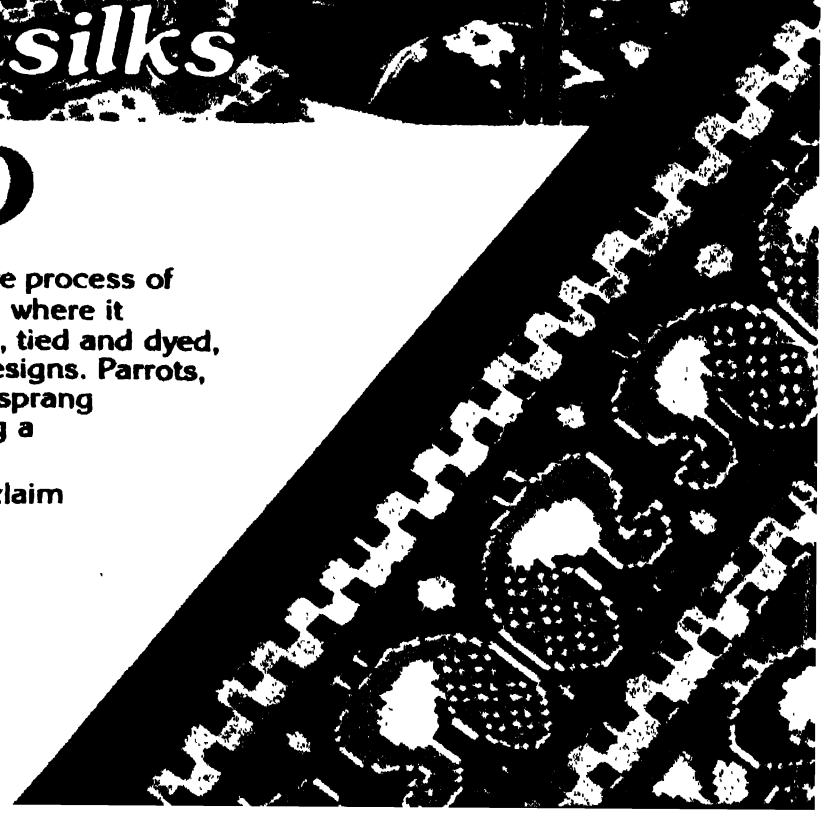

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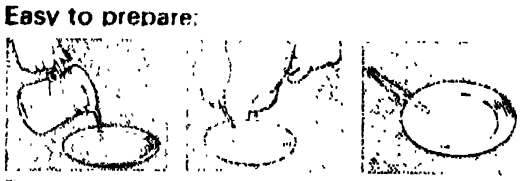

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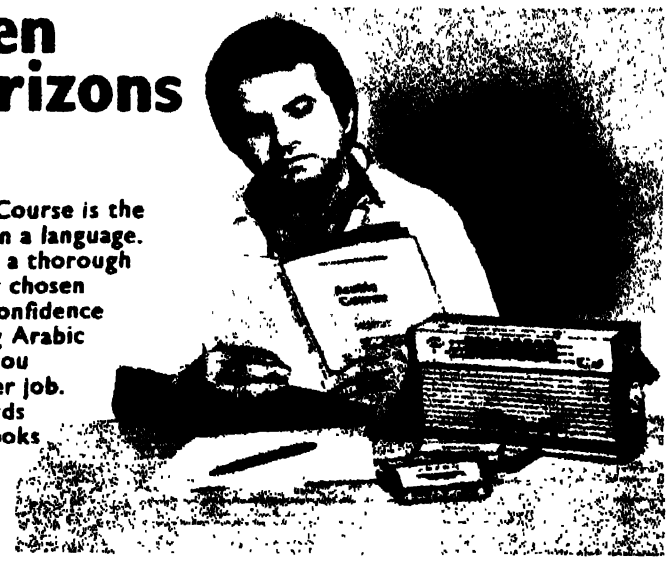

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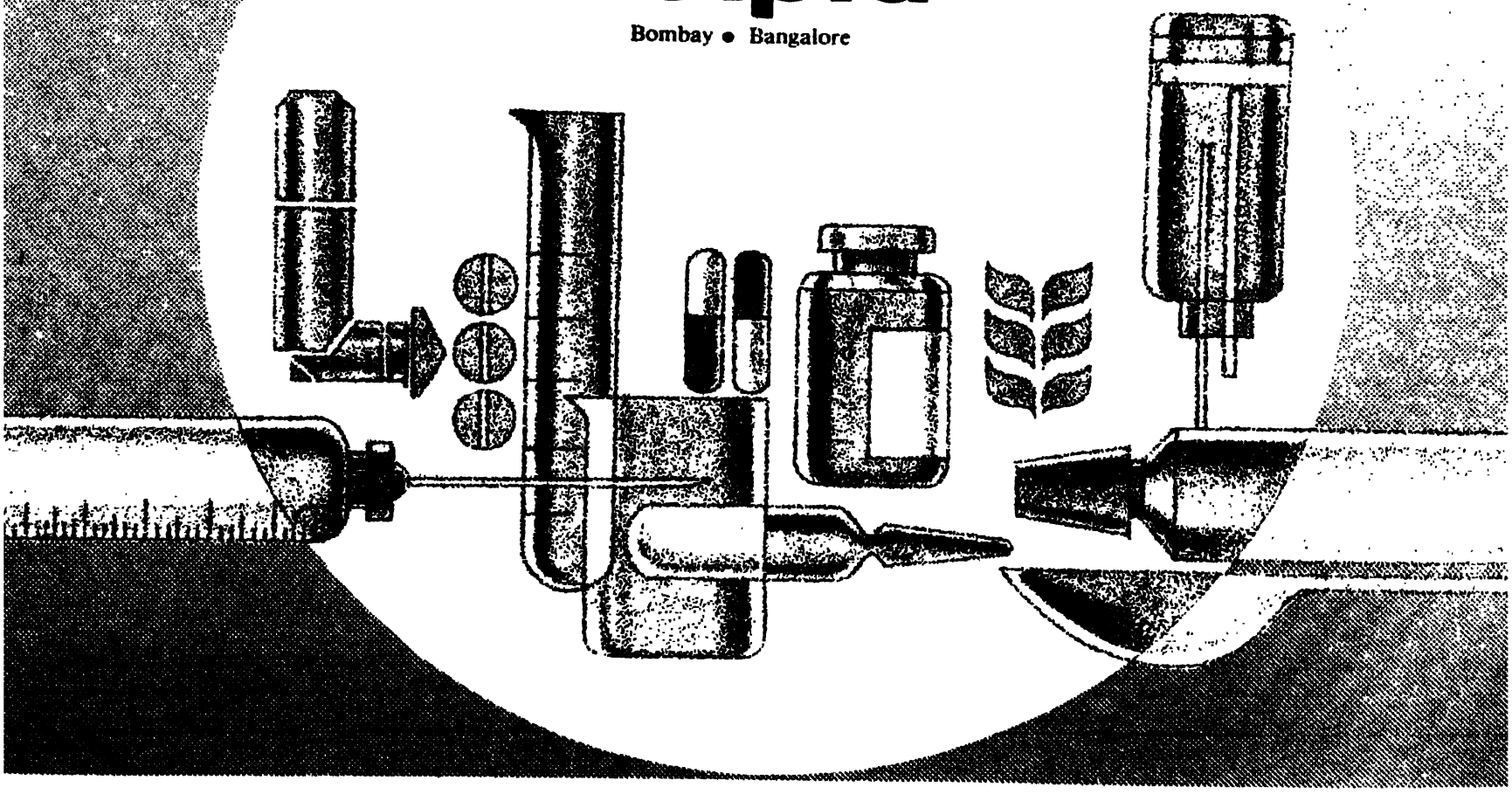

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Minorities

Sir—The WEEKLY of January 9 was a vibrant issue. You have with proper planning focused on a lively subject for public debate giving equal importance to the different points of view. In the wake of communal riots in some parts of the country, specifically in Kerala, where the problem is of recent origin, this issue, I believe, will be read by hundreds of lakhs of people.

In this context, May I also suggest that you announce a new department—Public Forum—open to your readers who wish to express their views specifically on such subjects of all-India importance. Their photographs may also be published with a view to generating keen response. But please don't abruptly issue your edict that "correspondence on this subject is now closed—Ed." Allow it to gather momentum issue after issue. That is the best way to gain reader participation.

K.R. Varadarajan
Bombay

Sir—Balraj Madhok's article ("Indian Muslims: Pampered Or Persecuted?", January 9) gave a lot of impressive statistics. But it ignored the Muslims who were born after Partition. He has failed to identify their bearings in free India. Such Muslims cannot be persecuted for the misgivings of their previous generation, a majority of which, according to Madhok, opted for Pakistan.

Personally, as a Muslim born and brought up in free India, I must admit that our religion is *the* religion. That, however, does not imply that, as true secularists, we tend to downgrade or disrespect other religions. My children have studied Hinduism, and are as proficient in the details of Hindu mythology as they are well-versed in Islam and its religious objects. Their knowledge of Hinduism is due to the secular ideals that we uphold (or rather, if Mr Madhok is to be believed, the Hindu majority upholds.)

Muslims should neither be pampered nor persecuted. They must be provided opportunities to prove their nationalism and patriotism. This will not happen as long as Madhok and his tribe are around. Muslims will have to wait for the next generation/s to realise their ambitions of being true Indians.

Arif Kudwani
Bombay

Sir—None can deny Balraj Madhok's bold assertion that the Muslims in India are pampered. EMS gifted away one district—Malappuram—in Kerala as an epitaph to our secularism. The Centre is always singing the mellifluous lullaby of coexistence even at the cost of others. How else can this minority escape without punishment under IPC for smuggling, raping and murdering and not live happily thereafter under the protective umbrella of Islam when it comes to four marriages and a massive rate of human reproduction?

U.S. Iyer
Madras

Sir—During ASIAD-82, our Muslim brothers' sympathies were with the visiting Pakistani hockey team and not with the Indian team which included captain Jafar Iqbal, Mahammad Shahid and Akbar Ali. Does that answer the charges made by Syed Shahabuddin?

Mukul Sharma
Etawah

Sir—Mr K.C. Khanna's thesis ("The Roots Of Conflict", January 9) that secular and democratic norms should be maintained is perhaps suitable for tha platform rhetoric, but we should not forget that it had brought about the subjugation of India by the Muslims and the British.

M.G. Sundaram
Madras

Sir—Balraj Madhok has rightly analysed the position of Muslims in India.

Nowhere else in the world do minorities enjoy better facilities. In India a large number of positions of responsibility have often been entrusted to persons from the minority communities.

Ramesh
New Delhi

Sir—Both Balraj Madhok and Syed Shahbuddin have taken extreme positions and have misinterpreted or exaggerated the facts. The truth lies between the two poles. Indian Muslims are neither persecuted nor pampered. Syed Shahabuddin had made some baseless and totally false allegations in saying that the Muslims live in a state of constant terror, insecurity; that they are butchered, etc.

Balraj Madhok, on the other hand, had grossly exaggerated the facts to show that the Muslims are pampered. Why not let sleeping dogs (or tigers) lie in the ruins of history? Why resurrect the cruel and fanatical rulers who destroyed Hindu temples?

Miss Prabha Padmanabhan
Bombay

Sir—How does Mr Balraj Madhok know that Urdu verbs are derived from Hindi? Has he carried out any research to support this conclusion? I can also say that Hindi is mere a copy of Urdu—with some verbs borrowed from a language like Sanskrit. If Urdu is not the spoken language of any region then let him show in which region is his Sanskrit spoken? Why is so much attention paid to this language?

Bismillah Irrahman Nirrakim
Salem

Wise Verdict

Sir—Mr K. C. Khanna's article "Verdict Against Corruption" (January 26) was thought-provoking. I fully endorse his view that the result of the recent assembly election is a "personal defeat" for Mrs Gandhi. Earlier, however, Mr Khanna had not given much weightage to the Opposition. But then there was no doubt in anybody's mind that the current election could *not* be a cake walk for Mrs Gandhi. The stunning defeat of the Congress (I) showed the wisdom and maturity of the electorate.

P.P.
Bombay

Sir—Your comments on the article exploded the mythical arguments of the apologists—Hindu and Muslim. I rather liked Sitanshu Das's "Problems Of Power" (January 9).

Madhu B. Thaker
Gujarat

Sir—"A State Of Siege?" by Syed Shahabuddin looks as if he wrote it after going through Balraj Madhok's article and not vice versa. Is this not a case of pampering?

R. P. Saxena
Bombay

Sir—Syed Shahabuddin is a good writer, he has perhaps not found it necessary to analyse the situation dispassionately. He prefers to tread the beaten track. He is no doubt in a position to make the analysis factual if he so desires. This would certainly contribute in improving the situation. A Muslim, who has been educated in Mdrassa (Muslim school) has been taught that non-Muslims are "idol-worshippers" and therefore *kaffirs*. And *kaffirs* cannot be trusted.

As an adult, such a person is exposed to non-Muslims in various interactions. If for any chance, a transaction with a non-Muslim turns sour, he immediately comes to the conclusion that a *kaffir* is unreliable, and untrustworthy. The Muslim will, however, *not* analyse the real cause of the failure.

Distrust begets distrust. Can any one then blame a Non-Muslim if he preferes a non-muslim? When this happens, the Muslim complains of deliberate discrimination. No other community except the Muslims feel discriminated against. A Muslim educated in a convent or a missionary school is a different breed altogether. He feels himself on par with the Hindus. Such persons occupy high positions and enjoy the trust and friendship of "idol-worshippers". They stay in cosmopolitan localities and have rapport with non-Muslims. But such persons are so few and far between that percentage-wise they are marginal.

C.P. Mansukhani
Bombay

Sir—Balraj Madhok's views are highly communal, biased, venomous and preposterous even! By any yardstick, the view that post-Partition India is a country only for the Hindus and the Muslims play second fiddle is unacceptable. Madhok may have been a historian of good repute, but his views at times are extra-historical. A hypothesis, eg to controvert the fact as to who built the Kutb is quite absurd.

S.K. Das
Calcutta

Sir—Mr Madhok's views only confirmed my childhood notion that he is an irrational Hindu fanatic. To him Islam is a cancer. Mr Shahabuddin also seems to have a closed mind, though he rightly says that the Muslims have little room in our police and army forces. What appealed to my mind most is your piece "Roots of Conflict" which serves as the apt moderator in a crucial debate. I fully agree with the view that secularism is the clue for the survival of Hinduism.

Satya Prakash Mishra
Sonepur Raj, Orissa

Sir—In your excellent analysis of the viewpoints of Messrs Madhok, Sitanshu Das and Syed Shahabuddin you have rightly pointed out that while the majority of us are tolerant it is the minority which advocates hatred against other religions and castes on filmsy grounds.

This section is more organised and militant than the humane majority. This makes all the difference for the religions and castes against whom the former's campaigns of hatred are unleashed from time to time. No wonder that the Muslims, the Harijans, the Brahmins and various other sections of society feel insecure and oppressed.

V. Vijayamohan
Madras

Thought-Provoking

Sir—Apropos P.K. Nijhawan's tribute "Hafeez Jalandhri: Poet of Eternal Youth" (January 9), Urdu poetry has suffered gravely in recent times. First Firaq, then Josh and now Hafeez is no more. Hafeez Jalandhri the man who apart from being the poet laureate of Pakistan wrote his country's national anthem after they had rejected 722 compositions; His *"Abhi To Main Jawan Hoon"* has been immortalised for its lyrical depth. He was, undoubtedly, a legend in his life time.

Dr Maharaj K. Kour
Srinagar

Calcutta's Calumny

Sir—Dr Ashok Mitra has courageously deprecated the gimmicry of renaming Calcutta streets (January 2). The history of Calcutta in the last thrity-five years is the history of the march of socialism. A fine city, a jewel of Asia, a city in which people rich and poor once lived decently, a city that produced a host of Indian luminaries including Tagore, has been transformed into a veritable hell on earth.

Calcutta also symbolises the degradation of the Indian people under the spell of socialism. The city has changed its presiding deity—from Kali to Marx-Lenin. While Kali resides in an obscure part of Calcutta by the side of a ditch, Lenin, Marx and Engels now stand guard in the heart of Calcutta. But swapping of the street names has but brought disgrace to the names meant to be honoured.

Raju Bala
24 Parganas, West Bengal

Unfair

Sir—Mr Raghavan praises Tanzania, Uganda, etc, for standing firm against the West, but these countries are actively working to drive out Asian traders from their territories, a despicable action that exposes the hypocricy of Afro-Asian solidarity which exists in a negative gang-up against the West only. ("Spectre Of Trade War", January 2)

The meeting also exploded the Afro-Asian myth of a Western gang-up against them; as was seen, there was a triangular tussle between the US, EEC and Japan.

But the most glaring anomaly was that none bothered to note the basic fact of deliberate non-participation by East Block communist countries in GATT. How can one talk of New International Economic Order (NIEO) when the socialist States do not participate? What about their responsibility to the Third World?

K. Susrita
Calcutta

Hamstrung Hamlet?

Sir—Thanks for the excellent review of Lord Laurence Olivier's autobiography: *Confessions of an Actor*. (December 5).

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit" said Shakespeare. But our "Hamlet" seems to have forgotten his Bard! No wonder then that the reviewer finds the narration, at times, long-winded and even ponderous.

Whatever esthetics may say, etymologically "art" and "artifice" have the same root; and therefore, it is as well that the confessions are here and there a string of lies—good or no good.

We, in India, know the actor mainly through his films. So, when the films are not given adequate treatment in the book it loses a good deal of attraction for us here in India.

P.N. Pathak
Bhavnagar

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8 COVER STORY: ***Can The Congress(I) Put Its House In Order?*** The shake-up of the Cabinet and the party ordered by the Prime Minister shows that she is responding to her party's recent electoral rout in the South. But will she go far enough? By K.C. Khanna. Also: ***The Decline Of Mrs Gandhi.*** by K.R. Sundar Rajan.

12 PEOPLE: ***Tibetan Exiles: Too Rich To Go Back.*** The Dalai Lama is on record as saying that the Tibetan exiles will be absorbed in Indian society because there are so many common things between Tibetans and Indians. How are the Tibetans resident in India placed? K.N. Sud takes a look.

22 IN THE STATES: ***Seeking Rural Health And Wealth.*** V.R. Krishnan on a young Indian doctor's rural health programme in Tamil Nadu —the Rural Unit for Health and Social Affairs.

ALSO: ***One Poet's Search....*** By M.N. Chakravarthy ***World's Smallest Camera.*** By Rajeev Sharma. ***Woodcraft.*** A picture story.

19 HAPPENINGS—I: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya muses on the Sagar Mela, Pandit Ravi Shankar and Ustad Ali Akbar Khan's historic meet, the frightful condition of West Bengal's jails and the Asiatic Society's gradual decay.

20 HAPPENINGS—II: ***Letter From New Delhi.*** N. Iqbal Singh speaks about Delhi after the Asiad, the Rodin exhibition, the film *Gandhi* and Adele Hugo, Victor Hugo's great-great-grand-daughter.

25 TRADE: ***Sparkle And Glitter.*** Although a variety of gems and gemstones are available in India, the bulk of them are imported, cut, polished and exported, says Meera Pandya.

36 PLANNING: ***How To Beautify Our Cities.*** Any plan for urban development, say noted authority M.N Buch, must necessarily cater to a long-neglected aspect of urban life: recreation.

17 RELIGION: ***Delhi's Southern Shrines.*** Dravidian culture has made inroads into Delhi's social fabric, points out N.N. Chatterjee.

30 LITERATURE: ***Poet For All Times.*** P.K. Nijhawan remembers Chakbast in his centenary year.

28 ART: ***All Things Bronzed And Beautiful.*** Dr V.P. Dwivedi on the timeless appeal of the renowned bronzes of India, especially the stunning *Natarajas* and the serene *Rama* and *Siva* statues of South India.

35 ANTIQUES: ***Vintage Violins.*** V. Sridhar on valuable violins and their owners, both in India and abroad.

32 NATURE: ***Hemkund And The Valley Of Flowers.*** P.N. Mehra and Sanat Shodhan talk about their trek to two of India's most picturesque pilgrim spots

38 LIFE: ***Had The Doctor Lost His Tongue?*** Jeet Singh tells a touching story from his experiences in jail.

39 HEALTH: ***The Pill Is In.*** Bijalpita Chatterjee strongly advocates the pill since it has been adjudged to be one of the most effective contraceptives today.

44 HUMOUR: ***The Asiad Chrontickle.*** Suresh Lala presents a tongue-in-cheek view of the recent Asiad extravaganza.

47 ESSAY: ***The Stanger, The Enemy.*** R.P. Noronha on his close encounter of a most moving kind with a *Nilgai* fawn.

46 BOOKS: ***The India Craze.*** Vaju Mahindroo reviews *Le Nabab* by Irene Frain.

ALSO: ***Temple Architecture.*** Devangana Desai reviews P.R. Ramachandra Rao's *Bhuvaneswara-Kalinga Temple Architecture.*

42 FILMS: ***"What Kills You Is The Waiting Between".*** Kabir Bedi talks to Anjali Ewing about the struggle to make it big in Hollywood.

43 ***ALSO: Forbidden, But Not Forsaken.*** Bijalpita Chatterjee writes about *Lady Chatterly's Lover*—the film. Though banned in India, it is making the rounds of the video circuit.

53 SPORTS: ***Where India Lost Out.*** Photo commentary on how, before our batsmen could find their rhythm, Pak Skipper Imran Khan settled their pretensions with his quicksilver pace.

49 FICTION: ***Naxalite.*** Short story by Amrit Ray.

Plus: *That's Business: 27; The World Around Us. 15; The Weekly Pick: 51; Hal. 54; Stars 59, Bridge & Chess: 61, Comics: 56.*

Next Issue

Setback To Israel

A tougher Egyptian and Saudi line, a closing of Arab ranks, the Jordanian-PLO rapproachment, the Reagan plan and, in case of its failure, a most dangerous situation in the Middle East—these developments, none of which the Israelis like, were produced by the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. War is not only hell, its consequences are hellishly unpredictable, says G.H. Jansen.

The Opium Trade

Until recently, India was practically the monopoly supplier of licit opium to the pharmaceutical industry all over the world. But now supply of illicit opium in the international market surpasses the total production of licit opium and opium-derived chemicals. The recent discovery of clandestine opium-poppy cultivation in a Minister's Doon valley fields highlight this factor. By Dipak B.R. Chaudhuri.

Operation Tiger

A detailed account of a hernia operation performed on one of the tigers in the Delhi zoo.

Mystic Art

Jean Letschert, a Belgian artist, paints in the language of spirituality. Christine Merllie discusses the development of tantric art

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR VITHAL C. NADKARNI SUB EDITORS: RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR ART DIRECTOR RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE). PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT K A NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS J S JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: JITENDRA ARYA, S N KULKARNI

INDIRA IS INDISPENSABLE to the Congress(I) despite 'her' recent electoral rout.

Will The Congress (I) Put Its House In Order?

by K.C. Khanna

WILL Mrs Gandhi put her house in order? Has she learnt any lesson from the Congress (I)'s poll debacle in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka? Can she summon the nerve and the will to undertake the massive spring-cleaning that is necessary to ensure its survival?

The very fact that these questions are being posed is a grim indictment of the recent changes in the corridors of power. A spate of officially inspired reports had earlier aroused great expectations. A determined drive against corruption, a drastic devaluation of the numerous Kitchen Cabinets, a ruthless campaign to weed out inept wheeler-dealers from the Ministries at the Centre and in the States, a genuine delegation of powers all down the line and a vigorous effort to dispel the widespread fears of "dynastic rule" were said to be on the agenda. The Prime Minister has, no doubt, taken some preliminary steps in that direction. But they have been too short, halting and unsure to inspire confidence in the intelligentsia, let alone enthuse the electorate.

The induction of Kamlapati Tripathi as the Working President of the Congress (I) underscores the point. He belongs to the Old Guard. As such, he is credited with some commitment to the values the old-timers in the Congress hold dear, a certain sagacity of style and benignity. But his long innings in office at the Centre or in his home State have never been marked by intellectual brilliance, administrative acumen or sterling probity. He was forced out of the Railway Ministry in 1980 under a cloud. His reputation has been tarnished by his close attachment to his son, Lokpati, the Scarlet Pimpernel of UP Politics, and a daughter-in-law who acquired during the Emergency some sort of a notoriety as a conduit for electoral funds.

Personally, Tripathi is known as a "boneless wonder". Can he be expected to wield the clout

needed to restore discipline and coherence in a party that has degenerated virtually everywhere into a rabble of opportunists or self-seekers? If so, why has Mrs Gandhi fought shy of clothing him with the authority required to clean up the Augean stables?

In view of the enormous burden she carries as Prime Minister, Mrs Gandhi has not been averse in the past to handing over the office of the Party President to another incumbent. Why then has Tripathi been saddled with an ambiguous title? Is it to put him on notice that he must not entertain any ideas of grandeur and dutifully take the cue from the motley crowd of advisers in the so-called palace? Or is he just a stopgap meant only to keep the seat warm for Rajiv Gandhi until the time is judged opportune for the latter to take over? In either case, the move augurs ill for a party whose fortunes are rapidly sagging anyway.

In an article following, the author expresses the view that Mrs Gandhi is simply incapable of changing her style of politicking. He also takes the line that reports of "Operation Clean-Up" were a figment of journalistic imagination.

The second point can be quickly disposed of. While there might have been an element of wishful thinking in the speculation about Mrs Gandhi's impending moves, there can be no doubt that it was officially orchestrated. Else, resignations of all or most of the Ministers would not have been called for with so much fanfare. That Mrs Gandhi missed the psychological opportunity to chop off all the deadwood in the Central Cabinet at one fell blow and induct men of proven worth in their place is undeniable. But it does not necessarily follow that she will not proceed to do so piecemeal.

CHARISMATIC AUTHORITY is inherently unstable. Now that it has been shaken, Mrs Gandhi should opt for politics of cohesion and consensus. This will indeed be heartening for the country's democratic future.

The Prime Minister is a complex person. She is willing to lend an ear to gossip and to sycophants. She is also a hard realist, capable of tough decisions. She has never had a permanent group of her own. On the other hand, she has never functioned without one. This has been both her strength and her weakness. A leader whose loyalties are so fragile cannot get the best out of her followers. But this trait has also enabled Mrs Gandhi to rise above group politics and become a national leader without peer. In any case, it could not be otherwise for a politician so imbued with a sense of her own destiny as Mrs Gandhi is.

Whatever one may think of the kaleidoscopic coteries of her close advisers since 1966, the situation has been somewhat different since 1974 with the intrusion of the Sanjay (and later the Rajiv) factor. Bureaucrats, politicians and businessmen alike resented having to kowtow to Sanjay's praetorian guard of worthless goons even as some crowded around them to feather their own nests. Since the advent of Rajiv Gandhi, things, if anything, are a lot worse. The political firmament has become crowded with many disparate deities and favour-seekers have to go round paying obeisance to them all, not knowing who can bestow the boon, if at all.

Inevitably, this is playing havoc with morale in the party, the Government, business and industry, big or small. If Rajiv Gandhi were given a well-defined responsibility in the Central Cabinet or as an office-bearer of the Congress (I), the intelligentsia may accept it—perhaps more reluctantly now than before the poll reverses in the South. But it is certainly in no mood to brook any semblance of the so-called extra-constitutional authority, however good, discreet or veiled.

It follows that mere tinkering with the system will not do. The entire power structure needs to be thoroughly revamped. All the proposals on the "agenda" must be taken out of the realm of speculation and speedily implemented on the ground. This is the need of the hour. K.R. Sundar Rajan, like many others, believes that Mrs Gandhi is temperamentally incapable of the effort. But I am not sure. The rot has admittedly corroded her party machine through and through. But that does not mean she is its prisoner. She can always induct technicians, lawyers, economists and other professionals of merit to run the Government with celerity.

She has often, in the past, gauged the mood of the country right and appealed to it over the heads of her detractors within and outside the Congress. She may do so again. Parliamentary elections are only two years away. There is no time to lose. ■

THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW against the dissidence, sycophancy and corruption in the Congress(I).

Can Mrs Gandhi Do It?

by K.R. Sundar Rajan

FOR once, Mrs Gandhi is not entirely to blame. If the "Great Cleansing Operation" has not taken place, if there has been no "Massacre of The Corrupt and The Guilty", she can legitimately plead that she is innocent.

It was all the work of newspaper correspondents and editorial writers. Over the years, they had sedulously propagated the myth that Mrs Gandhi is at her decisive best—or worst—in adversity, that there is a built-in clock in her brain which tells her when to act and that, whatever she does, has necessarily to be marked by a sense of drama.

The Capital's journalists believed the stories they had themselves floated. Political gossip in the Central Hall of Parliament, where Members of Parliament and a small group of privileged correspondents with special passes meet every day to exchange and manufacture rumours, had assumed fanciful proportions in the wake of the Congress (I)'s shattering defeat in the South.

It was said that Mrs Gandhi's backroom boys were busy planning a major surgical operation. One senior journalist was saying that a second nuclear "implosion" was on the cards. Another predicted "some kind of military action" to capture the imagination of the public and take the sting out of the electoral debacle in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka.

Huddled round a coal-fire in the home of a former Cabinet Minister as Delhi was lashed by cold winds from the Himalayas, politicians and journalists even discussed the possibility of Mrs Gandhi offering to step down from the Prime Ministership. They recalled the consternation which her father had caused when he once hinted at a meeting of the Parliamentary Party that he would like to retire

'False Propaganda' Indeed!

To be sure, had Mrs Gandhi made such a gesture, the result would have been dramatic. The impact would have been equally stunning if she had announced that she had been given wrong advice by Rajiv Gandhi and his Kitchen Cabinet and asked the whiz-kids to pack off with their computers and other sophisticated equipment.

But Mrs Gandhi was not thinking on these lines. Her first public reaction to the verdict in the South was that it had been caused by false propaganda against her party. A few days later, the Prime Minister's Secretariat released a letter she had written to an "ardent admirer" after the reverses in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka. In it, she said that there was no debacle at all and blamed foreign forces for instigating some groups in India to weaken her Government

Surely, this kind of response cannot be construed as honest heart-searching.

In fact, Mrs Gandhi's statements after the Assembly Elections only confirmed that she is just incapable of drawing appropriate lessons from mistakes and defeats. If anything, she proceeds from one mistake to another. Adversity only further isolates her from harsh realities.

According to the author of an otherwise admiring biography of Mrs Gandhi, she believes what she is told by bad advisers and sycophants. He writes: "Even during the Emergency, Mrs Gandhi believed those who told her how much the people loved Sanjay. It has also led her to suddenly throwing good advisers out because they have told her the truth. (Pontius) Pilate had the right line written for him in the New Testament—*Truth is not an exactitude, it varies from person to person*... Mrs Gandhi does not ask what the truth is so long as it is what she, against all evidence, believes."

Since Mrs Gandhi split the undivided Indian National Congress in 1969 after managing to instal V.V. Giri in Rashtrapati Bhavan in clear violation of her promise to Sanjiva Reddy, she has come to have implicit faith in the superiority of ends over means. Her successes in the subsequent years went to her head. Many intellectuals, including newspaper editors, lawyers and professors, encouraged her to believe that the Indian people can be easily swayed by a display of "strength" even when this is divorced from morality or ethics.

A familiar newspaper cliche was that Mrs Gandhi was the only man in her party. She was called a Durga. The Governor of Uttar Pradesh said at a State function to promote national integration that Mrs Gandhi should be worshipped as a goddess.

But in spite of their illiteracy and poverty, the people of India do not take long to see through false gods and goddesses. This is the land of Ayodhyapati Ram, the prince who voluntarily retired into the forest instead of staging a non-violent coup to retain his throne. King Ram did not need computers to find out what people really thought of him. He travelled incognito, listening to critical voices and reacting to them constructively as only a true god would have done.

What Mrs Gandhi ought to have done, what she needs to do now to remove public misgivings and project the right image of her Party and Government is easy to spell out. But she will not listen. She has never listened to unpleasant truths.

The "bitter medicine"—of which she is reputed to possess an inexhaustible stock—is only for the people, not for herself, her family or for her party.

Sordid Public Image

The sordid public image of the Congress (I) is the result of years of wrong actions—ranging from corruption to authoritarianism—and cannot be corrected merely through cosmetic changes or by inducting one or two honest politicians like V.P. Singh into her Cabinet. She must begin from the beginning.

It is, in a sense, understandable if Mrs Gandhi has not mounted a frontal attack on corruption, because it will mean undermining the very foundation on which the Congress (I) has come to exist. If Chief Ministers are asked not to collect funds for the party through questionable methods, how can it fight elections?

The late Rajni Patel candidly admitted in a magazine interview

that, when he was with Mrs Gandhi, he collected Rs 150 crores for the party, mainly by showing favours to businessmen and industrialists.

The Antulays and the Gundu Raos were not an aberration but the inevitable by-products of a political system which had come to put the highest value on vote-catching regardless of principles. This is why Antulay is still active behind the scenes in Maharashtra politics despite the Bombay High Court verdict.

The Bhosales and the Anjiahs with their sickening "loyalty" also are unavoidable. How can Mrs Gandhi promote inner-party democracy or delegate real power and responsibility to worthy and talented men and women when she is tormented by the suspicion that such people may one day become rival power centres, threatening her dynastic experiments?

Mrs Gandhi repeatedly says that she is not building a dynasty. But if this impression persists, it is because she first clothed Sanjay with enormous powers and then brought Rajiv into the picture. That Rajiv was not initially willing to become a politician and it was Mrs Gandhi who made him one has only strengthened the suspicion that she does not want to leave the future of India to the good sense of the people of India.

The Basic Problem

Rajiv Gandhi's dismal failure as an "election strategist" in the South and his consequent deflation as a possible successor to his mother provide an opportunity to Mrs Gandhi to demonstrate by her action that she is not aiming at family rule. All she has to do is to trust people outside her immediate family and the small favoured circle of courtiers.

But this again means returning to the basic problem. As the Cabinet and party changes have shown, Mrs Gandhi is prepared only for a tinkering operation, not for real surgery to remove the cancerous growths.

During Jawaharlal Nehru's final years, one agonising question was being repeatedly posed: *After Nehru, what?* But it took less than a week for the country to adjust itself to the absence of Nehru. All the fears of chaos after 17 years of his stable stewardship of the country disappeared in no time, testifying to the innate vitality of Indian democracy.

After Indira Gandhi, what? Maybe there will be some political confusion since, by her own deliberate actions, she has stifled the growth of capable and worthy second-line leaders in her party. In other words, if the transition from her is not smooth, history will blame her squarely.

But the situation is not without hope. Judging by her obstinate unwillingness to learn from the recent electoral debacle and her failure to bring about credible reforms, it looks as if Mrs Gandhi is resolved to devalue her and her party's relevance in the next two years. This is a sufficient interval for other democratic forces to consolidate and augment their strength.

In any case, it makes no sense to try to save a leader who is determined not to save herself.

There is something inexorable about the decline of Indira Gandhi. ■

The Importance Of Being Kamlapati Tripathi

New Delhi:

BY making Kamlapati Tripathi the Working President of the Congress (I), Mrs Gandhi has, for all practical purposes, it appears, spiked the guns of a potential dissident at the Centre. For the newly created post, she selected a Congressman whose sprawling ministerial bungalow in the capital had, of late, become the meeting ground of all those party MPs and leaders who were concerned, 'disturbed' or alarmed over things happening in the Party and the Government. They found in "Panditji" as Kamlapati Tripathi is fondly called by everyone a sympathetic and understanding veteran colleague who could share their grief. Not only that, Panditji's advice if not blessing was almost invariably sought by every group of dissidents that visited the Capital from various Congress (I)-ruled States to apprise or pressure the High Command.

Was this the reason that chiefly weighed with Mrs Gandhi while hoisting Kamlapati Tripathi to the high position? Did she want thus to pre-empt any unpleasant possibility? Or was it the weight of his long innings in the Congress?

The somewhat swollen and red-faced Panditji does not like to be called an 80-year-old. He quickly corrects you: "I'm 78, not 80!" At the same time, he emphatically stresses that he is the seniormost Congressman today. "I've been a Congress worker for the last 63 years," he says.

Kamlapati Tripathi was suddenly removed from the Railway Ministry in 1980 by Mrs Gandhi. (The reasons are still some sort of a mystery.) Since then, he has been out of power, though not quite out of politics. A Member of Parliament from Varanasi, his presence on the scene was weighty enough to make him Chairman of the Central Sales Tax Reforms Committee.

Maybe Kamlapati Tripathi has reached an age and stage in his political career where he does not feel the need to mince words when it comes to an objective analysis of political situations. This is what he reportedly did when Mrs Gandhi called him and sought his view on the debacle in Andhra and Karnataka. He is believed to have spoken clearly against making the whole party apparatus solely election-oriented, against the effectiveness of the new "scientific" method of political management now in currency in the party and advised her to leave the State Congress Legislature Parties free to choose their leaders and to share her responsibility.

This could only have been done by someone of the seniority and standing of Kamlapati whose loyalty to Mrs Gandhi and the party was beyond question. Tripathi's loyalty to her has never wavered. Not even when he was unceremoniously removed in 1981; or, way back in 1973, from the Chief Ministership of UP following the famous PAC revolt. This cannot as easily be said for some other stalwarts like Sardar Swaran Singh, Yashwantrao Chavan and K. Brahmananda Reddi.

Moreover, with almost the entire South having rejected the Congress (I) and most of the sensitive border States including Jammu and Kashmir, Punjab and the entire North-East either out of the Congress (I) fold or restive, Mrs Gandhi's only solid potential base remains the Hindi-speaking belt, the heartland comprising Madhya Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Rajasthan and Haryana. In view of the general elections due after 2 years, Kamlapati Tripathi as the Working President would be of considerable help to her with his vast experience.

However, the fact that he has been made only the Working President has raised doubts about the freedom of action Tripathi will have. Though he started his very first day in office by indirectly criticising several party policies followed (like imposition of Chief Ministers from above), the real test of his authority and autonomy will be the selection of Party General Secretaries, the Executive and then the way he manages the promised organisational elections.

What remains to be seen is whether Mrs Gandhi has really created a new power centre of merely a listening-post for irate, dissatisfied and complaining party workers. Is it the beginning of an era of real inner democracy in a defeat-scarred, demoralised ruling party weakened beyond measure by years of ad-hocism *at all levels and attendant vices? Does it mean that, after years of keeping the party under her control, Mrs Gandhi seriously desires decentralisation, delegation of power and shared responsibility? Or it is merely another clever political move designed to create, for the time being, an impression of party reform and restructuring among the masses, on the one hand, and to stem the ever-rising waves of dissidence in the States, on the other?*

Time alone will tell.

— A Special Correspondent

The Dalai Lama

Tibetan Exiles: Too Rich To Go Back

by K.N. Sud

"There are so many common things between Tibetans and Indians. In the field of culture, we are disciples of India. Our culture is mainly based on Buddhism and Buddhism came from India. We always regard India as a sacred land, a holy land," said the Dalai Lama in answer to a question some time back. How well placed are Tibetan exiles in India?

NEARLY 6,000 Tibetans, lamas and laymen had gathered on a cloudy day in December last at the Theckchen Choling monastery to observe the 500th death anniversary of Tsongkhapa, the Guru of the Yellow Sect Buddhists. Built on a wooded ridge in McLeod Ganj, 10 km from Dharamsala in Himachal Pradesh—with the mighty Himalayan massif of the Dhauladhar range in the background and the picturesque Kangra valley down below—Theckchen Choling is the largest monastery outside Tibet. The Dalai Lama himself is its head priest.

Though the road is metalled, the ascent is steep and circuitous and the bus from Dharamsala takes 45 minutes to cover the short distance. Dharamsala is the headquarters of Kangra district. An excellent 90-km road links it with Pathankot, the gateway to both Kashmir and the "new" Himachal. Kangra and its adjoining hills formed part of Punjab before their merger in the "old" Himachal—that is, the Simla-Sirmur complex. Dharamsala can also be reached by bus or car from Hoshiarpur.

The region has inspired the devout and souls in search of secluded retreats since time immemorial. No wonder the Dalai Lama (Ocean of Wisdom) and his entourage, after their escape from Tibet in 1959 in the wake of the Chinese invasion, made McLeod Ganj (7,000 ft above sea-level) their headquarters. As a result, the entire area has undergone a sea change and domination of Dharamsala's economy by the Tibetan exiles and their progeny is all too visible.

The Theckchen Choling monastery—located at a stone's throw from the heavily guarded official residence of the Dalai Lama—has a spacious hall which is jampacked with the early arrivals that day. Many devotees have come from outside Dharamsala. Hundreds, who could not secure entry into the hall, crowd the wide verandahs and open spaces on all sides.

His Normal Day

A huge ornate statue of the Buddha overlooks the assemblage in the hall. Innumerable *ghee*-fed wicks from earthen *divas* flicker in one corner and also in a side glass-panelled room. Two monks have been detailed to replenish the supply of *ghee* to the wicks. Prayer flags flutter from trees and rooftops all around. The 47-year-old Dalai Lama (Tenzin Gyatso), who leads the prayers, sits at a vantage point in the hall and can be seen from any side through the windows. He looks the picture of compassion as he recites from the Tibetan texts. His words are repeated after him in an even refrain by the faithful to the clanging of cymbals and whirling of little prayer-wheels held aloft in hands.

Large drum-like brass prayer-wheels installed all around the hall keep rotating throughout. These are inlaid with quotations from the Buddhist scriptures. No *jais* or similar cries are raised. The atmosphere is tranquil and mystical.

The Tibetan pontiff's normal day, according to information supplied by volunteers attending to the needs of the gathering, is the day of a meditator-cum-administrator. Most of his mornings are devoted to religious practices and the afternoons to sorting out the problems of his flock in India, which by now is believed to number over 100,000. He is, however, said to be meditating all the time, whether working, talking or sleeping. He also spends considerable time writing books, the most notable among them being *My Land and My People*, which is his autobiography and which he plans to update.

The Dalai Lama is held in high esteem not only by the Tibetans but also by other residents of Dharamsala and the neighbouring areas. Whenever he moves out, people with hands joined reverently stand in rows on both sides of the road for his *darshan*. Some Tibetans prostrate as he passes. The Dalai Lamas are believed to be the manifestations of Buddha the Compassionate. The present pontiff, born on July 6, 1935, is the 14th in the line and was enthroned in 1940.

In the middle of McLeod Ganj is Namgyal Stupa. Here too, round its base, big brass prayer-wheels keep rotating all the time. On three sides of it are rest-houses for Tibetan pilgrims.

There are three rows of shops in McLeod Ganj's long bazar. Almost all are owned by Tibetans. They are well stocked with goods—groceries, cotton and woollen garments, blankets, carpets, dry fruit, stainless steel and brass utensils, plastic articles, handicrafts, trinkets, toys and the like. Visitors from the plains mostly buy woollens in the belief that they are "pure", though I am told by non-Tibetan locals that they are, by and large, products of Ludhiana and Calcutta's hosiery units. The prices are generally on the high side. A woollen blanket is quoted to me at Rs 800. There is a carpet factory but the prices of its products are almost prohibitive—much higher than those of the famous Mirzapur variety.

A feature of the bazar that intrigues me is an overabundance of 500-gm packs of a popular brand of butter

stacked high in front of the shops. My enquiries reveal that the Tibetans consume large quantities of butter with everything they eat and drink, including tea and *chang* (Tibetan liquor). It is also fed to lambs and other animals meant to be slaughtered for dinner.

The Dharamsala Tibetans' present prosperity has to be seen to be believed. When they first arrived in India 24 years ago, they were in dire straits—shelterless, famished, exhausted, clad in rags, families separated, children orphaned or abandoned. Prompt aid by India and international charitable institutions, however, enabled them to start life afresh. The able-bodied, unskilled refugees were engaged for road-building and performing other manual operations. The skilled and the semi-skilled were given funds to make handicrafts and articles of daily use.

Today, the Tibetan exiles can be proud of the fact that they—like the Hindu and Sikh refugees from West Pakistan—have made good and are able to enjoy comforts that go with affluence. In the Kotwali Bazar of Dharamsala, the two types of refugees, with totally different backgrounds, live cheek by jowl and are doing roaring business. Almost all nationalised banks have branch offices here. The Tibetans are their most valued clients. Framed portraits of the Dalai Lama adorn the bank halls.

A bank official confided that maximum fixed-deposit accounts have been opened by the Tibetans. Mostly, these are held in joint names—the depositor and his guru. The amounts deposited are also larger than those brought for the purpose by the locals. The Tibetans lend money to each other on trust—that is, without recording the transaction on paper.

Many Tibetan youths, including girls, wear jeans and sport the latest hairstyles. They fluently speak Hindi and English, enjoy costly hotel food, listen to disco music and watch Indian and Western movies on video. There are hotels galore offering modern amenities. There is also free mixing of the sexes.

The children are healthy, rosy-cheeked and dressed in expensive attire. No more running noses and hands extended in supplication before visitors for a paisa—a sight that was common 20 years ago.

There is the Tibetan Children's Village, 5 km from the Dalai Lama's residence. It was built for orphans between the ages of 8 months and 15 years. They are well looked after and brought up in the Tibetan tradition. The subjects taught include religion, Hindi, English and, of course, their own language.

There is a fine Tibetan museum 3 km from Dharamsala. Some of the Dalai Lama's precious collections are housed in it. It has also Tibetan books, scrolls, coins and other antiques. Within the precincts of the museum is a research institute where Tibetan, Indian and foreign students study Buddhism, the Tibetan language and the arts.

The Tibetan Medical Centre in McLeod Ganj dispenses "cure-all wonder pills" made from herbs, minerals, pearls, precious metals and other expensive ingredients. The pills are called *Rinchen Rilpus* and are used for treating diseases ranging from simple headache to cancer. The Centre, headed by a lady doctor, is always crowded. A good number of Indians and a few foreigners can be seen among the patients. Medicines are also sent by post.

Tibet's medical system is claimed to have been revealed by the Buddha at Varanasi. It was taken to Tibet where it became part of the local culture.

It is reported from time to time that the Tibetan exiles are determined to return home, that China has made overtures to the Dalai Lama to come back and that intermediaries are busy bringing about a reconciliation between the two sides. More than anybody else, the pontiff himself misses no opportunity to air his firm conviction that, one day, he would be back in Lhasa with all his powers, spiritual and temporal, intact. But the realities of the situation do not support his assertion and the optimistic predictions of others claiming to know the Chinese mind and the conditions inside Tibet.

My discussions with some insiders in Dharamsala and a couple of lamas at the McLeod Ganj monastery revealed that the Tibetans in India feel very much at home and are not much interested in what is happening to their compatriots on the "Roof of the World". They say they never had it so good even before their migration. In no case would they risk another uprooting in exchange for an uncertain future under the Chinese overlords.

The new-generation Tibetans have grown up in Indian conditions and have been exposed to modern thought currents. Having enjoyed living in an open society, they are loath to return to a place where regimentation is now the way of life. "How can we trust promises of fair treatment by China which, till the other day, was dubbing us as renegades?" many of them ask.

They are aware that Tibet has changed beyond recognition in the last two decades. It may well look to them an alien land if they ever set foot on it again. The Potala, the temples, the monasteries and other symbols of the old Tibetan order are in decline. Many of these were swept out of existence by the Red Guards in the wake of the 1966 Cultural Revolution. On the other hand, in India (their new home), the Tibetans enjoy complete religious freedom and have become part of the mainstream of national life. An increasing number of them are taking up Indian citizenship.

Even as a race, the Tibetans traditionally derive their religious and cultural heritage from Indian sources and claim for their quondam royal dynasty Indian descent. The simple and devout people living in the northern frontier areas of India (such as Ladakh, Lahul, Spiti, Kinnaur, Almora, Pithoragarh, Bumdila, Tawang and Darjeeling) have a racial, religious and cultural affinity with those inside Tibet. The religion practised on both sides of the border is Mahayana Buddhism.

Some time back, the Dalai Lama, in answer to the question whether he foresaw any chances of young Tibetans born and brought up in India becoming part and parcel of Indian society, told a group of teachers who met him in Dharamsala:

They will be absorbed in Indian society because there are so many common things between Tibetans and Indians. In the field of culture, we are disciples of India. Our culture is mainly based on Buddhism and Buddhism came from India. We always regard India as a sacred land, a holy land. That is why Tibetans have a feeling of closeness with India and Indians. For example, they find it easier to pick up Hindi as compared to English.

He was stating the obvious.

The Chinese Angle

Take the Chinese angle. Now that the world has nearly forgotten the Tibetan problem, will Beijing risk reviving it by getting back the Dalai Lama and making the media focus attention on him and his followers once again? Can it be sure that they would not create trouble for the new rulers in Lhasa after their return? Why resurrect Tibetan nationalism when it has already taken a back-seat in that country's affairs?

In all probability, the overtures reportedly being made by Beijing to the Dalai Lama are meant for international consumption and to whitewash its excesses in the wake of its occupation of Tibet. The conciliatory noises also fit into the climate being created by China for improvement of its relations with India. Simultaneously, they want the world to believe that they are as tolerant and liberal as any other people.

But, cunning though the Chinese may be, they do not mince matters when it comes to the crunch. Last year, a team of the Dalai Lama's representatives, headed by a senior member of his "cabinet", visited Beijing to assess for themselves China's intentions. According to a Chinese newspaper report, they were told, in no uncertain terms, that there could be no question of either independence for Tibet or even a special autonomous status of the kind being offered to Taiwan. There was also to be no going back on the socialist policies introduced in Tibet and the Dalai Lama could be taken back only as a religious head. The only gain China expects from his return, if it takes place, is that it would put the stamp of approval on Beijing's position in Tibet.

The high pontiff himself has let it be known that his own return is of secondary importance and that he is more anxious to ensure the welfare of Tibetans. This ambivalence itself is enough to provide the *raison d'etre* for his followers in India to stay put. And who knows, in course of time, they may start asking New Delhi for a linguistic state of their own! ■

AS A RACE, the Tibetans traditionally derive their religious and cultural heritage from Indian sources and claim for their quondam royal dynasty Indian descent.

Purandaradasa Aradhanotsava at Hampi – where the arts meet in melody and design.

February 1983—a time for rejoicing a great tradition. A homage to the founder of Carnatic music. And this, against the backdrop of what was once, a mighty empire. See Hampi, come alive again, as renowned artistes echo the fervour of Purandaradasa's Kirtanas.

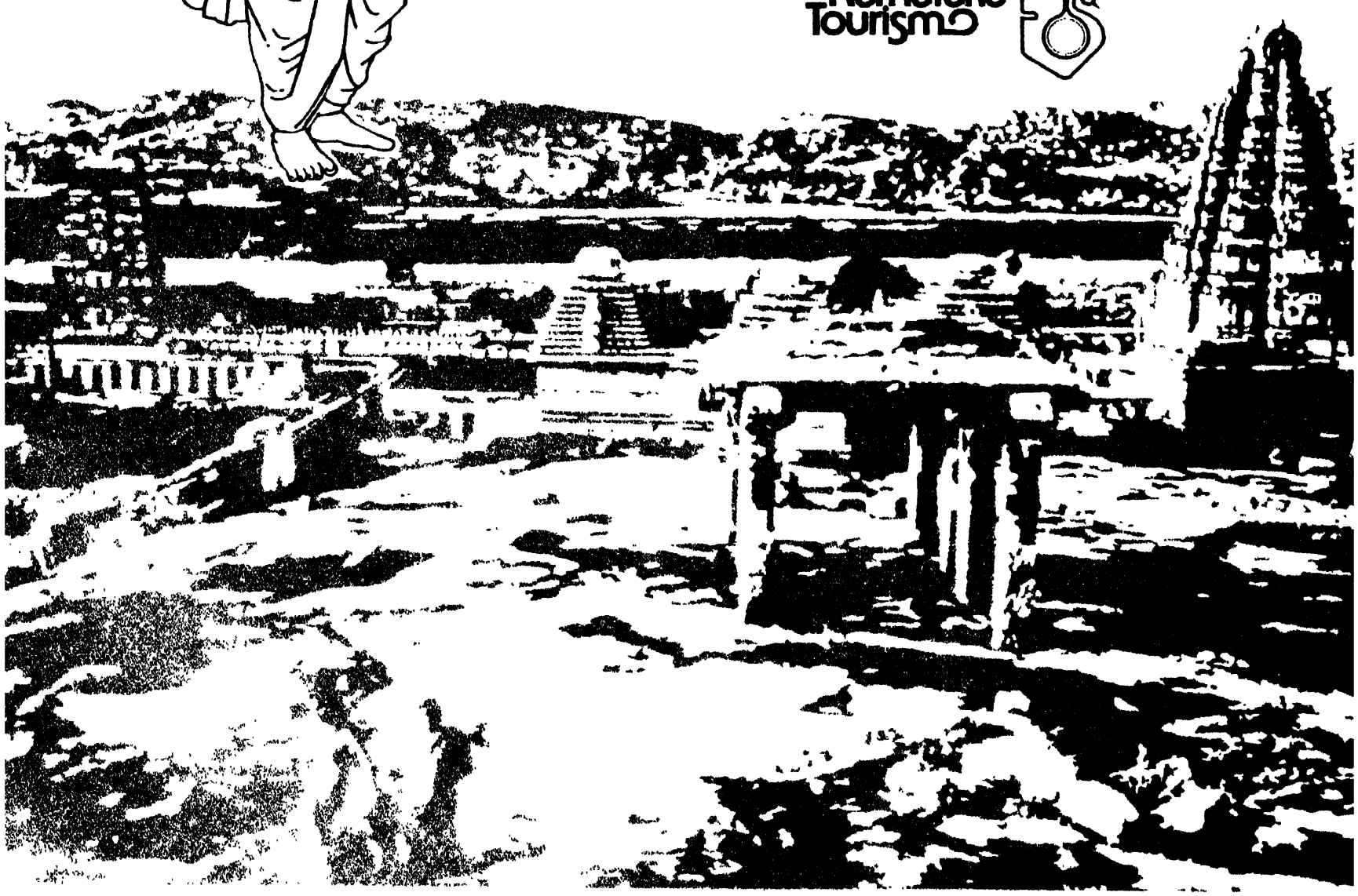
The festival is to be held on the 19th, 20th and 21st of February. There will be 'Aradhana' by the Purandaradasa Seva Samiti. Added attractions will be audio-visual films presentation and a ballet on Purandaradasa.

There will be special buses between Bangalore and Hampi during the festival period, in addition to special conducted tours.

For enquiries contact:

Department of Tourism
9 St Marks Road Bangalore 560 001
Karnataka State Tourism Development Corporation
10/4 Kasturba Road Bangalore 560 001
KSTDC Booking Counter
Badami House Bangalore 560 002

Karnataka Tourism



THE WORLD AROUND US

—Rajus Devadas

DANNY KAYE, who delighted children the world over with his portrayal of "Hans Christian Anderson", now heads UNICEF. Here he greets Indian Ambassador K.R Narayanan and Mrs Narayanan at the Washington premiere of the film Gandhi.

COMPUTERS IN THE CLASSROOM. A computer for every schoolchild in Britain, within the next two years, is what this advertisement, which appeared in The Guardian, *foresees.*

See what they're teaching our kids these days.

At the moment there are over 25,000 microcomputers in British schools.

Under the current DOI subsidised scheme, that number is set to increase and it is reckoned that within two years virtually every child at school will have regular daily access to a microcomputer.

How they use the computer, and how it can help in their education and development is, naturally, of considerable interest to every parent.

But how can the layman begin to understand this new technology?

To meet this need is the main aim of the BBC's massive Computer Literacy Project, which includes courses, books, software and a number of major television series.

A new series starts very soon, and it would be very useful to have, or have access to a microcomputer in order to make the most of it.

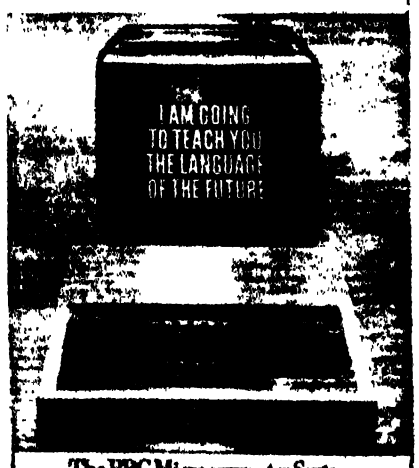
Now this is not as daunting as it sounds. The BBC Microcomputer – one of the principal machines used in the series – actually costs less than most video recorders. (You can get a BBC Micro for as little as £299.)

It is light, compact, and as you will see, easy to use. It plugs into your TV, and has a wide range of programs including computer games. It has a real typewriter keyboard, and can, with a special adaptor, take computer programs straight from BBC's Ceefax service. These will start in March.

It is also most likely the computer your children will be familiar with at school – over 75% of machines now being ordered under the DOI scheme are BBC Micros.

If you would like to have details of where you can buy one to use with the series, telephone 01-200 0200.

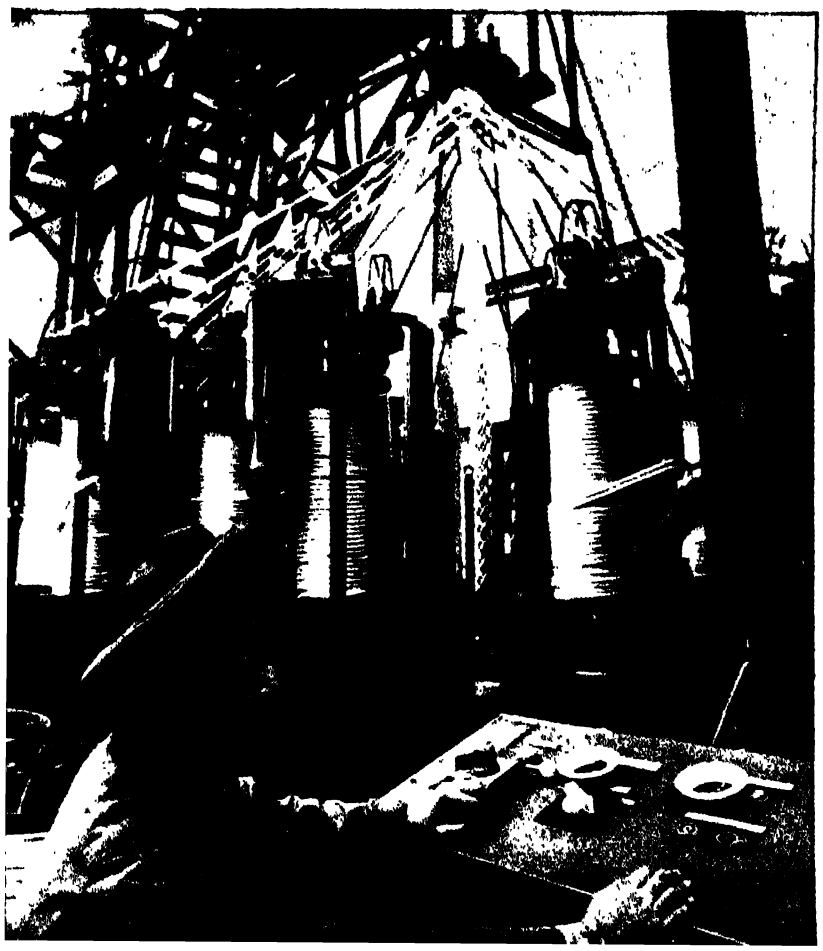
Or, for more information, send a stamped addressed envelope to PO Box 7, London W3 6XJ.



The BBC Microcomputer System.

Designed, produced and distributed by Acorn Computers Limited.

INDIAN ROPE TRICK IN ENGLAND. Jagdish Singh, below, *at the controls of the giant rope-making machine during the manufacture of a 30" circumference nylon rope. Manufacturers Bridon Fibres and Plastics at Charlton, SE London, claim it to be the world's largest and strongest man-made fibre.*



MARINA STARIKH of the Soviet Union, who starred in the film Open Heart *won the best actress award at the Ninth International Film Festival of India in New Delhi*

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER Carl McCunn took this self-portrait at his camp 150 miles north of Fort Yukon, shortly before he shot himself, preferring death to frostbite and starvation. He had arranged to be dropped in the wilds of Alaska during the summer, but as winter approached he realised that he had not made proper arrangements to be picked up

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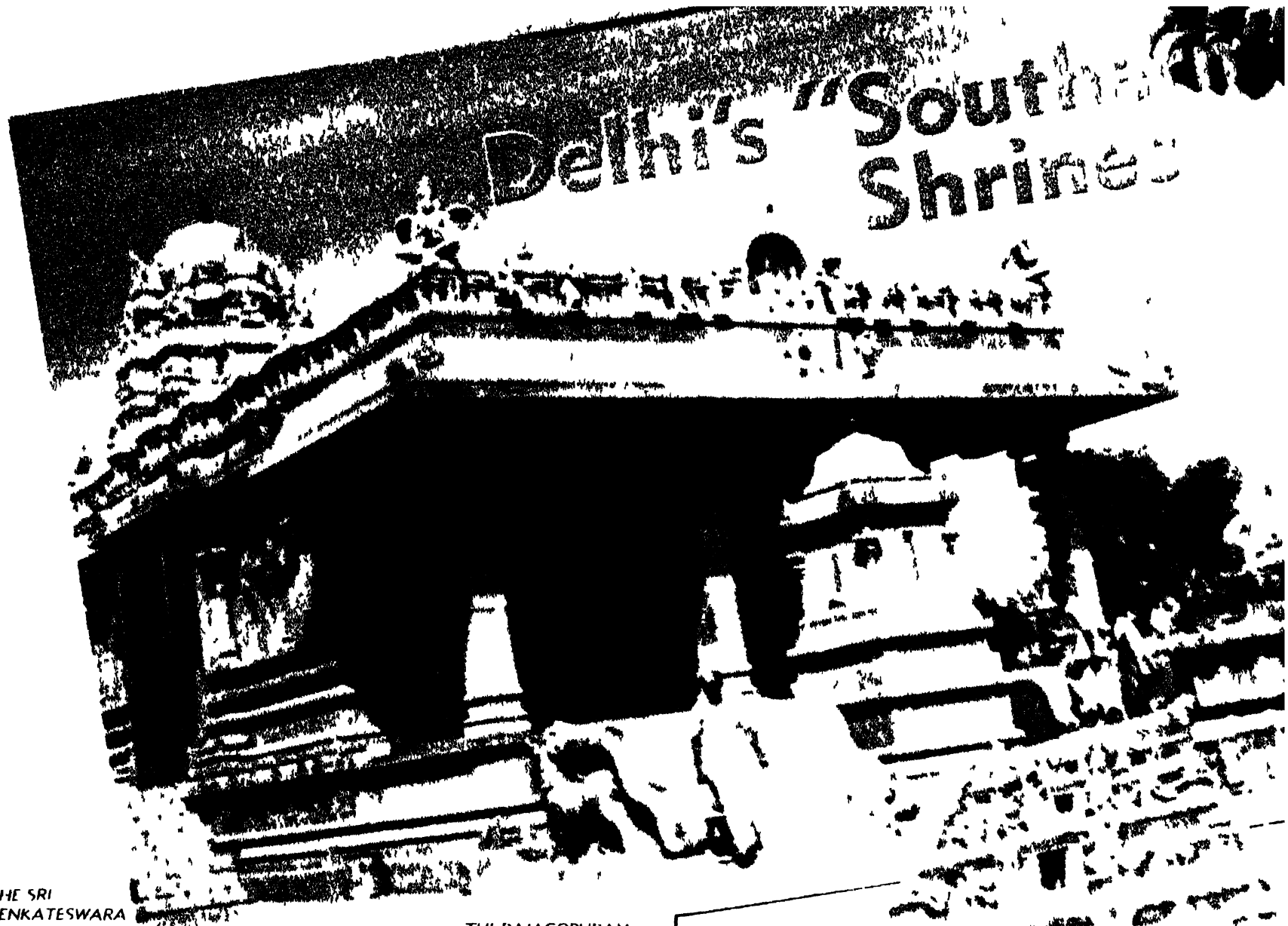
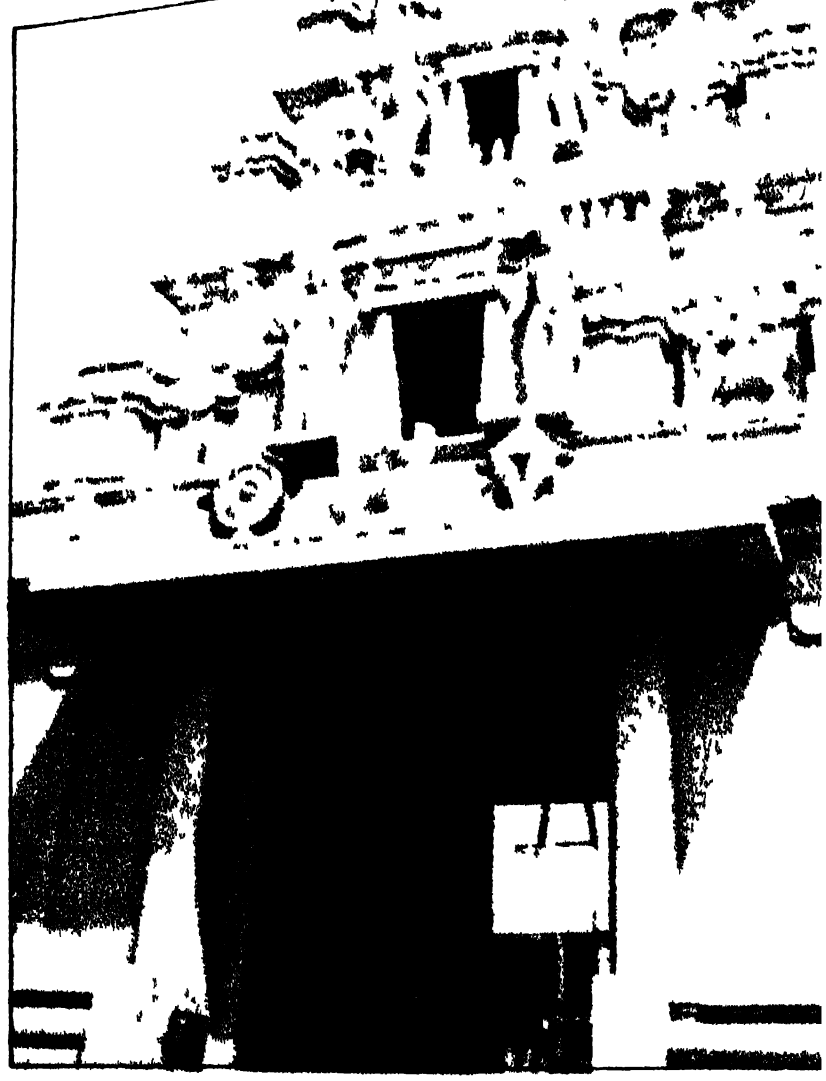
Delhi's "South" Shrines



THE SRI VENKATESWARA TEMPLE at Ramakrishnapuram

THE RAJAGOPURAM of the Vaikunthar athi Temple Ber ar ji



Delhi is a rare blend of the old and the new in art, culture and civilisation The magnificent Mughal monuments and the mushrooming skyscrapers apart, it is the city's myriad temples, many built in the Southern style, which combine to make Delhi ageless and wonderful

by N. N. Chatterjee

NUMEROUS temples some in the style of the great Southern temples greet visitors to Delhi The most important among them is the magnificent temple of Sri Swaminatha Swami in south Delhi This is the northern counterpart of the Sri Swaminatha Swami temple at Swamimalai near Kumbakonam in the Thanjavoor district of Tamil Nadu Since it is located in northern India it is known as Uttara Swamimalai

It was born in the 1935 when an ardent devotee of Lord Karthikeya started worshipping the Lord at his residence in New Delhi He obtained a small idol of Lord Swaminatha from Tiruvanna malai It appears he had a vision of Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharishi and that he went immediately to the Maharishi who was then at Tiruvannamalai There he was offered an idol of Lord Swami natha in *maragatha* (green) stone Thus it is, by the grace of Bhagwan Sri Rama na that the seed for this great temple was sown In 1943 this devotee along with others organised the first *Skanda Shasthi* celebrations It gained import ance with each passing year

Search For A Site

The need for a temple of Lord Swami natha was keenly felt by one and all and the search for a suitable hillock com menced in 1961 The hillock Uttara Swamimalai indicated by the Lord Him self was acquired by the Sree Swami natha Swami Seva Sama, from the Gov ernment in 1963 A small *balalaya* was erected on the top of the hillock and worship started soon after The founda tion stone for the bigger temple was laid on September 8 1965 by Shri Bhaktha vatsalam the then Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu under the Presidentship of the then Prime Minister the late Lal Bahadur Shastri

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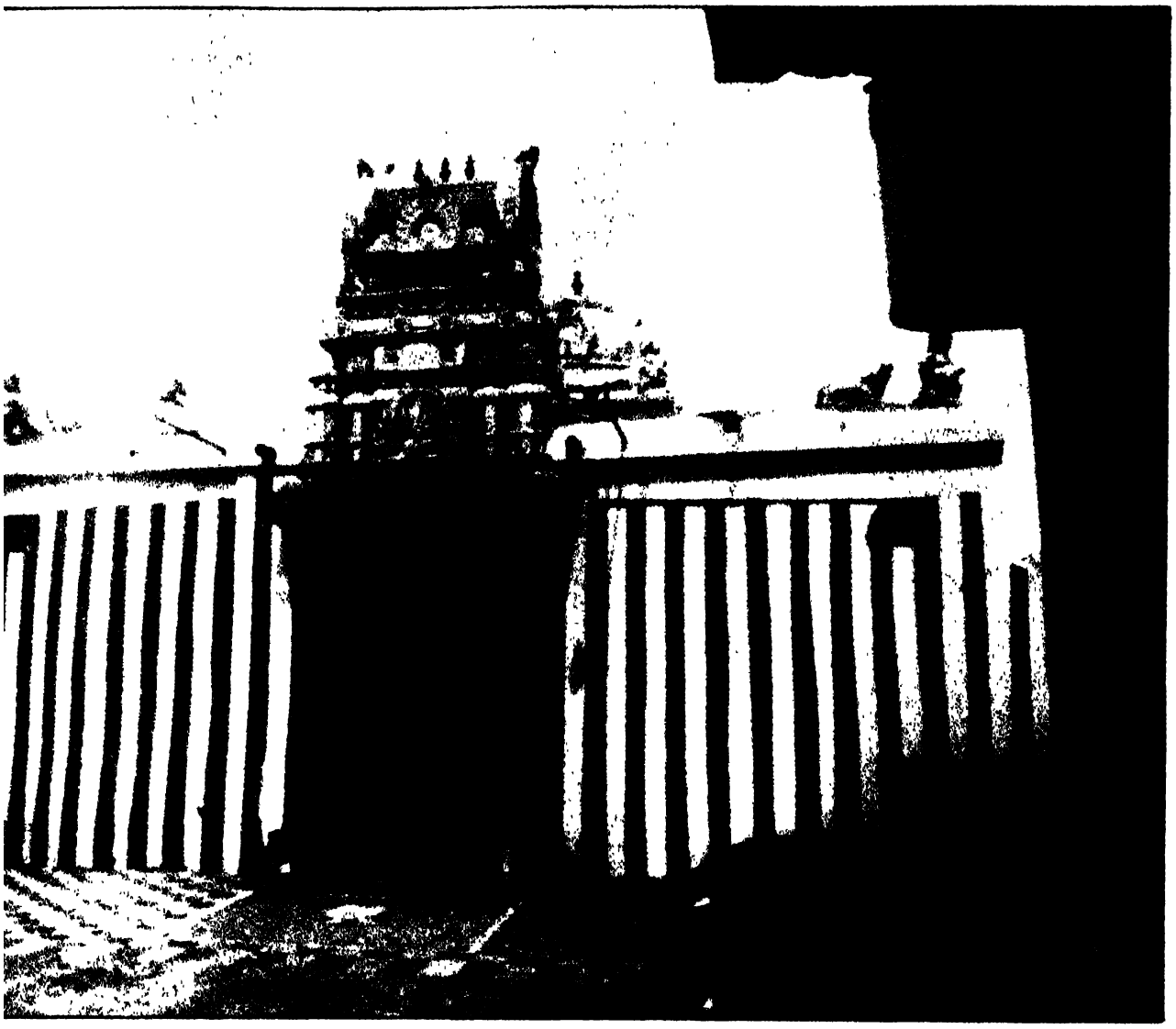


THE SRI VINAYAKA MANDIR in Sarojini Nagar.

The *Sila Sangrahanam* (the ceremony for lifting the stone for the idol) was performed on June 2, 1967 The stone was located in the bed of the Tambara Varuni river at Kurukkuthurai near Tirunelveli in Tamil Nadu The carved idol of Lord Swaminatha was taken to Kancheepuram and blessed by His Holiness Jagadguru Kanchi Kamakoti Peetadhipathi Sri Sankaracharya Chandrasekharendra Saraswathi Swami with *abhishekam* and *pooja* and then brought to the present site at Uttara Swamimalai

A society was formed to build a temple in Delhi to Lord Srinivasa The society was registered in March 1964. At the request of this society Government allotted a piece of land in Sector III, Ramakrishnapuram, New Delhi The society started worshipping the Lord by erecting first in 1965 a small structure and installing a life-size portrait of the Lord of Tirupati Later in a small temple, the regular *utsava moorthis* were erected.

The installation in this *balalaya* was made on May 12, 1967, by the Chief Pandit of Srirangam With the contributions from the large number of devotees over a period, a sizable sum from the Tirupati Devasthanam and others, and a benefit performance by Srimati M S Subbulakshmi, the society was able to complete the erection of the main temple and instal the *moorthi* of the Lord Srinivasa of the same size as at Tirupati, along with the *moorthis* of other gods, goddesses and saints

The idols have been carved in granite under the overall guidance and supervision of Sri Ganapati, *sthapathi* of the Government School of Sculpture, Mahabalipuram, Tamil Nadu The *panchloha* idols or *utsava moorthi* of Srinivasa and His consorts was made by Ramaswamy *sthapathi* of Swamimalai, Thanjavoor District and the other *utsava moorthis* by Jagannatha, *sthapathi* of Kumbakonam, all receipients of the President's award for their skill in their respective arts.

The society has also been able to acquire the adjoining land and build on it a *pathasala* (school) for teaching the recitation of the *Vedas* and the Dravidian equivalent thereto, viz, the songs of Nammalvar and the other alvars and also the *Vedanta* in general

Swamiye Saranam Ayyappa

The worship of Lord Ayyappa, the legendary avatar combining the *Brahma-amsa* of Siva, associated with *jnana* and *tapas*, and the *Kshatra-amsa* of Vishnu, associated with *bhakti*, *prema* and *kripa*, was till recently confined to Kerala alone The Lord used to be always associated and identified with His ancient sacred temple atop the Sabari Hills amidst the lofty ranges and the dense green forests of the Western Ghats.

Innumerable devotees from different parts of the country and abroad congregate at the Sabari Hills during the *mandalam* period to have a *darshan* of the *Makara Jyoti*. Tradition has it that the pale dusk of the impending night of the 14th day of January, every year, heralding the month of *Makara* of the Hindu Calendar, a Divine Flow appears on the Western Ghats. To have the *darshan* of this magnificent sight which is reckoned as the Lord's Own manifestation, pilgrims prepare themselves for 41 days.

The Ayyappa Puja Samithi, R.K Puram, New Delhi was established in 1970 The Samithi's decision to construct an Ayyappa Temple in Delhi was not only to fulfil the cherished dreams of innumerable Ayyappa *bhaktas* in the Capital but also to develop the temple complex as a centre for national spiritual integration through spread of *Sanatana Dharma*.

After taking possession of the half acre plot in Sector II, Ramakrishnapuram, the Ayyappa Puja Samithi conducted a *Sthala Prasanam* and *Deva Prasanam* under the guidance of the renowned astrologer Kaimukh Vaidikan Brahmashri Parameswaran Namboodiripad. It was revealed that the temple site was a sacred *jalasaya* in ancient times and the Lord would be pleased to manifest Himself in the proposed temple The foundation stone was laid by His Holiness Jagadguru Shankaracharya Sri Swami Shantanand Maharaj of Jyotirmath Badrikashram, on September 14, 1977.

The Puja Samithi proposes to take up the next phase of construction of the temple complex without any let-up

Shankara Advaita Vidyashrama

Shankara Vidya Kendra was born on May 2, 1962. It was a happy concidence that the birthday of the Kendra fell on the auspicious day—Shankara Jayanti—the birthday of Shri Adishankaracharya. At the temple of Shri Chandrasekhara Swami, Shri Sharada and Shri Adi Shankaracharya regular *poojas* are being performed both in the mornings and in the evenings. *Vedaparayanam* takes place every evening. The cost of the building including the *gopurams* and *vimanas* has been estimated at Rs 5 lakhs.

The marbled harmonies of the *rajagopuram* of the Sri Vaikunthanathji Mandir (Sri Ranganatha Paduka Ashram) has gone up tier upon tier, in a diminishing upward sweep, above the surrounding flats at Bersarai, South Delhi. The temple, like most of the temples in the South India, has three components: (i) the *garbhagriha* (sanctuary); (ii) the *mandapa* in the middle and (iii) the *rajagopuram*.

It was way back in 1949 that a handful of residents of Delhi decided to have a forum for the discussion and propagation of the celebrated Vedic values and, in particular, the teachings of Jagadguru Sriman Madhawacharya. Soon a registered body Sri Madhwa Sangha appeared with the objective of providing the much-needed forum for organising activities which would uplift the spiritual knowledge of the citizens of Delhi.

May 7, 1980—the memorable day worthy of being embossed as a golden day in the annals of the Sangha, saw the culmination of the relentless efforts of a large number of devotees of Lord Krishna, Lord Anjaneya and Sri Guru Raghavendra. On this day the installation ceremony of Lord Krishna, Lord Anjaneya and Brindavana of Sri Raghavendra Swamigal in a beautifully sculptured *garba griha* adorned by a superb *vimana* of the Vijayanagara style of architecture was performed. The idol of Lord Krishna in glittering black stone is a faithful replica of the idol at Udipi which was consecrated by Jagadguru Sri Madhwacharya himself seven hundred years ago

Primary Object

As far back as 1950 a group of devotees in the Capital formed a Committee known as Sri Vinayaka Mandir Committee. The primary object of the committee was to instal Lord Vigneswara in the capital. A piece of land measuring about 500 sq yds was leased by the New Delhi Municipal Committee on the October 13, 1960. A small temple with a *garba griha* for Lord Vinayaka and *prakarams* around it was built out of the donations and the aid from the Madras Government. With the blessings of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham and His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Sringeri Sharada Peetham, the idols were installed on August 24, 1961, in this temple built by the *sthapathis* from the South. The *kumbhabhishekam* was performed in the traditional South Indian style.

The capital is growing not only in size, but also in diversity reflecting faithfully the culture of the country. More temples are being planned by the devotees living in other colonies of the great city.

On visiting these temples one is struck by the self-expression through conformity to tradition. In the past the precincts of the temples were often the only venue for all social activities. The rich and poor alike had the benefit of these activities. In today's Delhi in the midst of disco songs and dances these temples are islands of faith and the deities to whom the structures are dedicated symbolise the supreme principle which control the affairs of the universe and give direction to *Sathyam, Shivam and Sundaram.* ■

Letter From Calcutta

Death Behind Bars

SOMETHING may at last be done about the frightful conditions in jails in West Bengal as elsewhere in India I do not mean that the three deaths in Dum Dum central jail in early January (allegedly from malnutrition, inadequate covering in severe cold and lack of medical care) was by any means the worst outrage brought to official notice Nor was Mr Rajesh Khaitan, the advocate and Congress (I) MLA, who petitioned Calcutta High Court for "protection and safeguard of the jail inmates under Article 226 of the Indian Constitution' necessarily moved only by pure altruism But the resultant uproar—with prisoners on hunger strike angrily holding on to the three corpses—may at last force the Government into action It has quietly shelved the three-part report of the West Bengal Jail Reforms Committee set up in 1978, but might think it wiser to take more notice of the findings of the chief reporters of *The Statesman* and *The Telegraph* who were ordered by Mr Justice P C Barooah to report on Dum Dum conditions

West Bengal has 52 prisons with nearly 12,000 inmates Overcrowding is no longer an acute problem but filth neglect and cruelty are Jails are insanitary places where undertrials live cheek by jowl with hardened criminals, lunatics and children who have nowhere else to go and desperately need care and protection But the most scandalous abuses relate to the manner in which jailors and superintendents are accused of running rackets in collusion with long term convicts Rations, bedding and medicines are withheld from newer prisoners to be sold outside or doled out only in return for bribes The rules stipulate rice wheat milk, sugar, tea, potatoes, biscuits and even mutton, but though charged for, these are rare luxuries behind bars How soever innocent he might be, a man who once falls foul of the law is at the mercy of the prison staff, and it is a miracle indeed if he emerges unscathed

"Massical" Music

AFFICIONADOS claimed to be disappointed by the quality of the fare but for Calcutta it was an exciting event when Pandit Ravi Shankar and Ustad Ali Akbar Khan played together in a *jugal bandi* after about ten years The dual *tabla* accompaniment was provided by Alla Rakha and his son Zakir Hussein

The quartet received a rapturous ovation the overflowing audience at the Netaji Indoor Stadium did not really need to be beguiled there with the promise of two tickets for every carton and a half of Four Square Kings cigarettes they bought (Four Square sponsored the show which had been organised by the Jalsaghar group) It would have flocked to the hall in any case There were some moving personal touches too Ravi Shankar went to Ali Akbar's home to practice the day before the concert, and George Harrison (remember him? One of the immortal four who with John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr once held the entertainment world in thrall as the Beatles) slipped quietly into town for what was surely the decade's most important musical happening

At a Press conference the day before, Ravi Shankar paid tribute to big industrial houses for having replaced rajas and maharajas as patrons of the arts, suggesting that they should enjoy some form of tax concession He also defended himself and Ali Akbar for spending so much time abroad to popularise Indian music and classical music for not competing with pop or disco music It was a medium for select listeners he argued, otherwise 'classical music will become 'massical music'

by Mona Chowdhury

PILGRIMS go to Sagar Island in country boats

PANDIT RAVI SHANKAR AND USTAD ALI AKBAR KHAN in the jugalbandi after a decade

ENTRANCE to the Asiatic Society

Show Of Might

AFTER the latest killings in Tripura, West Bengal can no longer be imperious to what goes on in the north-east especially in Assam where the February polling may have a major bearing on the fate of Bengalis Perhaps this was why Calcutta Doordarshan concentrated so heavily on Army Day not on celebrations in our local Fort William but in Gauhati where Lt-Gen A S Vaidya the Eastern Command GOC in C inspected the parade It was a most impressive sight but the message was unmistakably clear—the men in uniform are there in force to put down any hanky panky by the All Assam Students' Union or the All Assam Gana Sangram Parishad

But it might be a little far fetched to expect the army to convert enemies into friends Race relations are sadly deteriorating in Tripura where the mid January murder of three politically prominent Bengalis revealed the extent of tribal antagonism Also indicative of the rigidity building up on both sides of the ethnic great divide is the fact that for the first time in history a member of the Amra Bangalee now sits as an elected member in the Assembly in Agartala

Deep Waters

THIS year's holy dip at Sagar island in the mouth of the Ganga has given rise to a most unholy controversy The *Sagar Mela* has continued from time immemorial, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims make the journey every *Makar Sankranti* to worship at the ancient temple of Kapil Muni and bathe in the waters Traditionally too, the festival is presided over by burly muscled priests from the Sri Panch Nirbani Akhara Hanumangarhi in the sacred town of Ayodhya in Uttar Pradesh The offerings go to them

As always, 20 priests came from Ayodhya in January and well over two lakh pilgrims attended the mela Then the Left Front set the cat among the pigeons by complaining that it was grossly unfair that it should pay for the entire organisation while the U P Brahmins take away more than Rs 15 lakhs in donations Nothing of the sort retorted the priests The collection was less than Rs 60 000 half of it had been spent on improvements on the island and the rest would be used for social welfare in Ayodhya In any case what right had an atheist and anti religion" Government to dictate to priests who claimed descent from Kapil Muni himself?

Another controversy revolves on the land occupied—illegally suggest the authorities -by social welfare organisations like the Kashi Viswanath Seva Samity Hanuman Parishad and the Rani Seva Samity The police were also at odds with civil defence personnel who were accused of extorting money from pilgrims, there were fights and arrests and the *mela* apparently drew more than 2 000 criminals from all over India

Society In Distress

THE venerable Asiatic Society limped into its 200th year on January 15 groping in vain for the financial crutches that alone will enable it to complete two centuries in 1984 in some semblance of reasonable health The Society was once Asia's foremost centre of Oriental studies, it was certainly the first to be set up and its *Journals* and a series of publications titled *Calcutta Past And Present* have become valuable collectors items Its collection of books manuscripts and paintings is still probably the best of its kind in India

But money is in desperately short supply for the Society which ekes out its hand to mouth existence on ad hoc grants from West Bengal and New Delhi How niggardly these can be was revealed when it became known that the Centre's last allocation (a measly Rs 1 46 lakhs) was received in February 1982 Not a paise since then West Bengal's total help during 1981 82 amounted to a magnificent Rs 2 10 lakhs!

New Delhi is apparently prepared to be more generous but on its own terms It wants to make inroads in the Society's autonomy with a board of management for the library and publications and possibly also full time officials as director and general secretary The West Bengal Government is said to harbour similar ambitions There are also disputes within the organisation and the president (Dr Pratul Gupta) and secretary (Mr Amalendu De) say they were not present when the governing council for 1983 84 was recommended

It would be pleasant to be able to support the Asiatic Society against official encorachment but unfortunately the confusion in the Society's affairs and the decline in its standard as well as the neglect of its literary heritage make such championship rather pointless

Magic Rail

MRABA Ghani Khan Chowdhury our magician from Malda did not say that Calcutta's underground trains would run at sputnik speed as he himself claims to do But he has promised that the 16 43 kilometre section between Esplanade and Bhowanipore will be ready by the end of the year which has surprised the Metro Railway authorities no end This was supposed to have been operational in 1984 but the U Rail way Minister has waved his magic wand and the Metro authorities are hurrying ahead so as not to disappoint him

Technically this is the least complicated section of the project since the track will run under the Maidan where there are no buildings above or underground drains pipes cables or other obstacles But the air conditioning and ventilating systems are nowhere near ready and trial runs of coaches to test their electronic control mechanism are still going on In fact the Metro now has only eight coaches made by the Bharat Heavy Electricals for initial tests it is waiting for another 12 so that a train of 20 coaches can be run for two years on a trial basis Safety would not otherwise be guaranteed they say

But ministerial wishes cannot be disobeyed so technical considerations must go by the board In any case the Maidan stretch will be of little help to harassed commuters They may not ever use it which would be even better since the trains and track are likely to be imperfect An empty underground may not serve any public purpose but at least it will lend substance to Mr Ghani Khan Chowdhury's boast ■

Sumita Sandilya

Letter From New Delhi

▲ *FAREWELL TO APPU. The closing day ceremony at the IX Asiad.*

by N. Iqbal Singh

THE IX Asiad has come and gone. Few people, even in Delhi, realise that apart from the seven new flyovers and widening of 290 kilometres of Delhi roads and planting of 400,000 new trees, Delhi is going to have a sort of special bonus which will take myriad forms. For instance, South Delhi will now have a permanent ultra-modern auditorium, totally air-conditioned and with all the latest gadgetry, for its cultural shows; it has a seating capacity of 2,250 and a stage larger than any other in Delhi. Then, the Centre is going to be a gainer, because we are going to have an additional fleet of 290 public buses; an electrified ring railway; 3,500 more rooms in the 12 new hotels that have recently been constructed; 1,600 new telephones and 80 telexes. Another boon: new equipment to control air pollution resulting from the belching chimneys at the Indraprastha power station. And much more. Not to forget colour television which brought the Asian Games to thousands of homes.

A pleasant hangover of the Asiad, if I may take the liberty of coining that expression, was the organisation of two exhibitions—one, the Rodin exhibition, which synchronised with the visit of President Mitterand of France and Madame Mitterand, and the other an exhibition of Sports and Games in Indian Art, organised by the National Museum, New Delhi.

Much has been written about the sculpture of Rodin, but the exhibition of Sports and Games in Indian Art did not receive the attention it deserved. It comprised almost a couple of hundred items, starting with a miniature chariot from Mohenjo Daro and some chess pieces and dices in clay and stone from circa the 3rd millenium BC and went on to show some of the finest Mughal, Kangra and Rajasthani miniatures. Quite a few of the miniatures really stood out, like Radha and Krishna playing chess (Bundi) or Chand Bibi playing polo (Deccani) or Rama and his brothers playing ball (also Deccani); the Mughul miniature depicting wrestling and another one of Babur witnessing wrestling bouts and animal fights taken from the Baburnama (1598 AD). There were also some manuscripts which included a work on archery in Persian by Hidyat-ul-Ramy in the Nastaliq script and a treatise on ball playing from Raghuvamsa by Kalidasa in Sanskrit (Nagari script—17th century). Then you had javelins inlaid in ivory and swords with gorgeous handles encrusted with precious stones. The prize exhibit, to my mind, was the 12th century Hoysala sculpture of a huntress. Some very rare coins were also on display; they included a gold coin showing Chandragupta II (Vikramaditya) slaying a lion, and another one, also in gold, with Kumaragupta I on horseback.

Unusual Exhibition

Talking of exhibitions, an unusual exhibition, perhaps the first of its kind in New Delhi, was recently mounted by Puratan, a society only three years old, founded with the objective of creating "more meaningful interest in Indian art and culture". On display were a large number of lithographs and engravings and as many as 130 maps of India made during the period 1522 to 1880. To us, who are now used to maps made to scale and accurate to the nth degree, many of the maps on display appeared to be grotesque, but that was only to be expected because all the maps made during the early days were based on word of mouth accounts of what the travellers had seen and noticed. And most of the travellers were seafaring men interested primarily in trade. No wonder, therefore, that the cartographers were confined to men belonging to imperial powers like the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the French and, of course, the British.

BATHSHEBHA, pencil, stump and watercolour by Auguste Rodin. (The annotation at bottom right is in Rodin's handwriting.)

The etchings and engravings that one saw began with the advent of the eighteenth century and went on till the dawn of the era of photography. Most of the drawings in the earlier days were done by wives and daughters of British dignitaries, for to be able to draw and paint was then considered an essential equipment for the "well bred" woman. Among them were the Eden sisters and many others, and to them we owe some excellent pictures depicting the contemporary scene. Then there were people like the Daniels, who drew not only the people but ancient monuments and many other facets of Indian life and the environment in which the Indians—and the rulers of India—lived. Another group of artists were those sent by publishers who were interested in publishing books on India and the Orient, to be on the spot to record faithfully what they saw.

The collections of maps and engravings were obviously gathered with a great deal of painstaking effort and enthusiasm by two Delhi women socialites—Susan Gole (maps) and Meenakshi Devi (engravings).

Gandhi—A Major Experience

Much has already been written about the film *Gandhi*. I must admit that when I went to see it I did so with great expectation, but at the same time with a great deal of trepidation for the simple reason that one didn't know what to expect. There had been such contradictory reports, based mainly on hearsay and rumours. Some had

"TEARS COME EASILY AND SEVERAL TIMES". Kasturba (Rohini Hattangadi) teaches Gandhi (Ben Kingsley) how to use the spinning wheel in Richard Attenborough's film.

said it was terrible, others that it was marvellous. So one literally held one's breath when the film came on the screen. Yet, within the first few minutes one became conscious of the fact that one was in for a major experience. *Gandhi*, despite its minor historical inaccuracies and failure of our actors, is a great film. It is extremely moving and, as a friend from London wrote to me in a letter, "tears in one's eyes came easily and several times". Ben Kingsley as Gandhi is superb and Gandhi emerges as the colossus that he was. Viewed from that point of view, *Gandhi* is an unqualified success. Yet, to those of us who had the good fortune of seeing something at close quarters of leaders like Nehru, Jinnah and Azad and some of the others, it seems such a pity that they are portrayed not as they were but as mere cardboard characters. I shall never forget a dinner meeting with Jinnah sometime in 1936 in Lahore at the house of mutual friends. Since there were only four of us, Jinnah could afford to be himself. In spite of his obvious arrogance, he had a great deal of charm and undeniable brilliance, none of which comes across. This was just before the 1937 elections to the provincial legislatures. He was full of hope and was convinced that the 1935 Government of India Act would work and, if the Congress and the Muslim League were to form coalition governments in the provinces, it would mean a major stride towards independence. (Incidentally, he was sipping brandy with soda all the time while he was talking before, during and after dinner.) I shall also never forget my two meetings with Nehru. Once, in Lahore in early 1938, again in mutual friends' room in Faletti's Hotel where Amrita Sher-Gil was also present. (Nehru sipped sherry.) He was tired and yet the way he spoke, softly and with such charm, his face which was so mobile, his eyes that had a glow, his humanity, his good looks—they are unforgettable.

My second meeting was in early '47 when Dr Sutan Shahriar, the first Prime Minister of independent Indonesia, had come to attend the Asian Relations Conference and was staying as Nehru's guest in his house on York Road. I was then in All India Radio and there had been some mix-up about his proposed broadcast. I was talking with Shahriar when Nehru came down the staircase. He joined us and in no time at all was able to persuade Shahriar to do the broadcast. He was bare-headed and looked like a Roman emperor, but what I remember most was his graciousness and dynamism. I was reminded then of what Amrita had once said to me: "Nehru is so good looking that I can never paint him." I could go on and on and talk also about Patel—he was so grim that one never got close to him—and Maulana Azad and Abdul Ghaffar Khan and others. But it would be an exercise in futility. Attenborough's objective was to recreate Gandhi, and he has done so magnificently. In fact, he has resurrected Gandhi. And to a generation who didn't know the others, or to the foreigners, the others don't matter. In the circumstances, there is no denying the fact that *Gandhi* is a great film. And what is more it is a very human document. Let us hope some one else will, in time to come, be able to make similarly great films about Nehru and other leaders of the time and do them justice!

Truffaut's Adele H Here

Visiting Delhi currently for a prolonged stay with friends is the great, great granddaughter of Victor Hugo. I asked Adele Hugo, for that is her name, what made her come to India. She said she had always wanted to come here ever since she read some of the verses that Victor Hugo had written about India. Yes, she added, it shows that her great, great grandfather was obviously attracted by the Orient, and particularly to India, else why would he have chosen to compose verses about this country! Adele paints in watercolours and pastels and graduated in art from the Chelsea Art School in London (her mother was English). Since coming to India she has taken to painting on fabric and has painted a large number of cushions which have become so popular that they are selling like the proverbial hot cakes. Painting is in her blood, she told me. Victor Hugo himself indulged in painting. He mostly did pen and ink washes, and you find a large number of them on display in Musee Hugo in Place des Vosges in Paris and in the Museum named after him in Guernsey in the Channel Islands where he spent 20 long years as an exile for his opposition to the Napoleonic regime. Her grandfather, George Hugo, was also a painter and painted in the Renoir style. So was her father, Jean. Jean's speciality, said Adele, was painting landscape and *nature morte* in oils and gouache. In the twenties, he did some theatre designing for Jean Cocteau. So art does truly run in the family. Apart from painting she wishes to travel and see something of the real India. In the mean while, she is trying to learn something of Indian culture—mainly by seeing and listening, she hastened to add. Hindustani music, both classical and light, she seems to have taken to. Listening to it, she said, struck some kind of a sympathetic chord. Apart from Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan, whose duet she heard during the Asiad, she said she was full of admiration for Asad Ali Khan, whose playing on the vichitra veena she found masterly. She also enjoyed the folksy style of music which she heard Ghulam Ali from Pakistan sing. She loves Delhi's old monuments and expects to see more when she sets out on her travel to other cities in the country. She is in no hurry to go back, she told me, because she has friends who would like her to stay on and also because she loves the friendliness of the people she has met here. And she also likes Indian curries! ■

ADELE HUGO painting a cushion cover.

In The States

Seeking Rural Health And Wealth

V. R. Krishnan

MADRAS: Not long ago, a doctor on weekly rounds of a village in Tamil Nadu, as part of the rural health care programme, was approached by an old farmer for treatment of ear-ache. The following week, the doctor was surprised to see the old man back in the queue, this time complaining of some other ailment.

"It occurred to me on the spot," recalled young Dr Daleep S. Mukharji, "that malnutrition due to stark poverty was the root cause of the recurring ailments. Therefore, medical health by itself was not the answer. Maintenance of proper health relies on well-planned socio-economic development, and any model of primary health care for rural India must include an integrated multi-disciplinary approach, bringing together the resources of the people, the Government and voluntary agencies in achieving total community development."

The result of such bold thinking was the birth, three years ago, of an unusual rural development organisation called Rural Unit for Health and Social Affairs (RUHSA).

Its aim is not only the cure of bodily ailments but also to help improve the social, educational and economic status of the rural folk. The objective is to serve the whole man in the totality of his being, and in doing so, make rural India relevant to modern India," explains Dr Mukarji

RUHSA is attempting to implement such an ambitious programme by interesting banks, industries, Government authorities and the villagers themselves to work together for meaningful social change.

Born in Lahore in a progressive family of prominent educators and civil servants and educated in Darjeeling, Daleep took his medical degree from the Christian Medical College at Vellore. After working in rural health projects for some time, he received specialised training at the Tropical School of Medicine in England and and enriched this with a course in social planning at the famed London School of Economics.

It was fitting that Dr Mukarji's bold concept of socio-economic development as a prerequisite to good health should have been taken up by his alma mater, the CMC Hospital. Fitting, too, that the region selected for implementation of the unique concept should be a backward rural area—the K.V. Kuppam Block comprising some 90 villages with 100,000 people sustaining themselves on marginal farming and a usually unpredictable monsoon.

RUHSA's total development concept is sought to be achieved by "team approach"—a four-member team, comprising an agricultural expert, a non-formal educationist, a social affairs specialist and a medico work together in each village. The teams pay special attention to the educated unemployed youth in the villages. These are considered an important resource available to the village community and therefore must be encouraged to stay behind and contribute to its welfare. Through proper training in self-employment projects, the youth are helped to play a significant role.

Housewives, too, are taught simple craft which RUHSA markets in the cities, providing a source of vital income to help ease the family budget. Housewives are also trained in basic medical aid and child care and nutrition.

It is well-known that inequality and social injustice are the result of traditional domination of certain privileged classes upon whom the rural poor depend for their daily subsistence. This inhibits them from taking initiative and decisions of their own to improve their lot in society. RUHSA has helped to break this vicious circle by encouraging them from cooperatives, mostly in dairy and poultry farming. In related activity, RUHSA has organised a broiler unit, a mulberry crop and silk-worm rearing unit for supplementing the income of seasonal farmers.

More important than the immediate material improvement is the change in outlook of the K.V. Kuppam people, instilling in them an ambition for a richer and fuller life.

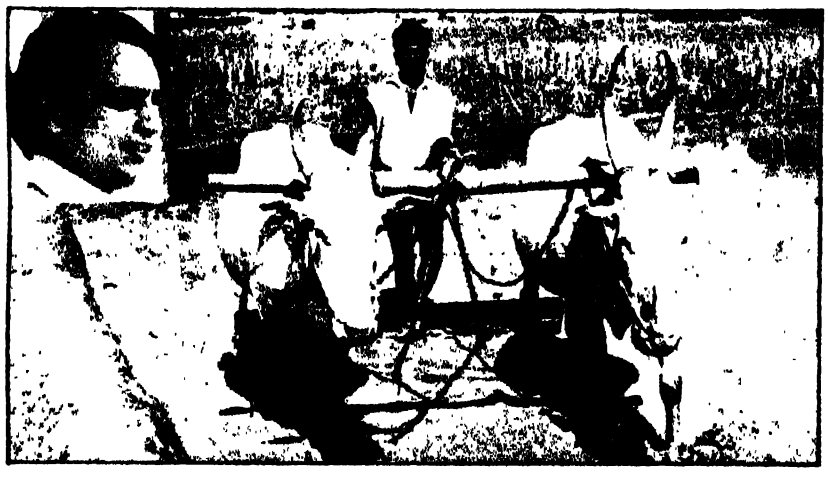
"Once interest is aroused," notes Dr Mukarji, "people acquire new skills of organisation." But, he emphasises, "While organising the rural poor, their confidence has to be won. They must be assured that the organisation will provide concrete services and solutions to their problem. They must be actively involved both in its working and its servicing activities." Keeping this in mind, "We work with the entire community, not with any particular section in the village," he adds.

The result of RUHSA's pioneering effort over the past two years is obvious to any discerning visitor to K.V. Kuppam Block in the North Arcot District of Tamil Nadu, located some 100 miles from Madras city.

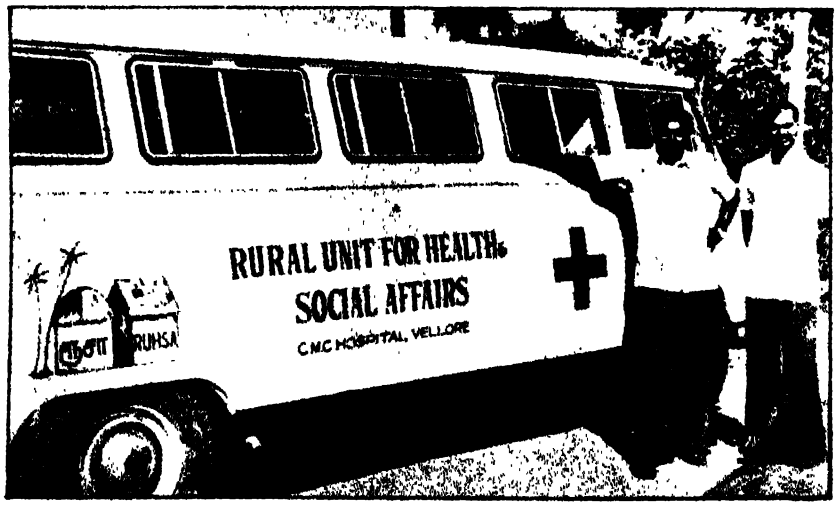
As one community welfare expert put it, "K.V. Kuppam's once backward status is now being slowly transformed to one of all round prosperity for the men and women as also the youths and children of the block."

No wonder, then, that at 36, Dr Mukarji is the youngest recipient of the prestigious Dr B.C. Roy Memorial Award for outstanding service for community welfare.

It is time that the RUHSA experiment at K.V. Kuppam Block in Tamil Nadu is taken up by scores of blocks in every State of India. ■



BOLD THINKING. Dr Mukarji (inset, right) realised that medical health alone was not the answer to rural well-being. So he launched the RUHSA. He is the youngest recepient of the Dr B.C. Roy Memorial award



One Poet's Search....

BANGALORE: Archaeological excavations usually carry an air of romanticism and adventure about them. But how accidental they really are was recently borne out by the discovery of the home of Harihara, a rebel Kannada poet of the 12th century.

Professor M. Chidananda Murthy, Head of the Department of Kannada at Bangalore University is an authority on dates and places and can count off on the tips of his fingers all the well-known age-old Kannada works, sculptures and engravings. Harihara is his favourite subject.

This poet's works, particularly his *ragales* (couplets), are known for their beauty and precision. Prof. Murthy feels that his epics are still important to us because of the conviction they carry, a conviction that is still relevant in contemporary society. He fought for Harijan welfare, deploring the decaying values of the upper classes in that period. He was a firebrand to begin with, later he became a spiritual recluse, living in the precincts of the temple of Lord Virupaksha at Hampi (160 kms from Bangalore), then the glorious capital of the bygone Vijayanagara empire.

By Indian Design

CHANDIGARH: Joginder Singh Sindhu, a student of Punjab University, Chandigarh, has developed what is claimed to be the world's smallest camera.

Weighing only 2.5 grams, it is about 10 times smaller than the Japanese-made *Petal* listed as the smallest camera by the *Guinness Book Of World Records.*

Joginder's camera, named *Santokh* after his father, is only 1.4 cms long, 0.9 cms wide and 0.9 cms high. It has a focal length of 0.4 cms. The lens is nearly three times smaller than the lens of the Japanese camera and has several additional features, including variable aperture, shutter speed and flash-gun attachment.

It took Joginder three months and Rs 4,000 to design and produce the

SUCCESS BY ACCIDENT A happy coincidence led Professor Murthy into uncovering the home of 12th century Kannada poet Harihara.

Prof Murthy's favourite book, however, has been a biography of the poet, written by his brother-in-law, eulogising the works and life of Harihara During one of the innumerable readings of the book, one line, hitherto unimportant, appeared, to Prof Murthy, quite illuminating The line, *Naganathana Purovrithiappa Vahana Grihovannu Therapu Galisi* (the place reserved for Naganatheswara's chariots and other temple vehicles was redecorated and was donated to Harihara to live), triggered off Murthy's enthusiastic search for the exact site of the poet's home His innumerable visits to Hampi, the site of all great ruins, were in vain since the Naganatheswara temple was not found anywhere in that famous ancient city.

However, a friend of the Professor, who shared his enthusiasm on a recent visit to Hampi, happened to witness the renovation of an ancient temple by the Archaeological Department He was told that the temple was the Naganandeshwara, which in his overenthusiasm, he heard as Naganatheswara Professor Murthy rushed to Hampi only to find that the temple being renovated was Nagonandeshwara and not Naganatheswara Disguising his disappointment, he went round the temple, peering at every carving and scrutinising each slab when he accidently stepped on a stone with *Sri Naganatheswara Temple, 144* engraved on it It was clear that for centuries the people had been worshipping the idol as Naganandeshwara!!

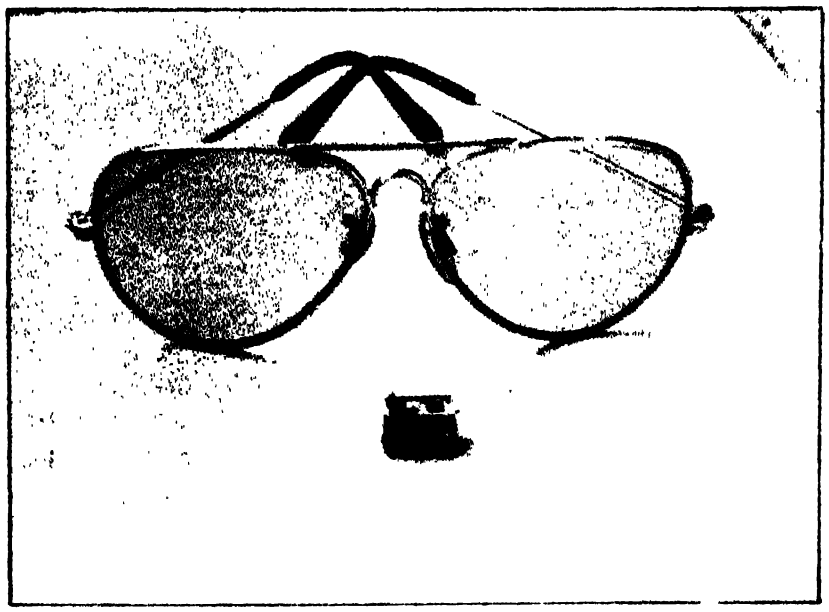
Having found the right temple, locating the ancient garage for the chariots was easy Even the *Amrithakund* (the holy pond, on the banks of which the poet was supposed to have lived) mentioned in the biography was located

At last one poet's search for another poet's home was over.

M.N. Chakravarthy

Woodcraft

*ALL ART IS BUT IMITATION OF NATURE So said the Roman philosopher Seneca The truth of his observation is proved by the work of Kota-based Western Railway diesel driver Yagya Dutt (above) to whom "art is not the bread but the wine of life" He looks for the odd-shapes among knobbly branches and gnarled stems and knocks them into various shapes without drastically altering the form Two of his pieces presented here are the Raja and the Panchhi By contrast Advocate Dilip Deshmukh of Akola (below left) loves to fashion shapes out of bamboo using the blade, the knife and *Fevicol*. He has had no formal training in the craft but his experience is considerable and his craft-works well finished*



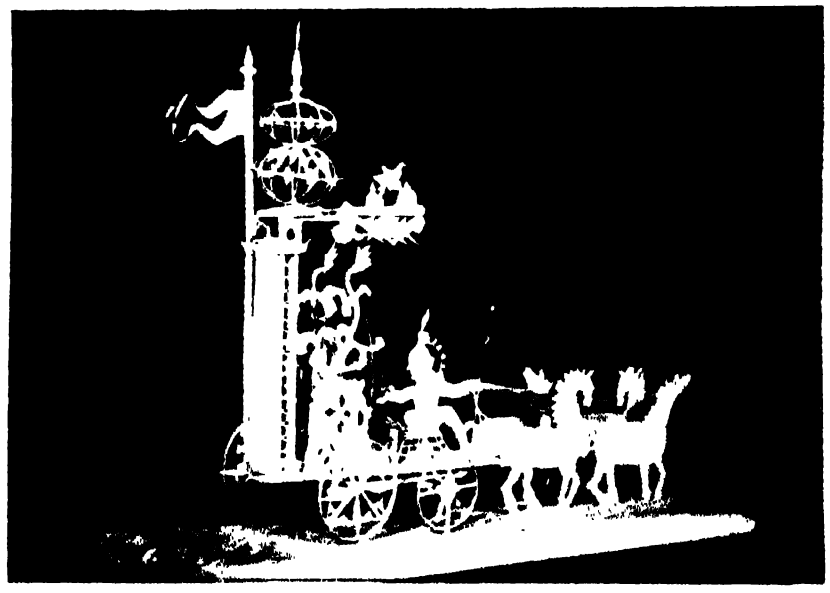
INDIAN ENTERPRISE A young couple from Chandigarh have designed what, one must believe, is at present the world's smallest camera.

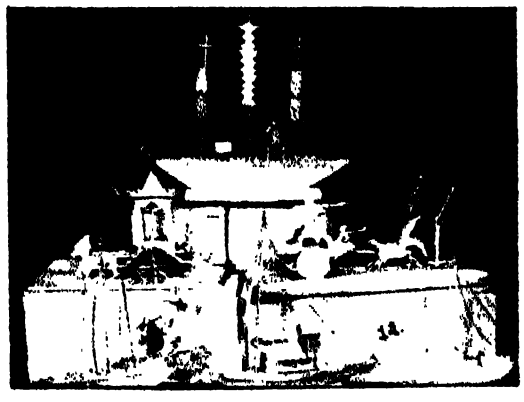
camera. In this task he was helped by his fiancee, Charanjiv Kaur. As a matter of fact, he designed the camera only because she is interested in photography! Charanjiv is adept at needle work and her expertise came in handy for precision drilling and tooling of the camera.

The camera can be used for espionage and for taking photographs of vital human organs from inside the body. It can be swallowed like a capsule Joginder is now developing a system to operate the camera through remote control. It will cost less than Rs 500 if commercial production is undertaken, he claims.

Joginder is applying for a patent in the United States of America.

Rajeev Sharma





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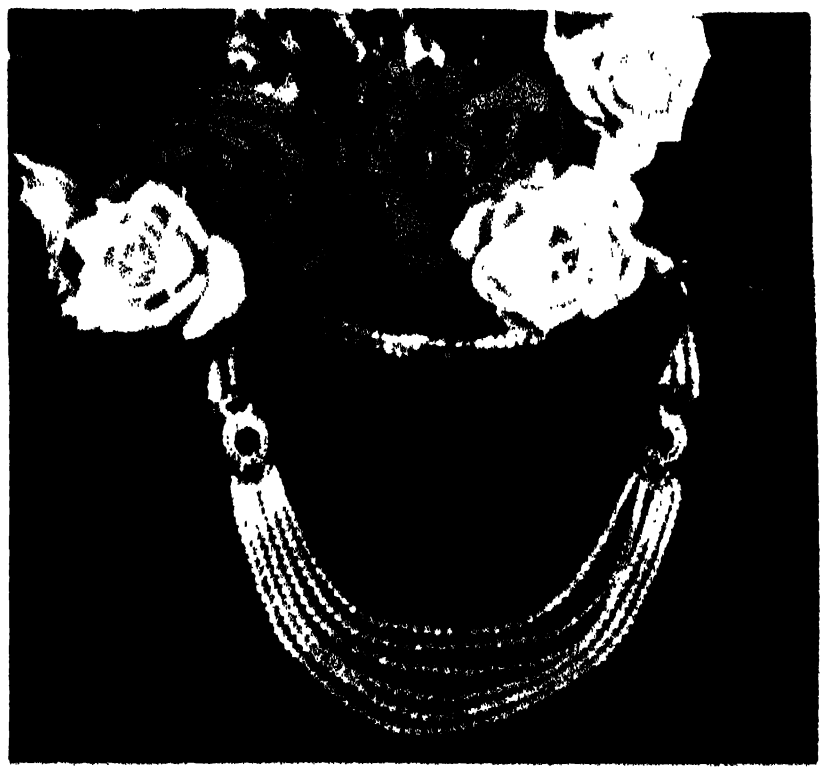
Sparkle And Glitter



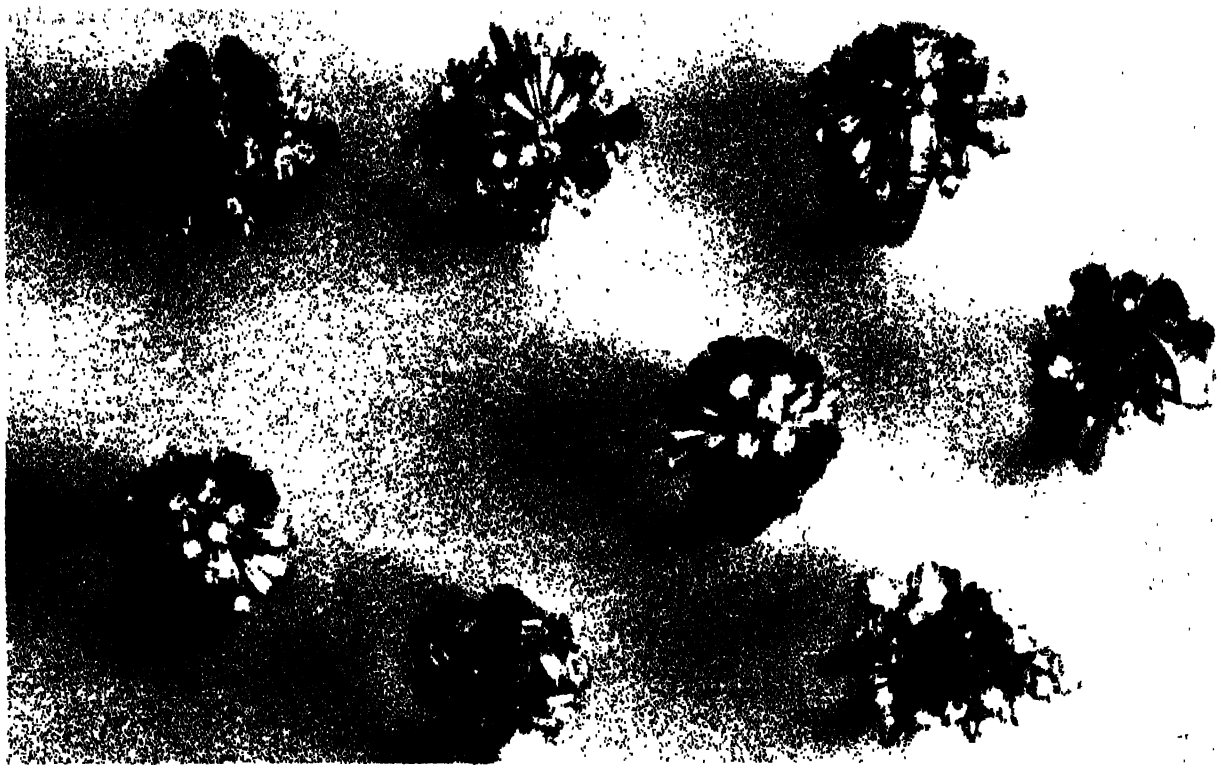
It seems ironical that India, a veritable gemhouse, imports large quantities of precious and semi-precious stones. Moreover, the bulk of these gems, after cutting and polishing, are exported.

by Meera Pandya

THE glittering rubies, sapphires, emeralds and other precious and semi-precious stones which adorn the women of our country and seem so plentiful here are almost all imported But what we see is only a tiny fraction of the gems that come into India because the bulk of them are exported after cutting and polishing. Rough precious and semi-precious stones worth Rs 1666.49 lakhs were imported between April 1981 and March 1982 and finished gems valued at Rs 3642.17 lakhs were exported Cheap but skilled labour keeps the stone cutting flourishing in India.

It is not that stones are not available in this country; they are and in plenty The Gemmological Institute of India lists 70 precious and semi-precious stones- seven of them man-made. Of the 60 that are mined, 30 are found in India in varying quantities. According to a dealer of these stones, the apathy of the Centre and the State Governments in mining of precious and semi-precious stones is to blame for not giving the necessary boost to this industry. The Geological Survey of India, though it has all the information about deposits, has not undertaken any mining. Private individuals get vague answers when they approach this body for mining rights. This is regrettable since the stones, being very much in demand abroad, could earn valuable foreign exchange

Tamil Nadu is a virtual "goldmine" for gems Rubies, sapphires, garnets, aquamarines, moonstones, iolites, zircons and tourmalines can all be mined here. In fact, rubies can be found just five feet below the ground Illicit mining by villagers is rampant While Kerala is famous for the cat's eye, Karnataka abounds in rubies, aquamarine and aventurine (jade) Rubies, amethysts and aquamarines are found in Andhra Pradesh Madhya Pradesh also has rubies Agate is located in Gujarat and Maharashtra, especially in the Aurangabad belt



CORAL BEADS IN THREE SHADES Extremely popular among a vast majority of Indian women, it is usually worn according to the dictates of the horoscope

RINGS STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS rubies and sapphires. Rubies are found in Tamil Nadu while the Kashmir sapphires are among the best in the world

A NECKLACE OF MALACHITE beads Semi precious stones attract foreign buyers for their relatively low prices. For example, a string of garnets is available for as little as Rs 30

India's Gemhouse

Orissa, a relatively new entrant in the field of gem mining, can compete with Tamil Nadu for the title of gemhouse of India Garnets, aquamarines, topaz, sapphires, alexandrites and emeralds are abundant in this State

Kashmir has the finest sapphires The stones from this area are intensely blue with a velvet translucence not seen in other areas They are mainly found in the Zanskar range of the Himalayas. Large-scale mining of sapphires can prove to be very lucrative for the country

Emeralds, rubies and sapphires are precious stones while the rest fall into the semi-precious category. Rubies can cost up to Rs 50,000 a carat, emeralds Rs 45,000 and sapphires about Rs 15,000 Garnets, of which several varieties are available, are the cheapest– a string of them is available for as little as Rs 30 Prices depend on demand, colour, clarity, lustre and size of the stone Rubies valued at Rs 100 a carat can also be found in the market

Appraising the stones is best left to experts as a layman can be very easily cheated. Your eyes may sparkle at the sight of a big lustrous emerald, but beware! Flawless emeralds are extremely rare and most specimens are marred by

→

flaws and inclusions which greatly reduce their transparency. Indian rubies are of a fine red colour but are not transparent. The finer specimen, a rarer variety, are translucent and of a medium colour. In contrast to the Kashmir sapphire, those found in South India are of a much poorer quality.

Apart from the precious and semi-precious stones already listed, the following also figure in the GII chart as being found in India: amazonite, apatite (blue and green), bloodstone, bowenite, chrysoberyl, chrysoprase, cornelian, hematite, kyanite (rarely cuttable), onyx and sardonyx. Diopside, enstatite, idocrase and sphene are also to be found in this country.

Trade Centre

Jaipur is the trade centre for precious and semi-precious stones. Stone-cutting is often a family business and these small units fall under the cottage industries sector. Some units are also located at Bombay and Cambay. Stones are most often cut in calibrated sizes to facilitate the making of cast jewellery which is done by machines. The most common shapes for cut and polished stones are oval, octagonal, pear, round, marquis, square and cabashone.

Stones are imported from all over the world. Emeralds come from Brazil, Zambia and Zimbabwe, rubies from Kenya and Thailand, sapphires from Australia and Thailand, golden topaz, though mined in Brazil, is imported from West Germany and the United Kingdom. Peridot comes from USA.

DIGGING FOR EMERALDS. This piece of calcite may contain a fortune in emeralds or it may contain nothing!!

According to the provisional figures made available by the Gem and Jewellery Export Promotion Council, India imported rough stones worth Rs 16666.49 lakhs between April 1981 and March 1982. Of the total, precious stones accounted for Rs 1578.98 lakhs. Main contributors to the total imports were: Belgium—Rs 50.30 lakhs, Hong Kong—Rs 156.70 lakhs, Switzerland—Rs 367.28 lakhs, United Kingdom—Rs 386.05 lakhs, USA—Rs 546.40 lakhs and West Germany—Rs 54.40 lakhs.

During 1981-82, cut and polished stones were exported to over 31 countries. The biggest markets were: USA (Rs 1133.26 lakhs), West Germany (Rs 582.74 lakhs), France (Rs 524.21 lakhs), Switzerland (Rs 468.56 lakhs), Hong Kong (Rs 458.04 lakhs), UK (Rs 209.04 lakhs), Singapore (Rs 160.56 lakhs) and Italy (Rs 131.12 lakhs). Garnets fetch a good price in West Germany whereas agates are more favoured in Africa, especially Nigeria. Sphene, a dark, olive green stone, has recently become very popular in USA. Gulf countries prefer gold jewellery studded with stones.

Imports and exports of precious and semi-precious stones have both shown increases compared to the previous year. Imports which stood at Rs 1023.93 lakhs in 1980-81, jumped to Rs 1578.98 lakhs the next year. Net exports registered a significant increase by going up from Rs 2813.39 lakhs the previous year to Rs 3642.17 lakhs in 1981-82. ■

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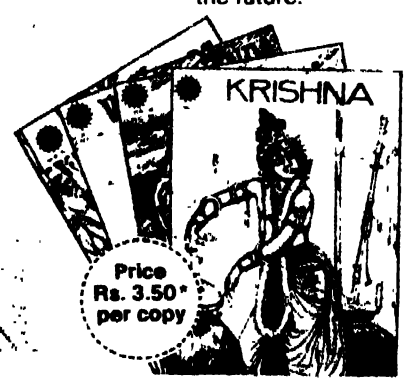

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That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

D.N. PATODIA, President of FICCI and Chairman of Springs India Ltd

Campaign For VAT

WITH the budget approaching, the long-standing demand for tax reform is again gathering momentum. "Why is the Government sitting over the reports of the Wanchoo Committee, the Chaksi Committee, the Jha Committee and the Economic Administration Reforms Commission?" is the common refrain at business get-togethers: An articulate voice is that of Mr D.N. Patodia, who heads FICCI's (Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry) sub-committee on taxation and is in the vanguard of the campaign for value added tax (VAT).

He explains that VAT means tax on the value added to an item as it moves from stage to stage, starting with the manufacturer and ending with the consumer. It is thus not a single-point tax but a single-concept tax. Mr Patodia asserts that if the present excise duty-sales tax-octroi system were to be replaced by VAT, as has been done in West European countries, two advantages would accrue: one, there would not be the cascading inflationary impact of multiple excise duties that a manufacturer has to pay on his inputs; two, VAT is conceptually simple and would avoid the bottle-necks, corruption and litigation that flourish under the present system.

Mr Patodia, who is Chairman of the Sahibabad-based Springs India Limited, one of the two companies in the country making metallic precision springs, does not agree with Mr L.K. Jha's limited concept of MANVAT—value added tax only at the manufacturing stage: "When we can cope with the present system, it is surprising that he considers us insufficiently trained to handle a full-scale VAT."

The "Other Car"

While the country waits for the first Maruti-Suzuki to roll off the assembly line, a four-wheel Dolphin has been put on the road. This "other car" is a neat, compact two-door vehicle, smaller than the Volkswagen beetle. It is being assembled in collaboration with Reliant Motors of the UK. Moderate size sheds have come up on a five-acre plot in Bangalore's industrial area on Tumkur Road.

According to Mr R.K. Sipani, the 39-year-old entrepreneur who has nursed the project since 1979, there is a design in keeping a low profile "until I touch the peak production level by March 1983". Considering that he has averaged no more than 30 cars per month since September, the time-frame he envisages for optimum production seems most unrealistic.

How did he get permission from the Union Ministry for Industry to manufacture a car with British collaboration in the first place? Mr Sipani started ten years ago with his ambitious three-wheeler project, Badal. For reasons beyond his control, the project collapsed after he had produced about 1,000 Badals, and even attempted a four-wheel contraption. Since Government allowed import of technology to existing industries, Mr Sipani staked his claim and walked away with a licence. First, two Dolphins were imported. These were paraded in Bombay. Before long, he had collected a substantial advance from dealers and buyers for about 2,000 cars, enough to invest in his new enterprise. Then came the engine, the moulds for the fibre glass body and experts from Reliant Motors to train local hands.

Already about 100 cars are on the road, nearly 60 of them in Bombay. Dolphin is priced at Rs 80,000. And now, when Maruti-Suzuki are claiming concessions in import duty, etc to be able to price their ware at Rs 45,000, Mr Sipani is also hoping to edge in sideways to obtain similar concessions.

New Interest In India

West European investors may not be itching to come to India but they seem to be interested, if my conversations with some participants at the recent Indo-EEC conference are any indication. While complaining about this country's restrictive policies and tardy procedures, a lot of them feel that the irritants are made up for by the positive factors.

Sir Cyril Pitts, President of the British and South Asian Trade Association, seems to speak for a fair number of EEC businessmen when he says: "You have political stability, a large market and a reservoir of trained manpower. The huge IMF loan testifies to your creditworthiness. In any case, we have learned to expect rules and regulations in the developing world." The company he heads in London, Peter Brotherhood, specialises in steam turbines and compressors. (It has a technological tie-up with Triveni Engineering.) Sir Cyril is also a consultant to Northern Engineering Industries, which is leading the British consortium entrusted with the Riband super-thermal project.

SIR CYRIL PITTS, President of the British and South Asian Trade Association.

That Dr Cesare Rossi, Vice-President, Stalviscosa Eastern Trading, Milan, should also consider India's creditworthiness a major factor is perfectly understandable. Recently, his company lost over $100 million in Mexico as that country slid into bankruptcy. Dr Rossi has technological collaboration with Baroda Rayon and South India Viscose of Coimbatore. As President of the Indian Section of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, he is trying to encourage Indo-Italian tie-ups at the small and medium level, pointing out "The big ones are already there." Mr Stefano Bianchi and Dr Alberto Pesce of the Italian Machine Tool Manufacturers Association evince no less interest in doing business in India. They assert that their technology is as good as the Germans' and the Americans'—and cheaper.

Is the recession compelling West European businessmen to look afresh at the Indian market?

A Review Long Overdue

By setting up a committee to review the monetary system, the Reserve Bank of India has taken a step that was long overdue. The last time the country's monetary system was comprehensively studied was as long ago as 1925-26 when the Hilton-Young Commission was appointed. The Central Banking Enquiry Committee of 1929-31 examined structural details but did not study the monetary system as a composite whole. The terms of reference of the Banking Commission of 1968-70 were too narrow because the RBI, prone to be treated like a holy cow, was excluded. The Banking Commission of 1976-77 proved abortive because its Chairman quit to contest the 1977 elections. Then there have been the committees headed by Mr Prakash Tandon, Dr K.N. Raj, Mr Chore and Professor Dantwala. These provide good analyses of specific banking problems but, again, none of the committees could go into the principles and policies of the monetary authorities—the Finance Ministry and the RBI.

Professor Sukhamoy Chakravarty of the Delhi School of Economics, who heads the new committee, has been given a rather free hand, as is suggested by the first term of reference: "To critically review the structure and operation of the monetary system in the context of the basic objectives of planned development." At present, the professor is unwilling to say much, beyond revealing that he is neither a monetarist nor overly-impressed by Milton Friedman's view of the world, the fellows who attach tremendous importance to checking the growth of money supply as a panacea for inflation. He says: "The growth of money supply is only one factor in the situation. How it is brought about and how the money is spent on different sectors of the economy is no less important."

Professor Chakravarty completed his doctorate under the guidance of Professor Tinbergen of the Netherland School of Economics who was the first economist to win the Nobel Prize in 1969. (He was a member of the Planning Commission from 1971 to 1977.) Despite his taciturnity, he concedes that he will have to tackle questions like high commercial lending rates, decline in the rate of growth of bank deposits and balancing the competing objectives of checking inflation and meeting the financial needs of the corporate sector. What about governmental profligacy, considering that bank credit to the Government sector has already exceeded the limit set by the IMF for the current year? No reply.

PROF SUKHAMOY CHAKRAVARTY of the Delhi School of Economics.

Shiromani Award For Vig

Among the Punjabis who recently received the Shiromani award from the Sikh Studies Foundation for distinguished services in different fields is Mr M.K. Vig, Chairman, Oriental Bank of Commerce. He is reluctant to talk about himself, but the performance of the bank, as brought out in a survey conducted by the *Business Standard* of Calcutta, gives a clue to the award.

By assigning appropriate weightage to six criteria—opening of branches in rural and semi-urban areas, priority sector lending, deposit mobilisation, export credit, net profits to working funds and wage productivity—an integrated priority index has been formulated. Performance based on this index gives Oriental Bank of Commerce second ranking after Andhra Bank among the group of six banks which were nationalised in April 1980. As regards individual criteria, the bank has secured the first position in branch expansion, priority sector lending and deposit mobilisation, but its profitability has suffered. In recent years deposits of the Oriental Bank of Commerce have increased five-fold, from Rs 100 crore in 1977 to Rs 500 crore in 1982.

Asked about the success of his bank, Mr Vig, who is an old State Bank of India hand, attributes it to "good industrial relations".

M.K. VIG, Chairman of Oriental Bank of Commerce

All Things Bronzed And Beautiful

by V. P. Dwivedi

DANCING KRISHNA. The dimpled, cuddlesome god-child was rendered to perfection by South Indian metalsmiths.

METAL images, which are easily portable, more lasting and obtain sharp finish and, therefore, convenient for individual as well as public worship, have existed all over India from the earliest times. Several sacred texts provide elaborate details about their metal contents, iconomentry and casting techniques. These images, most of which are religious, are not only divinely "true" in the terms of their creators' religious ideas, but they specifically reflect human forms and types and these provide us chronological clues. Most are creations of anonymous artists. Some bear inscriptions which are mostly dedicatory and name only the donors. Very rarely is the name of the artist mentioned.

The *cire perdue* casting of the famous dancing girl from Mohanjodaro, a Chalcolithic site (c 2300-1750 BC) attest to the attainment of the Harappan artists in bronze. Her posture, at once alert and graceful as if caught in a breather between bouts of dancing is not the only example of the bronze casting of its time. Smaller figures—a dog, a bull and a buffalo are equally attractive. The bronze buffalo can compete with any other creation of its time for its graceful and natural rendering of the contours and limbs, the twisted tail and the expectant look on its face.

The continuity of the tradition is reflected in the recently discovered group of bronzes at Daimabad (elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo and bull-yoked chariot) in Maharashtra. These late Chalcolithic (c 1500 BC) figures are larger than the Harappan figures known earlier. The lifelike buffalo on a wheeled platform shows the familiarity of the artists with the animal. However, the exact purpose of these figures still remains obscure. The enormous quantity of metal used in their manufacture and the technical excellence of their manufacture and the unwieldly weight point to uses other than as playthings.

Both the examples discussed so far are cast solid. But the *cire perdue* casting produces hollow objects as well, which came into vogue much later, probably to reduce the weight and to minimise the use of the metal. Most of the figures are, however, cast solid. But from the Gupta period onwards the base of the images which was cast separately, was always made hollow. Here is how the artisans cast the statues: the images were first made in wax. After thrice coating them over with clay the artisan dried them in shade and the image thus cast was finished by breaking the burnt earthern mould and cleaning it up with water. The master-craftsman then finished the image with fine tools. Since the mould had to be destroyed in every case, the process had to be repeated in all details for every single image. Each image is thus unique.

A wide chronological gap exists between the earliest occurrence of bronzes in the Harappan period and those in historical i.e. about the 2nd century AD, when the bronzes occur again. A figure of Karttikeya, the commander-in-chief of the gods, recovered by excavations from the Kusana levels at Sonkh, Mathura, recently is flat in its treatment. This also marks an improvement in the technique of manufacture. The deity's rather long lance, turban and akimbo pose are well in conformity with the contemporary sculptures in stone. Unlike the Chalcolithic figures, this image must have been an object of worship.

Indian artists seem to have had a great admiration for the majestic elephant and naturally bestowed utmost care upon its manufacture. The find of a miniature elephant with four riders (5x7 cm) from Kolhapur, Maharashtra shows the mastery of the Satavahana artists of the 2nd century AD. The rendering of the four figures as well as the elephant remind us of similar figures in the Karle caves in Maharashtra. This realistic presentation also indicates a secular theme.

Artistic activity in all media touched lofty heights during the Gupta-Vakataka period (4th-6th centuries AD). The Gupta rulers, who were devout worshippers of Vishnu, extended their patronage to all religions. And this accounts for the find of a large number of bronze figurines of the Buddha during the period. A singularly large hoard of Buddhist bronzes from Phophnar, Madhya Pradesh datable to the 6th century, contains several figures of the Buddha standing on a high rectangular pedestal in *abhaya-mudra* or protective attitude. Some of these have parasols fixed over them. Though the Buddha figures are cast solid, the pedestals are hollow cast. X-ray photographs of a contemporary Gupta bronze figure, now an American museum, have revealed that in certain cases these images were cast in three parts. The head, body and pedestal were each cast separately and then joined together. Based on the Sarnath prototype of the Buddha figure in stone, the image shows a round face with clearly defined features—tall forehead, rounded chin, softly rounded eyebrows, straight nose, broad nostrils, fleshly and full lips, and semi-open eyes with a benign expression on the face. His hair is curly with a well pronounced *ushnisa* (*i.e.* a lump at the top of head).

Discoveries of several hoards of Jaina figurines indicate that the rich Jain merchants vied with one another in extending patronage to the metalsmiths *(sthapatis)* and in embellishing the images with gold. In fact, Jain images outnumber all other images. *Ajanulambabahu* with hands reaching below the knees, one of the features of the Jain Tirthankara, wearing *dhoti* (lower garment) and standing in *koyatsarga* (standing upright with the two hands parallel to the body) is a fine example of the post-Gupta metal workmanship. The famous Akota hoard, comprising of 68 images from Gujarat helps us in tracing the development of Jain iconography and art from 6th to 10th centuries AD. Some of these show the Tirthankara standing while others show him seated cross-legged in *dhyanamudra* (meditation posture). A panel showing three Jain apostles from Akota, datable to the Maitraka workmanship of 8th centuries AD, shows Jina Pasvanatha, identified by the parasol of seven cobra hoods. He is the 23rd Tirthankara out of 24 apostles of the Jain pantheon. He is flanked by two other standing Tirthankaras (the pathfinder and saviour). The pedestal shows a demigod couple a *Yaksha* and his Consort serving as attendants respectively and eight heads, as emblems of the eight planets. This image, too, was once gilded like most of the Jain bronzes.

Bronzes from Sirpur, Madhya Pradesh, show the expanse of post-Gupta influence and the consummate skill attained by the Chedismiths of the Mahakosala region (Madhya Pradesh). The 9th century image of Manjusri, Buddhist god of learning, from this hoard, shows him seated in an easy posture on a high lotus pedestal holding a long stem lotus in his left hand, surmounted by a book. The right hand is in gift-bestowing gesture and he is decorated with elaborate

jewellery and eyes inlaid with silver and lips in copper. The inscription on the pedestal mentions one Dronaditya as the artist.

Nalanda in Bihar was not only famous for its university but also for its elegant bronzes. Most of these images are Buddhist. Jambhala and Tara, both of 9th century workmanship, show that the Nalanda artist lavished the same care on the images of minor deities as on the major. While Jambhala (the Buddhist god of wealth) is pot-bellied, the figure of Tara is an exquisite example of suppleness. Both statues were gilded but have now lost the shine. The influence of Nalanda bronzes extended not only upto the neighbouring Nepal but as far as Java, Indonesia. Kurkihar in Bihar and Rangpur in Bengal produced bronzes which are similar to those from Nalanda.

Metal images from the Himachal region have a shine, yellowish in colour, of their own. Characterised by slender figures, stately and simple, recalling to a certain extent earlier Gupta traditions blended with Kashmiri, Gandhara and Pratihara. A five-headed and ten-armed Devi, riding a human vehicle, is a typical example of the region showing 10th-century workmanship. It has a dedicatory inscription also. The Western Chalukyan sculptures in metal are known for their suppleness, decorated *prabhas* (the back drop arch) and elongation of figures.

JINA PARSVANATHA. Many of the Jain bronzes were gilded and embellished with gold.

THE OLDER INDIAN ICONS are imbued with an inner grace which the modern creations lack.

Although all India is deservedly famed for its bronzes, the great achievements of later Indian bronze sculptures are to be found in South India. An amazingly large quantity of superb bronzes in sizes ranging from a few centimetres upto 130 centimetres in height show images of Buddhist, Jaina, Saivite and Vaishnavite deities. Beginning with tentative experiments in a rather stiff and flat manner under the Pallavas, the South Indian artists mastered techniques required to produce, solid, unique casts of great complexity, culminating in Siva Nataraja, the lord of dance. Various forms of Siva along with his bride Uma and son Skanda, called Somaskanda, seated at ease (Sukhasana) and Nataraja, the lord of cosmic dance, became immortalised in the hands of the Chola artists of South India (9th to 13th centuries). The best bronze of the tenth century Chola workmanship can compete on equal terms with bronze sculpture from any part of the world. Ganesa and Parvati also found expression in Chola and Vijayanagar art (14th-17th cent.). The early Chola period bronzes from Nagapattinam, mostly Buddhist, usually have a flame like projection on their heads.

One of the best known images in the world is the huge bronze of Nataraja from Tiruvelangadu, Tamil Nadu, which roused the admiration of Auguste Rodin, the famous sculpter, who considered it to be the most perfect representation of rhythmic movement in the world. He wrote, "The image of Nataraja can well contest for superiority in gracefulness with the gesture of Venus de Medici which defends its charm by the arm, while Siva does the same by an ingenious gesture."

Poses, derived from the requirements of religious iconography and movements of the dance, range from the intense devotion of the well known Saiva saint Manikkavachaka, groups of male and female figures *i.e.* Somaskanda, fierce aspect of Vishnu as oganarasimha (half-lion-half-man) in Yoga pose; Balakrishna or Krishna as child which is always shown as a dimpled, cuddlesome infant, naked except for a few ornaments and dancing in ecstasy.

The Chola tradition maintained an amazing vitality through the 13th century but with the passage of time there in a growing emphasis on minor details, a bland elongation of the figures, such as, Parvati and Bharata. In the Vijayanagara bronzes stylisation has set in at the expense of pliant charm of the earlier periods (However, images like that of Bharata, which is a masterpiece of its time, are an exception. It fully reflects the unparalleled devotion of the Prince of Ayodhya for his elder brother Rama who was the heir apparent, but was exiled by palace intrigues, as recounted in the Ramayana, is shown carrying sandals of the elder brother on his head as a mark of devotion and symbol of royalty.) The devotion to details is still more obvious in 17th century bronzes from Kerala.

Some of these large South Indian bronze figures have either hooks or holes in the pedestals for carrying them in processions during the festivals on their *vahanas* (vehicles) of different variety. This preoccupation with details became more pronounced as time advanced.

On festive occasions these bronzes were elaborately dressed up with ornaments, flower garlands and silken garments.

The South Indian bronze style never collapsed completely and icons are still being made for wealthy patrons. But lack of faith and dedication has deprived the modern creations with that inner power which once glowed on ancient images. ■

Chakbast:

Poet For All Times

If poets are forgotten, it is because they are either behind times or too far ahead. Chakbast was both. The author recalls, with reverence, the life and times of this evergreen poet.

by P.K. Nijhawan

PANDIT Brij Narain Chakbast, whose centenary year has just concluded, was an Urdu poet and writer of national resurgence not only of his own times (the first quarter of the 20th century) but in some respects perhaps of all times. Writing about him, the late Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, one of the tallest moderates of India, says, "It is not my intention here to in any way compare and contrast Pandit Chakbast with Ullama Iqbal Both are, in fact, representative poets of our times... Still it would not be out of place here to say that while Iqbal is inclined more towards Sufism and matters spiritual and philosophical, the poetry of Chakbast sparkles with poignant human emotions and sentiments, as well as with colour and gaiety . In my opinion vast stretches of fine poetry are to be found in both Iqbal and Chakbast " Sapru's quotation is taken from his Foreward to *Subh-e-Watan* (The Morning of Motherland), Chakbast's solitary collection of poems, the second edition of which appeared with the foreward only a few months after the death of the poet at the age of 44, in 1926.

Sapru was a scholar of distinction as also a great patron of Urdu poetry and knew what he was talking about. Chakbast's tragedy is that a poet of his calibre, whose verse and prose so sensitively and passionately mirror the nation's agony and ecstacy during his time was soon forgotten by his countrymen

Dubh-r-Esen is the only collection of his poems that survived him in 1926 To this was added, in 1928, a collection of his 20 essays entitled *Muzameen-e-Chakbast*. Even these books were not easily available. In consequence, most students of Urdu literature during the next 50 years did not know anything worthwhile about Chakbast beyond a few poems or prose pieces which had somehow found their way into school and college textbooks.

How does the work of a great poet get consigned to oblivion? There can be three possible explanations. The first is that the poet is obscure. This is not the case with Chakbast. He touches his readers quite deeply and is both simple and direct. A poet may also be forgotten if he gets too closely identified with his times and the context abruptly changes. Or he might be much ahead of his time. It would seem that in the case of Chakbast both the latter factors had conspired to put him out of the public eye.

A Chakbast revival started only about five years ago. It is a remarkable resurrection of both the man and his work. In this short period, some 1,400 pages on the various facets of Chakbast have been published. His complete works have been unearthed, researched, annotated and put together in book form. *Kuliat-e-Chakbast*, which contains all his available poems has an 85-page scholarly introduction in addition to about 200 foot notes. It is now a textbook for the Master of Arts degree in Urdu of Indian universities.

This remarkable achievement is the work of one man, Kali Das Gupta "Riza", who worked night and day to bring out four books on Chakbast. He had a date with Chakbast, so to say, to complete this entire work by January this year, *ie* before the centenary year of the poet ended. He had the financial resources to acquire all the necessary tools needed for his work, but rarely do money and this type of backbreaking literary work conducted almost with missionary zeal go together these days.

Even more curious, however, is the fact that the entire process of unearthing Chakbast's works has been done in Bombay, far away from Lucknow or Delhi or Patna or Aligarh or Bhopal or even Hyderabad—the centres of Urdu literature and culture. Perhaps such a stupendous job could be done only in an atmosphere free from the glare of publicity and the encroachment of literary friends.

Riza is himself a writer and poet of no mean stature. He recalls how when he was young his father used to read and quote Chakbast copiously and so some of Chakbast's verses got deeply etched on his mind. For example, this highly philosophical couplet:

The atmosphere will always remain surcharged
with electricity of thought,
Sans thought what is man but a lump of clay—
may stay, may not stay!

When he came back from Kenya in 1970, Riza was very keen to study Chakbast, but he could not lay his hands on any of his works. So he started looking for Chakbast's writings and this is what eventually led to his project on the poet.

In fact, as time passes Chakbast and Riza may be remembered as a twosome, in much the same way as Machhinder Nath, the yogi is usually mentioned with his disciple, Guru Gorakh Nath or as Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda always go together. Just as in a discussion of the *Brahma Sutras*, a referal to the commentary of Shankaracharya is inevitable. What is sought to be conveyed is that Riza's work on Chakbast is as significant. In the process he has established new norms for literary research work in Urdu.

Kashmiri Pandits

Chakbast was born in a family of Kashmiri Pandits. This community lived in small clusters in cities like Lahore, New Delhi, Lucknow and Allahabad. Chakbast's father was a Deputy Collector who was profligate enough to squander all that he had. So at his death, when he left five-year-old Chakbast to the care of his elder brother, poverty hovered over the family. It was a typical middle-class situation in which the family has to struggle all over again to go up the ladder of success. All this, by and large, moulded the character and personality of Chakbast. That he was highly sensitive and an introvert, goes without saying. Such persons if not creative can easily become destructive. But Chakbast was not only creative, he was afire with patriotism.

Urdu was like a mothertongue to his people and Persian also came naturally to them. Chakbast, too, had a natural mastery over these two languages. In that age of reform when *Biradaris* had once again been revived, "Social Conference Kashmiri Panditan", provided an early forum for him. In the forum he read his first poem, *Hubb-e-Quam*, composed at the age of 12. If one did not know beforehand that Chakbast wrote that poem so early in life, one would not place it among his early poems. Here is one of the verses:

If this be the beginning, how beautiful shall be the end!
After all, this is just the first sip of the heady wine I'm taking.

Chakbast's future as a great poet was already predictable. But unfortunately he wrote only on occasion, being more occupied with providing for the joint family he lived in and maintaining all the trappings of his class. So he decided to take up law and passed his LL.B. in 1907 at the age of 25. He had to sacrifice his great urge to write. In one of his ghazals he says:

The daily grind is verily the enemy of my verse.
Only I can sing a ***ghazal*** *in such circumstances.*

As can be expected, for some time he did not succeed at the Bar. But then he had the ability to laugh at himself. Says he in a quartet *(Rubai)*

For nothing do I quarrel with destiny
Poets like me spurn laurels.
Why should I bend backwards for renown
When fame herself will one day seek me out.

Strange Pessimism

There is a strange pessimism reigning in Chakbast's heart. Perhaps because he did not get the recognition that he felt he deserved. It is quite possible that for his defence of Pandit Daya Shankar Naseem alias Nasikh, a master poet of Lucknow, he had earned the ire of the reigning lords of Urdu poetry. It is really painful for a poet of such refinement that he be accused of modelling his poetry, especially his *ghazals* after Ghalib and Atish. In a way the charge could even be one of plagiarism. Even if faintly implied, it could have been enough to hurt him.

Chakbast's greatness lies in that he gave a new content to Urdu poetry, both the narrative poem and the *ghazal*. He was the first committed poet of Urdu, who came much before the progressive movement got under way. He was certainly not speaking of a proletariat revolution but he raised his powerful voice in support of national independence, humanism and liberalism based on liberty, equality and fraternity. But he was nowhere strident in supporting or decrying anything. In fact, he was too levelheaded to indulge in any kind of rabble-rousing polemics. In defence of human dignity he says in one of his immortal verses:

Scant worried shall I be if religion be drowned
All I want is that the embodiment of Man's liberty stand permanent.

Chakbast was a teetotaller. But *ghazal's* poetry has wine and inebriation as integral motifs. So he also wrote of wine but with a marked difference of idiom. One verse may be quoted here as an example:

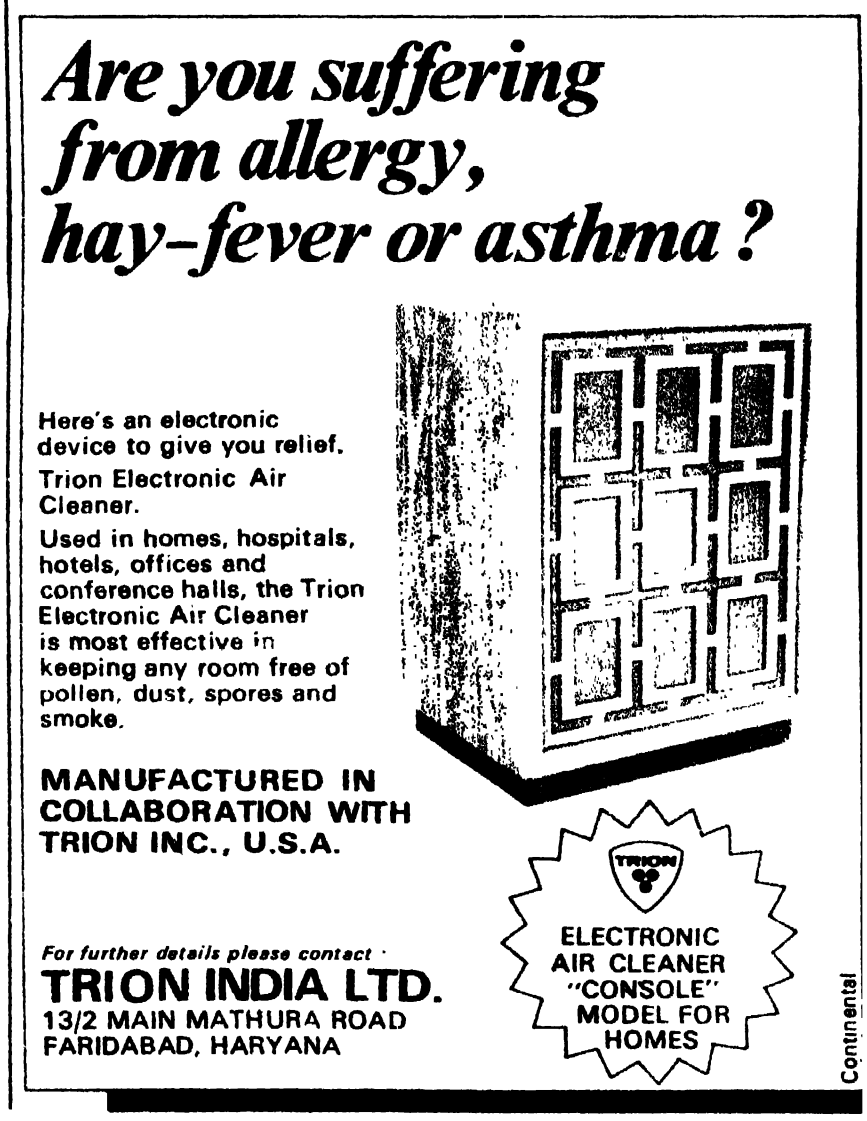
Pub it is and it dishes out democracy
Equal are kings and beggars in the eyes of a boozer!

But Chakbast is superlative when he comes to singing dirges and writing satire. Death appears to have been a fixation with him. Personal calamities apart, perhaps the *Shia* atmosphere of Lucknow had also influenced him. Whenever a big leader or a friend of his died, he paid him homage by writing a poem. These poems will remain a priceless heritage of Urdu poetry. Without being philosophical, they are full of pathos which is haunting.

His satire is also very devastating. He touches its height in his poem, *A Tiff with Lord Curzon*, a long poem full of both passion and art! It appears that Lord Curzon had thoroughly incensed him. Otherwise Chakbast was among those who believed that the British rule was paternal and benign. Like other moderates, his vision, too, did not go beyond Home Rule. My own hunch is that he could have earned the wrath of the Government for such a piece of writing. But then British Viceroys and Governors liked to be lampooned! *Sauda*, the great berater whom Chakbast invokes, must have felt jealous of Chakbast even in his grave for writing such a masterly poem.

Chakbast was also a great prose writer, with a direct, simple and spontaneous style. But that is a separate and vast subject.

Riza has done a yeoman service by resurrecting a great poet and writer and presenting him to the literary world in his centenary year. ■



Hem Kund and

Text and Photographs by P.N. Mehra

THE Himalayas, besides attracting tourists, trekkers and climbers, have long been the abode of religious souls. The hills of Uttarkhand (northern UP), specially, have been associated with some god or sage. In reverence to these religious souls, thousands of Indians go on a pilgrimage to these places—Badrinath, Kedarnath, Amarnath, Gangotri-Jamnotri and, of late, to Hem Kund which is situated 4,500 metres above sea level, and the route to which is one of the most picturesque ever.

Hem Kund is named after an ice-covered lake. Being so high it is almost always under heavy snow and is open to pilgrims only from June to October.

An overnight journey from Delhi takes one to Rishikesh from where plenty of transport is available for the 250-km pilgrim route to Badrinath. Most of the buses carry *yatris* to Badrinath and Hem Kund. As the journey commences there are shouts of *Badri Vishal Ki Jai* and *Jo Bole So Nihal* from the pilgrims to Badrinath and Hem Kund respectively. The Hem Kund pilgrims, mostly Sikhs and some others who are heading for the Valley of Flowers, get down at Govind Ghat, 24 km short of Badrinath. At Govind Ghat there are adequate arrangements for an overnight stay in the PWD rest-house and gurdwara, the latter also providing a free *langar*. The next day one has to trek 14 km to Ghanghaira, now also called Govindham, a very arduous climb of over 7 hours. The path is well marked. For weaker souls, ponies and litters *(dandies)* are also available at Govind Ghat. Ghanghaira is a lovely place, situated in a pine forest, and there are a number of places to stay, including tourist huts, gurdwara sheds and quite a few eating houses including the gurdwara *langar*.

From Ghanghaira there are two routes—one leading to the famous Valley of Flowers and the other to Hem Kund lake. The latter is much more arduous and equally rewarding. This trek is full of pilgrims of all ages shouting *Jo Bole So Nihal*. The whole way is studded with almost all the flowers in the Valley, but here we see more—the Brahm Kamal, a beautiful lotus-like cream yellow blossom which grows only above 3,500 metres. Here and there one sees a birch grove shimmering in white as if painted with snow. When you are close to your destination you can see a big yellow flag fluttering at the top of the hill to assure you that you have made it.

Surprisingly, quite a few devotees brave the bitter cold and take a dip in the holy waters. It must be their faith which helps them to bear it. The *sewadars* in the gurdwara give you unlimited glasses of hot tea, and what a blessing it is at that height and in that cold! Hem Kund is a beautiful lake encompassed by snow-clad hills at the feet of which bloom myriads of flowers. Unfortunately, the big concrete dome of the Gurdwara takes something away from the beauty of the lake. But faith is stronger than aesthetics. One should not tarry too long as the weather invariably turns inclement in the afternoons; that is why you are asked at Ghanghaira to leave for Hem Kund at daybreak. Lucky indeed is the person who can spend a week rambling in this enchanted valley. ■

PILGRIMS PROGRESS (above) As the journey to Hem Kund commences, there are shouts of Jo Bole So Nihal from the pilgrims. Below Hem Kund lake with the Lakshman Temple on its banks.

the Valley of Flowers

Text And Photographs By Sanat Shodhan

IN 1936 a Mr Smith, who was part of an expedition to Kamet, one of the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, was caught in an avalanche and fell several thousand feet. When he pulled himself together, he found himself standing at the edge of a valley carpeted with millions of dancing flowers of different hues. The beautiful sight he beheld brought tears of happiness to his eyes. He later named this valley the Valley of Flowers.

The Bhyunder Valley is situated at 12,000 ft. The journey from Ghanghaira is a trekker's delight but the chill seeped into our bones making climbing very difficult. The rains had made the uneven and stony path slippery but chill and toil were forgotten when we saw a cluster of brilliant blue forget-me-nots merrily dancing in the breeze.

We were gaining height rapidly and the flowers, ferns and trees were changing, too. After those tiny blues there came brilliant yellow monocharis and countless bhoipatra trees. Soon we got our first glimpse of a glacier.

We continued up, delighting in the myriad flowers and trees. At last we crossed a small bridge and stepped into God's heaven on earth—the beautiful Valley of Flowers. Our eyes drank in the magnificent panorama of colourful flowers and innumerable shrubs. We were completely bowled over. From the clutches of stark mountain and rock we had been released into a vast garden of soft-pink balsams and golden buttercups, yellow potentilas, white lady's lace, brilliant red primulas and wild roses. Lush green ferns, golden tipped, marvellously set off the flowers. Further down the slope was a carpet of bright orange locked with green and forming an amazing checkered pattern. A light drizzle was falling, imparting a dream quality to the whole thing.

We walked all over the 4-km stretch until we sank, exhausted, near the helipad. The air was filled with the sweet perfume of the flowers. In one corner we saw the tomb of Margaret, a botanist, who died in the valley some years ago when she fell from a rock. People come from all over to pay homage to this great lover of nature.

Not satisfied with what we had already seen, we walked across the slopes and saw many other flowers, including a rare species of poison flowers—take a deep breath and you will never wake up again. We saw rhododendron, white arums, creamy yellow cassiope, blue cashmiriana, jasmina, marigolds The colourful flowers, lush green ferns, light-green creepers and deep-green weeds covered every inch of the valley, making it look like a gorgeous green carpet woven with drops of pearls, emeralds and gold.

In the late afternoon, as the mist was setting in slowly and the cool breeze brought light rain in its wake, we prepared to leave this magnificent valley which wore the look of a painting where different colours had been thrown on a canvas and then washed with a lovely, soft green.

Goodbye Valley of Flowers, Garden of God. Goodbye. ■

ABHA 10

Vintage Violins

by V. Sridhar

TWO years ago, at his concert in Bombay, Ruggiero Ricci, the great violinist, played on an instrument perhaps more famous than himself. A Guarneri del Gesu (so called after the celebrated craftsman), the violin is said to have been made in 1734 and may today cost up to $300,000 (a whopping Rs 27 lakhs), about ten times its weight in gold. A Guarneri is hard to lay hands on, now, and Ricci told newsmen that there was nothing romantic in his acquiring it and that he just bought it in a violin shop.

What was really romantic was that ten years ago, at the world famous sales room of Sotheby's in London, a violin named "Lady Blunt" was up for sale. It was a 1721 Strad made by a more famous master, Antonio Stradivari, rated by experts as the world's second finest Stradivarius. (The "Alard" is said to be the best).

"Lady Blunt" first made the scene in 1864 when it turned up in Paris via Spain. Its possessor, Luthier Villaume, a Frenchman, is reported to have written to a friend: "What I possess is the most remarkable Stradivarius. It is a discovery."

Lady Anne Blunt (grand-daughter of the poet Lord Byron), after whom the violin came to be known, was an amateur musician. She bought the instrument from the Frenchman for £260. Later, it was owned by a German collector and then changed hands seven times before it came up for auction at Sotheby's.

Bidding is said to have begun at £20,000 and rose by leaps of £2,000. Andrew Hill, partner of the famous firm of W.E. Hill, leading violin traders, ultimately knocked it down at the record price of £84,000 on behalf of an unknown buyer.

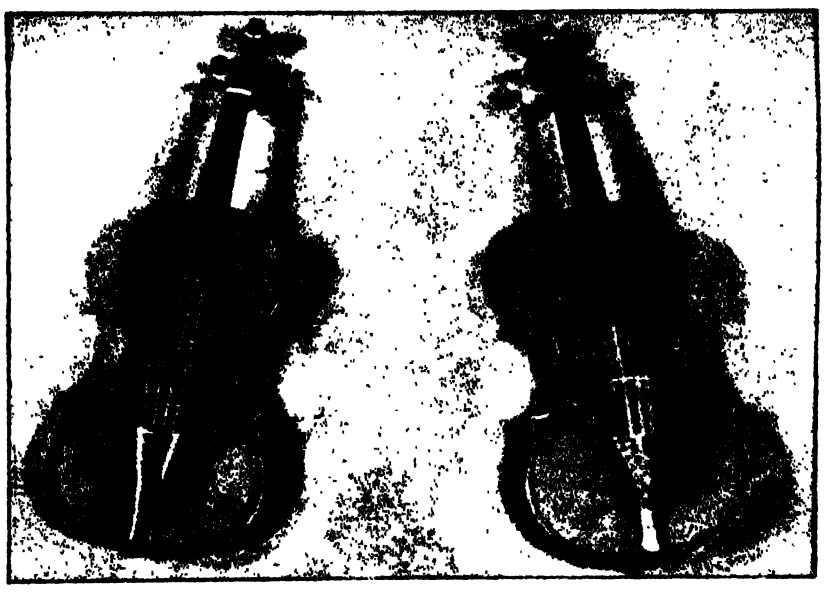
In October, 1979, another famous Stradivarius called "Reginer" because it was once owned by the French maestro, Leon Reginer, was also sold at Sotheby's for $96,000. It was again put up by an anonymous "gentleman" and bought anonymously.

One wonders who plays "Lady Blunt" and "Reginer" now. In the hands of Ruggiero Ricci or Yehudi Menuhin or one of our own *"vidwans"* like Lalgudi Jayaraman, M.Gopalakrishnan, T.N. Krishnan, Chandrashekhar, Subramanian and Rajam, they can coo comforting cadences. What a pity that they should become rich collectors' items!

(The highest price ever paid at a public auction for a music instrument was $390,000 for a piano built less than a century ago. The Steinway grand piano was designed in 1884 by Laurence Alma Tadero and purchased for the aforesaid sum by a private investor in New York on March 28, 1980. It had been last auctioned in 1903 for $8,000.)

Some time ago, Lalgudi lamented to me that it was extremely difficult to get a good violin in India. He was lucky to have been presented with an instrument by Menuhin in 1965 when the two met at the Edinburgh festival. Menuhin invited Lalgudi to his house and when the latter went there without his violin, the maestro was surprised. He asked Lalgudi to play on his own (some violinsts are so finicky that they will not let others even touch their instrument). After the performance, he took up the phone and called his manufacturers in Rome and placed an order for a good violin. The Marinus Capicchioni was delivered to Lalgudi in Madras in a month's time. Jayaraman treasures this gift, using it till today for all his concerts.

VIOLIN MAESTRO YEHUDI MENUHIN



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS. Violins made by Stradivarius: inlaid ivory (left), 1683, and (right) known as "The Messiah", 1716.

A UNIQUE DOUBLE VIOLIN, a twin-bodied, ten-stringed stereophonic instrument used by L. Shankar, a member of the popular music group, "Shakti".

In India,the violin is more popular in the South than in the North. You cannot think of a Carnatic vocal music concert without the violin accompaniment while solo recitals are eagerly looked forward to. An average Carnatic music violinist is as good as his Western counterpart and the maestros could, quite conceivably compete with Menuhin or Ricci Yet, the violin-making industry is largely concentrated in Calcutta. Unfortunately, Indian manufacturers do not have the same sincerity, sophistication and dedication of the Stradivarius or Guamerius families Almost cast in a mould and turned out in thousands, their products are a bug-bear to the artistes. And they have the temerity to stamp the name of Stradivarius on these instruments! The late Dwaram Venkataswamy Naidu, a violin *vidwan* par excellence, once remarked that Indian violins were nothing but matchboxes.

Anatomy Of A Violin

The anatomy of a violin is said to consist of 84 different pieces and when crafted by specialists like Stradivari or Guarneri it can be a feast to the eye as well as the ear. Both these masters belonged to the school of the acknowledged head of violin-making in Gremona, Nicolas Amati, but each implanted his individuality on his creation. While Stradivari first emphasised accoustics and then appearance, Guarneri revived the earlier Brescial style of bold rugged outline and masterly carelessness Tone was his main consideration The secret of their technique, though much debated, has never been found out. It is said that Stradivari used pinewood, seasoned for years and dried in the sun. The pine trees would be tapped even before cutting to make sure they had the requisite hum.

Some of the other more famous Strads are: The "Hellier", the "Selliere", the "Tuscan", the "Betts", the "Ernst", the "La Pucelle", the "Viotti", the "Dolphin", the "Messiah", the "Muntz", and the "Millanollo" (the only Strad in India owned by an unknown lucky person).

Modern Masters

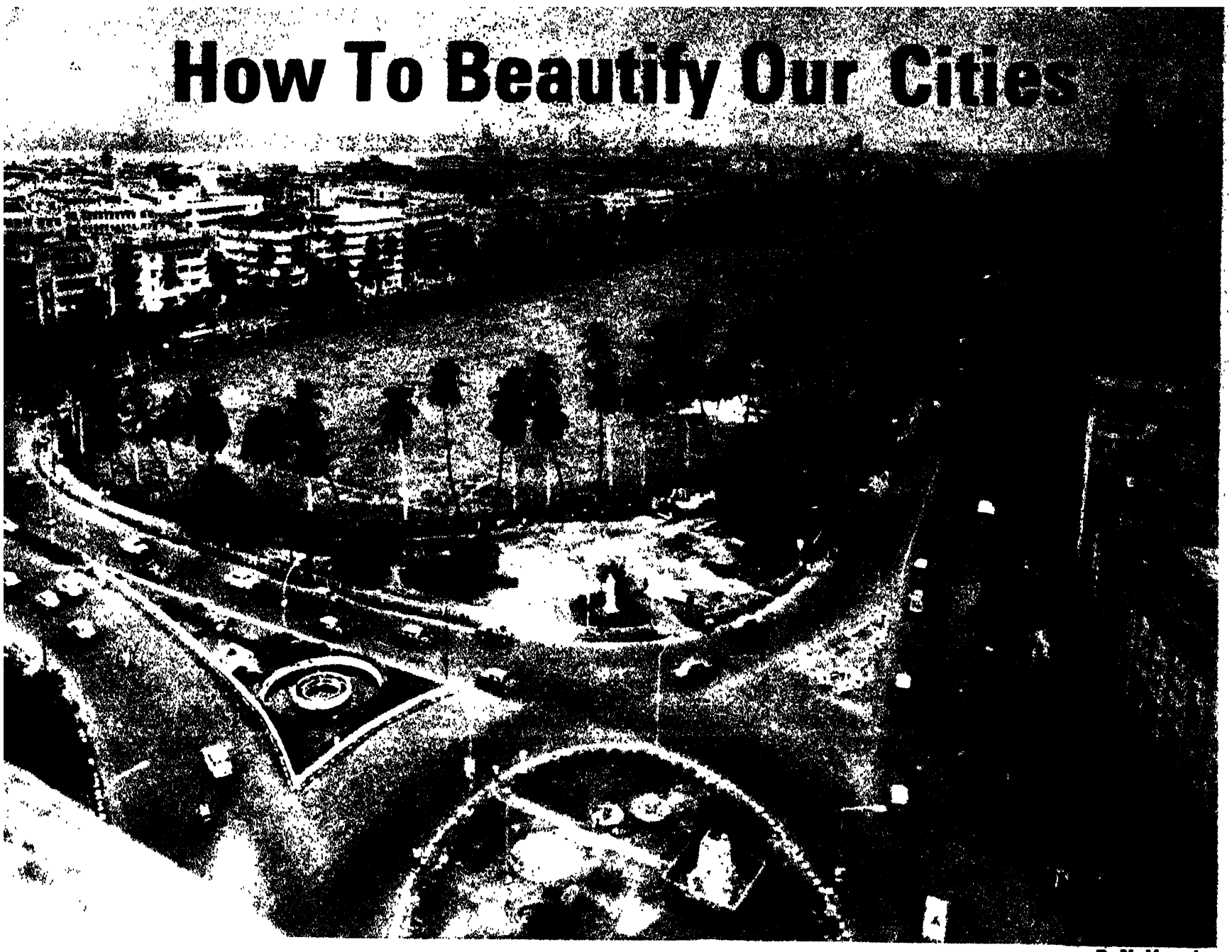
There have been other masters, too, like Giardini, Pugnani, Franccuer, Graun and Benda and more modern masters like Mayseder and Spohr whose creations must be making mellifluous music the world over On the Continent are a number of villages—Mirecourt in the Vosges, Mittenwald in Bavaria, Markneukirchen in Saxony and Schoubach in Czechoslovakia—which for generations have specialised in violin-making. In Mittenwald, the only monument in the hamlet—a violin-maker with a violin on his knee— has been erected in memory of Mathais Klotz, another great craftsman. Each home in these villages makes violins and every violin sings.

Not to be outdone by all these celebrities, a cobbler in Edinburgh manufactured a leather violin in 1813 which was claimed to be not inferior to any made of wood But no more of this has been heard since

The latest to make the violin scene is the "LSD" (L. Shankar's Double Violin)— a twin-bodied, ten-stringed stereophonic "contraption". This instrument is however, exclusive to Shankar; no one else has adopted the design.

It is claimed that the violin owes its origin to an Indian instrument called 'Ravanastom' made of a cylinder of syca more wood hollowed out from one end to the other. The famous musicologist, Heron Allon, says the history of violin is simply the history of bow, establish the bow and you have the existence of the violin. And the bow is believed to be Asia's contribution to the music world. ■

How To Beautify Our Cities



—R. N. Verneker

THE OVAL SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME is not quite evident in this picture. In any case, the Oval is one maidan in Bombay which has witnessed minimum encroachment. Go to Bombay's Azad Maidan and Cross Maidan and all you see is encroachment! In the case of what was known as the Lloyd's Reclamation—one of Bombay's most beautiful playgrounds right up to the mid 1960s—what you see is the University Stadium, the Wankhede Stadium and the Hockey Stadium!

Any plan for urban development must necessarily cater for that long-neglected part of urban life: recreation.

by M. N. Buch

IN 1972, I was the Administrator of the Municipal Corporation of Bhopal. There was a small piece of waste land, about 1.5 hectares in area, lying between the Upper and Lower Lakes. The rocky ground had a steep slope towards the Lower Lake and was used for the dumping of garbage by the persons living around it.

As a city, Bhopal has beautiful surroundings, with lakes and hills and plains merging into each other. However, Bhopal sadly lacked recreational facilities. I, therefore, decided to convert this waste land into a park. It was my good fortune to have a horticulturist of great sensitivity and knowledge, B.L. Patodia, with me and, together, we converted this rocky land into a modest park. I would consider this to be amongst the better gardens in India.

All this has a moral to it. The late Shakir Ali Khan, a Communist member of the State Legislature and a person whom I (together with many people in Madhya Pradesh) remember with great respect, severely criticised what he thought was wasteful expenditure by the Municipal Corporation at a time when the level of services in Bhopal left much to be desired. My only reaction was to take the stand that, whereas I could not give a garden to each house in Bhopal, I could create gardens to which every Bhopali could come. Within 3 months of its creation, *Kilol* attracted so many people and was taken to heart to such an extent by the Bhopalis that Shakir Saheb, to his credit, made a statement in the Vidhan Sabha to the effect that he withdrew all his objections and desired that more such parks be created in Bhopal!

Average Citizen's Yearning

The point I am trying to make is that *the average citizen*, however overtaken by his own circumstances, has a yearning for beauty and for a place of recreation where he can forget his cares. Indeed, recreation is almost as important a public service as transport, street lighting or drainage.

The first Master Plan of Delhi recognised that city people need planned recreational areas. In fact, the Master Plan envisaged the creation of a system of greens which would interlink the whole city. One was the park development along the Yamuna which, commencing at Wazirabad, went all the way down to Okhla and Kalkaji. The other was the development of the Ridge from near the University, down to Tuglakhabad and Mehrauli.

Perhaps the main consideration behind this planning proposal was environmental, but there is a strong underlying assumption that these green areas would be used by the people as lungs for recreation. If there is any part of the Master Plan which has been implemented successfully, it is the development of these interlinking green areas. Yamuna Bazar, Vijay Ghat, Shanti Van and Raj Ghat, the trees on the Ring Road, Ferozeshah Kotla, the development opposite New Friends Colony, the lovely gardens commencing at Kalkaji Temple and going into the valley between the temple and Nehru Place, are examples of extremely sensitive horticultural treatment of areas which could otherwise have degenerated in

THE MAN WHO MADE DELHI GREEN. The effort of the architect and the engineer, says the author, to make Delhi ugly has been effectively counteracted by one single person, Sahdeo Singh *(above)*

KILOL—A PARK WITH A FAIRYLAND LOOK. Located between Old and New Bhopal, it virtually "spans" two periods—the ancient and the modern. It has become a symbol of change and hope in the civic life of the Madhya Pradesh State Capital.

we develop stadia! In the early 1960s, there was, on our part, a countrywide mania for developing stadia, with the result that every district spent lakhs of rupees on construction work at district headquarters. Concrete monstrosities have been put up at great cost, leaving nothing for the development of the grounds proper.

For example, at Ratnagiri (Maharashtra), lakhs have been spent on constructing pavilions of singularly ugly design, but the playing-fields enclosed by the pavilions are not even levelled. Naturally enough, there is no money for equipment, with the result that the stadia which we have prepared are generally not used by sportsmen.

Theory And Practice

In Delhi, every school has acres of land, theoretically to be developed as playing-fields, but very few of these have, in fact, been so utilised. It is no wonder that in practically every game, except perhaps ludo and tiddlywinks, Indians perform badly. If a stroll in the park is good recreation for elders, knocking about on a football field is ideal for youngsters. Our youngsters are being neglected—badly.

Recreation goes beyond the purely physical and embraces the world of aesthetics and spiritualism. Spiritual needs are well catered for in this country, sometimes by places of worship built legally and, more often, by those built illegally. One only wishes that God—by whatever name He is worshipped—could convince His priests and acolytes that He is not deaf and that prayers conveyed to Him without the aid of amplifying equipment would still reach Him!

Our aesthetic needs must naturally be catered for by art, music, dance and drama. Even in the absence of permanent art galleries, our climate permits open-air viewing of the work of artists. It is the audio-visual arts which really need a forum. We have failed to evolve a design of theatres which would permit construction at reasonable cost. The result is that we construct either barnlike buildings, which are quite useless, or extremely expensive theatres, which few can afford. In fact, our climate is most amenable to open-air stages and screens. This would be inexpensive and would also permit more performing artistes to practise their art in public. In the ultimate analysis, it is the audiences which make art, not the artistes alone.

Whereas rural society is homogenous and closely knit, urban society is heterogeneous. Homogeneity lends itself to internal planning whereas a heterogeneous society has to be planned for. It is in this context that any plan for urban development must cater for that long-neglected part of urban life: recreation. ■

Courtesy: *Urban India*

THE AUTHOR'S SHATTERED DREAM? The signboard is self-explanatory, bearing as it does the legend: *The Great Work of Buch*. It was photographed amidst the ruins of a demolished, dilapidated house in the main square of Old Bhopal during the time P.C. Sethi was MP Chief Minister.

the manner in which much of the seafront has done in Bombay.

Similarly, forest and garden development on the Ridge—of which Northern Ridge, Sabzi Mandi, Dhaula Kuan, Jehan-panah, Tuglakhabad and Mehrauli are a few examples—also indicates the triumph of the horticulturist over a barren environment. The effort of the architect and the engineer to make Delhi ugly has been effectively counteracted by one single person: Sahdeo Singh, Director of Horticulture of the Delhi Development Authority. The people of Delhi owe him a debt of gratitude. Where, however, the Plan has not fully materialised is in the development of recreational areas in the crowded parts of the city, reference to which will be made later.

Two Exceptions

Bhopal and Delhi are exceptions. In the case of the former, the existence of the Capital Project of the DDA made funds available for the development of recreational areas. In most cities in India, the local bodies function so near the margin of survival that money is just not available for the development of parks and gardens.

Even where money is available, it is utilised in such a wasteful manner that what emerges is not a recreational area but a place to be avoided. Planners are carried away by the beautiful shades of green which appear on their plans and assume that, because they have provided the space for recreation, ergo the space is, in fact, developed. Land between buildings, which does not take the form of a compound, in fact becomes a community garbage-dump. Land earmarked for playgrounds and parks invites encroachment. Quite often, the recreational areas themselves are put where no one can visit them.

This is because most Master Plans are required to provide for the reservation of 8 to 10 per cent of land area for community recreation and, because such land is not available where it is most needed—that is, in crowded localities—percentages are made up by reservation in peripheral areas.

Even in Delhi, Nehru Park and Buddha Jayanti Park are located in zones where people have their own large gardens or where no one lives. On the other hand, open land available for recreational use in the old city is less than 2 per cent of the total land area. A person living in Khari Baoli, Shahjahanabad or Daryaganj hardly feels the impact of forest development around Tuglakhabad. For land to be truly developed for recreational use, it must be located in the midst of populated areas and developed in such a manner that, in fact, people use it.

In this context, the Oval in Bombay, the Red Fort Grounds in Delhi and the Maidan in Calcutta are good examples of open land in crowded localities which really serve the recreational needs of the people. Another excellent example is the municipal garden at Muzaffarnagar in UP.

Playing-fields are often equally neglected. One of the pleasures of Western cities is that there are municipal swimming-pools, tennis grounds and sports fields in abundance. In India,

Had The Doctor Lost His Tongue?

by Jeet Singh

I WAS released on a month's parole yesterday (July 27, 1982). And to-day I undertook a very special mission: To thank the doctor who had helped me breathe free air after 1½ years. I was moving through the crowded bazaar of Haldwani in a rickshaw when I realised my presence was not felt. "What difference will it make to anybody whether I am hanged or acquitted or sentenced to a life term." I thought.

Accepting my plea of self-defence, the Hon'ble High Court observed: "... the accused had the right to shoot the deceased " Now, when the Supreme Court has rejected the State's request for the leave to appeal against the judgement, I wish to toast the occasion with a number of short stories. True plots have leaked from my pen. But I have thought it wise to blend the stories with imagination to make them colourful and camouflage the characters.

Somebody requested me for a lift and I soon realised that he was my comrade in "the government guest house" where, besides free accommodation, clothing, body-guards, transport and "ornaments" (leg irons), I was entitled to some special previleges as I was an income-tax payer. The benevolent government had given me an orderly-cum-cook and a separate cell. Unlike those in Class C, my food was cooked in *desi ghee*. It is said (I do not know whether it is true or false) that Pandit Nehru had served his term in the same cell. Co-prisoners felt that it was a hallowed room.

Often sentries came to get their fortunes told by me (my reputation as a palmist had spread throughout the jail). It was a luxury to talk to them since I preferred their alcoholic fumes to the foul breath of other prisoners. My friendship with the sentries got me special privileges. I was allowed to keep a stock of my own eatables like biscuits and fruits. The jail had double lock-ups. The inner lock-up was opened only for two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening. My friendship helped me to avoid the inner lock-up and stay outside for the whole day.

The jail had no electricity, no water supply and no windows. The latrines were never cleaned. Today I wonder what percentage of inmates suffer from incurable ailments because of poor hygiene I am sure that a number of post release deaths can also be attributed to this lack of sanitary facilities. The only source of water was a hand pump which moaned and groaned as prisoners tried to operate it.

We were served only two meals—no tea, no breakfast. The meals in Class C invariably consisted of six chappatis and a soupy *dal* that never had a grain of dal. "The jailwallahs enjoy our rations," some had the necessary strength to grumble aloud. Every chappati was burnt on one side and left uncooked on the other. They ate because they knew they must eat to live.

The weighing and distribution of rations were done by prisoners. A large part of it found its way into the houses of our "jailors". Sometimes my *desi ghee* was substituted by a cheaper brand. It was cheap enough to irritate my tonsils.

In the evening we were asked to stand in formation and pray. After the compulsory official prayers, the Sikh prisoners would conduct their own evening prayers *(Rehras)*. "Forsaking all other doors, Lord I have come to thy door. It is for thy honour to protect me, I am thy humble servant." This was followed by *Ardas: Prothim bhauti simar ke Guru Nanak live dhiye*... (after praying to God, who dispenses justice by the sword, think of Guru Nanak...) Then we begged God to give us the gift of His worship, the gift of divine knowledge, the gift of bathing in the holy waters of the Golden Temple. At last the most important thing: complete acquittal was begged. An armed Sikh sentry, who guarded the gate and who never entertained visitors unless they "warmed" his pockets, would conveniently forget his duty and come in to take part in the prayers enthusiastically. The Sikh sentry would invariably recite a *shabad* (devotional song).

Kashmira Singh (who was alleged to have shot dead a magistrate) would shout "Victory be..." and the entire jail would echo "to sword and free kitchen". This was a unique scene of secularism. Everybody, Sikh or of any other faith, would participate enthusiastically and the shouting would continue for some time. Then came the hour of debate on divine knowledge: "Man is not bad but the circumstances make him so. If a poor man's heart will burn, the smoke will reach heaven and suffocate the gods!"

The general feeling about the courts was one of hopelessness. We talked about the pervasive corruption. The general opinion was that it is fashionable nowadays to take a bribe with one hand and convict with the other. I am sorry that for fear of contempt of court I cannot reproduce some of the interesting facts. The fresh men never admitted their crime since they believed that two or three plain-clothes policemen were always present. If someone asked them a second question, they became suspicious and answered the questions in a defensive manner.

The frequent visitors were more confident. They tried to boost our sinking morale: "Don't worry, Sardarji, I have committed four murders and now my ten-year-old son has committed one. He is not even half your age." What solace!

"...I fired four shots at the magistrate; the fourth one drained the life out of him...." Kashmira Singh enjoyed repeating the incident.

Soon we were at the doctor's residence. I carefully brushed aside all the dust that had gathered on the box of sweets that I was going to present him.

The doctor promptly responded to my knocking. "Oh, he is waiting for me," I thought. "And why should he not? I would also expect a token of gratitude if I were in his place." The doctor opened the door and said nothing. His face was screwed up as though he was suffering great pain. He then stepped aside without saying a word. I walked in thinking that I was welcome.

I shattered the silence with "Thank you, doctor sahib. It is with your blessings and by your grace that I am out." The doctor looked horrified and I concluded that a patient must have died. "You see, a doctor must not be blamed for every death," I tried to console him, "Sometimes, a patient dies because he neglects all precautions and does not take the prescribed medicine."

The doctor blushed silently. It was difficult to comprehend the cause. "Come on, doctor sahib, share your grief with me," I offered sympathetically. Alas, his condition became worse and I could see tears in his eyes.

"Please do accept a token of gratitude," I said, as I forced the box of sweets into his trembling hands. "I will take your leave," I said. His favourable report had given me freedom and I could not understand his strange behaviour. On my way back home, I dropped in at the Post Office to collect my mail.

That day I had an important letter. It was from my High Court advocate. It read: "...the doctor has stated in his medical report.... the illness is minor. It can be treated in jail. There is no need to grant parole for this reason." How was I paroled the next time? That is another story. ■

The Pill Is "In"

by Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

A TINY pellet Smaller than the size of a pea automatically swallowed by millions of women all over the world night and day, as a routine like brushing teeth or drinking tea! And the potency that lies hidden in that little globe is remarkable This miniscule globule is the *Pill* a modern day miracle possible after years of dedicated research one of the most effective preferred and foolproof methods of contraception today

An Ancient Quest

A babe in a house is a well of pleasure for the affluent coterie perhaps but certainly not so for the hungry millions who eke out a hand to mouth existence in our country day in and day out and at times even pray for the "daily bread to fall from the sky The basic problem is more mouths and less food But this is not a novel problem this quest for limiting the number of emaciated bellies Neither is this problem unique to our country merely a result of scientific miracle making (including the fall in mortality rates due to the discoveries of antibiotics and penicillin) But like most ideas that seem very new birth control is in fact very old It was there in an Egyptian papyrus 4 000 years ago In Greece 2 400 years ago it was a hotly debated subject and the first documented methods in our own land go back to 1,600 years The need for limiting the size of the family is as old as the idea of mankind itself

The search for something like the pill has been there ever since our princesses drank concoctions of bark and roots of magic herbs in ancient India The pill has a dramatic history—an eccentric professor of an American university went chasing an unknown "magic herb in the uncharted hilly Mexican terrain The search yielded the lumpy black roots of the *cabeza de negro* a vine with heart shaped leaves and tiny coloured flowers The hormone progesterone could actually be manufactured in kilograms from this root and the myth of the "magic potion' was shattered—and what emerged was the embryo for a new method of contraception

The Hormonal Orchestra

The action of the pill can best be explained by saying that when you take the pill your brain is fooled into thinking that you are already pregnant Regular intake of the pill builds up the levels of ovarian type hormones and the pituitary gland— that little pea sized organ at the base of your brain which controls hormonal activity —does not think it any longer necessary to send out the hormones that would stimulate the ovaries The normal cycle of ripening and release of eggs is totally suppressed making the oral contraceptive pill *the* most effective method of reversible family planning

In addition there are certain back up effects The slippery mucus—which normally flows from the cervix during mid cycle and is easily penetrated by sperm is transformed by the hormones present in the pill into a scanty thick material that actually acts as a barrier to sperm In addition the lining of the uterus changes making it less amenable to support and nourish a fertilised egg should such fertilisation take place by the remotest chance! Thus even if the primary action of the pill (preventing e g release from the ovary) were to fail it back up mechanisms would still inhibit pregnancy Indeed even after accounting for the possibility of forgetting to take tablets the failure rate is only 1 pregnancy per year in 100 pill users and, for women who take the pill regularly the failure rate is only 1 pregnancy in a year for 1,000 pill users This is many times lower than for all other methods of contraception except sterilisation But pill taking unlike sterilisation is an entirely reversible method Fertility is restored when the pill is stopped

The normal method of taking the pill is continuously for 21 days, followed by a 7 day break During this 7 day rest period, when the pill is withdrawn, the body responds to the lowered hormonal levels just as it would have at the end of a normal menstrual cycle The uterine lining is shed The lining is thinner and has been caused in a different way by the pill so that the bleeding is less often darker in colour and usually less painful than the normal menstrual period

Side-effects And Risks

The usual first reaction of people about the pill is concern about possible side effects and to a greater degree the feeling that it is an unnatural control of the normal body process The latter is certainly not true It can be argued that since the pill simulates pregnancy and child bearing is what nature intended its regular taking is perhaps a more natural thing than going through cycle after cycle of regular ripening and release of eggs without fertilisation

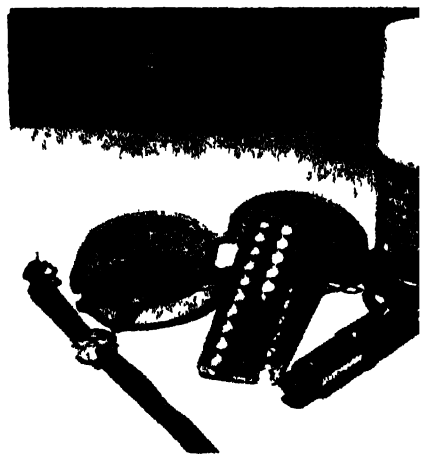
On the other hand there are a few side-effects These are rare and often inconsequential but for these reasons pill taking must always be with proper medical supervision Side effects which have sometimes been noticed include nausea headaches breast tenderness or tingling gain in weight vaginal discharge leg aches and cramps and mild depression When any of these side effects appear, before you decide to give up pill taking your doctor will probably advise you to give it a try for 3 months When bleeding or other minor side effect occur they often settle down in course of time

However for all there are certain risk factors which are serious Women with a history of disorder of the circulatory system are not advised to go on the pill The basic problem of thrombosis which is the formation of blood clots in the arteries or veins— which has sometimes appeared with pill users has been blamed perhaps unjustly on pill usage In fact, thrombosis is more likely in pregnancy, too It is believed that the risk factor of thrombosis is not normally a serious deterrent to pill taking But, sometimes there are other considerations which add to the risk The most important one here is smoking Heavy smokers should certainly not take the pill although it is said that the added risk of pill taking is less than the harmful effects of 15 cigarettes a day If you are a smoker you should anyway consider giving up smoking for the Pill taking can come later

The pill is essentially a combination of the two hormones oestrogen and progestogen These are female sex hormone produced by the ovary Oestrogen is produced throughout the menstrual cycle while progestogen is produced only in the second half of the cycle and prepares the body for pregnancy The hormones present in the pill are artificial and contain oestrogen and progestogen in amounts that are thought necessary to inhibit ovulation yet the dosage is to be kept down to a minimum to reduce the possibility of side effects

The Triphasic Pill

In the Triphasic pill the hormone dosage is regulated over the 21 days of pill taking The first 6 tablets contain the smallest amounts of oestrogen and progestogen The next 5 tablets have larger amounts of both hormones The last 10 tablets have smaller amounts of oestrogen but larger amounts of progestogen This system of hormonal control which comes closer to mimicking the hormonal changes in the natural cycle has been found to be more effective The three phase administration of the pill make it possible to have a considerably lower total monthly intake of artificial hormones with a corresponding re

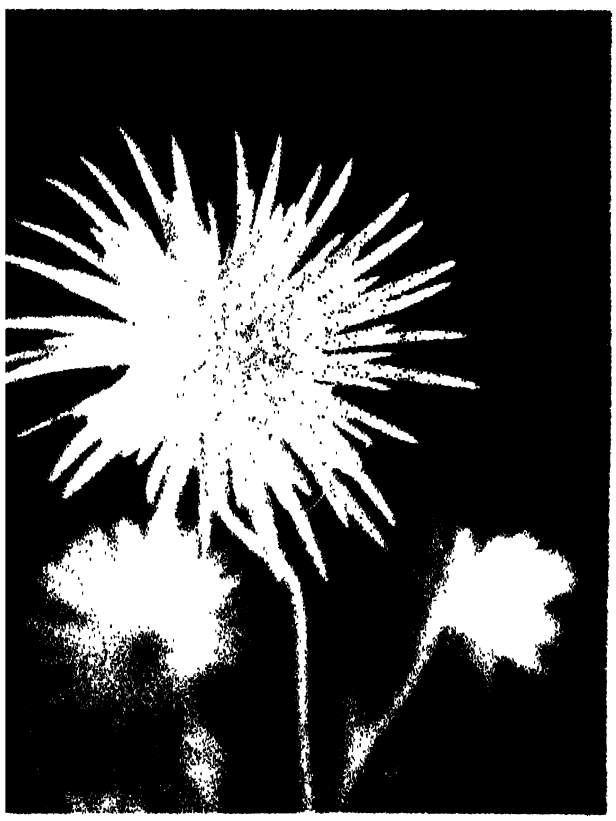


duction of the risk of side effects When the Triphasic pill reaches the Indian market which should be quite soon—it will be an obviously popular contraceptive method

With more and more women realising the necessity for small families it is little wonder that contraception is not a banned idea any longer And of all the modes offered in this sector it would not be unjust to have a soft spot for the pill Though the condom, the diaphragm the intra uterine devices and vasectomy/ligation are effective enough, the pill wins through sheer convenience There are few instances where the normal pill user suffers from discomfort or distress There is no irritation —as there often is in the case of loops and IUDs The condom can at times, prove unwieldly and take away some of the charm off a honeymooners' exercise And vasectomy and ligation are not recommended for newlyweds as operations are meant for couples who have no inclination to enlarge their family and can be difficult to reverse—but the pill is above all this and far more dependable and reliable than most of the other modes ■

The Third Eye

A Hobby Par Excellence



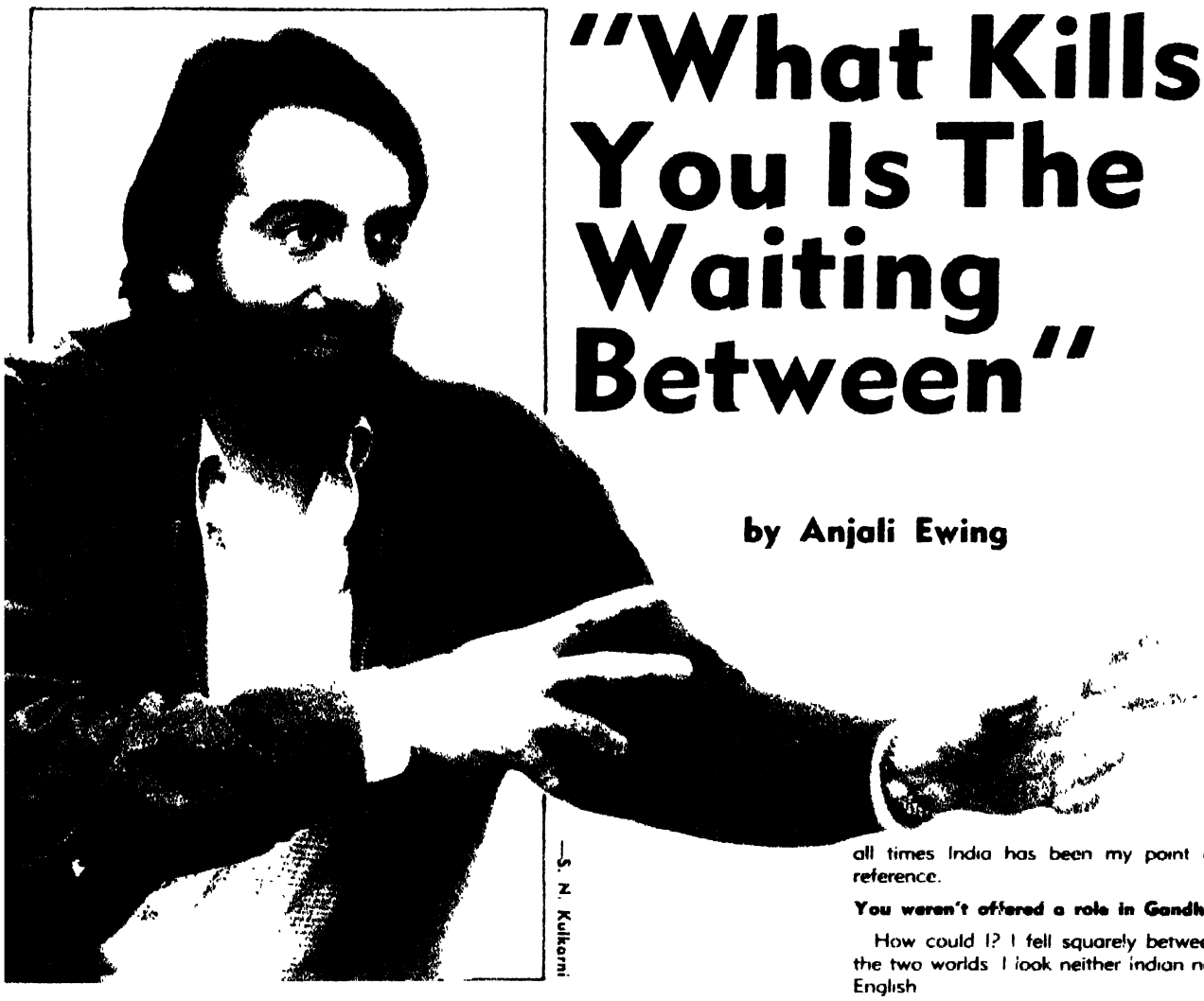
Photographs and Text by Chander P. Dhawan

PHOTOGRAPHY has been an interest of mine since my school days. But it was my close friendship with P.N. Mehra which boosted this hobby considerably. It was his criticism and guidance which put me on the right track.

I am a metallurgical engineer working with Tata Iron and Steel Co. Ltd., Jamshedpur. Photography is a hobby I have pursued with a passion. It is a very creative pastime and an excellent outlet for the stresses and strains of modern life.

I have always used a Rolleicord. I've never had a fancy for possessing different kinds of cameras and gadgets. I strictly believe that the less the number of gadgets one has, the less the confusion. The camera, after all, is merely a tool. Ultimately, good photographs depend on the eye of the photographer and his handling of the subject. I click the shutter whenever something appeals to me aesthetically. For me, a photograph's merit may be judged on the impact it has on the viewer. I take pictures in available sunlight; I have probably used a flash only twice in my entire photographic career.

I was conferred the honour of AFIAP from Switzerland about 22 years ago. I have won several awards and certificates from competitions and salons. My articles and photographs have appeared in the *Amateur Photographer* (London) and in many Indian magazines as well. ■



—S. N. Kulkarni

"What Kills You Is The Waiting Between"

by Anjali Ewing

Kabir Bedi, India's striking export to the international film scene, talked to the *Weekly* on his recent visit to Bombay.

I FIRST look into his eyes—light grey, smiling. The handshake is firm, warm, but I am uncomfortable. I sense him towering over me, this handsome man with thick, dark, glossy hair and kempt beard and moustache. But the sense of unease dissolves quickly as we sit across each other and as he talks effortlessly, smiling now, serious now.

You've been coming back to India very often. Is there something special about this trip?

No, not really. I've come to attend a family wedding in Bangalore with Susan (his fashion-designer wife) and Adam (their 16 month-old son).

You've just finished the Bond film, *Octopussy*. How did you get the role?

Well, George MacDonald Fraser, who wrote the first draft for the film, had done the screenplay of *Ashanti*. He thought I would be ideal for the role and recommended my name to Director John Glenn. The call came to my agents, William Morris, on my last day with them. I was switching over to the Robert Littman agency (which manages the careers of Alan Bates, Gene Wilder, Vittorio Gassman and Paul Scofield, among others). That posed a problem. One agency got me the film, the other negotiated the deal. Both wanted their money. In the end they agreed to split the commission.

Why did you leave William Morris?

They worked well for me in Europe but in Los Angeles it was a stable full of thousands of actors and I was totally lost in the shuffle. Robert Littman is ex-William Morris, so in a way I have never left them. But all said and done it's a do-it yourself business.

What was it like working in a Bond film?

Great fun. It's not often one gets to work in a film which is like a well-oiled machine. After all, it's their twelfth.

What did you think of Roger Moore?

Roger's a strange person. Very cheerful, very jovial, yet very aloof. Professionally he's a joy to work with but personally I relate better with Michael Caine.

Michael's supposed to be a good friend of yours. Do you have many friends among the Hollywood stars?

It's funny, but actors in LA seem to meet each other very infrequently. One meets up with the directors, but the stars are busy shooting on location in different parts of the world. LA is Lotus Land—it's important not to get too involved in its hype. Susan and I are close to Brenda Vaccaro, Roddy McDowell-- and Michael and Shakira, of course.

Why did you leave India?

I realised that even if I did do well here and I *would* have been successful—I wouldn't be happy. In a way I've never left India. I feel no sense of separation at all. My friends are here, my roots are here. I feel completely Indian. But I wanted to establish an international name for myself and, in some way, to be a bridge between India and the West. At all times India has been my point of reference.

You weren't offered a role in Gandhi?

How could I? I fell squarely between the two worlds. I look neither Indian nor English.

Aren't you fed-up with doing roles where you either wear an Arab's grab or a turban?

I can only take what's offered to me. Besides, I accept these roles for my survival.

With so many co-productions between India and the West, do you think there might be more roles for you?

It should certainly open up a lot more doors. Do you know I was signed up for *The Far Pavilions*? I was to play Khodad --the Master of the Horse. We had the full deal worked out on that. Then the Bond schedule overshot by a week. The producers of both the films sat together and locked their heads and minds to come to an agreement. But there was nothing they could do and so I withdrew from the film. It is one of the biggest disappointments of my career -- not being able to do the role. It's the irony of this business. You wait for six months on your butt for a role and because of a week's overlap you lose a tremendous opportunity. Omar Sharif will be doing the part.

Are you and Omar Sharif constantly clashing over the same roles?

We're not constantly clashing, as you put it. After all, he is a full generation before me. Strangely enough, he is better suited to the role of the *Far Pavilions* character because he's older. I don't see any competition between us. I look upon him as a trail blazer who's made my work easier.

Are you still known in Italy? Do they still remember *Sandokan*?

They are not tearing my clothes but they are still shaking my hand! The power of television is so extraordinary. What television does is absolutely awesome. The only way to get known in the West today is through television—except if you're playing Gandhi. The Bond film will give me that kind of exposure. The first target is visibility—only then can you get known.

But you are rather low key, aren't you?

It's not for lack of trying, I can assure you. Unless you're selling or promoting something, no one is interested. It's not like in India where the magazines say "Hey, let's do a story on or interview with Kabir. We haven't done him for a long time." There is this thing called TV Cue which is one of the most cruel systems ever devised. It's a rating poll where people are asked to recognise faces from pictures shown to them. And you can't get a decent TV role if you have no cue.

Are you happy?

Yes, I am. It's not as if there haven't been moments of disappointment or self-doubt or times when I haven't made mistakes. But it has been well worth it for the experience and wealth of knowledge I have gained. Besides, I'm well on my way to establishing an international name. America remains the last challenge.

You live in LA. What is it like living there?

I've lived four years in LA. Although it is one of the biggest film capitals in the world, it's just like a provincial town. It looks at its own navel. London is infinitely more cultured than LA but I need to be in LA. People don't care what you do, how you survive. I still have to audition for roles and face rejection. It's part of the ego beating an actor has to take. What kills you is the waiting between roles when you are spending your savings, depleting your reserves, with no guarantees in sight. You have to have the attitude of a bulldog.

How much are you worth?

A lot as a person. I live well, I live comfortably. I don't live extravagantly.

It is a pity we haven't seen your films here. We've seen Persis Khambatta in *The Wilby Conspiracy*...

My *Thief Of Baghdad* came to India and was a success here. *Ashanti*, of course, was banned. And I've gifted *Sandokan* to Indian television.

Why, won't they buy it?

I don't know. I own the rights for its distribution in India and I'd like it to be a gift from me. But I've been waiting three months for them to approve of the gift. They're looking a gift horse in the mouth. (laughs)

We know so little about the work you've done abroad. Why don't you talk about the roles you have done since 1976?

O.K. In 1976 I played the lead role in *Sandokan*, an Italian-German-French co-produced TV series. It was a big hit and made me a superstar in Italy. In 1977 and 1978 I did two feature films for the same director—*The Black Pirate* and *Sandokan Resurgent*—both lead roles. In 1978 I also did *Thief Of Baghdad* with Clive Donner. Then in 1979 came Richard Fleischer's *Ashanti* with Michael Caine and Rex Harrison. I had another starring role in *Fugitive From The Empire* (1980). And in 1982 I did the lead role in Sarky Mouradian's film, *40 Days of Musa Dagh*, about the Turkish massacre of the Armenians..

We heard the film was going to be shown at the Festival. What happened?

Wasn't it? I must find out what happened. It's going to be shown in Cannes.

in May. Anyway. I've also appeared in guest starring roles on television for *Dynasty* and *First Lady Of The World* (the Eleanor Roosevelt story). And, of course, you know about *Octopussy*.

What about acting in Hindi films? Have you been offered any roles?

It doesn't make sense—financially or timewise—to make a film here I would seriously consider a role if it had dramatic possibilities and the film maker promised to finish it within six weeks or so.

What about a commercial film?

Yes, even a commercial film if I had a good role and it was being made on a tight schedule. I can't fault commercial cinema after doing James Bond!

I believe you once did a regional film here...

(Surprised) Yes. I was the first star from the North to do a film in the South It was a Malayalam film and I even learnt to speak my lines correctly. But I made them promise they would dub my part because I wasn't sure I was good enough. The film was never completed; I believe due to politics in the industry some people sabotaged its production and finance. I'll tell you an interesting story. While finishing the Bond film in London, someone told me an Indian film maker was shooting at Pineood studios. An Indian at Pinewood studios! So I went to have a look. There was this massive blue set .. do you know who it was? Kamal Amrohi shooting the last of *Razia Sultan*. Before I left India, he had signed me up for an important role in the film, the second lead to Dharmendra. He asked me why I had left, why I had deserted him. So I told him it was better this way otherwise I would have been working on the same film for five years. He agreed with me and wished me luck (chuckles)

What are the projects in hand now?

After Bond there's nothing yet. There is one project in the offing on the life of Kahlil Gibran And I am going to produce a mini TV series with internationally-known names from television and the screen. I don't want to say too much about it at this stage because nothing has been finalised. All I can say is that it has an Indian background and it will be shot entirely in India in the winter of '84.

Do you model or act on the stage any more?

No, never, though I have been approached by a big industrial house here in Bombay for a major ad campaign. But I'm not telling who. I'm not going to give them an ounce of publicity until they've signed on the dotted line!

Weren't you Cosmopolitan's Bachelor of the Month once?

Yes (taken aback).

Were you a bachelor?

Well, I had divorced Protima I told Cosmopolitan I was divorced and the they said that made me eligible.

Did you get any offers?

Oh! Hundreds of letters but I never had time to investigate the offers But it was more a tribute to the power of *Cosmopolitan* and the reach it has

When I met you as a little girl you looked like a foreigner to me. You look more Indian now.

It could be. But it may be that you've grown up

Maybe.

Lady Chatterly's Lover

Forbidden, But Not Forsaken

by Bijalpita Julie Chatterjee

FOR having published *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, Penguin Books were prosecuted under the Obscene Publications Act 1959 at the Old Bailey in London from October 20 to November 2, 1960. Twenty-two years later, the film is still banned in India. Banned perhaps for the same reasons as the book was: because the people who matter do not appear to understand sex as Lawrence conceived it—"Sex is the root of which intuition is the foliage and beauty the flower." It is indeed a great pity that sex today is only a dirty word for a bit of titillation and obscene pleasure instead of the "flickering, glowing or blazing flame of strength and communication" that all great artists felt it to be.

Set against the backdrop of World War I, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, raises many questions in our minds—but asserts one single truth—that material civilisation does not provide us with enough sustenance to appease our quest for happiness. The laws of life are those of lushness, fertility and creativity. Any attempt to go against the grain of Nature is bound to lead to destruction. The film makes this point lucidly and succinctly. Now in the eighties, when the threat of a nuclear holocaust looms large and we split hairs about the censorship of obscenity, *Lady Chatterly* becomes vastly topical and relevant.

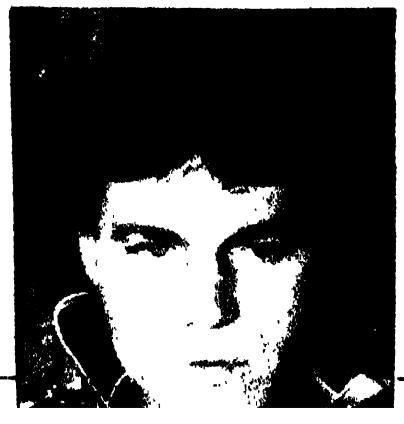
The narrative is deftly handled. Film Editor Eunice Mountjoy presents the story of Constance Chatterley's love for Oliver Mellors (her crippled husband's gamekeeper) with wonderful tenderness, a tenderness that is the hallmark of great love, love that is "honest and healthy"—as Lawrence visualised it, love that celebrated the victory of the "life-force", love that transcends all barriers of social class, creed and economy. Starring Sylvia Kristel in the lead role, and Shane Briant and Nicholas Clay as Sir Clifford and Oliver Mellors, the film is able to capture the spirit which Lawrence had charged his novel with.

The film achieves success; a different kind of success of course than what the book is capable of. The screen version succeeds by working on two planes simultaneously. First, through the rich simplicity of its structural design—this pattern is reflected most significantly by means of the setting. The photography by Robert Fraise is wonderful and the camera operation by Bob Smith has done justice to the vibrant verdant lushness of the woods which collectively become a single character by themselves; second, through some brilliantly analytical and technically almost perfect love-scenes.

The film concentrates on a tiny portion of English soil—the manor Wragby Hall and the woods surrounding it, and it is creditable for Just Jaeckin, the director, to have realised the elemental force Lawrence had seen in the woods. This is where birth, growth and the annual cycle of fertility take place; it is also where Constance and Mellors find a new life together. One of the most beautiful scenes is Constance's meeting with Mellors in the woods. The scene is pregnant with the promise of fulfilment. Accidentally emerging upon Mellors bathing, she is dumbstruck by his "beautiful" body. Wide-eyed, for the first time, she learns what sexual arousal can really mean. The viewer is as rapt as her. She comes back to the manor and in the privacy of her bedroom *finds* herself. This is one of the most powerful scenes in the realm of twentieth century cinema and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Kristel succeeds in raising sex to sublimity. She more than once shows her power as an actress. Also in the woods, Constance finds a balm to all her wounds (inflicted upon her by material civilisation), just as Siegmund had in *The Trespasser*, and Ursula in *Women in Love* or Anna in *The Rainbow*.

There are certain other scenes which remain imprinted long after the lights come on. Perhaps the most effective of these is the one where Sir Clifford awakes from a nightmare, and prodded on by an almost superhuman will drags himself up the stairs to Constance's bedroom. She is of course, far away in the heart of the woods, sharing in beatific joy with Mellors. Clifford's countenance, wrenched with pain and humiliation as he clutches the empty bed-clothes, is a perfect piece of cinematography—a reassertion that cinema is often able to achieve greater communication by sheer technical superiority.

HE IS MY LADY'S LOVER. Nicholas Clay, who plays Oliver Mellors in the film, Lady Chatterly's Lover is seen here in John Boorman's Excalibur.



As far as the plot goes, the mystery is solved by a single brief shot: the niggling question that lurks in Mrs Bolton's mind, "Who is my Lady's lover?" is answered when she sees Mellors, with gun, garters and a baggy jacket, and his dog nosing about like a shadow beside him in the indistinct half-light of dawn. That is all. Jaeckin knows where to stop; that is perhaps his greatest plus point. He is concise to the point of starkness and intelligently leaves the audience craving for more.

More significant scenes in the film are expectedly those between Constance and Mellors. Their meetings are treats for them—and, perhaps, more a treat for us? The pastoral scene where Mellors and Constance bedeck each other with flowers—campion buds, lilies and forget-me-nots—and celebrate the joy of consummation, one almost sees a Keatsian quality in the texture of the film that can be traced as far back as Spenser in "Faerie Queene". One is apt to think of Goya's *Nude Maja* and compare Kristel's beauty with hers.

The softness that comes across in the scenes can be contrasted with the harshness, tensions and cruelty that is exposed in the "Trial Scene" where Clifford, in all his perversity, tries to cater to his ego by commanding Mellors to whip the poachers. Clifford is admittedly incapable of lovemaking but even if he were able to make vigorous love (had his limbs all been perfect) one is tempted to wonder if he could ever love like a *man*. He is much too much the baronet, too full of his baronetcy to have the sensitivity that Mellors possesses without a title to his name. Mellors' character unfolds further in the beautiful scene at the summer house where Constance first comes to see the chicks hatch in the coop. Here the camera refreshingly follows the gamekeeper's strong, sinewy arms. He holds the chicks with surprising tenderness—that same tenderness which endears Lady Constance to him.

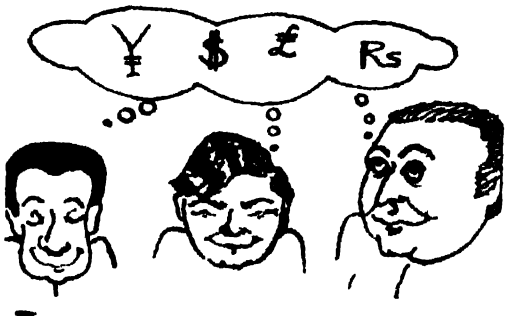
In the final analysis the film is a cinematic achievement for both the director and the cast—a team which was able to grasp and transcreate Lawrence's idea of love. There is a magic in *Women in Love* and *The Trespasser*. Here that magic is missing. Here Alan Bates is also missing. "He made a smashing Birkin and a devastating Siegmund. How would he play Mellors?" I wonder, as I watch the credit lines... But that is another story.

The Asiad Chrontickle

by Suresh Lala

EVERY once in a while an event occurs that lifts a nation above mediocrity. And it was undoubtedly so a few weeks ago, when an event of such monumental proportions occurred in our country. Mainly, Amitabh Bachchan, whom we all know and love so dearly, recovered from a very serious illness. This however did not completely overshadow another phenomenon which commenced on the 19th November 1982—the IX ASIAD. Truly, our Prime minister, whom most of us know and love so dearly, could not have received, indeed expected, a better birthday gift...

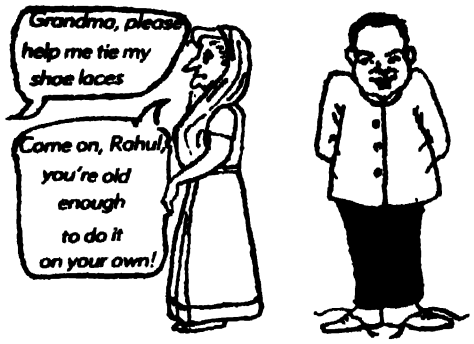
SURELY this spectacle would not have been possible without the blessings and efforts of Panditji, Rajivji, Zail Singhji, Butaji, Amitabhji, Bapuji and Appuji. For, it was barely two years ago when the guardians of our nation, which we all know and some of us love so dearly (the nation, not the guardians), decided that it was about time that some of them should be given an opportunity to satisfy their yen for sport, and that most of them should satisfy their yen for YEN...



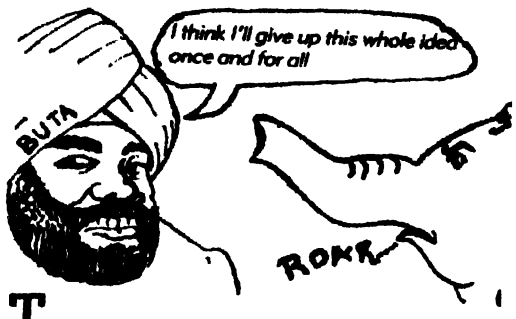
AND thus began one of the biggest organisational tasks the country has ever faced since our beloved Raj Narainji, whom few of us know so well and most of us thank the Lord for that, attempted to distribute sweets during his now forgotten victory at Rae Barelli.

Every little detail had to be attended to...

every loose end tied up.



THERE was however one aspect of the organisation which left much to be desired...



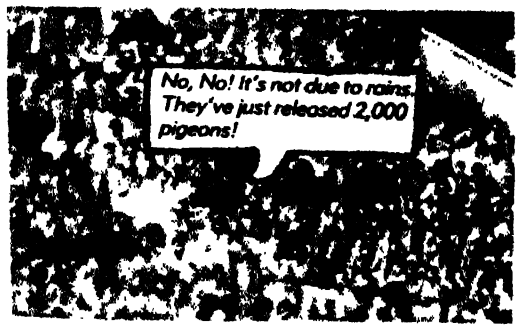
THIS led Butaji to a very emotional refrain...

PEOPLE arrived in the capital from different nations and various walks of life.

THEY came due to various reasons...

THE Opening Ceremony was indeed a spectacle which will definitely find its place in books of hysteria. It was enthralling to watch the participants of the various nations marching past...

... THE release of 5000 Balloons, and...

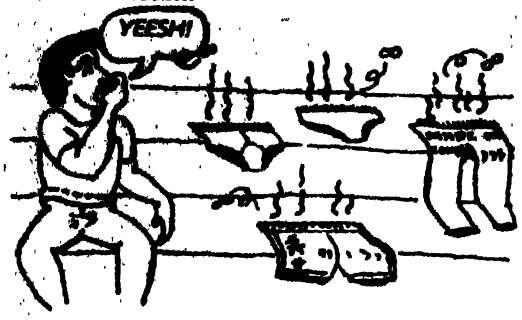


... THE choir bursting into the Anthem of the Games...

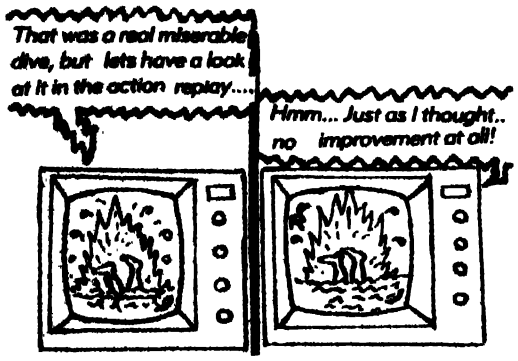
...GIANI Zail Singhji...

...AND last but not the least, our own Gita Zutshi muttering the OATH...

THE events began with the Chinese gymnasts stealing the honours in the various exercises, while their Chinese supporters egged them on, much to the chagrin of the other viewers...

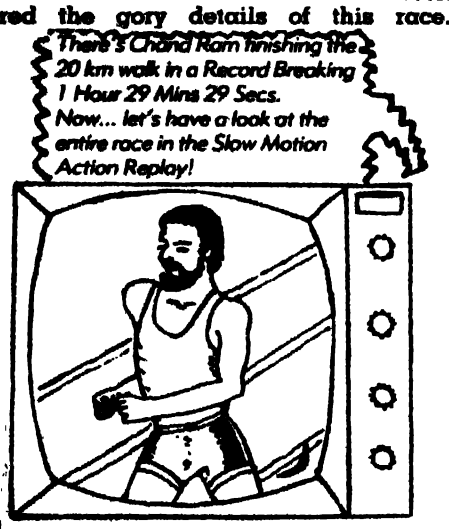


IN the Diving Competition, our two young lady divers made a real splash...

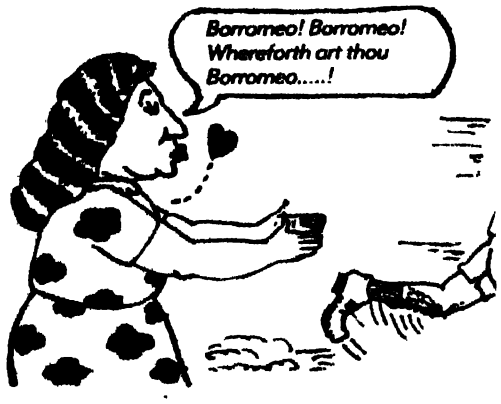


...as a result of which we hope they will DIVERsify into some other sport.

INDIA'S 20-km walk national champion Chand Ram set the pace when he walked all the way to the first gold medal in the track events. Television viewers were fortunately spared the gory details of this race...

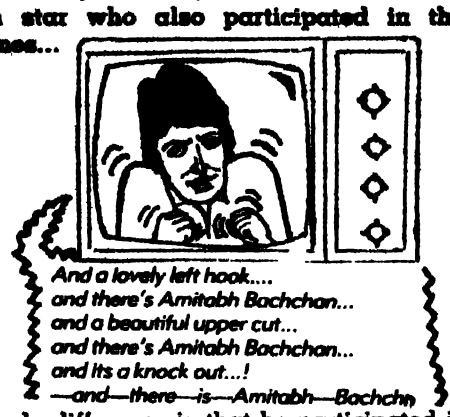


CHARLES Borromeo, the star of the 800 m race probably had a stunning driving force which enabled him to forge ahead to victory...



A VERY special mention for that shapely starlet of the 100 metre dash—Lydia de Vega. This budding Filipino film star stole the hearts of the crowds, and considering her statistics (34-26-36), wouldn't you like to make a dash and METRE.

There was, however, a well known Indian film star who also participated in the Games...



... only difference is that he participated in the audience.

Meanwhile, a powerfully built pub owner from Birmingham, Gian Singh Cheema, lifted two Bronze medals in the 100kg category. We are quite certain his strength has been acquired due to constant exercise at work.

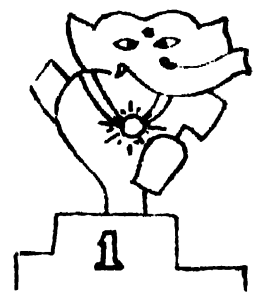
AND considering the trouncing we received at the hands of Pakistan in the men's hockey finals, maybe we would have been spared the trauma of such a miserable defeat if the Pakistani men's team were playing against...

...our women's hockey team.

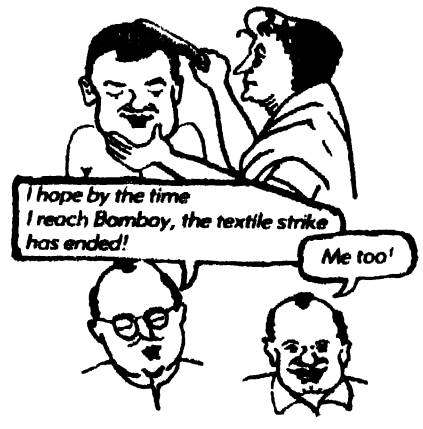
Well, seriously, folks, the GAMES were certainly an organisational triumph for our country. For once, politics took a seat in the last row. Though, after much bickering, politicians were allotted seats in the front rows. No untoward incidents were reported (they did occur, but weren't reported), due to the very TIGHT security...

CONSIDERING the overall performance of the Special Organising Committee, there were a few more victory ceremonies we would like to have witnessed.

...AND a very special Gold Medal award...



...FOR refusing to perform dirty tricks. The conclusion of the games now raises many pleasant and not so pleasant thoughts in the minds of many who have had to get back to the old grind...



The India Craze

by Vaiju Mahindroo

EVER since M.M. Kaye's *Far Pavillons* (translated into French as *Pavillons Lointains*) met with such phenomenal success, India has become an up market commodity again, and there has been a spate of books using the Raj background—most of them disastrous, almost all of them hurriedly dashed off to cash in while the India craze lasts.

One such number has recently been written by a somewhat gushy Paris schoolteacher called Irene Frain. The book, titled *Le Nabab* has been number one on the French bestseller list since its publication a few months ago and has turned its author into an overnight celebrity. Needless to say the cash register has not stopped ringing.

The story is simple enough: An impoverished sailor from Brittany goes to India and becomes a mercenary fighting for one rajah or another. He returns to his native Brittany rich as Croesus and is ennobled by the king of France. In India, Rene Madec, for such is the sailor's name, is given the title of Nawab and thence the title of the book.

Ms Frain spent a total of one month in India during which time, she says, she fell in love with the country. Her lack of first hand knowledge of the places and people she writes about is perhaps the book's greatest failing. Her situations are contrived and overly romanticised. One finds all the traces of exotica—the bazaars, the colours, and sometimes rites and customs—that characterise cheap romances. The Indian characters, from Sarasvati, a high born Rajput "who knows everything about the art of love", to Ananda Rangapillai, a betel-nut merchant who really lived in Pondicherry during the 18th century and who has left behind extensive memoirs, have a false, hollow ring to them. The book remains a pot pourri of adventure, romance and exotica—historical fiction of the worst kind.

The success of the book is really the success of one of the most intense media blitzes ever witnessed in the history of publishing in this country, except of course for the redoubtable duo of Lapierre and Collins. Just before the publication of the book Ms Frain accompanied eight well known French journalists (among them Jaqueline Piatier, culture editor of *Le Monde*) on a two week junket, officially titled "A Voyage Of Discovery", to India. Their route wound its searching, weary way to such little known places as New Delhi, Bombay, Agra, Jaipur, Udaipur, Khajuraho. The junket

resulted in handsome write ups—a full page rave review in *Le Monde*—that put Ms Frain firmly on the road to success. The enthusiastic response the book has received reveals the kind of ignorance that exists in France about India. Even the most discerning critics are in love with the India of maharajas and princesses, of intrigue and adventure, and any attempt to break away from this cliche-ridden path meets with firm resistence from publishers who feel that any other type of book on India just will not sell.

"Madec wrote his memoirs about the years 1776-1785. But his most colourful and interesting adventures went unrecorded. For instance he made very little reference to his amorous adventures. There was a reason for this. He wanted to be rewarded and recognised by the king of France and therefore could not be totally frank about his life and his follies. As a result there are several blanks in his memoirs. I have tried to fill in these blanks," explains Frain.

She began work on the novel in 1979. "I had written a history of maritime Brittany and the adventures of René Madec took up three or four pages in that book. Well, I started documenting in 1979 and the actual writing took 18 months. I started writing in the summer of '80 and I finished the final version almost a year ago. I know this novel is based on reality, but one cannot say where history ends and fiction begins. But I have tried to be meticulous with my documentation, while reserving a large place for my imagination."

Did the characterisation of the Indians pose too many problems? "Not all," says Frain "I drew my inspiration for Sarasvati from Meerabai, whose life I admire so much. It was actually the English that posed the biggest problems."

Frain says she tackled the Indian characters rather gingerly: "I told myself: I am not Indian and I should not get confused. I therefore tried to manipulate things with great caution." Well, Frain just wasn't cautious enough, and has gone overboard with almost everything.

The publishers, Jean-Claude Lattes, are giving the book a tremendous publicity boost. "This is the only book we've spent so much money on," said Christine Royer who has handled all the radio spots, book signing parties and public appearances for Ms Frain. A well known travel agency registered enormous sales with six package tours to India titled "In The Footsteps Of Rene Madec". The book is to be seen in the hands of every secretary returning home on the Metro and Ms Frain has become the presiding expert on India giving bits of advice on India in all the popular magazines: Shopping Indien and Les Adresses d'Irene Frain, where she tells you to visit the shops behind the Taj hotel in Bombay if you want a bargain in carpets. Wrong advice, at that.

France Inter, the national radio station, has made a radio play out of the book, which is avidly lapped up by idle housewives dreaming of romance and adventure in the early hours of the afternoon. And it doesn't stop there. Ms Frain is now proposing an English translation of the book which ought to hit the stands in a couple of months. Which means that another section of the western public is going to swallow the stuff. The only problem with Ms Frain's kind of writing is that it reinforces all the age old myths and beliefs about India, adding to the appalling ignorance that already exists about that country. Evidently India's loss will be Ms Frain's gain. ■

IRENE FRAIN

BOOK REVIEW

"LE NABAB" by Irene Frain; Jean-Claude Lattes.

Temple Architecture

by Devangana Desai

THE temple town of Bhubaneswar, with more than thirty elegant temples of the early medieval period, deserves special monographs. More than a quarter of this book is, however, devoted to Indian temples in general—their evolution and styles—before it comes to the temples of Bhubaneswar. Such general material is available to readers in many books on the Indian temple of which, ironically, the author himself provides a good list.

Mr Rao tries to suggest that these temples mirror the temple art of the Chalukyan centres at Aihole and Pattadakal in the Dharwar region. One may perhaps agree with him when he says that the Gupta influence on Orissan architecture was non-existent. But his central thesis is questionable. After all, the influence of the Pasapatas is quite strong in the temples of Jogeshwari, Parel, Elephanta and Ellora.

No matter. The descriptions of each of the important temples of Bhubaneswar, its ground-plan and the 315 photographs bring alive the beauty and grace of the temples and their sculpture. Those who have not visited the town will certainly like to do so on seeing the wealth of artistic material in the book. ■

BHUVANESVARA—Kalinga Temple Architecture by P.R. Ramachandra Rao; Akshara, Hyderabad; Rs 125.

The Stranger, The Enemy

by R.P. Noronha

NO one will ever know why the nilgai fawn with a broken hind leg lected to make Govardhan's *bir* (pasure) her home. It was a singularly insuitable place for the purpose, with deep nala on one side, the Banjara huts on the other, and no access to the jungle except through half a mile of ultivated fields. But she did, and nevitably she was discovered within wenty four hours. Fortunately for her, ne of the younger Banjara dogs nade the discovery at a time when old .uppu, killer and thief, was watching iim. Before the young dog and a couple of his friends could carry out heir obvious and murderous intenions, Luppu arrived like a thunderbolt o enforce his right to priority. There is "pecking order" in dogs as well as chickens. There were a few yelps of pain and the fawn was left to him. .uppu is a somewhat diluted Banjara log but he retains the characteristics of the breed, killer instinct and quickness. His jaws were an inch from the awn's throat before the last yelp had died away. And then it happened. The awn turned and licked his nose without making the least effort to get up and run. Not that running would have helped, considering her broken leg. The lick was something quite outside .uppu's experience. He checked, his aws snapped shut but the throat remained intact. He growled. The awn licked his nose again.

I too have a dog, a labrador by courtesy. Govardhan's *bir* is generally good for a partridge or two and Rocky oves nosing them out of the tall grass so that he can look reproachfully at me when I miss. Behold me therefore that evening with Rocky on the fringe of Govardhan's *bir*. Suddenly he stiffened, his head held high, testing the wind. Then he moved tensely into the *bir* and I followed him. Twenty paces later his voice was raised in pained protest, there was an angry growl from another dog, and suddenly Rocky was in sanctuary between my legs. There is nothing weak about his sense of self preservation. I paused and thought and arrived at the wrong conclusion. One of the village dogs had littered in the *bir*—as they often do—and was warning off trespassers. Since she was there, the partridges would be elsewhere. I detoured along the nala, and Rocky regained his spirits when he picked up the scent of a spur fowl.

Float Fishing

A couple of days later I was fishing in the la next to Govardhan's *bir* and as usual Rocky snored at my feet. There is something hypnotic about float fishing. You watch the float tensely for the first few minutes and nothing happens and you realise that this day is going to follow the usual pattern of fishing days. You close your eyes and think great thoughts—what lesser people call sleeping. And of course there is a sudden and explosive jerk, your rod disappears into the water before you can grab it but not before your eyes are open enough to savour the bitterness of its disappearance. Today it didn't happen. Certainly I went to sleep. But the rod did not disappear, most probably the float didn't disappear either (this I cannot swear to). What did disappear was Rocky. I awoke to his anguished shriek and opened my eyes in time to see him hit the water, forcibly propelled by an angry Luppu. A nilgai fawn with a lame leg stood uncertainly beside me, staring with film star eyes at the commotion in the water. Then it licked my nose. I have had grand children licking my nose (something to do with the salt in sweat, I suppose) but I still don't like it. I had no time to express my displeasure. Luppu was back in two shakes of Rocky's tail. He gave me a brief but dirty look and fortunately decided that I was innocent of evil intent. The next moment he had shepherded the fawn back into the *bir*. Rocky took a long time to come out of the water. Charitably, it was a warm day.

My grandchildren do not agree that I am more intelligent than Rocky, which proves how stupid they are. Rocky agrees with them, which proves how stupid *he* is. We went home in an atmosphere of mutual disapproval nothing explicit, but disapproval implied in my silence and the absence of enthusiasm in his tail. That night he sneered at the potato curry I cooked and I ate the chapatis he had his eye on. For a long time pictures of Luppu and the fawn chased each other across my mind, like a cinema film. I have lived most of my life in the jungle, long enough to learn that there is no law of the jungle, nothing but the most categorical individual freedom, tempered only by fear of fang and claw. There was no precedent for a killer dog adopting a lame and eminently edible fawn. "That Luppu!" I thought, "Getting soft in the head!" and so drifted into sleep.

A formal complaint was lodged against him the next evening by Hamara Gang, the village children who have made me their Godfather (in the Mafia or gangster sense). "He's gone off his nut!" said the spokesman, indignantly. "Every time we get near Govardhan's *bir* he rushes out and we have to run like hell to save our skins!" By now I knew the reason for Luppu's behaviour but the fawn's life hung on my silence, so I explained that old dogs and old men do get irritable at times. The explanation was considered unsatisfactory and I was told so without inhibition. Only by copying Luppu's behaviour was I able to get rid of the children. Three days later there was another complaint. The grass in the *bir* had ripened and Govardhan went to have a final look before fixing the date for the cutting. He returned in some haste with a new rent in his dhoti and trouble on his mind. As usual he came to me. "That dog is mad" he said, "he chased me out of my own *bir*, me, his owner, as if I was a thief!" That was not strictly true, Luppu has never acknowledged any master. Govardhan continued, "Now the grass is ripe and it has to be cut, and this... ... ... dog will not allow anyone to enter the *bir*! You must come tomorrow with your gun and if he gives trouble again, finish him off. We'll start the cutting at seven." I agreed because my presence might—might perhaps—prevent the murder of Luppu and the fawn. Like Micawber I always hope that something will turn up. In the event it did.

When I reached the *bir* in the morning, the women who were to do the cutting had already arrived. They lined up as usual along one side of the field and waited for the signal to start. Suddenly one of them, obviously in the final stages of pregnancy, collapsed and began screaming. In our village women are encouraged to scream as loudly as they can when the labour pains start, as this is supposed to make the delivery easier. The other women immediately surrounded the patient. The men moved unobtrusively away. A woman went to the Banjara huts and returned with a pot of water on her head. Time passed, fifteen minutes, half an hour, then we heard the thin high wailing of a baby having its first look at the world and voicing its disappointment. Relieved, our group, the men, began talking all at the same time, as people do when acute tension relaxes. It did not relax for long. There was a sudden flutter amongst the women, immediately followed by squeals of dismay and then by giggles, and finally by full throated laughter. A woman, still laughing, came to summon the baby's father. We followed him. The baby had been laid in its mother's arms and standing over both was the nilgai fawn. Yes, you guessed it. She was licking the baby as if it had been her own. Luppu, disgusted at this display of sentiment, was nowhere to be seen.

The fawn, now two years old, is still with us. She never leaves the cultivated area of the village, and everyone abuses her violently when she grazes on his crop. But no one goes beyond abuse, for she is no longer a stranger, and only the stranger can be an enemy. ■

In the chilly seasons when people shake and shiver, let's show you a way to keep snug and warm.

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Naxalite

by Amrit Ray

(Translated from the Hindi by Rupert Snell)

What can we do, where can we go? We have a grievance against fate for keeping us alive.

FIRE is raining down from the sky. The earth scorches, like a burning griddle. And then, these hot dust-storms. The body is charred by the gusts of summer wind, as though all the water inside you were burned dry. Ants bite in their millions — you know, those little red ones What can you do, where can you go. Sitting, lying down, there's no relief.

The mind is numbed and runs mechanically along its single track, its sole reason for living. That's all there is left in this place now

Earth has split open. Ponds and pools have all dried up The broom of death has clean-swept trees and twigs, flowers and leaves. Everything is brown as far as the eye can see The ground is brown, the sky is brown.

All the houses have their doors closed tight. What people there are on the road are all hurrying to hide from the sun No time to talk now later When the rain comes, when life returns

THIS house we live in is very old. Nobody knows how old The walls are cracked here and there, even tumbling down in some places The thatch has started to come loose and a salty deposit is always crumbling away from the walls

Winter, summer, monsoon — there's no comfort here in any season. In winter everyone gets feverish shivering fits, in the summer burning whirlwinds spring up within the house and in the monsoon more rain pours down inside than outside And all the time you have this feeling of apprehension, wondering when the house might fall down

It's quite impossible to sleep soundly at night. They say that the foundations are subsiding: for all I know, the whole building might subside at any time We really ought to leave — but where could we go? The walls may be crooked and the foundations may be sinking, but it is our only home.

There are three of us living here. Added together, our ages make one hundred and seventy-eight years Our hair has turned white, our sight has become dim Or is becoming so. For us, life is another word for a kind of peevish irritation We don't know the reason for it, but it's there all right: a permanent crease on the brow Perhaps it's because we're not young any more, or perhaps we've a grievance against fate for keeping us alive — why don't we die...

→

LAST year the neighbour's mad dog bit me. I had to have fourteen injections — I was riddled like a sieve. This neighbour is my sworn enemy. The women in his family are very black and ugly. I've given up sitting on the verandah; a black, acrid smoke is always blowing over from there. Perhaps that's what has blackened all the women's faces.

But there is one thing that I really do enjoy watching: the freestyle wrestling bouts that the father has with his sons. There are three boys, all of them out of work. They make a regular round trip to the Employment Exchange; even if they don't get anything else to do, at least they have this diversion ready at hand.

The youngest, Meghnad, who has only got a B.A., applied for a job as a peon in our office; but the manager told him there wasn't much hope because applications had been received from better qualified people.

The eldest, Bajranad, went and lay down on the railway line after a family row. But the workings of the Good Lord were such that the train which was to deliver him from this life came off the rails a mile up the track, and countless other people went to a heavenly destination that none of them had booked for.

The middle boy, Shankhnad, apparently sits in an upstairs room making bombs. I live in constant fear of an explosion.

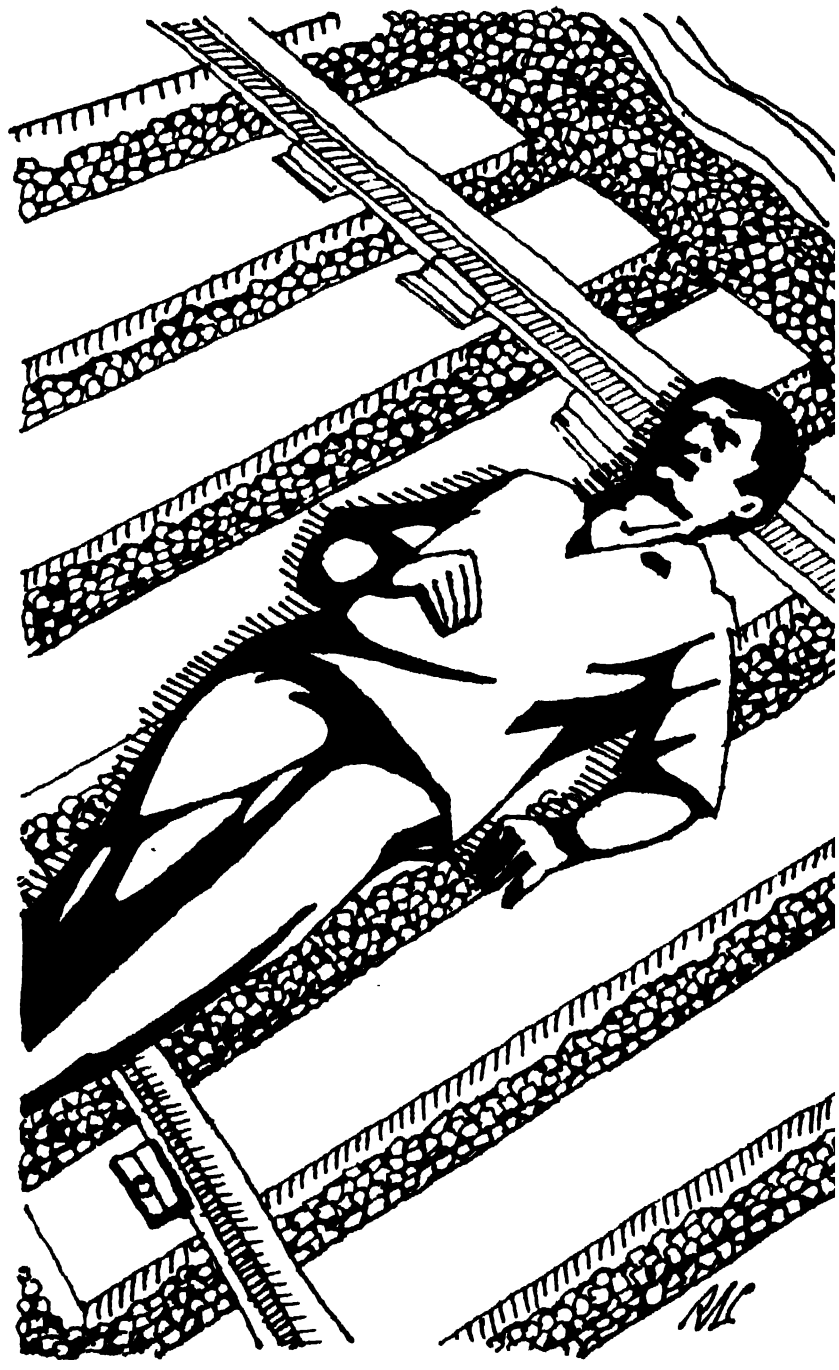
Actually, they're all right, all three of them. Bright. And physically strong, too. It's all a trick of destiny. The thing is that destiny goes by car, like all big shots. And you need a car to catch up with it.

IT'S very hot. The garden's all drying up. Vini has planted roses mostly: they're in a bad way in this heat, withering on their stems. I can see that many of them are so dried up that they look as though they're made of paper.

Vini entrusted them to me as she left. Come, why don't I go and tidy them up a bit before the sun gets too high. I pick up the pruning shears and go out into the garden.

Really, how horrible these lifeless, paper-dry flowers are! Even the few remaining blooms with any life in them are spoiled by their company. There's nothing we can do about the heat, and the rain won't come until it's ready; why don't I just cut back these dead flowers...

(Amrit Ray is the son of Prem Chand. The original story was first published in a collection entitled Sargam.) ■



This is a time suspended between life and death: a twilight hour lingering over a whole century, in which the sky is covered by the long day's dusky dirt while night sits on her balcony enticing us with her luring glances; we are about to climb the stairs towards her but we hesitate, for that is a night with no morning.

First, there's my old mother. She resents me and she resents my wife.

My wife's name is Vinita. She resents me and she resents my mother

And there's me. I resent my mother and my wife.

In other words, everybody resents everybody else. Resentment is a long thread which binds us all together.

My mother's complaint is that her son has become a slave to his wife. Where was she, this woman, when this man (myself, that is) was twelve days old and spent all day and all night lying on the cot sleeping or crying. I try to tell that old mother of mine that this woman was not even born then, but it's useless to say anything because the old lady's deaf and every sound that knocks at her door comes away unanswered

Vini's complaint is, why did you ruin my life by marrying me when you knew what your mother was like. I try to tell Vini that all that's a matter of history now, and that the old woman is a guest who won't be with us for very much longer. What about the rest of us, Vini says. old people live a very long time. If they didn't live a very long time how would they be old, I answer. Vini says, that's not what I mean. Then I get annoyed and ask her what she does mean. I know Vini won't say anything, but I know what she wants to say. So I say, just bring me a pinch of that rat poison...

My arrow finds its mark. Vini begins to cry. Then, in accordance with the rules of professional boxing, I let fly a shower of blows in quick succession — left, right — and spread her flat on the ground.

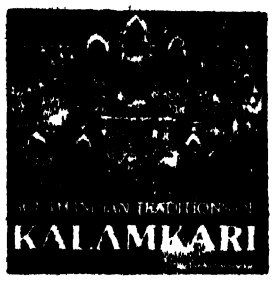
A banner of victory flies on my face. I turn round and try to see the halo which attaches itself to all incarnate saints, but I can't see anything, because as I move round the back of my head moves round too — the same problem a dog has chasing his own tail. But still, I feel pleased with myself that Vini's sitting there shaken and sobbing.

I don't know why I've got a complaint against Vini. And what's the use of knowing anyway? I've got a complaint, that's enough: not everything can have a name. Before you can give something a name you have to be able to identify it, and all identity has been lost — of people, of relationships. There's just this complaint which survives; perhaps it's because Vini is Vini, why isn't she Sarala whom I longed for more than my life, and left behind for fear of society — but who was never really forgotten; or perhaps it's because I feel that Vini shouldn't get older even if the years do go by, why does her body age and slacken day by day...

The Weekly Pick

South Indian Traditions of Kalamkari; Lotika Varadarajan; Perennial Press

A book to be proud of. For the author, publisher and collector—alike. The cover is charming—and shows a beautiful and rich piece of Kalamkari art, painted in the 17th century. The weaving traditions, motifs and colours are dwelt upon exhaustively, and the historic techniques and processes are clearly explained.



There are a few new points made by the author. It is very heartening to learn, for example, that Dutch collectors imported these fabrics from Tanjore centuries ago. The black and white prints are superb and the colour plates surpass all expectations. Techniques and processes, as well as contributions from designers, are included in the latter portion of this remarkable book

Photography: Monochrome, Creative, Colour O.P. Sharma; Clarion; Rs 65

Very compactly formulated, the book is a guide more for the amateur than for the professional photographer.

In 5 parts, the book discusses the camera, the development of photography as a creative art, processing, experimentation and detailed discussion on colour photography. The black and white photographs are of a fairly high standard and each composition is analysed. The use of light, lenses and background is thoroughly exhaustive. The author, who has held one-man shows, contributed a special effect in solarisation and has won many other awards, apart from the Pentax World Contest Award does a service to all of us who would like to begin to take pictures—the right way!

Zoroastrianism A Beleaguered Faith

Cyrus R Pangborn—Vikas Rs 75

There has been a revival of this Faith in recent months... what with Zubin Mehta coming down for the *Parsi Panchayat Meet* and the new film he is making on Zoroastrianism—little wonder that many theosophists of the younger generation are reading voraciously on the subject.

This book is fairly well constructed with *A Brief Chronicle of Zoroastrianism* and discussions on *Scriptures and Doctrines* and *Cultus. Navjote* and *Nahn* are dwelt upon particularly with great care.

Julie

Travolta Goes Rocky

A low-budget 1977 sleeper that was based on a magazine article, *Saturday Night Fever* took in some $ 145 million at the box-office. For his long-planned sequel, producer Robert Stigwood persuaded John Travolta to repeat his role as Tony Manero in *Staying Alive*. The star agreed, but on the condition that he be allowed to map out the film's story line. Not missing a trick, Stigwood also hired Sylvester Stallone to direct the film. In the sequel, Travolta graduates from white acetate suits to warm-up outfits that show off his director's influence better. Six days a week for four months prior to filming, he followed the rigorous training schedule that Stallone used to hone his body for *Rocky III*

—Time

Secretive Chaplin

A historic three-hour Charlie Chaplin film, culled from a treasure trove of 300,000 feet of long-hidden Chaplin rushes, out-takes, abandoned projects and sequences he cut and which have never publicly been seen until now, is being screened on British television in what has been hailed as a milestone in movie history. London-born Chaplin usually worked without a script and invariably destroyed all the footage he did not use in the master negative. The film, screened under the title *Unknown Chaplin*, was discovered in the vault of his Swiss home.

—The Evening News of India

Amit's Hot Line

Amitabh Bachchan has applied for a permit for a private wireless radio set. The application was made to the Communications Ministry of the Union Government. Such wireless sets are provided to persons whose work requires urgent communication facilities. According to the rules the applicant has to state which parties he wishes to be in touch with. Amitabh has given three names: Mr Prakash Mehra, Mr Manmohan Desai—and Mr Rajiv Gandhi!

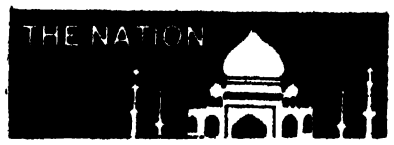
—Mid-Day

It's A Dog's Life

In this dog-eat-dog world you just cannot turn your nose at a job—or so Walter Matthau discovered filming *The Survivors*. Matthau plays an out-of-work guy who takes to driving a cab, pumping gas and promenading the pooches of the Guccied classes. "I like dogs, OK, if they don't smell and they don't bite me," said the jowly actor of his four-legged friends. "These dogs were trained professionals, but frankly I didn't like them because they all smelled." The dogs declined to comment on Matthau's aroma, but who could fault his *esprit de corps*?

—Newsweek

Jackie



No Debacle

Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi has said that her party's reverses in the recent Assembly polls in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka could not be termed a debacle.

In fact, she observed, it has provided the Congress(I) an opportunity for self-improvement and "renewal of our commitment to the people".

In her reply to a letter by Kailash Dua, an England-based architect, city planner and urbanist, Mrs Gandhi said she was not worried about losing or winning elections but the stability and unity of the country.

Expressing disappointment at the party losing the majority in the elections, she observed, a setback or victory was part of the democratic system

—UNI

No Acting, This?

Tamil Nadu Chief Minister M.G Ramachandran told the State Assembly that he was not acting as a politician in implementing the nutritious mid-day meal scheme for children.

"I have not acted on the political stage and I have acted only in films which was my profession before," he said while taking exception to remarks made against the mid-day meal scheme during the debate on the Governor's address by Congress(I) and DMK members.

—PTI

A Small Price?

Capping a long season of strikes is the one running in Dahanu, where the labourers stand for the paise principle They are demanding a wage-hike of 25 paise. Its the striking word of every Dahanu hamlet.

About 2,000 labourers from nearly 300 hamlets are on strike following an altercation with their employer. The workers currently earn a wage of seven rupees against which they seek Rs 7 25.

Now, life is still and vacant in the Dahanu hamlets

—The Daily

Zia at R-Day Reception

Pakistan President Zia-ul-Haq attended the Indian Republic Day reception held at the residence of the Indian Ambassador in Islamabad

This is the first time that a President of Pakistan attended the celebrations

—Indian Express

Goldie

The Dazzle Of Lasers

Science-fiction writers invented it first In his 1898 classic, *The War Of The Worlds*, H.G. Wells imagined an invasion of Martians who nearly conquered planet Earth with weapons firing lethal beams of light. In the 1930s, Buck Rogers fought his way through the pages of comic books armed with a ray gun It took scientists decades to catch up. Not until 1960, nearly 50 years after Albert Einstein first described the basic principle, did Theodore Maiman, a 33-year-old engineer at Hughes Research Laboratories, build a homely four-inch cylinder containing a ruby rod encircled by a flash tube. the world's first working laser

More than two decades later, the laser has wrought a technological revolution. From medicine to metals, from defence to detective work, the bold new world of lasers is already here

—Newsweek

"Private Eye"

In the Falklands, Denis Thatcher lived up to his "Private Eye" silly fool reputation. Mr and Mrs Thatcher were being shown Argentinian minefields when Denis, summoning his wartime experience, said, "Ah, that's a box mine—I know all about them." A brigadier gently but respectfully interrupted, "Er, no, Mr Thatcher, that's a piece of driftwood."

—The Sunday Observer

The Most Influential Woman

Sandra Day O Connor, the first woman ever named to the US Supreme Court, won hands down as the most influential woman in the US in 1982 The justice received 81 of 131 possible votes in the World Almanac's annual compilation done through editorial representatives on major newspapers. Katharine Graham, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of *The Washington Post*, was second, followed by Billie Jean King, the tennis player Last year Graham and King tied for the No 1 spot

—International Herald Tribune

Racy Wit

After Hans-Jochen Vogel's election as leader of West Germany's Social Democrats in succession to former Chancellor Schmidt, he received a telegram from his bother Bernhard, who is the Christian Democrat Prime Minister of the Rhineland. It said: "Dear brother, you are going on an amazingly difficult course A new driver does not make an old jallopy into a racing car." Hans-Jochen replied "Thank you for your good wishes Don't worry about the car, I'd rather have a trusty old-timer than a remote-controlled racing car with a co-driver who's in weak form"

—The Times

Gigi

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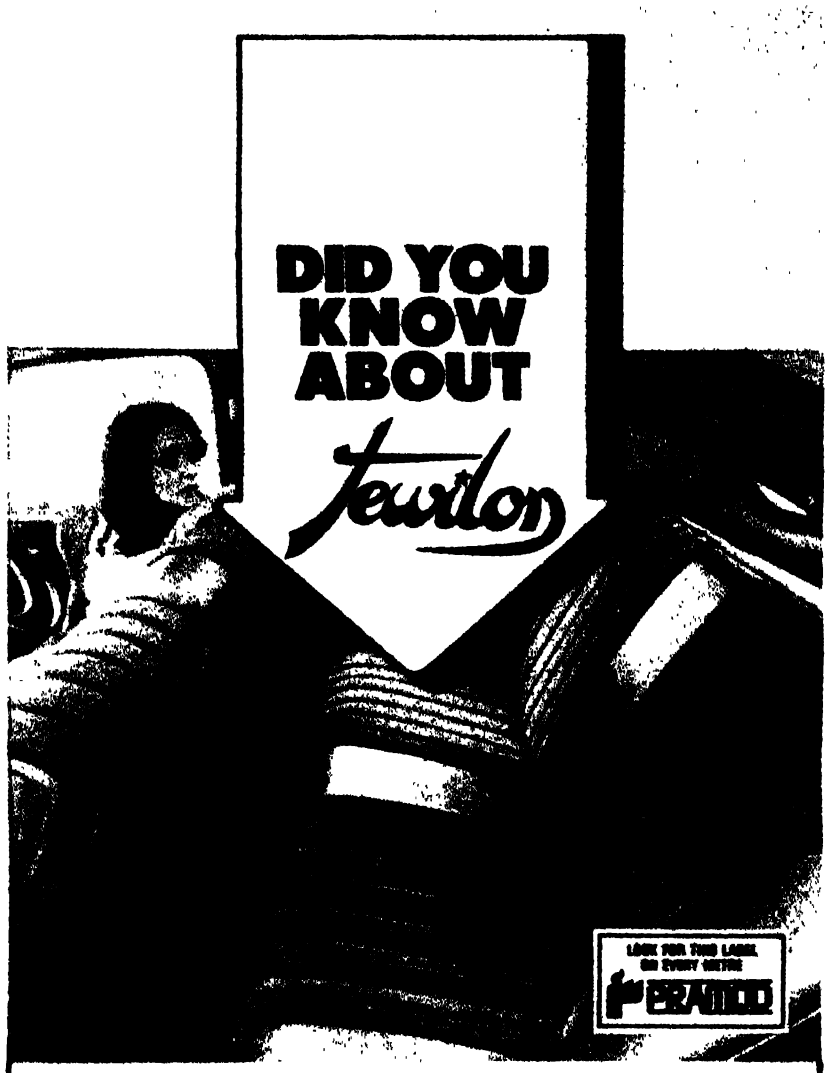

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PREMIER ADVERTISERS

ONE MAN WHO DID NOT GET 'LEFT BEHIND' IN THE SERIES WAS SYED KIRMANI: he is seen above brilliantly catching Mudassar Nazar (39) off Kapil Dev in the Faisalabad Test that proved the turning-point of the series. Except for one vital catch he missed in the First Test, Kirmani (like Wasim Bari for Pakistan) took all that came to him behind the sticks, at times even looking like bringing off the impossible. And the impossible is what he was expected to bring off in the picture at right in which he makes a valiant attempt, at Faisalabad, to hold a glance by the indomitable Zaheer Abbas, whose that batsman—who went on to hit 168—had not quite found the rhythm of his shots. Maybe the series would have taken a different turn if Kirmani had held on to this one—still, by and large, the Tests certainly saw Kiri distinguish himself. Only, Kiri's batting powers(like those of our stalwarts) would seem to be on the decline: he was not quite able to handle an Imran Khan bowling at his swiftest. Mercury, according to Bejan Daruwalla, is supposed to favour Imran: the series certainly saw him bowl at 'quicksilver' pace!

Where India Lost Out

IT WAS RARE TO SEE MOHINDER AMARNATH *(left)* so comprehensively beaten in the series, but here he *was* clean bowled by Mudassar Nazar for 22 in the Faisalabad Test. The surprise packet of the series was Mohinder: of the Indian batsmen, he came nearest to the line of the ball, being able to withdraw his bat at the last moment. The helmet, therefore, certainly made a difference to Mohinder Amarnath's technique which, however, can be pronounced as truly tested only after he comes to grips with West Indies pace in February-March. In contrast to Mohinder—a batsman Sunil acclaimed as India's finest prospect at the end of the 1975-76 West Indies tour—it was noticed that Skipper Gavaskar *(below left)* tended to 'follow' the moving ball into the hands of the slips. In other words, Sunil (like Mohinder) did not always successfully withdraw his bat at the last fractional moment.

THE OLD LEFT ORDER CHANGETH. The Indo-Pak series put the seal on the decline of India's spin. It saw a raw Maninder Singh *(left)* take over from a seasoned Dilip Doshi *(right)*. After getting in among the tail in the First Test, Doshi rarely put the Pak batsmen on their mettle. He was easy meat for a Zaheer Abbas who had written virtual *finis* to the careers of Prasanna, Bedi and Chandra, late in 1978. Pakistan, in fact, may now be pronounced as the unhappy hunting-ground of Indian spinners: Chandra, Bedi, Prasanna and now Doshi have been cut to size there! Only Venkataraghavan has yet to play a Test in Pakistan—that is why you may find him included now in the India team to West Indies!

Photographs by Amiya Tarafdar

WHAT did one flea say to another?
Ans: Shall we walk or take a dog?

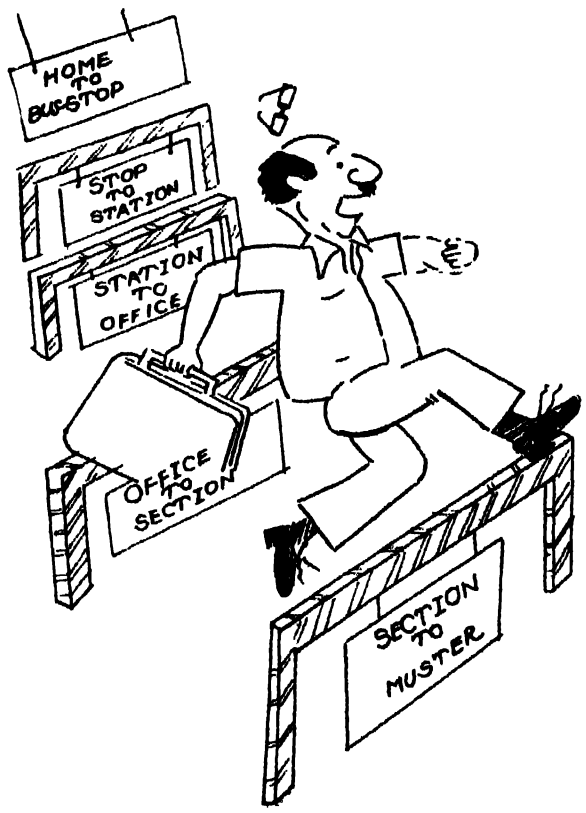
WHAT did the big firecracker say to the smaller one?
Ans: My pop is bigger than your pop.

WHY do cows wear bells?
Ans: Because their horns won't work.

"I CAN see you are run-down," said the doctor.
"How?" asked the patient.
Doctor: "By the tyre marks on your chest."

CORPORATION Inspector: "When did you realise that your roof was leaking?"
Tenant: "The other day at dinner, when it took me nearly three hours to finish my soup."

A MAN once visited his doctor and told him that he thought that he was turning into a pack of biscuits.
"Square ones with holes in them?" asked the doctor.
"That's right, doctor".
"You are crackers!" said the doctor.

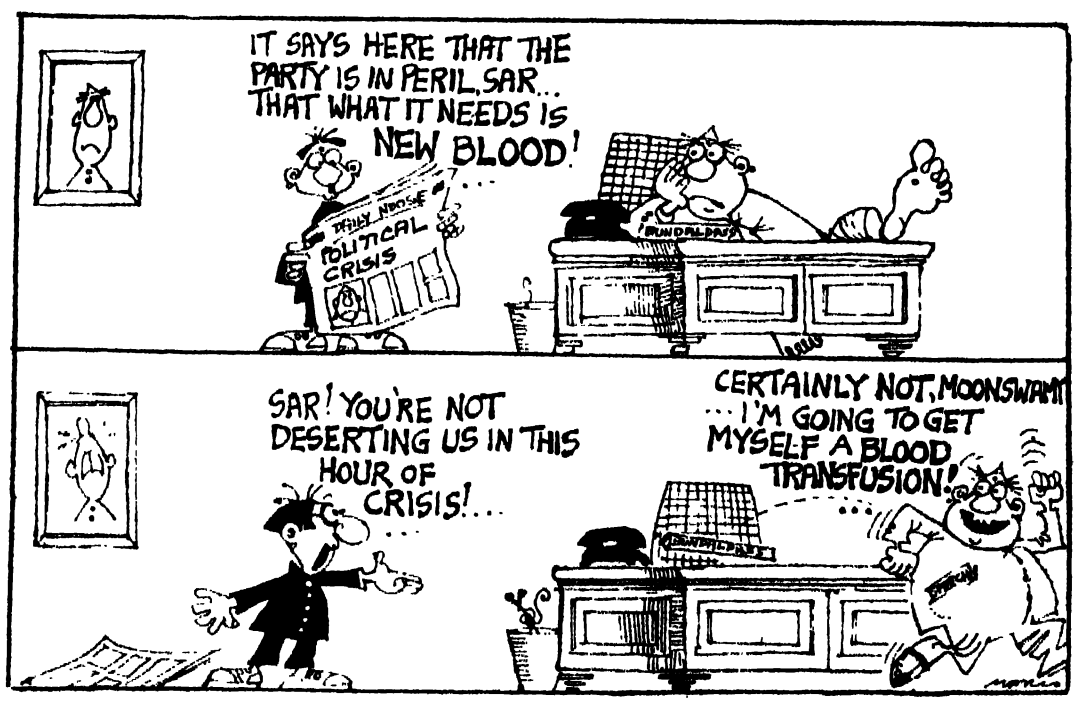


"Don't mark me absent, sir. I have come!"

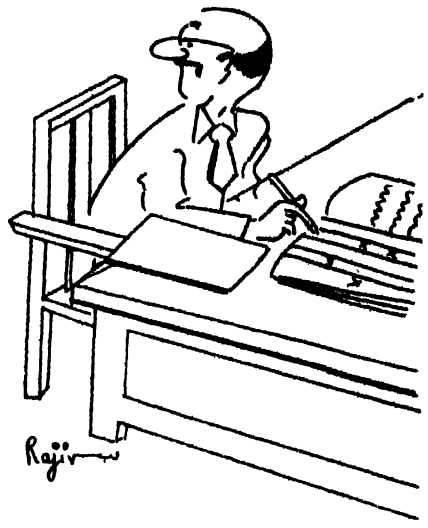
"LANDLADY," said Earl, "there's a dead bedbug in my bed!" "Go to sleep," said the landlady, "it is not going to hurt you."

"I am not afraid of it," said Earl. "It's the twenty thousand coming to its funeral that I am worried about at the moment."

THE HONBLE MINISTER BUNDALDASS • morris



THE pilgrim arrived home from Lourdes and was being checked at the Customs.
"What's in that bottle?" asked the officer
"Nothing but Lourdes water."
The officer opened the bottle, tasted it and said "Madam it's gin."
"My God," said the pilgrim, "a miracle already!"



IN a U.S. Western town, a notice runs thus: "In this town, last year, 4029 died of gas, 2 inhaled it; 27 put a match to it; 4000 stepped on it."

MANY years ago, the four Marx Brothers thought they would try to crash the business world. They rented an office and put in a telephone. During the first four weeks of their commercial operation the phone rang only four times.

"I guess," Groucho told his brothers, "if we want to keep real busy there is only one thing to do—from now on let's begin accepting wrong numbers!"

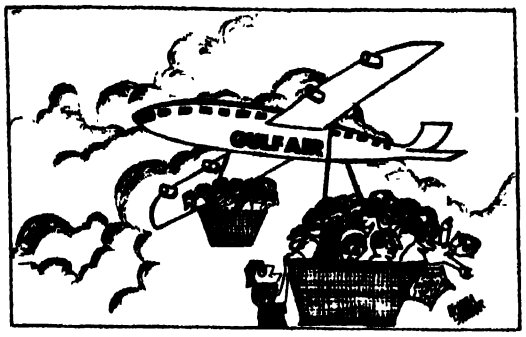
AN eight-year-old girl came home from school to announce to her mother that she planned to marry a schoolmate.

"That's fine. Does he have a job?"

Reported the girl, "Yes, he erases the blackboard in school."

"MY wife worships me," said a husband to his friend.
"Oh! Is that so?" wondered his friend.
"Yes, she places burnt offerings before me everyday," said the husband.

WOMAN: (calling her husband) "John, come in and get your roast-duck, apple pie and champagne."
Man: "Are you trying to kid me?"
Woman: "No, only the neighbours."



ULCERS: Something you get not from what you eat, but from what is eating you.

"DO you find writing a thankless job?" one man asked his writer-friend. "On the contrary everything I write is returned with thanks," replied the writer.

"HELLO, Ruth, do you still love me?"
"Ruth? My name is Helen."
"Sorry, I keep thinking this is Wednesday."

A GENEROUS host was overheard telling his friend,"I drank to his health so often that I ruined my own."

"WILL YOU donate something to the Old Ladies Club?"
"Sure, help yourself to my old mother-in-law."

"PROFESSOR: How would you punctuate this sentence — "Mary went swimming and lost her bathing suit."
Student: "I would make a dash after Mary."

"MY mother-in-law has disappeared from home," said a son-in-law to his friend. "Have you given a description to the police?" asked his friend.

"Yes, but they wouldn't believe me," moaned the son-in-law.

WIFE: "Dear, you have got an express delivery letter at home, marked—'Private and personal'."
Husband: "And what did it say?"

SHE: "Do you love me?"
He: "Yes, dear".
She: "Would you die for me?"
He: "No, mine is an undying love."

MAN in Pub: "And when I was in Africa, very early one morning I shot a lion in my pyjamas."
Second Man in Pub: "How did it get in there?"

LADY: "I'd like a pair of crocodile shoes, please."
Salesman: "Certainly, what size does your crocodile take?"

SOCIAL worker: "And have you lived all your life in Dublin, Mr Roots?"
Mr Roots: "No, not yet."

GUEST to Lift Man: "Why do you keep calling me 'son'?"
Ans: "Well I brought you up, didn't I?"

DINER: "Call the manager. I have never seen anything tougher than this steak."
Waiter: "You will, if I call the manager."

"WHAT makes you look so pale and sad?" an older friend asked a romantic boy

"It's terrible," confessed the youth. "She's the most wonderful girl in the world. And finally I got up enough courage to ask her to marry me, and she refused."

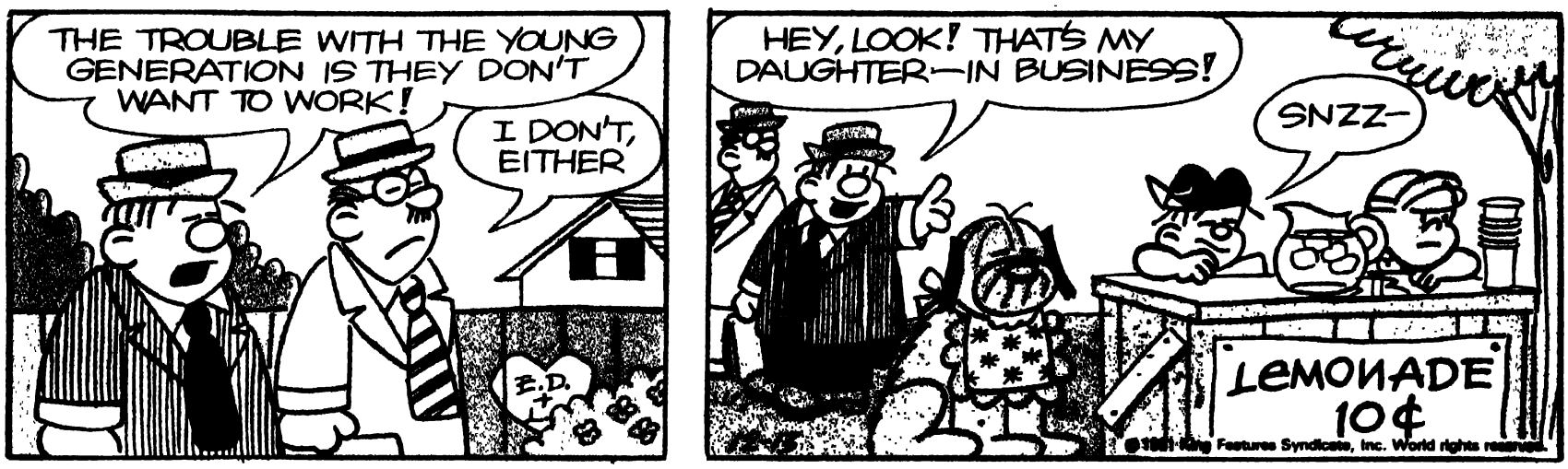
"Cheer up!" said the friend. "A woman's 'no' may often turn out to mean 'yes'."

"I know," said the youth mournfully. "But this one didn't say 'no', she said 'Aw, phooey'."

Compiled by Prashant Jogalekar and S.V. Koraddi.

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep

HUBERT **by Dick Wingert**

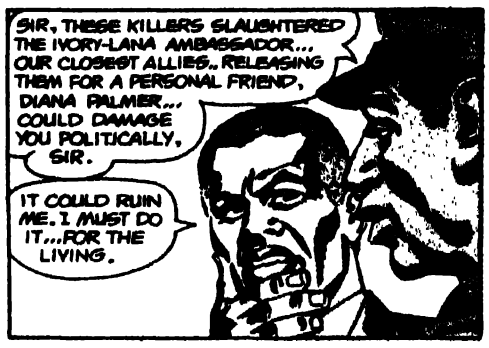


PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

WHY AREN'T YOU COMING WITH US, UNCLE WALKER?*
NO ROOM FOR HERO. YOU'VE GOT A FULL LOAD. GOODBYE, DIANA...
OH, DARLING..ALL THESE KILLERS.. YOU MADE IT LOOK SO EASY...
* FOR THE GHOST WHO WALKS.

SEE YOU AT THE TREE HOUSE!
BYE BYE..

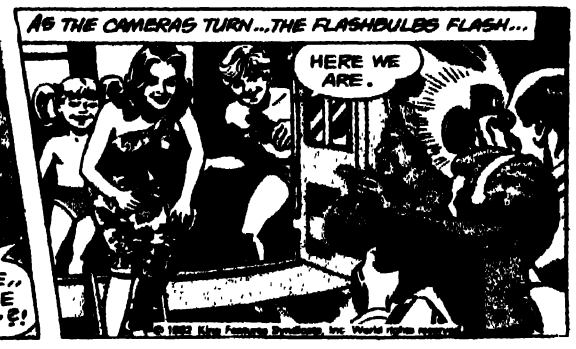
SIRE..YOU'RE EXCHANGING THESE KILLERS FOR THE HOSTAGES?
NO COMMENT.
SORRY, PRESIDENT LUAGA. NEWS LEAKED OUT.

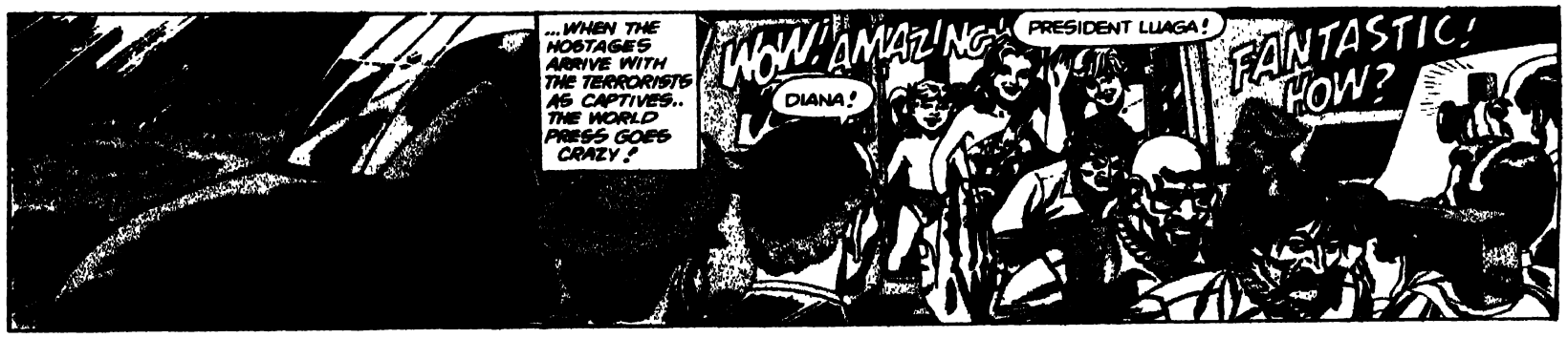

SIR, THESE KILLERS SLAUGHTERED THE IVORY-LANA AMBASSADOR... OUR CLOSEST ALLIES.. RELEASING THEM FOR A PERSONAL FRIEND, DIANA PALMER... COULD DAMAGE YOU POLITICALLY, SIR.
IT COULD RUIN ME. I MUST DO IT...FOR THE LIVING.

HEY, PREXY.. HOW ABOUT TAKING OFF THESE CUFFS...
HAVE RESPECT, YOU VERMIN! THIS IS OUR PRESIDENT!

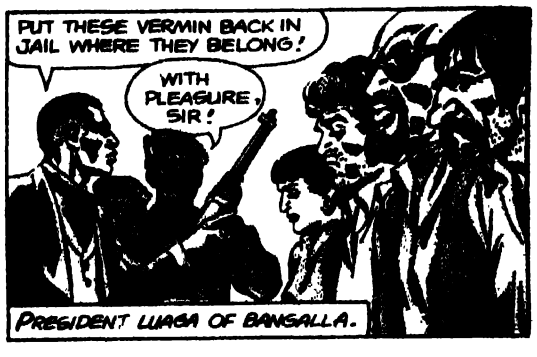
..THE CHOPPER WITH THE HOSTAGES!

THOSE ARE THE OTHER TERRORISTS.. THE LEADER... PABLO...
WHERE.. ARE THE HOSTAGES?!
BARRY 6/29

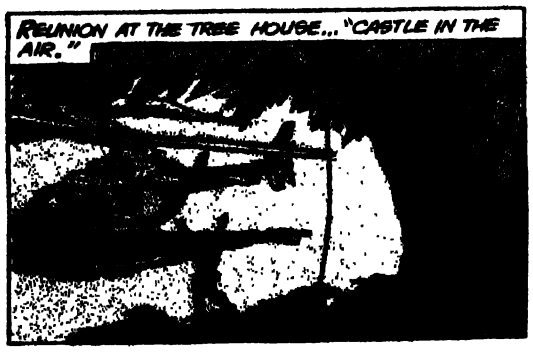

AS THE CAMERAS TURN...THE FLASHBULBS FLASH...
HERE WE ARE.


...WHEN THE HOSTAGES ARRIVE WITH THE TERRORISTS AS CAPTIVES.. THE WORLD PRESS GOES CRAZY!
WOW! AMAZING!
PRESIDENT LUAGA!
DIANA!
FANTASTIC! HOW?

MRS. PALMER-WALKER.. HOW DID YOU DO IT?
NO INTERVIEWS. SORRY.


PUT THESE VERMIN BACK IN JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG!
WITH PLEASURE, SIR!
PRESIDENT LUAGA OF BANSALLA.

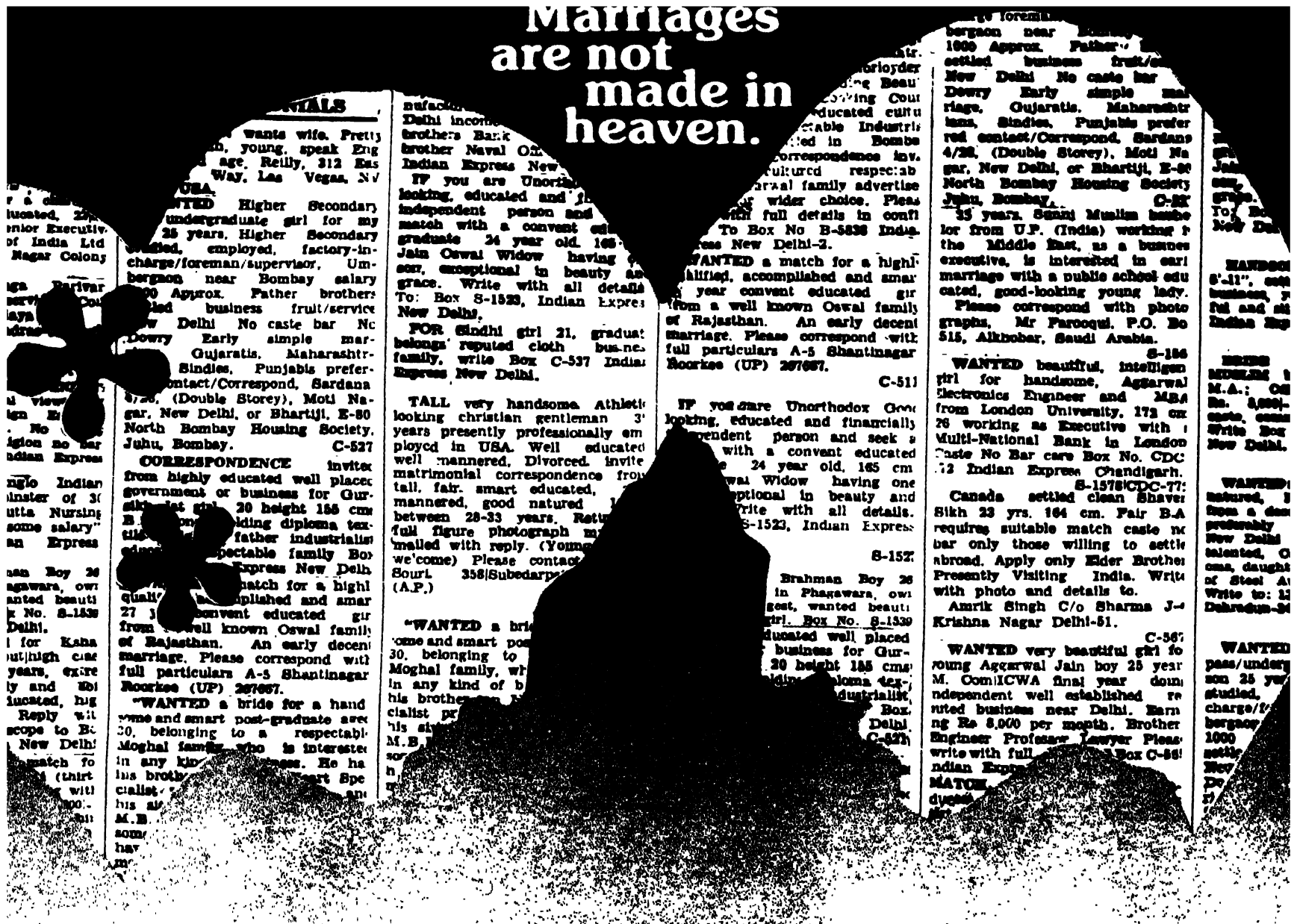
I SAW A FEW FAMILIAR MARKS. AM I RIGHT IN THINKING ME...
RIGHT! HE DID IT ALL! HE'S WAITING FOR US AT THE TREE HOUSE.


REUNION AT THE TREE HOUSE... "CASTLE IN THE AIR."

DADDY.. DADDY..
HOW CAN I THANK YOU? YOU NOT ONLY SAVED YOUR FAMILY, YOU SAVED MY POLITICAL CAREER...
YOU'RE THANKING ME?
9-5

YOU WERE READY TO SACRIFICE YOUR CAREER TO TRADE THE TERRORISTS FOR MY FAMILY.
WHAT'S ANY CAREER WORTH... COMPARED TO THAT!
CONT'D.

Marriages are not made in heaven.



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Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Absorb new ideas, cultivate new associates and start a new way of life. Those keen on starting a new industry or venture will find unusual cooperation from seniors as well as juniors coming their way. Clear all domestic backlog by midweek. Don't shirk your responsibilities. Consult seniors before committing yourself on anything.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

You are lovely and pleasant in the eyes of others. Financial and technical assistance will be at your disposal but be pursuasive. Alongside your normal routine you must indulge in a lot of social work, it will boost up your career. You will make a new friend early in the week. Midweek is good for an outing.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

The week promises new developments in your career/ vocation. In next couple of weeks try to build up new financial assets as well as goodwill among your colleagues. This will make your tasks easy. Make special efforts to secure a new job that comes within your grasp Follow your hunches they will serve you well.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Undue risks both in personal life as well as in career must be avoided at all costs. Do not trust new friends and newer schemes. It will be more prudent to carry on with the routine in the next couple of weeks. Secret information coming your way early in the week brings new business deals. Take counsel with seniors.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

In this and the next week, all important jobs concerning finance should be put through in order to avoid indefinite delays and postponements later on. Your social circle will widen and you will be inclined towards making as many new friends as you can. Your companionship will be much in demand early in the week.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

Job and business activities will tend to dominate this week. New friendships and new acquaintances will help you to expand business activities in and outside the country. From next week onwards you will take on new social activities and will make every single effort to be successful in them. Clear all backlog by the weekend.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

A week when you must streamline your career activities. You can recoup your earlier loss of prestige and money in the next few weeks. Industrialists and politicians should look into their prospects and be ready to strike a new deal in the near future. The early part of the week brings a lot of excitement.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

The going will be slightly tricky in this and the next week, You may have to take on thankless tasks and responsibilities in the early part of the week. They may result in fatigue and ill health. Follow your hunches, they may bring a windfall. New associates will be a great help. The weekend is hectic.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

As far as possible, leave no scope for misunderstandings with your friends and family. Do not pick quarrels on filmsy grounds. Midweek is a good time to seek reconciliation. Confide in seniors and elders so that they may take off the burden of heavy responsibilities from your shoulders and you find yourself free.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept. 24-Oct. 23

The dullness of the past few weeks will recede in the background and you will be called upon to act speedily and quickly on important projects in this and the next week. Make adequate arrangements for spare funds in the next few weeks. Travel proposals suddenly materialise midweek and you find yourself on tours.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

This is going to be a wholly busy week. This is also a pleasant time to clear backlog and push through your interests. Physicians and artists make headway in their career. A windfall may come your way early in the week. Your social activities midweek help you to strike a new business deal. Keep the weekend for friends.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

Put aside the domestic chores and pleasures this week and be ready to plunge headlong into job activities and business affairs. The eligibles can look forward to setting in life sometime in the coming weeks. A promotion is in the offing. There may be a pleasant family get-together early in the week.

STAR FOCUS

Love In 1983-III

Virgo: Basically, you are trustworthy and look forward to a stable and simple love. This year promises the fulfilment of your wish. Right from the early part of the year, you have tremendous opportunities to develop kindly relations. Around May you take several steps forward. July is the right time to express your feelings to the opposite sex.

Libra: You will terminate old ties and start a new relationship. The basic reason for this is that your present companion does not suit you emotionally. But your interest in love may begin to fade by the middle of the year. A coincidence brings a dashing personality into your life around July. You will hold him/her very dear. September may be a trying month.

Scorpio: Saturnic trends are going to operate in your solar horoscope this year. You will be more philosophical, realistic and controlled. There will be very little scope for romance and love. However, a brief interlude with the opposite sex takes place around July/August. But, it is doubtful if the relationship will last long. You are likely to be brusque and may give up the friendship.

Sagittarius: An enjoyable year for most of you. The first half will be devoted to legitimate duties and responsibilities. In the second half, from July onwards, your hobbies, pastime interests and social activities will keep you busy. In August, you will achieve wonderful heights with the active co-operation of a member of the opposite sex and hold him/her very dear.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, February 13

You can look forward to a year of achievement. You may go abroad in March for technical training or otherwise. A small windfall comes your way in April-May. Move cautiously between July and September.

Monday, February 14

Much depends on how firm you are about your resolutions between July and September. Financially, the current month is pretty good. You will travel widely in March and October.

Tuesday, February 15

A progressive and rewarding year. Accomodate others by assimilating their views. August and September are tricky months bringing a lot physical, mental and financial pressures.

Wednesday, February 16

A year when you can strengthen your interests, hobbies, studies and research work. Your love life is at its best until the end of May and again in October. Tackle seniors and elders intelligently in July-September.

Thursday, February 17

Scientists and scholars will put through many pet theories and schemes successfully. Do not allow relatives to interfere in your career in July-September. April, October and November are excellent for great achievements.

Friday, February 18

Make it a point to stand on your own feet. This way you will secure more than the anticipated success in career. Do not pay too much heed to cantankerous elders. You can ignore their advice if you want to.

Saturday, February 19

Your solar chart points to stability, greater security and unique opportunities this year. New methods tried out in 1982 will work out well this year. Barring August and September, you will do well financially.

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This Week's Bridge

Hyderabad Nationals-I
Robi—Suku Tops

THE 24th Winter Nationals were played recently at Hyderabad, 12th to 25th December, conducted by the Andhra Pradesh Bridge Association.

All previous participation records were broken at this National, perhaps accounting for the relatively sub-standard conduction of the Tournament. This was rather surprising, since the A.P.B.A. is one of best organised Associations in the country, and, in the past, they have conducted mammoth events very well. The most glaring defects, I felt, were the shortage of Assistant Directors, and the absence of volunteers to provide basic amenities to the players.

The 1982 Winter Nationals were a personal triumph for two of India's greatest ever players, Robi Roy and Sukha Ranjah Ghosh of Calcutta. Robi won an incredible 4 events—the Team of Four Duplicate, Open Pairs, Life Master Pairs and Mixed Pairs. Suku won the first three named above, both the Pairs events with Robi, and did not play the Mixed, otherwise for all one knows, they might well have tied in that event too.

The premier event of the Winter Nationals is of course the Team of Four Duplicate event for the Ruia Trophy. In recent years this has been a hotly contested event, but this time, AGARWALA's team, consisting of Subhas Agarwala, Krishna Kedia, Robi Roy, Suku Ghosh, Govind Singha and Sudhir Ganguli were awesome throughout, and won most of their matches by huge margins. Their win in the Finals was certainly the most lopsided in recent memory—they won by some 140 imps over 64 boards.

In forthcoming columns I shall describe several hands from many of the events. Today's hand is not spectacular, but the true student of the game will appreciate the finer points of matchpoint play as demonstrated by two masters.

None Vul, West dealer.

	♠ K74 ♥ KQ762 ♦ J93 ♣ 84	
♠ A1052 ♥ A5 ♦ A74 ♣ KJ107	N W E S	♠ Q83 ♥ J4 ♦ KQ10862 ♣ 93
	♠ J96 ♥ 10983 ♦ 5 ♣ AQ652	

At those tables where East-West were playing a Strong No Trump, the auction went 1NT : 3NT. At many tables North led a small Heart, so declarer came to 11 tricks in comfort. At one table, 12 tricks were made. Where Suku and Robi sat West and East, the bidding went:

West	North	East	South
1D	1H	3D	3H
D'ble	P	P	P

The One Diamond opening was forced by system, since Suku-Robi play a 13-15 No Trump. This enabled North South to compete effectively, and Suku was in a fix at his second turn. His choice of a Double would not occur to most players, even experts, but it is easy to see in retrospect that it is the best action on his cards. The Double announces a balanced or semi-balanced hand, 16-17 points, with not too many Diamonds! Perfect.

Now Robi had a tough decision—he had too little in defence, too many Diamonds, but finally the Jack of Hearts and the doubleton Club tipped the scales towards the Pass.

Note that 3 No Trumps fails on accurate defence. North leads the King of Hearts and continues with the Queen, while South plays the *ten* and *eight*, beginning an unblock at the same time telling his partner his precise holding. When all the Diamonds are played, North Keeps K7 of Spades and 762 of Hearts. South keeps the 93 of Hearts and the Ace of Clubs, forcing the declarer to concede one down.

Robi led the nine of Clubs. Declarer won the Ace, and misjudged the Hearts—if he had played for a 2—2 break, he would have easily made 8 tricks. But he chose to create his Diamond ruffs by playing a Diamond off the table. Suku jumped up with Ace as Robi played the King. A low Spade was ducked to Robi's Queen, a second Club went to Suku's ten, and he now cashed the Ace of Spades before playing another Club. Whatever declarer now did, Robi's Jack of Hearts was promoted, for down two, 300 to the maestros.

Observe that one down would have beaten all those who went down in 3NT or 5 Diamonds, but wouldn't have beaten those who stopped in a Diamond partial, for 130, or a Spade partial, which scores 170!

AVINASH GOKHALE

SANTANU GHOSH'S TEAM comprising S. Ghosh, A. Mukherjee, A. Brahmachari, S. Kantha, S. Banerjee and D. Roy won the Calcutta zonal of the Illustrated Weekly Centenary Bridge Trophy *and will represent the zone in the all-India final to be played at the Cricket Club of India, Bombay, on February 19 & 20. (Not seen in the picture are S. Ghosh and D. Roy.)*

This Week's Chess

King Overwhelmed

ALEXANDER misses his way under time pressure and just gets a draw from an overwhelming King side attack in the first game. In the second game Koshy courts disaster by trying to hang on to material. Both the games were played in the Bhilwara I.G.M. Tournament, New Delhi.

Ravi Sekhar-Alexander

1.c4, g6 2.Nc3, Bg7 3.g3, Nf6 4.Bg2, 00 5.Nf3, c6 6.Rb1, d5 7.b3, d4 8.Na4, Re8 9.00, e5 10.d3, Nbd7 11.b4, b5 12.Nb2, Rb8 13.Nd2, bxc4 14.Nbxc4, Nd5 15.Bxd5!?, cxd5 16.Na5, Re6, 17.Ba3, Bf8 18.Qc2, Bh6 19.Ndb3, Qb6 20.Nc5, Qc7 21.Bc1, Bf8 22.Bd2, Reb6 23.Nab3, Nxc5 24.bxc5, Ra6 25.f4?!, Bh3 26.Rfc1, Re8 27.Rb2?!, Rf6! 28.f5!?, Rxf5 29.c6!?, Ba3 30.Ba5, Qc8!? 31.c7, Bxb2 32.Qxb2, h5! 33.Nc5, Rg5 34.Nb7, b4? 35.Nd6, Qg4 36.Nxe8?...

Position No 381: 36...Qf4! 37.e3, Rxg3ch?! 38.hxg3, Qxg3ch 39.Kh1, Qf3ch 40.Kg1, Qg3ch 41.Kh1, Qf3ch; ½:½.

6.Rb1) The position can arise from English or Reti Opening. Regular here would be 6.d4, d5 7.Qb3 converting into Neo-Grunfeld or Komeri Variation of Grunfeld Defence.

8.Na4) It would be a kind of King's Indian Yugoslav Variation now with colours reversed if the Black Pawn were on c5 instead of c6.

15.Bxd5) An exceptional situation when White has to give up his King Fianchetto Bishop for the Knight which threatens... Nc3.

22...Reb6) Black cannot win a Pawn on c5, i.e. 22...Nxc5 23.bxc5, Rxb1, Qxc5 (or 24...Bxc5 25.Rc1) 25.Qxc5, Bxc5 26.Rc1 wins a piece

25.f4?!) Riskily trying to divert Black's attention to King side to secure progress of his passed c-Pawn.

27...R86!) Thwarts White's intention of 28.fxe5, Qxe5 29.Bf4 with the threat 29...Rxf4!; and in any case Black threatens the same with 28...exf5 etc.

30...Qc8!?) Stronger is 30...Qe7! e.g. 31.c7, Qf6! (threat 32...Rf1ch etc. mating) 32.Nd2, Rf2 33.Nf3, Bxb2 34.Qxb2 Qxf3!; or 33.Rb8, Rg2ch 34.Kh1, Qf2!; 35.Rxe8ch, Kg7 36.Rg8ch, Kh6!; winning

34...h4?) Correct is 34...Qf5! 35.Nd6, Qf4! threatening 36...Rxg3ch etc.

36.Nxe8?) Now White should win with 36.c8Q!, Rxc8 37.Rxc8ch etc. But, curiously enough, he was playing fast though not under time pressure.

37...Rxg3ch?!) 37...Qxe3ch 38.Kh1, Qf3ch 39.Kg1, hxg3 etc. wins.

Koshy-Kupreichik

1.Nf3, d5 2.d4, c6 3.e3, Nf6 4.Bd3, Bg4 5.Nbd2, Nbd7 6.h3, Bh5 7.c4, e6 8.00, Bd6 9.e4, dxe4 10.Nxe4, Nxe4 11.Bxe4, Nf6 12.Bd3, Bc7 13.Be2, Qd6 14.g3, 000 15.Be3, Qb4!? 16.Qb3, Qa5 17.c5, Bb8 18.Qc4, Nd5 19.Bd2, Qc7 20.Ne5...

Position No 382: 20...g6! 21.g4, f6 22.f4, g5 23.gxh5, gxf4! 24.Nf3??, Qg7ch 25.Kh1, Qg3 26.Qd3, Rhg8; 0-1.

3.e3) The regular order of moves is 3.c4, Nf6 4.Nc3, e6 (Semislav Defence) 5.e3.

7.c4) The Colle System 7.c3 (to be followed by e4) is not effective when Black's Queen Bishop is out.

15.Be3) After 15.Bf4, Qe7 16.Bxc7, Qxc7 White's d-Pawn comes under pressure.

15...Qb4?!) When I asked Kupreichik, he was not definite about how he would have dealt with 16.a3; 16...Qa5 (16...Qxb2? would be too rash) 17.c5 (17.b4?, Qf5 18.Kg2, e5!), Bb8 18.b4, Qc7 19.Ne5 should give White a more active game.

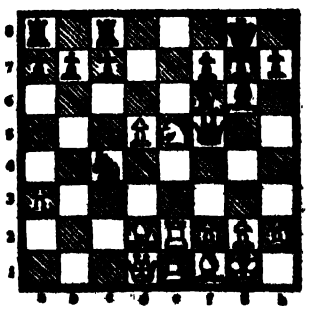
20...g6!) A strange way of offering the Bishop to open the g-file.

22.f4) If 22.Nf3, Bxg4! 23.hxg4, g5! and 24...h5.

24.Nf3??) 24.Bxf4!, Nxf4 25.Rxf4, fxe5 26.Qxe6ch, Qd7 27.Qxd7ch, Rxd7 28.dxe5, Bxe5 29.Re4; or 24...Qg7ch 25.Kh1, fxe5 26.Bxe5, Bxe5 27.dxe5, Qxe5 28.Bg4 seems to offer even chances.

26...Rhg8) Mate is inevitable after 27.Ne1, f3!; or 27.Rg1, Qxh3ch 28.Nh2, f3'.

R.B. SAPRE



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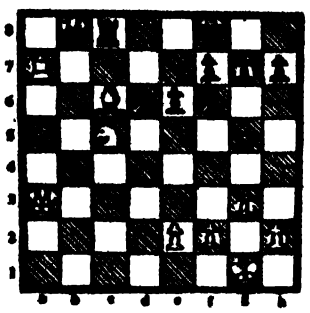

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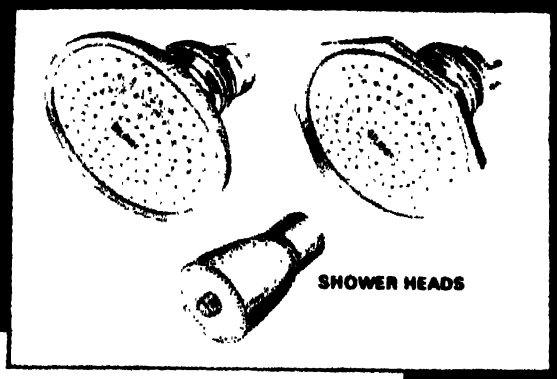

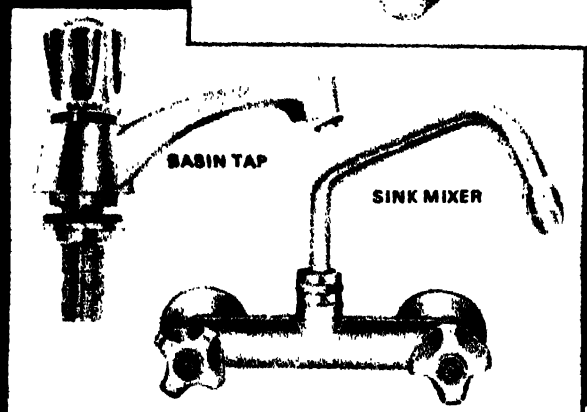

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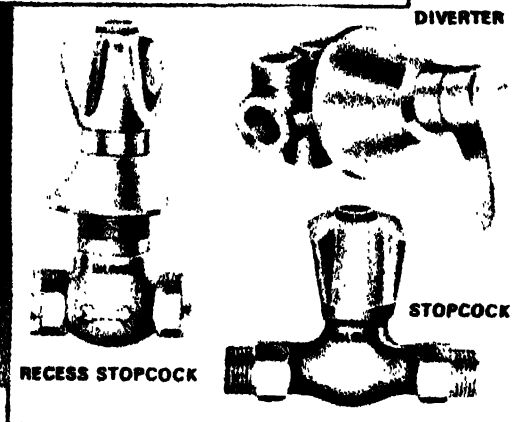

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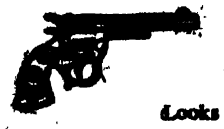

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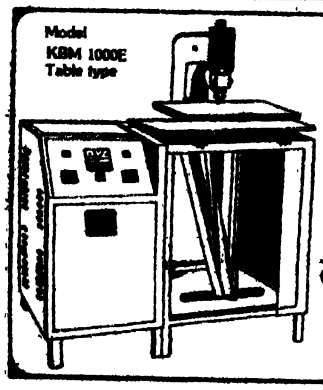

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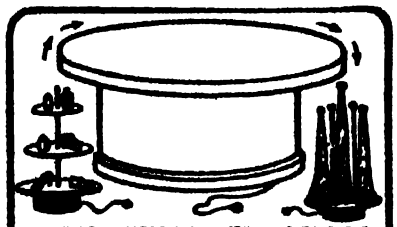
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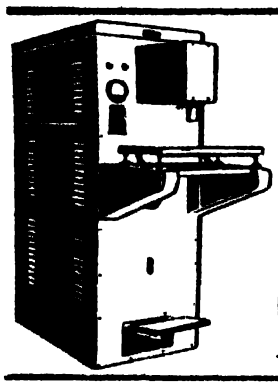
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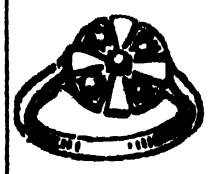
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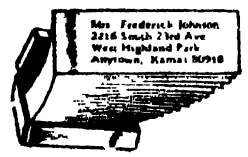
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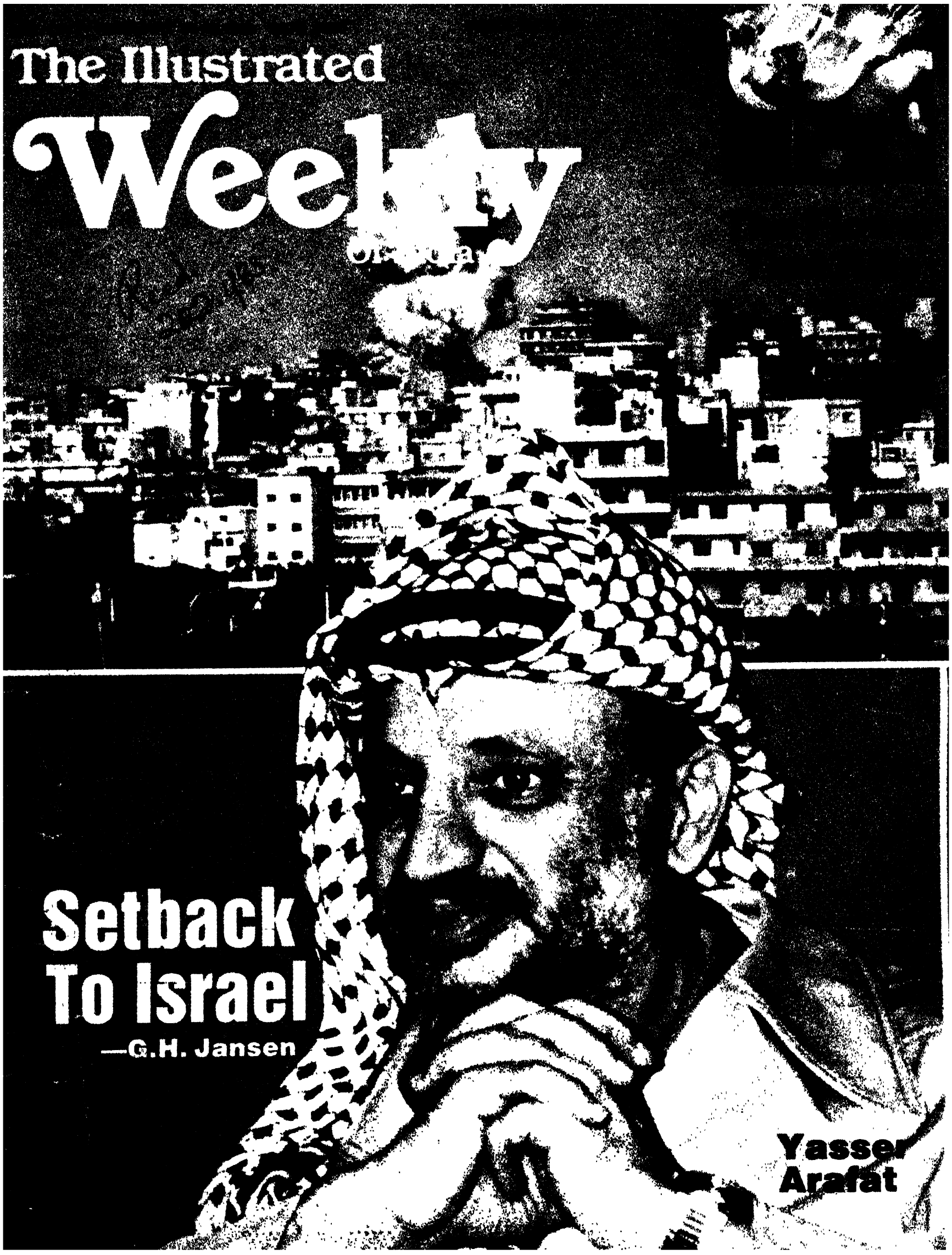
Setback To Israel

—G.H. Jansen



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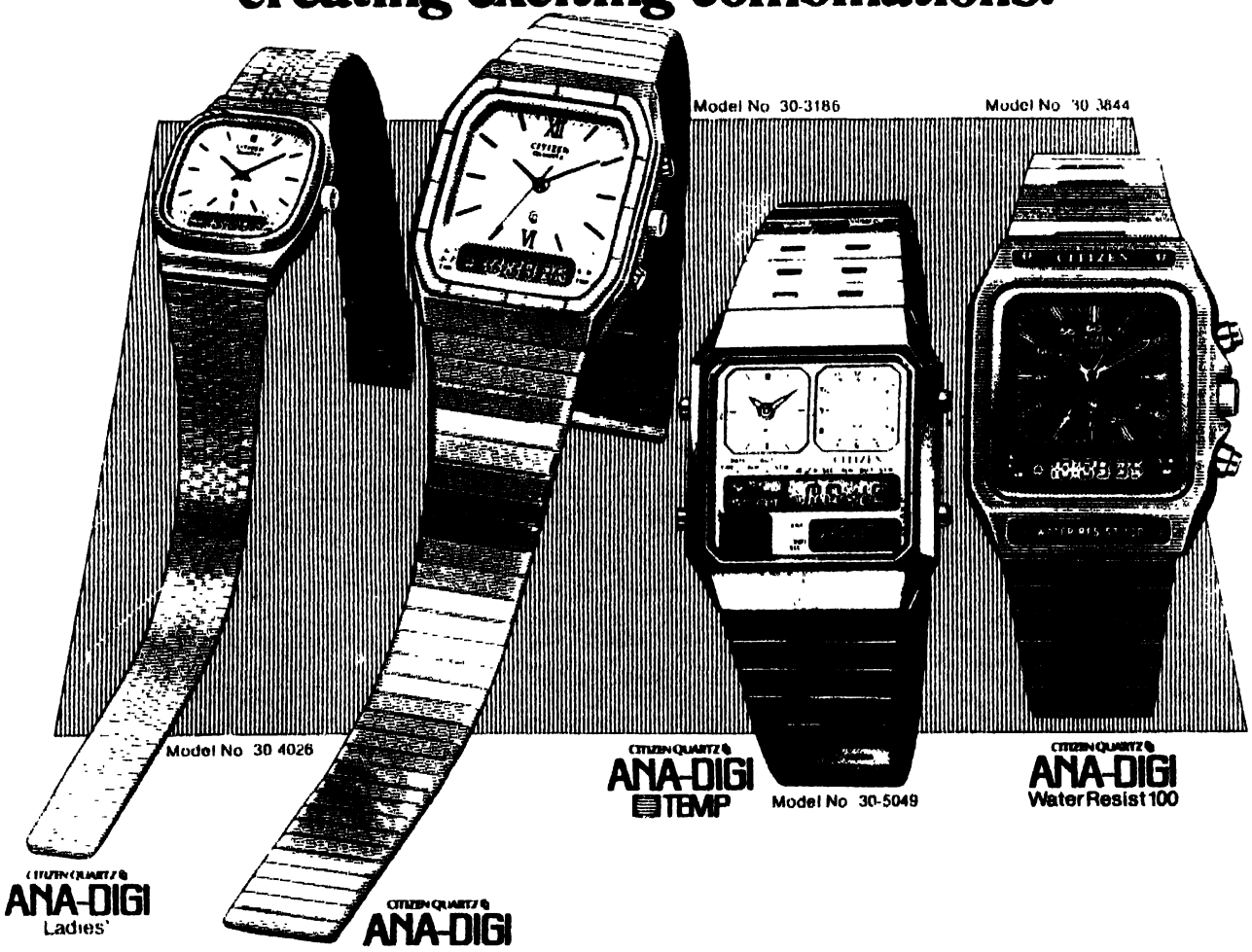

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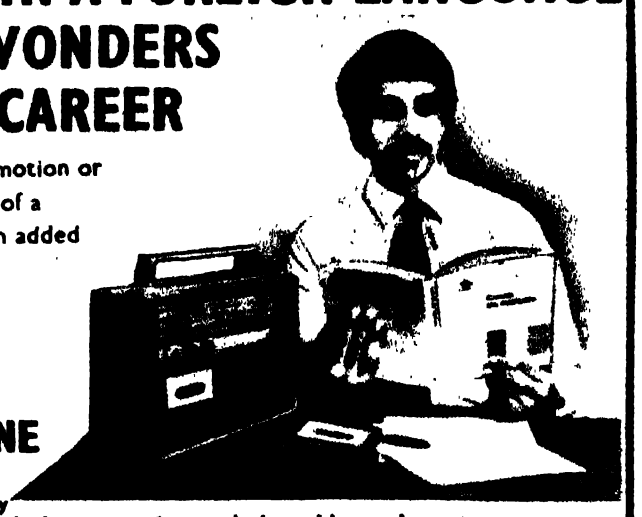

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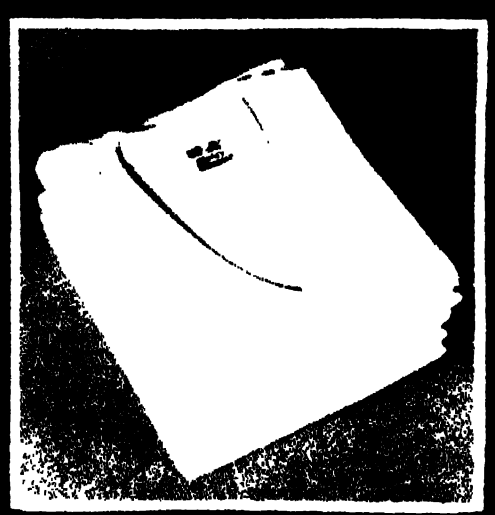

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bravo!

Sir--Your special Republic Number ("Our Freedom In Peril", January 23) was superb. I particularly liked the article by RGK. ("India's Darkest Hour").

We Indians who boast of being citizens of the world's largest democracy, carry in our heart the blackest malice for the country. We enjoy freedom without responsibility. As our population grows and resources come under increasing pressure, our ideas of living and the political system itself are bound to change radically.

R.B. Chauhan
Bardoli

Bravo Mario

Sir—Mario's cover for your special Republic Number was superb.

B.N. Bose
Jamshedpur

Sir—We enjoyed the articles on the Chandod murals ("Murals To Mahadeva") and "The Crowd In India"in the January 23 issue of the WEEKLY. But we missed the articles on films and sports. Please don't drop them.

Kirit Parikh
Bombay

Madhok Misleads?

Sir—The Government should take strong action against Mr Balraj Madhok who has tried to mislead the average Indian citizens and attempted to create destructive attitudes in them ("Muslim Minorities: Pampered or Persecuted?" January 9).

Akhter Rasheed
Digboi

Sir—Both the sides have argued in an explosive manner. This bodes no good for national integration. We expect a renowned magazine like yours to publish articles to promote communal harmony. You must publicise examples like Tamil Muslims accepting Ayappa Prasadam and Hindus and Muslims visiting Shirdi.

Arif Mohammad Khan
Madras

Sir—Muslims are not the only minority community in India. How is it that the Parsis and Christians have learnt to live with the Hindus? A Parsi retires to the Fire Temple or a Christian to the Church, for a prayer without insisting that his prayer shall be publicised by means of a loudspeaker. They do not claim separate marriage laws for themselves. Nor do they insist on a national status for their language.

Syed Shahabuddin's claim that, being a minority community, the Muslims were denied the plums is preposterous. What about the Parsis who are also in a minority but enjoy a distinctly better standard of living? This is the reward of their resourcefulness and enterprise. Anyone can scale the ladder of success in the country given the right inclination and approach.

Pradeep C. Kambli
Bombay

Sir—Congratulations Mr Madhok for speaking up for the Hindus who are the most tolerant people in the world!

Dr M.G.K. Murthy
Hyderabad

Sir—The article by Syed Shahabuddin was most risible. There is absolutely no denying the fact that Indian Muslims are a pampered lot.

When 70 per cent of our population grovels below the poverty line, it is futile to ask: "Who is poor or who is rich?" Muslims alone are not the sufferers.

Most Muslims are prosperously engaged in trade and commerce. In fact, the Rs 400 crore export-oriented leather industry is in the hands of the Muslims. Just a glance at the North Arcot belt (called the dollar area) in Tamil Nadu will prove this point.

N. Mohan
Madras

Sir—After reading Balraj Madhok's article, I came to a conclusion that it is not the Muslims but Madhok who has no respect for other religions. He does not write in defence of Hinduism but to denounce Islam and to abuse Muslims. By doing so he is disrespecting the very spirit of Hinduism.

Madhok is against cow slaughter. Very good! But what about the slaughter of the other poor creatures?

Shaheen Nazar
Gaya

Sir—To open such issues for public action requires guts and conviction.

Syed Qamar Ahmad
Gaya

Tweedledum Tweedledee

Sir—Sujata Anandan's report from Trivandrum ("When Government Fiddled While Trivandrum Burned", January 16) presented a clear picture of the unruly happenings that marred the New Year's Eve. The Kerala Chief Minister and the Home Minister seem to have misread the mind of the illiterate or half-educated Muslim. He knows he can bank on the support of his "co-religionists" and his habit of sporting a knife makes him a bully.

J.S. Sekhar
Trivandrum

Sir—The tragedy in Kerala is that no ministry can displease the Muslim League (which has 14 members in the Assembly) *and* survive
Under the circumstances the imposition of President's rule is the only way out. May I propose the formation of a 3-man Commission consisting of Judges from outside Kerala?

C.M.K. Nair
Bombay

Sir—Sujata Anandan is wrong in attributing that I was a party in organising protest demonstrations at Trivandrum on December 30. I never associated with the demonstration and Muslim League Party was also against any such activities.

I had appealed through All India Radio asking people to refrain from protests, as Government acted promptly and effectively on the unfortunate incident at Alleppey (December 28), which was widely covered by Kerala papers.

C. H. Mohammed Koya
Deputy Chief Minister
Kerala

Mr Karunanidhi Protests

Sir—I am one among those who believe and respect the articles that appear in your magazine. But I hereby refute the contents of the article ("It's MGR vs DMK", January 16) on page 9 para 4 which has direct reference to me. The contents are utterly false and malign my reputation.

In the above article it has been falsely quoted as "Mystery lurks behind Karunanidhi's dark glasses, too. The grapevine has it that his eyes have been affected by a dreadful disease and that the self-confessed atheist went to Tirupati and offered a pair of golden eyes to Lord Venkatesvara".

When I met with a car accident my left eye got hurt and I had it operated in the year 1971 when I had been to America. It is known to one and all and the news had appeared in all newspapers at that time.

Further, I would like to state that I am a very firm believer of the ideals which I profess and stand for the same at all eventualities. But your article falsely says that I have offered a pair of golden eyes to Lord Venkateswara of Tirupati which is highly derogatory and against my ideals and also shatters all my hopes that I had all these years on the genuineness and authenticity of your magazine.

I request you not to publish such baseless stories maligning the reputation of others as well as your magazine.

M. Karunanidhi
Tamil Nadu

"Nominating" MGR

Sir—You have "naturally" featured glamorous Jayalalitha on the leading pages ("MGR Deserves A Nobel Prize", January 16), preferring her to the rich cultural heritage and beautiful temples of Tamil Nadu. But it is ridiculous to compare MGR with Mother Teresa!

S. D. Sinni
Bombay

Sir—The Jayalalitha piece was pure hero-worship. About 200 crores and odd rupees are required annually to implement this scheme. Where does this huge amount come from? MGR has opened arrack shops! It is just like robbing Peter to pay Paul!

V. Krishnamurthi
Tamil Nadu

Sir—Jayalalitha's fawning on MGR is ridiculous. She even compares MGR with Mother Teresa in humanitarian work. MGR is disbursing public money in the midday meal scheme which at one time was effective in most part of India by the grace of American-aided CARE. But none suggested that CARE be honoured with a Nobel Prize!

J. Mathew
Calcutta

Cricket "Cracks"

Sir—Our debacle in Pakistan reminds me of a limerick:

Cricket rules I know not,
But here is some food for thought:
We can't play Pakistan eleven
At one time, and get even;
So let's play them one by one,
what?

Maj D.V. Dongre
Bombay

The Well Of Loneliness

Sir—Louise Bernikow's piece on "Loneliness In America" (January 9) was thought-provoking. The family is society's fundamental unit. It acts as a shock absorber against emotional bumps and grinds. In the highly mechanical life that we lead, artificiality rends the very fabric of love which binds people together.

Ironically, Americans are facing the problem of loneliness *after* achieving economic prosperity. That should serve as a warning to us who are in a heedless pursuit of self.

Sudheer
New Delhi

Pharaoh's Gold

Sir—Partha Basu's article on the Howard Carter's discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb (January 16) is of great

significance to lovers of archaeology and history. You should have had the Pharaoh's mask on the cover. Please give us more such articles on ancient civilizations like Sumer, Babylon and Greece.

Sunil Kumar Jha
Bhilwara

Avatar In Andhra

Sir—A Telugu saying has it that even a docile lamb turns violent if it is tortured too much. That is what happened to Telugu Desam ("The NTR Torando", January 23). The power-hungry Chief Ministers may not have been ashamed of humiliating themselves but the people of Andhra Pradesh were!

Mr Nanadmuri Taraka Rama Rao, who took no interest in politics has had to turn himself into a Messiah to save the honour of six crore Andhras.

Maddela J. Edwards
Bangalore

Sir—NTR's main plank is regionalism. In this he surpasses the Thackerays and Karunanidhis. Recently he spoke to the IAS and IPS (most of whom do not know Telugu) in chaste Telugu with dramatic gesticulations as if he was enacting the villain's part in a movie!

Ms T. Manjari
Secundarabad

Hypocritical!

Sir—S.S. Shergill in his letter to the Editor (January 2) quoted Jinnah to berate the Hindus without a shred of evidence or proof. The Sikhs, in fact, enjoy the best representation in services and fields of economic activity in relation to their population. Their representation in higher posts is most significant. Even the lawless elements among them are a pampered lot.

Earlier, the Hindus provided men and resources for the organisation of the Sikh faith and contributed to its growth, power and prestige.

And if Jinnah had such an affection for the Sikhs as Shergill makes out, why did they have to suffer the inhuman atrocities at the hands of the Muslim League National Guards in Pakistan (where Jinnah reigned supreme)?

Shadi Lal Sahni
New Delhi

Well-Done!

Sir—Darshan Singh Maini's stark expose of the politics in Punjab deserves high praise ("The Punjab Imbroglio", January 9). I fully agree with his rationally drawn conclusions.

Krishna Pachegonkar
Aurangabad

Hurrah

Sir—Long live father Prousch! (A German Scholar-Dancer's Fifty Years", January).

The Illustrated Weekly Of India

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8 COVER STORY: ***More Nilly Than Willy, Arabs Close Ranks.*** War is not only hell, its consequences are hellishly unpredictable. How unpredictable is revealed by G.H. Jansen. A report on how the gains made by Israel on the battlefield by its invasion of Lebanon have been all but neutralised by a till recently unthinkable closing of Arab ranks.

12 POLITICS: ***Fresh Drive To Oust Bihar CM.*** Following the Congress (I) setbacks in the South, the Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Babasaheb Bhosale, has already been replaced. Now all eyes are on Dr Jagannath Mishra, the Bihar CM whose tenure has been the subject of heated controversy. By a Special Correspondent.

21 IN THE STATES: ***Dada's Difficult Task.*** Govind Talwalkar, Editor, *Maharashtra Times*, assesses the Herculean task that awaits Vasantrao Patil, the new Chief Minister of Maharashtra.

22 Also: ***Antulay: Down And Defiant.*** Vithal C Nadkarni interviews A.R Antulay who lost the race for Chief Ministership.

23 ***Battle of The Ballot*** by Rafique Z. Hazarika

19 Also: ***Tripura: The Battle For Survival.*** The tide of refugees has radically altered the population mix of Tripura by H.S. Sethi.

18 Plus: Jyoti Jafa on the recent Assembly elections in Tripura.

46 SPORTS: ***A Disturbing Moment For Indian Cricket.*** Many Indian players were unhappy about Skipper Sunil Gavaskar's failure to involve himself with the fortunes of his team in Pakistan. It was as though 11 individuals were on view. R. Sriman reviews the recent Indo-Pak series which saw our cricket touch rock bottom.

27 ECONOMY: ***Businessmen's Pre-Budget Blues.*** Vadilal Dagli analyses the effect of the mounting budgetary deficit. And a Special Correspondent on ***Expenditure And Revenue: Some Vital Aspects*** of the country's defence needs.

16 INVESTIGATION: ***The Politics Of Opium.*** Until recently, India controlled the world's supply of licit opium. But the Super-Power patronage of the illicit cultivation of the deadly flower in South-West Asian countries has virtually robbed us of the market, says Dipak B.R. Chaudhuri.

25 CULTURE: ***Kayyankali: The Art Of Fighting.*** Kayyankali predates its glamorous martial art cousin, Karate, by some 40 centuries. Unfortunately, this art is practised in but a few villages in the remote districts of Kerala. By R.C. Vaidyanathan.

30 THE MINORITIES: ***Struggle Against Authoritarianism.*** Asghar Ali Engineer reveals the discontent that is simmering among the Bohras

43 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya follows up on the deaths in Dum Dum's notorious jail; profiles the award-winning film-maker, Utpalendu Chakravarty, and investigates the latest "dramas" at Writers Building.

40 WILDLIFE: ***Operation Tiger.*** Gautam Sabbarwal writes about the hernia operation on Ashok, a full-grown tiger at the Delhi Zoo—a first in India

35 PHOTOFEATURE: ***Uphill.*** The saga of James Menezes, a 36-year-old man afflicted with cerebral palsy. Wonderful photographs by Jamshyd Sethna.

53 VIEWPOINT: ***Indian Graffiti.*** Is there a clean white wall to be found anywhere? People take perverse pleasure the world over in desecrating walls. But the Indian writing on the wall is peculiarly our own, says Shamshad Husain.

45 HEALTH: ***Oh, For A Good Night's Sleep!*** Break that sleeping-pill habit and find the root cause of your sleeplessness. Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee on how to beat insomnia.

32 PAINTING: ***Mystic Art.*** Jean Letschert Aschary-acharya is a Belgian artist who paints in the language of spirituality. By Christine Merllie

42 ENCOUNTER: ***Towards A "World Music".*** Romita Torcato reports on the East-West music "Encounter" which was held recently in Bombay.

34 TRIBUTE: ***The Pizzicato Of Pollens.*** Ashok Mitra on Bishnu Dey, the noted Bengali poet who won the 1971 Jnanpith Award.

49 FICTION: ***Nightwatch*** by Sathya Saran

Plus: *That's Business 39; New Products And Processes 38; Weekly Pick 52; Stars 51; Ha 54; Comics 58; Bridge & Chess [illegible]*

Next Issue

Future Of The Kitchen Cabinet(s)?

Call it Camelot or kitchen cabinet, every leader of Government has a special circle of advisers and trouble-shooters. Mrs Gandhi is no exception. Now, however, the role of the kitchen cabinet(s) at the Centre is being widely debated following the Congress (I) reverses in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka. Is Mrs Gandhi radically altering her style of functioning? Is the "ring of power" being disbanded or it is being regrouped and revitalised? A tantalising analysis.

Sex And Hinduism

In Christian ethos, sex is tainted by sin, while to a Hindu it is worship: a necessary element for the spiritual release of both the man and the woman. The Hindus are thus well equipped to enjoy it, says P.K. Nijhawan.

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS: RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR: VITHAL C NADKARNI SUB-EDITORS: RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR ART DIRECTOR: RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE): PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT: K.A NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS: J.S JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: JITENDRA ARYA, S.N. KULKARNI

HOODED ISRAELI ARABS carrying a Palestinian flag during a procession in the Israeli-Arab village of Sahknine to mark the death anniversary of six Israeli Arabs shot by Israeli troops. As the author points out, war is not only hell, its consequences are hellishly unpredictable. The consequences of Israel's invasion of Lebanon could never have been visualised by that nation.

Setback To Israel

More Nilly Than Willy, Arabs Close Ranks

by G.H. Jansen

For all the gains made by Israel on the battlefield through its invasion of Lebanon in June 1982, that offensive has produced the following developments: a tougher Egyptian and Saudi line; a closing of Arab ranks; the Jordanian-PLO *rapprochement*; and the Reagan Plan. In fact, President Reagan has a crucial role to play within the next two or three months. If he is unable to put the brakes on the Israeli colonisers, then the whole peace process in the Middle East will collapse. The Lebanon invasion has thus, in sum, led to the coming together of forces in the Middle East that can only be interpreted as a setback to Israel.

War, as an American General sapiently remarked, *war is hell*. But it can also be a great accelerator of every sort of process in the body politic because, like the prospect of being hanged, it concentrates the mind marvellously.

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon was no exception here: it was hell—especially for the innocent Lebanese and Palestinian civilian victims—and it has accelerated the development of the policies of Arab Governments towards each other and towards outside powers. In the aftermath of the Sabra-Chatila massacres, there has been a very considerable rearranging of Arab attitudes and relationships, some of them most unexpected.

Thus Egypt—and, to a lesser extent, Saudi Arabia—have hardened their line towards Israel and, consequently, to the United States, Israel's patron; Iran and the PLO have suggested that the Arab boycott of Egypt should cease and that she should be welcomed back to the Arab family; Jordan and the PLO have drawn together and are trying to work out joint moves towards a negotiated settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute. None of these things would have come about but for the Israeli invasion—and they are the last things that Israel would have liked to see happening.

Even before the Israeli attack in June 1982, Egypt's enthusiasm for the whole Camp David process—specifically the normalisation of relations between itself and Israel—had cooled off very noticeably. Israel was already complaining that trade and tourism had dwindled to a one-way flow from Israel to Egypt and that

Egypt was stalling on the many schemes for economic, social and cultural cooperation that the Israelis had eagerly proposed But, after the invasion, this disobliging distancing has changed to almost a full-scale "boycott"—the word used by the Israelis

The Egyptian Ambassador was withdrawn from Tel Aviv as a sign of disapproval and it was made known that he would return only when Israeli troops were out of Lebanon, trade and tourism were blocked off—even from Israel—so much so that even Egyptian Christians were not allowed to make the Christmas pil grimage to Jerusalem and Beth lehem, politically, Egypt announced that it would not resume its discus sions on Palestinian autonomy with Israel before Israel stopped colonis ing the West Bank and withdrew troops from Lebanon Egypt went further in this direction when it announced in December, that it would resume these talks not only after the above two conditions were fulfilled but also only after Israel indicated its willingness to talk peace with Jordan and the PLO

The gap between Egypt and Israel is so wide that the Egyptian Minister of State for Foreign Affairs was, if anything, understanding when he characterised their relations as "a cold peace", and Israeli President Navon went further, using the words, "a frozen peace" But what Egypt has refused to do is to take what seems like the final, logical step—to break diplomatic relations with Israel and to pull out of the Camp David process, probably because the US would be mightily displeased and could reduce or cut off financial and military assistance, and also be cause, almost certainly, Israel would invade and reoccupy Sinai

Similarly, Saudi Arabia has tried to stiffen Lebanon's attitude against Israel by threatening that there would be no Saudi (and hence no Gulf State) aid to Lebanon until the last Israeli soldier leaves The Saudis also stipulated that any Lebanese agreement with Israel should not contain any element likely to draw Lebanon away from the Arab fami ly—as happened with Egypt—and the agreement should not be tied to any plan for settling the Palestine problem in other words, no exchan ge of Israeli concessions on Lebanon against PLO concessions on a peace settlement

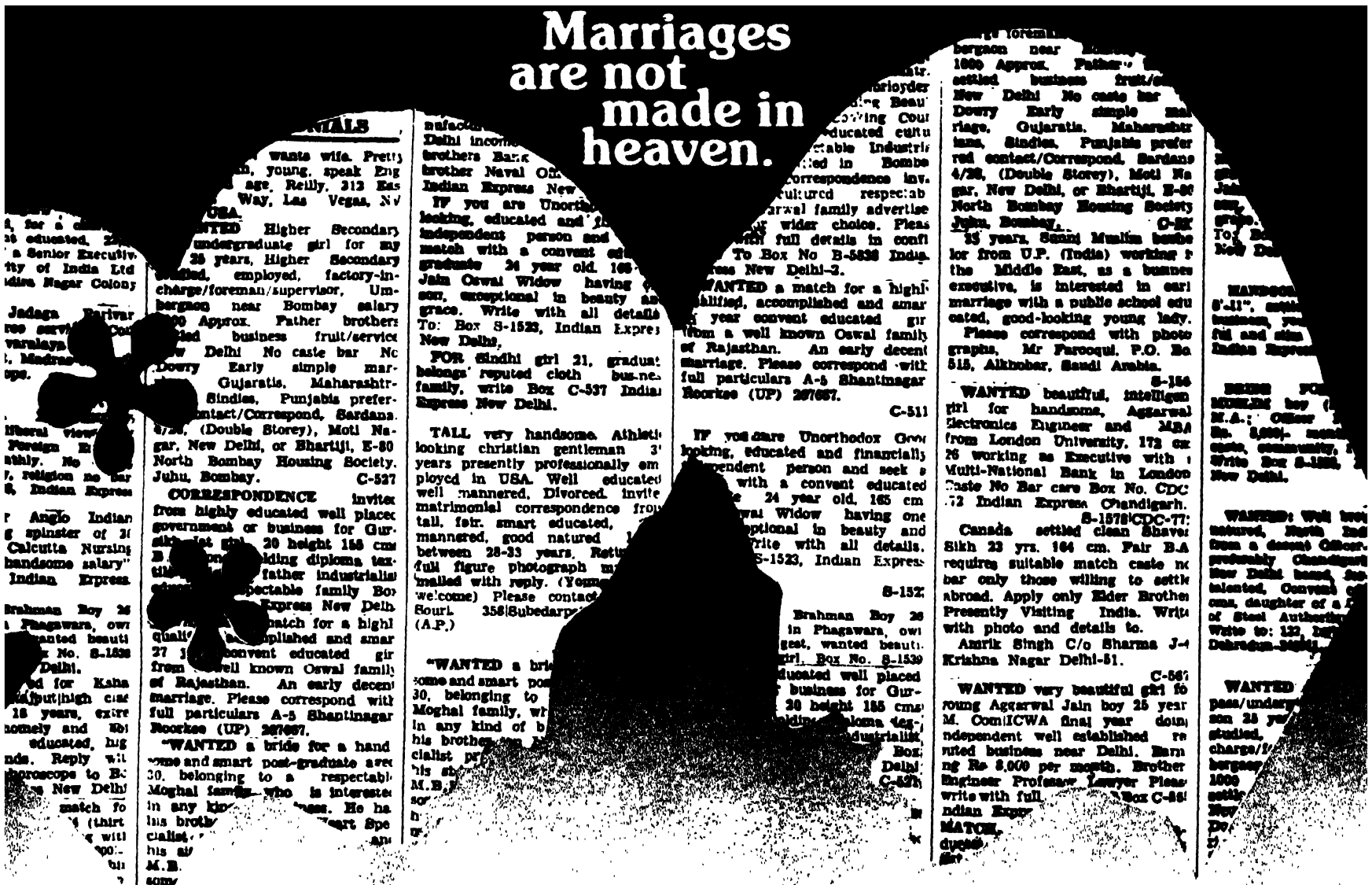
Tough talk indeed, but directed at Lebanon rather than at the Arabs' →

ISRAELI TROOPS standing outside a dye-marker during operations on the outskirts of Beirut, Lebanon, in August 1982 This was during their push forward to flush out PLO strongholds in the city The position in February 1983 is that Iraq and the PLO are prepared to stop boycotting Egypt—a closing of Arab ranks unthinkable eight months ago, before the Israeli invasion

A PALESTINIAN WOMAN pictur during a training session on the use arms in West Beirut

FOLLOWING THE VISIT of Preside Anwar Sadat (*below*) to Jerusale Egypt, it may be recalled, was conde ned 'to the icIest outskirts of Gehe na by the "Confrontation Front" radical Arab regimes (of which t PLO is a full member and Iraq half-member)

Marriages are not made in heaven.



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primary target, the US, which supports Israel in every possible way. Indeed, until recently, Saudi Arabia was helping the US build up its oil stockpile by exported quantities far in excess of its budgetary needs.

Because Egypt has done something more than talk against Israel and has imposed sanctions on her—albeit passively and negatively—it became possible, even acceptable, for the PLO and Iraq to say that Egypt should return to the Arab family and that the Arabs should return to Egypt. A startling volte-face for the PLO and Iraq, because the PLO is a full member and Iraq was a half-member of the "Confrontation Front" of radical Arab regimes that condemned Egypt to the iciest outskirts of Gehenna after Anwar Sadat's visit to Jerusalem.

Besides the change in Egyptian policy towards Israel, there are three other reasons for the surprise move by the PLO and Iraq.

Firstly, in the absence of Egypt from the Arab family, its headship passed, more nilly than willy, to Saudi Arabia which, despite its close financial ties with the US, has not brought to bear on the Americans the degree of pressure it could, and should, have done, especially after the Israeli invasion. Its huffing and puffing against Lebanon—and Britain also—can be seen as just so many confessions of its self-imposed impotence vis-a-vis the US. Egypt, because it would be a returned prodigal, could possibly try to provide stronger leadership to the Arabs.

Secondly, Egypt could be more useful to the Arabs precisely because it has been close to the US, since it has risked alienation from the Arab world by making peace with Israel under the auspices of—and to the great satisfaction of—the US. The Americans should be under an obligation to stand by their best, proven Arab friend. The argument continues: Iraq and the PLO have both become moderate, both want to ingratiate themselves with the West (for varied military, diplomatic and political reasons) and so are befriending the West's friend, Egypt, by trying to confer on it respectability and acceptability.

Something Unthinkable

But nothing is simple in the Middle East and so the third reason for the friendly approaches of Iraq and the PLO to Egypt is an exactly opposite thesis to the second one. According to this argument, Egypt deserves to resume the leadership of the Arabs just because it is now out of favour with the US owing to the very antagonistic attitude it has been adopting towards Israel, an attitude that has deprived the Camp David process of both content and momentum. Egypt has set the worst possible example to other moderate Arab countries—to Jordan especially—that were supposed to join in the peace process.

ARABS CLOSE HANDS. A surprising, almost revolutionary post-invasion innovation has been the decision of the PLO's Yasser Arafat and his Fateh group within the PLO to join hands with Jordan in order to exploit the small opening offered to them by the Reagan Plan. Picture shows Jordan's King Hussein *(left)* and the PLO's Yassar Arafat *(right)* meeting.

Consequently—and contrary to the generally accepted opinion—the US has been trying to prevent Egypt from returning to the Arab fold because, if that happened, it would give the Arabs the "wrong" lead, which is why, at the Fez summit, it was not the Arab hard-liners but Saudi Arabia that blocked attempts to bring Egypt back in. Critics say that the Saudis did this partly at America's behest, partly to preserve their own position of leadership. Therefore, if the US and Saudi Arabia want to keep Egypt out in the cold, Iraq and the PLO could argue that that must be a good thing to oppose. Especially if, just perhaps, Egypt actually is still close to the US.

Whatever the real motivation, the fact is that Iraq and the PLO are prepared to stop boycotting Egypt—a closing of Arab ranks unthinkable 8 months ago, before the Israeli invasion.

Another surprising, almost revolutionary, post-invasion innovation was the decision by Yasser Arafat and his Fateh group within the PLO to join hands with Jordan in order to exploit the small opening offered to them by the Reagan Plan, announced on September 1, 1982.

The decision to do so came easier because the Israelis rejected the Plan immediately and *in toto*, refusing even to discuss it. Therefore, the PLO argued that there must, necessarily, be something good in it for the Palestinians. True the Reagan Plan rejected the idea of an independent Palestinian State on the West Bank and in Gaza, which is the PLO's cherished goal; but it also rejected permanent Israeli sovereignty over those areas, called for a halt to Israeli colonisation of the West Bank and said that the future status of Jerusalem was negotiable, which the Israelis say has been settled for all eternity.

As a compromise, the Plan proposed a self-governing Palestinian entity "in association with Jordan". So the first thing to do was to define that "association". The very idea of doing so was curiously opposed by Syria, which was hoping that the PLO, expelled from Lebanon, would have to move to Syria, where the Assad regime could bring it under its complete control. Instead, the PLO moved its headquarters to Tunis; and Arafat and Fateh showed every sign of taking advantage of the physical distance between Tunis and Damascus to put an even greater political distance between themselves and the Syrians.

One way of doing this was to close the gap between the PLO and Jordan, Syria's favourite enemy. With some prompting from Syria, this move was also opposed by the more radical groups within the PLO but, by sticking to his guns, Arafat now has 4 of the 8 PLO groups, plus Fateh, on his side; and Fateh, on its own, controls 85 per cent of the PLO's membership, guns and money.

Counter-Proposal

In prolonged talks between King Hussein and Yasser Arafat, it has been worked out that Jordan and the PLO will counter-propose to Reagan an "association" that will be a federal arrangement between an independent Palestinian State and Jordan. It has further been agreed that this compromise will be presented to the US by a joint delegation of the Jordanians and the Palestinians—the latter not being members of the PLO but approved by it—to get around the short-sighted refusal of the Americans to deal with the PLO.

These two momentous decisions will have to be given formal approval by the PLO's National Council (the Palestinian Parliament) that meets in Algiers on February 14. Arafat has almost certainly got sufficient affirmative votes lined up.

These positive developments were accelerated not only by the Israeli invasion but by the increasing speed of Israel's colonisation of the West Bank. Arafat, Fateh and the others have at last realised, almost too late, that, if they do not reach an agreement, there will soon be no Palestinian territory to negotiate about.

This is where President Reagan has to play his crucial role. If in the next 2 or 3 months at most Reagan proves unable to put the brakes on the Israeli colonisers, then the whole peace process in the Middle East will collapse.

It was the Israeli invasion that produced all these developments: a tougher Egyptian and Saudi line; a closing of Arab ranks; the Jordanian-PLO *rapprochement*; the Reagan Plan and, if it fails, a most dangerous situation in the Middle East—none of which the Israelis like.

War is not only hell, its consequences are hellishly unpredictable. ■

AFTER ANDHRA, IS IT NOW THE TURN OF BIHAR? Dr Jagannath Mishra is seen at the Power Ministers' Conference in New Delhi, August 1982. "Ever since Dr Mishra joined the State Government in 1972, the Irrigation and Power portfolio has been his undisputed monopoly," notes the author.

Fresh Drive To Oust Bihar CM

Come 1983 and the Bihar Chief Minister, Jagannath Mishra, faced a fresh challenge to his position—the most serious one mounted so far. The new year saw the Bihar dissidents suddenly step up their activities. Dr Mishra is now thus under fire from within his party rather than from a weak and fragmented opposition. In a span of 30 days, Mrs Gandhi received half a dozen representations from party office-bearers, MLAs and MPs. Each petition carried the same message: *Remove Dr Mishra or else...*

By A Special Correspondent

Sailing across clouds of disarray, adversities, lawlessness, instability and lust for power hovering over the State of Bihar, our dynamic and well-construed Chief Minister (Dr Jagannath Mishra) *has emerged as a shining sun to whom countrymen are gazing with an eye of appreciation steadfastly .. The poor and the downtrodden see him as an incarnation of God as he, with his wit and great strains, helped them come out of the social dirt to a clean and airy atmosphere.*

A FEW readers will probably find it difficult to believe that the literary mush quoted above is actually part of an extraordinary advertisement which appeared in an English daily published from Patna. Advertisements often tell a few elegant lies. This one, with its rhetoric and grammatical errors, is in a category apart.

Professional copywriters, of course, have no cause for worry: it is the handiwork of an amateur, the Managing Director of a Bihar-based private company, eulogising Dr Jagannath Mishra on his return from Moscow. Bihar's unique Chief Minister had somehow managed to become a member of the Indian delegation which attended the October Revolution celebrations at Moscow in December last year.

Dr Mishra's well-publicised trip to Moscow and the 2-1 judgment delivered by the Supreme Court on December 16, 1982—clearing the Chief Minister of charges of corruption and forgery in the celebrated Urban Cooperative Bank Case—obviously came as a godsend to Mishra's supporters. The court judgment, in particular, gave the sycophants a much-awaited opportunity to flood Patna with posters, booklets and slogans.

As if this were not enough, the Public Relations Department (PRD) of the Bihar Government willingly obliged the CM by publishing the text of the orders of the two Supreme Court judges who absolved Dr Mishra of all blame. Justice V.D. Tulzapurkar's dissenting note, of course, does not find a place in the PRD booklet. The Pradesh Unit of the Congress(I) also bought space in local newspapers to publish the two favourable judgments. Once again, the dissenting note was conspicuous by its absence.

His Motto?

It is clear that Dr Mishra and his band of sycophants cannot tolerate any kind of opposition. A critical press deserves to be silenced and a dissenting Supreme Court judgment must be shamelessly ignored: this appears to be the motto of Bihar's arrogant Chief Minister. In this scenario, sycophancy in all its dimensions has become an accepted way of life. Yes-manship is only a component of the culture of sycophancy which is being practised by more and more spineless and greedy individuals. Such a culture is probably necessary to boost the spirits of Dr Mishra, who is often bracketed with Abdul Rehman Antulay and Gundu Rao as Chief Ministers whose record in office has done most to harm the party's reputation.

Not surprisingly, one thing Dr Mishra is extremely fond of is silence. His cronies have been instructed to ensure silence by distributing lolly or by displaying muscle power—just in case. And Dr Mishra has much to hide. His balance-sheet of notoriety is indeed stupendous: the Bhagalpur blindings; the Supreme Court strictures; oppression of Harijans and Tribals; caste carnages; Biharsharif; Phulwarisharif and the Bangalwa riots; attempts at forgery; public admonitions from Mrs Gandhi; and the classic Press Bill. Such is Dr Mishra's record of bungling that the most painstaking reporter is bound to miss a few of the CM's choice acts of callousness. For a complete inventory, the reporter is compelled to turn to dissidents inside the Ruling Party who are, at the moment of writing, moving heaven and earth to oust the Chief Minister from his exalted chair.

By all accounts, 1983 will be an extremely troublesome year for Dr Mishra. His heart knows this bitter truth and yet he is busy covering the truth with a coat of synthetic lies. In a lengthy 10-page official handout entitled *Bihar, A Balance Sheet of Achievements* by Dr Jagannath Mishra, the Chief Minister says:

The profits outweigh losses and we bid farewell to the past year (1982) *with reasonable pride and a sense of achievement... Political reverses here and there, however, do not reflect the general will of the people—and the faith of the common man in the Congress(I) remains unshaken... The sun is once again peeping through the horizon and the national panorama is dotted with achievements.*

Dissidents' Contention

Dr Mishra has also apparently discovered a brand-new, modern version of the *Bhagvad Gita*. He says in the handout:

Today, we in India have another Bhagvad Gita, *another doctrine of action in the shape of the revised 20-Point Programme... which is the* Bhagvad Gita *of economic rejuvenation.*

Non-implementation of the 20-Point Programme is, however, among the major charges that the Bihar dissidents have levelled against the Chief Minister. The dissidents contention is that Dr Jagannath Mishra, obsessed with thoughts of his own survival, has been consistently neglecting the welfare of the State.

Perhaps in response to this serious allegation, Dr Mishra sent Mrs Gandhi, on January 5, 1983, a five-page typed note on the implementation of the 20-Point Programme, describing in graphic detail the progress made on each front—bonded labour, agriculture, forest policy, etc. A spokesman for the dissidents describes Dr Mishra's recent note as an "exercise in tall talking and boasting". Said the dissidents' spokesmen: "All that Dr Mishra

has been doing is trampling the historic Congress under his feet and trying to convert the Congress (I) into the Congress (Jagannath) in the State."

Picking their cue from the Congress (I) debacle in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, the Bihar dissidents suddenly stepped up their activities in the first month of the new year. At the moment of writing, Dr Mishra seems to be facing one of the most serious challenges of his career which has predictably come from within his party rather than from a weak and fragmented opposition. In a span of 30 days, Mrs Gandhi has received half a dozen representations from party office-bearers, MLAs and MPs. Each petition has carried the same message: *Remove Dr Mishra or else*...The rebels also seem to be bent upon causing as much embarrassment as possible. This objective has been achieved simply by releasing to the press copies of petitions sent to Mrs Gandhi. Besides, practically each MP who happened to visit Patna in January inevitably called a press conference to express disgust and anger over the state of affairs in Bihar.

Here is a sample. K.K. Tiwary, a Congress (I) MP from Bihar, released a statement on January 24 which said.

All those Congressmen who are committed to the leadership of Mrs Gandhi should fight to the bitter end the hegemonism of Mr Mishra.

This Tiwary statement was suitably splashed on the pages of local and national dailies. What seemed to have angered Tiwary, in particular, was Dr Mishra's ham-handed interference in the party's forthcoming organisational elections in Bihar. Said Tiwary:

Jagannath Mishra is precipitating a showdown with the Party High Command by openly flouting the directives of the party. His bid to obtain authorisation from the District Congress (I) Committees is a calculated move to confront the High Command with a fait accompli *and prove that Bihar is his pocketborough and the writ of the Congress (I) High Command does not run here.*

Jagannath Mishra has survived many crises during his tenure. After the blinding of Bhagalpur prisoners stirred the nation's conscience and

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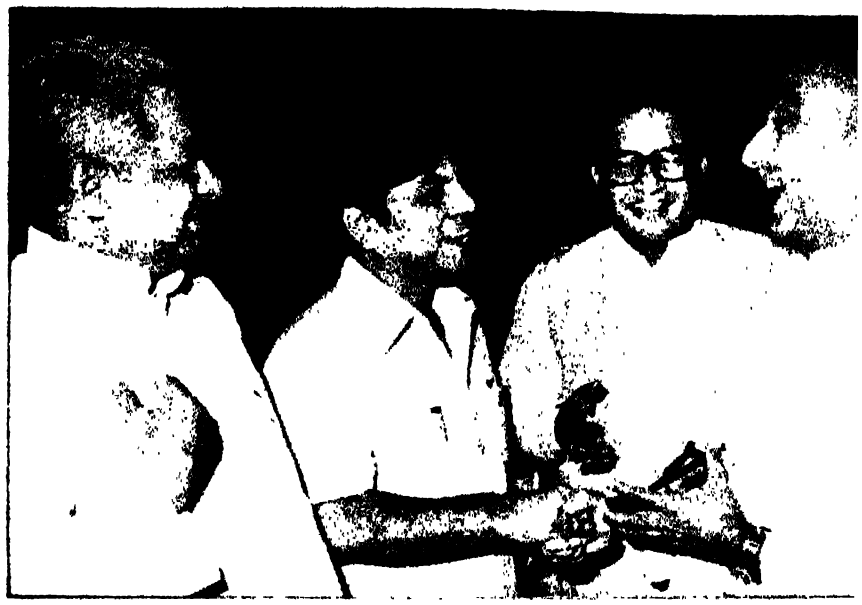

SOME GET-TOGETHER, THIS! In the picture at the Chief Ministers' Conference in New Delhi, July 1980, are *(l to r)* Haryana's Bhajan Lal, Maharashtra's Abdul Rehman Antulay, Bihar's Jagannath Mishra and Union Agriculture Minister Rao Birendra Singh. Dr Mishra, like Bhajan Lal, has so far proved a master in the art of holding on to the Chief Ministerial *gaddi*.

A Record Of Failure

THE blinding of prisoners by Bhagalpur policemen and the obnoxious Bihar Press Bill have ensured Dr Jagannath Mishra's place in history's gallery of the Great Abominables. But this is not all. The Chief Minister has a lot more to his credit.

Before entering politics, Jagannath Mishra taught Economics at Bihar University. Under the supervision of Dr Hargovind Singh, Mishra completed his thesis in 1964. There are allegations that Mishra's thesis was actually written by his supervisor. The research guide was, of course, amply rewarded: Dr Mishra made Dr Singh a member of the Bihar Public Service Commission and, later, Vice-Chancellor of Magadh University. If Dr Mishra had had his way, Dr Singh would have also become Director of the prestigious A.N. Singh Institute. As this could not materialise, Dr Mishra finally decided to clear his *guru's* debt in a novel fashion by getting him elected to the Bihar Legislative Council.

Dr Mishra's interesting relationship with economics and economists does not end here. His ex-students remember him as a competent lecturer and a dependable guide. Dr Mishra's elder brother, ex-Railway Minister L.N. Mishra (who died in a controversial bomb blast at Samastipur in 1975), was also an economist. Besides Dr Mishra's wife, who is an Economics Honours graduate, the CM's daughter, Sangeeta Mishra, stood second in her BA Economics Honours examination in 1981.

But her performance was plagued by a controversy which matched the scandal surrounding her father's thesis. Sangeeta's question-paper setters and examiners were handpicked by Dr Mishra. The CM allegedly went to the extent of ordering University officials to place his daughter second lest the manipulation became too obvious. Once the controversy became public, an inquiry had to be instituted. But the findings of the inquest never saw the light of day.

Ceaseless Experimenter

The CM has been consistently utilising his knowledge of economics to produce truly exceptional results. Economics, for the layman, is the art of producing and consolidating wealth. Dr Mishra is successfully transforming this art into a modern science. But, going by the law of probability, there is still a chance of the Supreme Court's establishing the allegation that Dr Mishra minted crores by patronising the Urban Cooperative Bank.

Dr Mishra has also been experimenting with new laws of economics. At the CM's farms at Baluabazar in Saharsa district, labourers are paid Rs 2—or its equivalent in paddy or sugar—as remuneration for a day's work. These poor farmers cannot even ask for justice in a court of law. According to the Bihar State Minimum Wages Act for Agricultural Labour, the minimum daily wage for an 8-hour stint is Rs 4.50 plus meals during working hours. But can the poor, unlettered and brutally exploited landless workers ever dream of taking a Chief Minister or his henchmen to court?

Knowledge of economics has indeed helped the CM and his family tremendously. Ever since Dr Mishra joined the State Government in 1972, the Irrigation and Power portfolio has been his undisputed monopoly. Not because he ever had intentions of providing water for each parched field during Bihar's scorching summer or lighting up the dark villages with a myriad electric bulbs but because the contracts for the multi-crore-rupee Kosi River project are controlled by the Minister for Irrigation and Power. An Estimates Committee of the Bihar Assembly has already found that some of the choicest contracts have gone to Dr Mishra's brothers and relatives A decade after the first serious inquiry was held to probe irregularities and charges of graft and nepotism, the Kosi River project is crying for fresh attention from official investigators. However, as long as Dr Mishra occupies the CM's chair, inquiries are unlikely to serve any useful purpose. In the past, the learned Doctor of Economics had used his clout to prevent investigators from getting to the root of the corruption plaguing the project.

The Perfect Alibi

Meanwhile, the law-and-order situation in Bihar has been rapidly deteriorating. On the one hand, we have scores of undertrials languishing in hellish prisons for inordinately long periods and convicts who continue to be detained after the expiry of their terms. (The plight of some of them has already been publicised.) On the other, there are instances of warders letting out hardened criminals to commit murder. In July last year, the warders of the Sahibgunj Jail (in the Santhal Parganas district) released four undertrials to murder an adversary. The deed done, the undertrials returned to the safety of the prison; a prison, all things considered, is the perfect alibi. Notorious criminals have been caught watching movies at theatres. And at least one undertrial was discovered watching a football match with rapt attention. The lucky undertrial was accompanied by his pet monkey!

The nexus between hoodlums and politicians is so deep-rooted in Bihar that often the Judiciary's reputation has been tarnished. Politicians are said to have prevailed upon judges and magistrates to grant bail to dangerous criminals. If a magistrate cannot be bought, cajoled or intimidated, then the services of a pliable doctor are promptly requisitioned: criminals are often let out on parole for medical treatment. In this scenario, toughs known to be associated with the Opposition are arrested or liquidated in false encounters. Hoodlums who assist the Ruling Party in capturing booths receive VIP treatment. Inside jails, they lead the lives of princes. Once freed, they continue to assist their patrons. *Goondas* come in handy not only for capturing booths during elections but also for terrorising weaker sections of society.

Dr Jagannath Mishra hopes to whitewash his notorious innings with a single Supreme Court verdict. But his greatest alibi and prop during his tenure has been the powerful tenant at 1 Safdarjung Road in New Delhi. Dr Mishra should, however, not forget that Mrs Gandhi is an expert at calling the bluff at the most inopportune moment—and winning. She has a record of destroying Chief Ministers who failed to prove their worth. Dr Mishra is indeed an innocent if he is not already aware of Mrs Gandhi's panther-like skill at stalking her quarry and felling him before he can cry for mercy.

Mrs Gandhi shed a few copious tears in the Lok Sabha, it was taken for granted that Dr Mishra would be asked to step down But the Chief Minister survived the public outcry and even dared to say that blindings enjoyed the sanction of the local population

The next serious challenge came in the form of communal riots in Bihar sharif As Biharsharif burnt, Dr Mishra was lobbying in Delhi Finally, Mrs Gandhi had to fly to Biharsharif and use her charisma to restore a semblance of sanity

Demand Ignored

There was a faint demand to remove Dr Mishra before things got out of control in the State Mrs Gandhi ignored the demand and her popularity plunged downwards among Muslim and Harijan legislators The Prime Minister's pardon had another inevitable effect every scandal or act of callousness which went unpunished thenceforth made the CM appear more invincible

Kedar Pandey, who dared challenge Dr Mishra around this time had to leave the Railway Ministry almost in disgrace A firmly esconced Dr Mishra gradually became more corrupt and arrogant than he was at the beginning of his term Congress (I) victories in several by elections helped him tremendously It seemed a measure of his self-confidence and arrogance that he introduced and went ahead with the Bihar Press Bill to discipline those who still had the temerity to find fault with his Government

But now Dr Mishra's happy days appear to be numbered. The rash of dissident activities has been finally noticed by Mrs Gandhi herself and it is perhaps with her tacit approval that some of Dr Mishra's trusted lieutenants have been cut to size The President of the Bihar Pradesh Youth Congress (I), Chandan Bagchi, who is one of the pillars of the Mishra axis, was recently sacked from his lucrative post by Youth Congress (I) Chief Tariq Anwar Emboldened by Dr Mishra's victory in the Urban Cooperative Bank Case, Bagchi had promptly reconstituted the committee, removing the nominees of Tariq Anwar. Anwar retaliated by dissolving the new committee and sacking Bagchi on the ground that he had crossed 35

Fight To The Finish

It is well known that Anwar, the young and vocal Muslim MP from Bihar, is in the anti-Mishra camp Over the last one year, he has been working in collusion with Kedar Pandey and Sitaram Kesari, both from Bihar and both opposed to Dr Mishra (Kesari left the Central Cabinet on January 25 to work exclusively for the party and Kedar Pandey was subsequently dropped by Mrs Gandhi) Tariq Anwar, however, remains a strong contender for the Chief Ministership of Bihar

It appears that the dissidents enjoy the blessings and the support of at least 10 MPs The dissidents and their mentors feel that Dr Mishra must be removed if Bihar is to be saved from the ignominy of Andhra and Karnataka Immediately after the debacle in the South, Mohammed Shakoor, a Whip of the Bihar Congress (I) Legislature Party, told reporters· "I am convinced that, if the present leadership is allowed to rule Bihar till the next elections, no power on earth can save the party."

It is interesting that such statements, once issued, have not been contradicted. This is ample proof that Dr Mishra's detractors have made up their minds to fight to the bitter end. A political war consists of many battles and, to date, Dr Mishra's scorecard does not present a cheerful picture

Dr Mishra's one-man rule, bereft of discussion or debate and blunted by nepotism and administrative incompetence, can be ended if Mrs Gandhi so desires With a movement of her little finger, the Prime Minister can remove Dr Mishra from his gilded *gaddi* She, and she alone, matters Neither the press nor the Opposition nor the dissidents can dethrone Dr Mishra A dutiful press has already done its best today, Jagannath Mishra stands totally exposed before the people of Bihar The Opposition is sadly not in a position to force the issue, perhaps till elections are held In the given circumstances, only Mrs Gandhi can clinch the issue. But will she?

Factor In His Favour

The most important factor operating in Dr Mishra's favour is his 2-1 victory in the Urban Cooperative Bank Case Opposition leaders have already described the court verdict as a moral defeat for Dr Mishra but, technically, the CM stands vindicated. That Justice Baharul Islam, one of the two judges who declared Dr Mishra innocent, resigned his post within a matter of days to contest the Lok Sabha election from Barpeta on a Congress (I) ticket is another matter. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Y.V. Chandrachud, can still, at his discretion, send Dr Mishra's case for review.

Whether the Chief Justice sends the case for review or not remains, at the time of writing, to be seen. It is also difficult to predict the treatment that Dr Mishra receives from Mrs Gandhi in the wake of the "Second Kamaraj Plan" But one thing is clear: that, as long as Dr Mishra remains in power, he will continue to be a target of Mrs Gandhi's probing eyes. Till now Mrs Gandhi had been patiently treating Dr Mishra on a par with the Assam agitation. she had kept both problems pending in the vague hope that they would somehow be resolved in the course of time.

But there is a catch. This tactic may not eventually work in Dr Mishra's case As in Gujarat—where the dissidents, tired of waiting, formed a new party—Dr Mishra's detractors may also choose to declare their "independence" in Bihar Mrs Gandhi cannot be unaware of the conspiratorial relationship between Gujarat and Bihar

Gujarat has already dealt Mrs Gandhi's party a humiliating blow. Will the Bihar dissidents now follow Gujarat in a classic re-enactment of the great revolt of 1974? ■

Your domestic gas installation is as safe as you want it to be

Our self-closing spring loaded cylinder valve and matching click-type regulator is designed to ensure maximum safety to you

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

- Turn off all the knobs of the gas stove before switching on the regulator
- Light the match/lighter near the burner while turning the gas stove knob
- If the burner does not light turn off the knobs of the gas stove and the regulator Call your HP Gas Dealer immediately to rectify the defect
- In case you smell the gas
  - — Extinguish all flames in the vicinity
  - — Turn off all gas knobs of the installation
  - — Open doors and windows for ventilation and allow the gas to disperse
  - – Remove the regulator from the cylinder fix the nylon cap on the cylinder valve and turn it clockwise
  - — Do not operate any electrical switches
  - — Contact your HP Gas Dealer immediately for help
  - — Remove the cylinder to an open space/balcony before the dealerman arrives

REMEMBER Gas smell is a warning of a gas leak. An odour is added to LPG to enable immediate detection of a gas leak.

- Turn off the regulator knob when not in use
- Keep the cylinder vertical No source of heat or flame should be close to the cylinder rubber tubing or regulator
- Extinguish all naked fire/flames in the kitchen while replacing a cylinder
- Place the gas stove on an elevated platform with the cylinder on ground level

WHAT YOU SHOULD NOT DO:

- Do not repair or tamper with the gas installation
- Do not permit any unauthorised person to attend to your gas installation
- Do not spill the liquids on the gas burner while preparing food This can extinguish the flame and cause safety hazard due to gas leak
- Do not use a rubber tube of longer length than the maximum permitted viz 1 5 metres
- Do not remove the rubber tubing or shift the gas installation on your own

INSIST ON YOUR HP GAS DELIVERY MAN·

- Checking the condition of your gas stove, rubber tubing and regulator before replacing the gas cylinder
- Lighting the burner to check the flame for consistent burning
- Checking with soap solution for any suspected leakage of gas
- While replacing the defective rubber tubing, ensure that it covers the full length of the nozzles of gas stove and the regulator

For any servicing/repairs to your gas stove, please call your HP Gas Dealer. Mechanic services are available at a nominal service charge of Rs. 3/- plus cost of spare parts replaced

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Sabhagya-HP/82

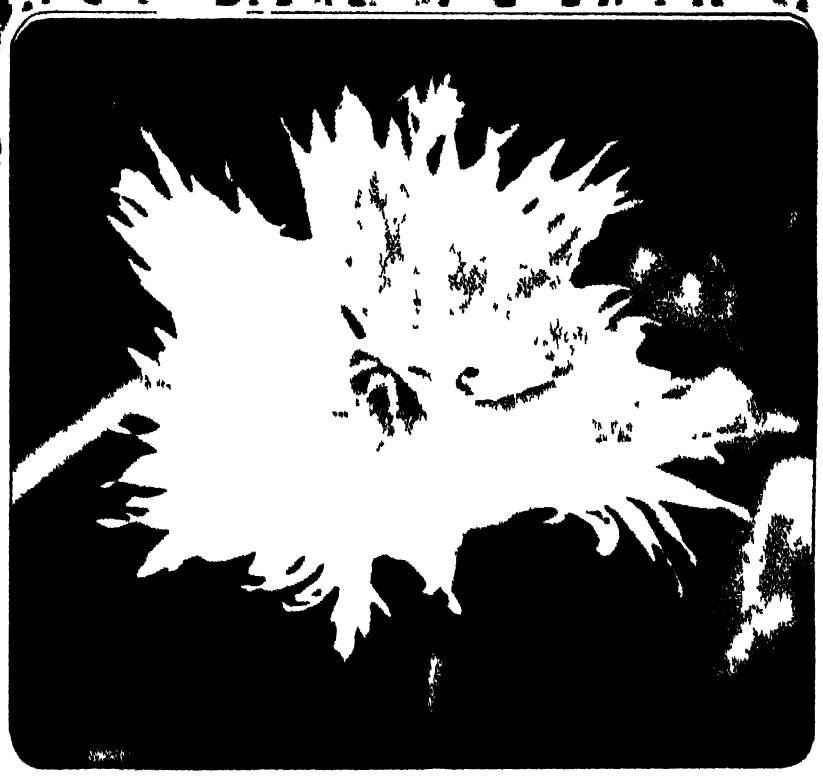
PREPARING FOR A BABY. New York City Police Officer Susan McKenna, 25, is expecting a child in August. Here she shows off the maternity jacket that was designed for her and other cops who get pregnant.

WHEN THE ALIS CAME A CALLING. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi with visiting Pakistani film actor Mohammed Ali and his actress wife Zeba. At right is Natwar Singh, Secretary in the External Affairs Ministry.

TWO FOR MY ONE AND ONLY. *Twiggy and Tommy Tune rehearse in New York for a Gershwin musical* My One And Only *that the pair will bring to Broadway in March.*

GETTING SHIRTY IN THE NIGHT. Nightshirts have taken on a whole new look, following the line of the body-hugging T-shirt.

HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT. 91-year-old Nora Laing, who died in Hollywood recently, wrote a regular col-



The Flower That Kills

The Politics Of Opium

Until recently, India was practically the monopoly supplier of licit opium to the pharmaceutical industry all over the world. But the super-power patronage of its illicit cultivation in South-West Asian countries has now virtually snatched the market from us.

by Dipak B.R. Chaudhuri

THE recent finding of clandestine opium poppy cultivation in a Minister's Doon valley fields attracted nationwide interest in opium India and Turkey are the only two countries approved by the international community for regulated cultivation of this crop

The Government of India maintains strict control over cultivation of opium in selected districts of Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan and Uttar Pradesh Not even an "aries" (1/1000th part of an acre) of land can be cultivated without a licence from the Narcotics Administration

Until recently, India was practically the monopoly supplier of licit opium to the pharmaceutical industry all over the world But now the supply of illicit opium in the international market surpasses total production of licit opium and opium-derived chemicals

A huge stockpile of more than 1,800 tonnes of opium has been forced on the Government of India due to an unprecedented surplus of opiates To meet this situation, the export price of opium has been progressively reduced from US $6 during the year 1978-79 to US $4.25 per unit of morphine per kg during the year 1981-82 with 25 per cent incentive rebated on orders in excess of the average of the past two years' contracted purchases of respective buyers. In 1980-81, 444 tonnes of opium were exported, while in 1977-78, we exported 978 tonnes. The final export figure for 1981-82 may stand at 585 tonnes.

In 1977-78, the licenced area under poppy cultivation was 63,665 hectares. According to a statement tabled by the Finance Ministry in the Lok Sabha on October 8, 1982, cultivation in the crop season of 1982-83 will be licensed in only 31,500 hectares — excpected to yield 840 tonnes of opium at 90°C. This means, we have more than halved the acreage.

Wide Cultivations

The poppy *Papaver somniferum* is the main source of the non-synthetic narcotic. It was grown in the Mediterranean region as early as 300 BC and has since been cultivated in countries around the world, including Hungary, Yugoslavia, Turkey, India, Burma, China and Mexico.

Requiring only a moderate amount of water during its growth cycle, the plant does best in a warm, not too humid climate. Customarily, it is planted around October. It grows three to four feet tall on a thick stalk and produces several blossoms and egg-size seedpods. About two weeks after its blossoms fall, the pods are lanced by hand until the white latex-like sap turns brown and coagulates into a gum. This gum is collected by scraping the pods. Usually, this gum is allowed to harden, after which it is powdered or moulded into tablike forms.

A more modern method of harvesting is by the industrial poppy straw process of extracting alkaloids from the mature dried plant. The extract may be in either liquid, solid or powder form. Most of the poppy straw concentrate available commercially is a fine brownish powder with a distinct odour.

The principal incentive for opium production is a relatively high return per unit of land. The principal constraint is that the operation is labour-intensive, especially at harvest time.

Fifty per cent of Indian production comes from the Mandsaur district of Madhya Pradesh. The Chittor district of Rajasthan, Ujjain and Ratlam are other areas for licensed opium cultivation. There are a few cultivators in UP mainly to feed the old Government Opium Factory at Ghazipur.

If one takes a day train on the MG section of Western Railway between Ratlam and Chittorgarh during early spring, one can see poppy plants in full blossom on both sides of the track.

The Opium *Mukhiya* appointed by the Narcotics Department is responsible for collection from licensed cultivators in his village. Opium cultivation holdings are generally very small. In order to avoid diversion of opium to illegal trade channels, the Government was earlier offering a better pricing to those cultivators who were showing better yields from their plots. The current base price is Rs 130 per kg at 70°C. One who produces more than 60 kgs per hectare, gets Rs. 300 per kg for the additional quantity. Unfortunately the smuggler pays more than Rs 450 per kg.

Illegal Trade

The Western media is quite frank about the massive cultivation of opium in the golden triangle between Burma, Thailand and Laos and the close connection between the smugglers and various war lords and insurgent factions. But the illegal cultivation and trade in South Western Asia, according to International Drug Control experts, is now on a much larger scale.

This new region is known as the "golden crescent" and consists of Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iran. It has surpassed even the "golden triangle" as a source of supply of narcotics. According to one US official estimate, the quantity of illicit opium produced in these three countries in 1978-79 was between 1,200 and 1,600 tonnes. Between 120-160 tonnes of heroin were spinned there while the total legal US consumption of heroin was 3 tonnes. According to a survey conducted in March 1982 by the National [illegible] committee, Pakistan alone can outproduce the [illegible]

[illegible] visit of the Carter [illegible] Afghanistan, were [illegible] growing

THE SEEMINGLY INNOCUOUS POPPY FLOWER contains the source for some of the world's most powerful drugs, viz morphine, a most effective pain killer; codeine, a derivative of morphine, also used medically; thebaine, a stimulant; its derivatives, oxycodone, etorphine and diprenorphine, hydromorphone, a highly potent semi-syntnetic analgesic; and heroin, the most addictive narcotic today.

Soon after the petals fall off the immature fruits of the opium poppy are selected and incised slightly. The white juice that oozes out is dried. It coagulates and turns brown after exposure to air. Some forms of opium may be black. Raw opium is often sold in the form of small lumps, cakes or bricks that may be powdered or further treated

Photographs by Aditya Arya

Under American pressure, Shah [illegible] Pahlavi banned the cultivation of opium. Inspite of the existence of one million opium addicts there. The fall of the Shah and the breakdown of strong central governments both in Afghanistan and Iran have increased poppy acreage and [illegible] smuggling. The opponents of the governments in both countries are using poppy and heroin revenue for their own [illegible]

The USA, which was so concerned about poppy cultivation in the Pathan-dominated border between Pakistan and Afghanistan in the late '70s, is now keeping mum. It is believed that opium cultivation is financing the arms purchases by anti-Kabul resistance forces and [illegible] market. Some believe that even the former United is also taking advantage of the [illegible] opium supply. Afghanistan's [illegible] laboratories in Kabul [illegible] started producing morphine base, [illegible] stage and conversion of opium [illegible]

The increasing [illegible] West Asian countries and [illegible] super power patronage may be the reason for the shrinking market for India's licit opium.

The official myth in India is that the number of opium-addicts in the country has gone down. The Government of India has rigidly controlled domestic consumption and has a monopoly over trade and processing. According to one US estimate, only ten per cent of India's total opium gets diverted to the illicit trade. But Armed Forces recruiting authorities are claiming rejection of large numbers of candidates from Punjab and adjoining areas because of drug addiction.

In Punjab, the migrant agricultural labour from Bihar and eastern UP are given opium by landlords as if as a part of remuneration. Opium addiction amounts a kind of bondage. Opium tea is a popular drink among the younger people. The State Governments of Punjab, Haryana and the district authorities of Ganganagar (Rajasthan) are aware of large-scale opium and morphine addiction. The Punjab Health Directorate has conducted a survey on the drug habit. The increase in this domestic consumption cannot be accounted for from the distribution of domestic-produce which is strictly controlled by the Central Government. It is almost common knowledge that Pakistan is encouraging the smuggling of Afghani and Pakistani opium to Indian [illegible] Sectors by different channels including Afghan refugees.

According to figures available, during 1981, 1.5 tonnes of Pak opium was detected along the Indo-Pak border as against only 470 kgs seized during 1980. If the detections are 10 per cent of the total, the magnitude of the opium being smuggled into Punjab can be imagined.

The Pakistani objective can be well visualised. There have been allegations in the West that USA's alleged [illegible] cultivation of opium poppy in Pathan areas on both sides of the Durand Line is not only encouraging proliferation of the [illegible] in Afghanistan but also deliberately endangering the moral and physical health of India's traditional fighting men in the North-Western border States. The Pak-American conspiracy also [illegible] for the drastic fall in the demand for opium of Indian origin through licit channels.

Unfortunately, Indian vigilance has not been enough so far to stop the illegal import of opium and the increasing use of it in the border States.

Tripura After The Elections

Another Red Dawn In The East

Though the electorate in Tripura has chosen another spell of CPM rule, in actual terms the recent Assembly elections have been a reversal for the Marxists and a leap forward for the Congress(I) - TUJS combine, which has made a dent in the Left Front's bastion in the tribal belt.

by Jyoti Jafa

IT was carnival time in Tripura. Red flags and the Communist hammer-sickle and star symbol appeared everywhere. Jubilant parties of proles and peasants beating drums danced, tossed *gulal* and burst crackers celebrating election victories. Bus-loads of triumphant party workers led processions through the streets. The police and the CRP curbed large crowds around Umakant Academy on Agartala's Akhaura road while vote-counting continued.

Although it was a foregone conclusion that Tripura's ruling CPI (M) party would win, in actual terms the 1983 Assembly elections have been a reversal for the Marxists, and a great leap forward for the Congress (I)-TUJS combine. Despite terrorist threats and boycott notices, no clashes marred the polling or counting. Eighty per cent of the voters turned out in urban areas, and 50 per cent in tribal belts. CPM secured 39 seats, Congress (I) 14, TUJS 6, Independents 2, and Amra Bengali one.

The electorate has chosen another spell of CPM rule because Nripen Chakraborty's government did a lot for Tripura's development, and it stands united unlike other parties. But tribal welfare measures alienated Bengali votes. The Mandai massacre and the June 1980 *danga* in which nearly 1,500 people died, created distrust and insecurity which still persists throughout the State.

Tripura Upajati Juba Samiti (TUJS) was launched in 1967 because tribal chiefs were not acceptable to CPM members. Up to 1977 Tripura had a Congress ministry. Former Chief Minister Sukhomoy Sengupta enacted the 1974 Land Reform Act to restore alienated tribal lands with effect from 1969. But this Act went into cold storage till a CPM government came to power in 1977 and tried implementation by paying compensation to non tribal buyers. In Orissa, no compensation was given by the government for illegally acquired tribal land.

Tension And Insecurity

One can feel tension and insecurity throughout the State and blame the Marxists. But the real problem is that Tripura's ethnic composition has changed too rapidly. Now there are only five-and-a-half lakh original tribal inhabitants, while Bengalis total 18 lakhs. But 70 per cent of the land belongs to 30 per cent of the people, while 70 per cent have to live in towns.

Tripura is surrounded on almost all sides by Bangladesh, with just a short 70-km border with Assam and Mizoram. Immigration was inevitable. Bengali was the official language in Tripura since the 15th century. Rulers enjoyed Zamindari rights in Commilla and welcomed Bengali refugees after the 1947 Noakhali riots on humanitarian grounds. Tagore was a personal friend of four progressive Tripura Maharajas. Non-tribals feel insecure because they lost everything in East Bengal. *"Aar kafobar refugee hobo?"* is the Amra Bengali's slogan. They have resisted CPM inspired tribal land restoration. As yet only one Amra Bengali candidate got elected from Pecharthal, a Scheduled Tribe reserved seat! This was possible because descendants of Bengalis employed by Maharajas, called Laskars, intermarry with tribals and classify themselves for advantage.

There is no difference in TUJS' demands or Marxists' tribal policy. Autonomous district councils have been granted, Kakbarok is recognised as an official language, restoration of tribal lands and creation of tribal land reserves which successive Congress regimes had eroded has been conceded by Nripen Chakraborty's government. No one can answer why Bijoy Hrankal was not expelled from the TUJS before the 1982 Congress (I) poll alliance or why Chief Minister Nripen Chakraborty befriended him. An admirer of the MNF leader Laldenga, Hrankal's objective was always independence, his method armed struggle. Until his disappearance in September 1982 he was the Assistant General Secretary of TUJS and Commander in Chief of Tripura Sena, with 6,000 trained activists.

TUJS President, MLA Buddhadev Barman believes that extremists were harboured by the Left Front government, and that is why the TUJS-Congress (I) combine has secured 20 seats this time. His Chakma friend Sroto Ranjan Khisa, who escaped the 1949 Chittagong carnage said, "The Government of India is sending trucks full of soldiers. But not a single terrorist is arrested. How was the Mana thana looted? Nobody tried to stop terrorists from grabbing weapons." Police records show that 24 weapons were looted from Mana, only after a sentry was shot dead. Cases have been registered and investigation continued into all recent episodes of terrorism.

Many blame Congress (I) defeats on TPCC (I) President Ashok Bhattacharya, who often remains absent in Delhi. Agitated by phone calls and complaints of harrassment from Congress (I) workers, lawyer turned MLA, Mr Bhattacharya swore, "You cannot imagine how violent CPM can be! They say either you become red or we will make you red! You think this is a popular government? This election is rigged."

Merger With India

Former civil servant, Raj Kumar P.K. Dev Barman feels Tripura is unstable because "we are getting extinct like Red Indians." Tripura's historic kingdom dates back to 2,300 years. According to the Mahabharata, King Tribhuvan attended Yudhishtir's Rajasuya Yajna. Maharaja Bir Bikram Manik Singh-Kishore Dev Burman accepted a merger with India after creating tribal reservations. "Refugee influx was sustained by the people of Tripura, but this is forgotten today. The Government of India could not help because partition cut off our road and rail links throughout Bengal. Even steel and cement came by air, courtesy Bharat Airways and Kalinga Airlines. Refugees kept coming and the Government started reserving tribal areas. Tribals not being educated, had no land record, so they started shifting away from towns into the interior. But even there exploitative Bengali shopkeepers set up bustees like Mandai. Immediately after Independence, against all our advice to General Cariappa, the 1st Tripura Rifles was disbanded without pension or any other benefits. These ex-soldiers were won over by Dasarath Deb and formed a disciplined Communist cadre in the 50s. Insurgency actually began then. Government supporters were butchered. It was the same frightening pattern you see in Bolshevik Russia and Mao's China. We are heading for a Marxist enclave in the East."

Tripura's deplorably dilapidated Vidhan Sabha building, once a Rajbari, presents a sharp contrast to the well-preserved Kunjban Palace where Tagore often stayed, and Governors now camp. Governor H.M.S. Burney clarified doubts about his correspondence with the Government of India regarding army deployment during elections.

TRIPURA'S CHIEF MINISTER, Nripen Chakraborty, has again led the CPI(M) to victory, but this time with one short of a two-thirds majority.

"You have been in the North-East long enough to understand counter-insurgency requirements. At no time did I contemplate or even suggest using the army for election duties. People are free to make irresponsible statements to the press. Tripura is remarkable in many ways. I am not saying that we don't have problems here. Our resources are limited. Bengali influx has created assimilation problems. Terrorist activity is planned, motivated and sustained. Therefore we cannot dismiss it like an ordinary crime or dacoity. There are militant secessionist groups on our Mizoram-Chittagong border. I hope extremists will allow the new Government to concentrate on development. Tripura has had a remarkably clean and efficient government under Nripen Chakraborty. I have not received any allegation of corruption like in Nagaland and Manipur. Our main hurdle is communication."

"Is the railway line from Assam to Tripura progressing?"

"We are doing our best to convince the Centre to extend the railway line from Dharamnagar to Agartala but I suppose railways have their own priorities. Ports have to be linked, industrial and producing areas serviced first. But there is justification in feeling that communications must be improved in this part of the country for strategic, psychological and practical reasons."

Nripen Chakraborty remains the Chief Minister but people are keenly watching the Congress (I) Pradesh President, Ashok Bhattacharya, former Chief Minister Sukhomoy Sengupta, and Maharani Bibhu Devi to see who becomes the Opposition leader. Alarmed by recent trends, former Maharaja and MP, Kirit Bikrama Dev Barman decided to use his considerable influence to revitalise Tripura's Congress party. His dynamic young wife got 9195 out of 16,264 votes cast in Matabari's constituency's four-cornered contest. She feels Congress (I) could have done much better had candidates been selected more carefully.

Theory Of Non-violence

Surrounded by mementos of the past, paintings of Tripura's former rulers, priceless Chinese bronzes, historic arms and armour, the former Maharani said: "I dislike the word 'feudal'. This word borrowed from Western political phraseology does not give a true picture of traditional Indian princely values. I have joined politics because my husband and I feel concerned about our backward people. I have equal regard for Bengali settlers also. Every day people are dying, there have been clashes throughout the elections. Whilst CPM pursues violence as a theory, the Congress (I) pursues non-violence."

Chief Minister Nripen Chakraborty smiled and said that he had agreed to see me "not as a journalist but as a guest in our State". Carrying detention scars from British days and the Nehru regime, the 76-year-old Marxist freedom fighter indulges in Orwellian double think.

"I came to Tripura in 1950, and not in 1930. We had to go underground. Let us not go into my biodata. My brother's family was here, so they gave me shelter. Earlier also I was underground in Bengal. The united Bengal concept of compartmentalising is creeping in everywhere. Coexistence is just a formality but how can you expect Bengalis who are a very advanced national group to understand Tripura's tribals, who are really very backward and vice versa."

"How is it that the same people who are accepted as bonafide citizens and voters in Tripura are considered foreigners in Assam?"

"Why do you involve them in this controversy. People forget we are one country."

"What made you a Marxist?"

"In early childhood there was the influence of Vivekananda and Ramakrishna

Paramahamsa. They taught us to serve suffering humanity. Our generation came in contact with Gandhi, Tagore and the idea of service to mankind grew. I don't believe in God, but we must give basic necessities to every one."

"Have you been able to bring about any qualitative change in the living standard of Tripura's poor people?"

"How can one man do it? Prices are controlled from Delhi not from Agartala. In 1980, even when I won the first election, a half-starved, half-naked daily labourer was paid only one rupee fifty paise. Today he earns Rs 15 because we implement the Minimum Wage Act, but his condition remains the same."

"Don't you have resources for development and welfare schemes?"

"Tripura is a very poor State. It has the highest population density ratio in the North-East. Unemployment is increasing. There is no land for expanding cultivation. Improved agriculture is not possible without irrigation. Potential is there, but we are completely dependent on Central subsidies. We have gas. We want to set up a paper mill, which can be run with our own gas. We can produce thermal power too. Right now I am in favour of agriculture based on development. We have rubber, jute, coffee and tea plantations, fruits and canning plants. Gradually we can industrialise with gas."

"Apart from shortage of funds what's your main problem?"

"Providing employment and restoring public confidence."

"It is alleged that CPM is encouraging terrorist activities in Tripura. Your patronage of Bijoy Hrankal is criticised?"

"Tell me one thing. In 20 years has the army been able to root out rebels in Nagaland or Mizoram? I don't want to alienate people further. Our own citizens must be given a chance to realise their own mistakes, but the CPM is not responsible for extremists' activites. I can give you printed literature which will prove that it is the Christian missionaries who want an independent Christian state in the North-East, with headquarters in Shillong.

"Intelligence branches have copies of a pamphlet titled 'Church Grows Out Of Peoples' Movement', which says it is a happy sign that young men have formed the TUJS to fight for tribal rights. Christianity is a comparatively new influence in Tripura because Maharajas had banned all missionary activity until 1937. Tribal Christians feel that Tripura's administration approximates a Communist cadre."

"The Chief Minister and the Chief Secretary are a committed bachelor pair who would win hands down in any Wills Filter Cigarette 'Made For Each Other Contest'," snapped a Kuki student.

Bungled flights resulted in a surprise meeting with Namboodiripad at Agartala airport. Putting down his copy of *The Cause You Serve*, this veteran Marxist proceeded to instruct me about local, district, regional and Supreme Soviet affairs.

"What are you really working for?" I asked.

"True democracy." Quoting the example of the German Democratic Republic, Namboodiripad assured me that elections are held in many Marxist countries. "Poland has had martial law only for one year. Otherwise it had an elected government. In India we shall have to evolve our own system without blindly copying anyone. We stand for national unity, but in India specially some system of regional autonomy on the pattern of Soviet Socialistic Republics will have to be worked out. We could give tribals autonomous regions in Tripura under the 7th Schedule, which Indira Gandhi was not conceding."

"Would your Marxist system ensure civil liberties and preserve *Habeas Corpus*?"

"Of course. Unless there are attempts to undermine and overthrow duly elected Governments. Terrorist activities require different handling."

Namboodiripad also feels that the anti-Bengali AASU movement is motivated and manipulated by foreign powers. For the time being secession fever has not spread but terrorism is increasing in Tripura. ■

The Battle For Survival

The exodus of Bengali refugees from neighbouring Bangladesh has radically tilted the State's population balance—the "original" Tripuris now comprise barely 20 per cent of the total population. This has resulted in tensions which have often led to violence.

by H. S. Sethi

TRIPURA, India's tiny north-eastern outpost, seems to have been suspended between Assam and Mizoram on the one side and protrudes into the vast expanse of Bangladesh on the other. It is this peculiar geographical position which has given to this tiny State an assortment of tribes and communities and which accounts for the confused and confounded conflicts that beset its people.

Tripura is a small State with big problems. With an area of hardly 10,477 sq kms, it nevertheless has a long international frontier of 839 kms with Bangladesh and a short national boundary of 162 kms with Assam and Mizoram. At any time Mizoram could shake this delicate balance by the shoulder. And any upheaval in Bangladesh sent not only shock waves into Tripura but also waves of Bengali refugees. "It has been like a locust invasion. They have eaten up everything—food, culture and now threaten the very existence of the State and its original inhabitants," said a tribal leader of Kanchanpur.

Indeed, Tripura, which was surplus in food in 1949 when the princely state merged with the Indian Union is deficit today and her beautiful crafts and handloom products have yielded to commercial and imported goods. And this is all due to the phenomenal influx.

Before the Partition, the tribals constituted 70 per cent of the population. In the two decades between 1951 and 1971, its population rose from 6.45 to 15.56 lakhs, reducing the tribals to a minority of 29 per cent, and playing havoc with the identity of its 19 tribes and their way of life. According to the 1982 census, the population was 20.60 lakhs and one would expect the tribals to constitute about 20 per cent of the total population.

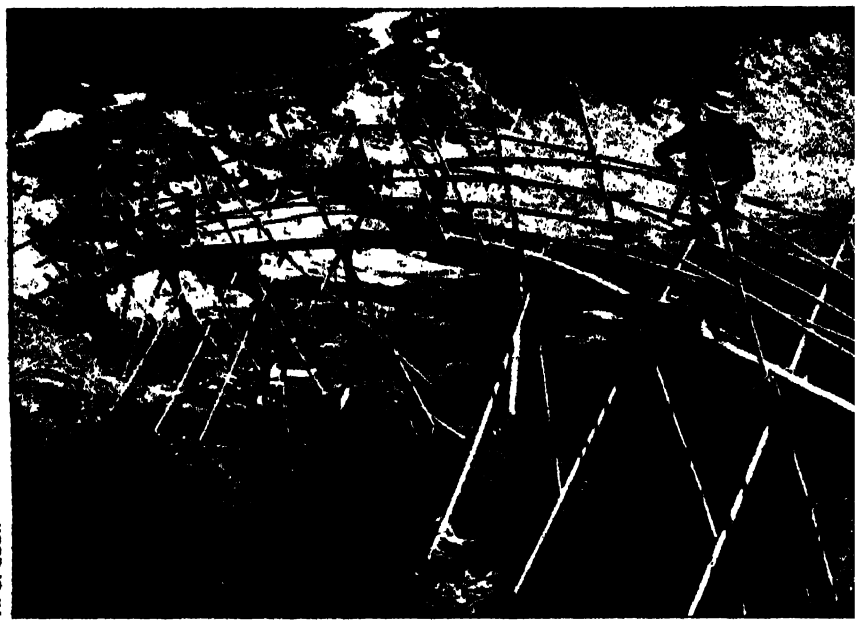
No one left his home and hearth unless driven by extreme poverty or insecurity. A combination of both these factors had determined the times of influx in the State. The major influxes were in 1942 and 1946 when there were communal riots in Dacca and Naokhali. After the States integration with India in 1949 a virtual flood of Bengalis poured into the State in search of fields and pastures new.

In 1971, one of the factors that had provoked the war with Pakistan was the atrocities by Pakistani forces and consequent influx of refugees into India. The refugees, then given shelter in Tripura, were more than the total population of the State some of whom stayed for ten months, while many stayed on even after the liberation of Bangladesh. A large number did return to "Sonar Bangla" with fond hopes and dreams, but once back home, they found that the liberation meant nothing to them.

India, Land Of Hope

Cheated by the promised land, they came back. They had seen the route to India already and some had even forged links with corrupt forest and revenue officials. However, the Bengali brothers were there to help. So, like others who had been sent back to Bangladesh after earlier waves, they kept on sneaking into India and do so even today.

The influx was not limited to Bengalis. Two years ago the Bangladesh army made an organised bid to weaken the Shanti Bahini, consisting mainly of Chakmas, by replacing these tribals in the Chittagong hills with Bengali plainsmen through a queer resettlement plan. As their houses were looted and burnt, the tribals crossed a flooded Feni to enter India. There were people with broken limbs and children with stomachs punctured.



H. S. Sethi

CROSSING THE TROUBLED WATERS. How long can the CRPF maintain its uneasy vigil? The political problems of Tripura, exacerbated by ethnic and economic chasms, demand political, not military, solutions.

It was well nigh impossible to seal the border with Bangladesh completely. After all, the BSF had only one post after nine kilometers of boundry line and the border, though marked by pillars, had houses which had rooms on one side and the compound on the other side of the frontier. Even so, according to Chief Minister Nripen Chakraborty, they were able to push back some 3,000 infiltrators every month.

But all Bengali settlers were not sneakers. Some of them had in fact been invited by the Maharaja of Tripura long before the territory merged with India. The Maharaja then enjoyed *zamindari* rights over the part of East Bengal called "Chakma Rosanabad". A large number of the State's Bengali settlers came from this region and had been paying land revenue.

"They now tell us to go back. No, never. I will die but will not get uprooted again," says a young Bengali receiving treatment for injuries sustained in an attack by tribals.

Thus the stakes in Tripura today are too high. It is a battle for survival.

Increasing Militancy

And tribals as well as Bengalis know that it is the fittest who will survive. Further, many have not forgotten Mao's dictum that power flows from the barrel of a gun. Hence, in Tripura one comes across the peculiar phenomenon of three major militant organisations—one of Bengalis and the other two of tribals facing each other as well as the government of the day.

On the one hand was the Proutist-backed "Amra Bengali" comprising of mostly traders and owners of land that once belonged to the tribals. It was a force to reckon with in the non-tribal areas. On the other hand were the tribals of the State, named after its principal tribe "Tripuri", engaged in the "Tripura Bachao" movement. ⟶

H. S. Sethi

A "MINORITY" IN THEIR OWN STATE According to Chief Minister Nripen Chakraborty, over 80 per cent of the population lives in poverty while over 70,000 youth are on the musters of the employment exchange

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The two tribal militant organisations—the Tripura National Volunteers (TNV) and the Army of Tripura People's Liberation (ATPLO)—were far more violent The ATPLO led by Binada Jamatia, was more powerful and had announced the formation of a "People's Government of Tripura". It had imposed taxes at the rate of Rs 5 per year on each family and Rs 5 per month on each government employee and a revenue of Rs 35 for each kanal of land For not paying the tax, businessmen Sovaram Reang was shot dead by extremists on October 3, 1982, at Kathalchera village soon after a CRPF post was withdrawn from the area

The TNV, led by Chuni Kolo, is smaller but no less dangerous. It was this group that had shot dead the sentry at the police station of Manu on the Agartala-Silchar highway on September 3, last year and had escaped with a booty of 17 303 rifles and other weapons. As a sequel to this, posts in North Tripura were withdrawn and some reinforced with the CRPF.

They also ambushed an escort vehicle on this highway on December 22, last, killed a sub inspector of Tripura Police, three CRPF men and the civilian driver and took away a machine gun, two self-loading rifles and grenades. The TNV thus could boast now of a sizeable arsenal

It is difficult to distinguish a friend from a foe in the area cut for hostile activity and inhabited by people sharply aligned one way or the other That explains how the ATPLO and TNV, whose combined strength reportedly does not exceed 300, could pose a problem for the security forces who otherwise were doing well.

Perhaps June 5, 1980, will go down in Tripura's history as its blackest day. The tribal extremists had on this day burnt half a dozen villages inhabited by Hindus of East Pakistan who had taken refuge along the Lembuchara Agartala road 20 years ago and wiped out a bulk of the population. Unofficial estimates put the casualty figure at 500.

The Chief Minister had however stated that the killings were in fact started by Amra Bengali and had blamed the press for not reporting both sides of the story. He told a meeting of MPs in New Delhi in August 1980 that upto 1,400 people had died. Conditions then were such that the State had to request the Centre for additional CRPF hands to set up "fixed pickets" to enable the scared farmers to do the harvesting.

The representative organisation of the tribals was the Tripura Upajati Juba Samity (TUJS) that demanded deporting all those who entered the State after October 15, 1949. In plain language, a 20 per cent minority insisted on turning out the remaining 80 per cent population.

The TUJS was set up in 1967, among others, by Bejoy Kumar Hrankal the brain behind the tribal jingoism against Bengali domination. In 1978, he created the TNV by hand-picking some 40 members from the TUJS. Hrankal helped TNV forge links with the MNF and created a new situation with sinister implications for Tripura.

Even otherwise, in the pulls and pressures of communities and political parties, the law and order situation had considerably deteriorated. Armed gangs of 15 to 30 persons went about looting and committing dacoities. The warring communities burnt each others' houses and shops. The CRPF alone claimed to have extinguished over 50 such fires last year.

Passengers on buses could not be sure of reaching their destinations. Fifty two passengers of the Kailashanr-Agartala bus were looted midway at Longtrai in July 4, 1982. Some were attacked with choppers, some with bullets. Two days earlier, another bus from Amarpur to Agartala had received the same treatment.

Violence On The Increase

Political murders were not uncommon. The Pradhan of Jamirchera Gaon Sabha, Gandhi Kumar Tripura (CPM) was allegedly kidnapped and murdered by the TNV in April 1982. CPM workers were too scared and the body was brought with the CRP's aid. The Chief Minister had stated that 20 CPM workers (including Legislator Gautam Dutta) had been killed by his political opponents. Similarly the TUJS blamed the CPM of murdering its workers. In a memorandum to the Prime Minister, it stated that it was not involved in violence and was "only struggling for the survival of tribals in their own state".

All such murders and violent incidents in Tripura were usually followed by *bandhs* and processions, necessitating all the bandobast. Tripura Police, though 6,000-strong was thus hardly enough to meet the requirements.

Indeed even the Chief Minister had been asking for more CRPF units from time to time. As a results, there were four CRP battalions to supplement the two Tripura Armed Police battalions in the State. In fact, the CRPF, with its 52 posts spread in the interior, had been a stabilising factor in the strife torn state.

The scare in Tripura on the eve of the Assembly poll this January had to be seen to be believed. And it was not for nothing. In December there were as many as six ghastly ambushes on the Agartala-Assam highway, the lifeline of Tripura, killing a dozen persons. Education Minister Dasharath Deb was lucky to survive two of these attacks but his two security guards were killed. Obviously the purpose was to stall the poll.

The situation was thus explosive. One had to, in this context, give credit to the Prime Minister for resisting pleas of the Congress (I) and others to impose President's rule before the elections. However, with the induction of six more battalions of the CRPF and one of the BSF, the inhabitants felt secure and elections passed off rather tamely.

A special feature of the elections was the Congress (I)-TUJS link-up. While some like Chitta Basu (MP) attacked the move as opportunistic and one that gave respectability to an organisation with secessionist tendencies, the TUJS firmly denied the allegation and the Prime Minister defended it as an arrangement which was meant to keep the extremists under check.

There was no doubt that the TUJS had expelled Hrankal and had basic differences with him. Whereas most TUJS leaders were Hindus, Hrankal was a Christian. The Hindu leaders of the TUJS alleged that the church was forcing people to adopt Christianity and was helping Christian tribals only. They hated the church's attempts to teach English and introduce Roman script for Kakborak, the tribal language. Even the Home Ministry at one stage drew the State's attention to a "vigrous proselytization" in its north-eastern region. The Chief Minister had, in fact, reportedly said that he had evidence that missionaries got money from as far away as Texas to incite trouble.

But Hrankal who was close to the Mizo Christians, enacted a drama to hoodwink the State and escape to MNF headquarters in Chittagong hills. For a time it appeared as if he and his wife had been kidnapped by extremists from his home on August 15, 1982 when the police were busy with bandobast. He thus celebrated his independence when he was supposed to be under house/arrest—on bail, facing four cases for alleged murder, dacoity, activities to overthrow the government, etc. Hrankal right now was posing a danger, for already he had written a letter to TNV and ATPLO to unite.

Alarmed by these developments, the Centre had placed Jampui Hills on the Mizoram-Tripura border under the Armed Forces Special Powers Act. The Chief Minister was unhappy; he probably thought that that would further erode the Marxist base in the tribal areas.

There was a time when Nripen Chakraborty was the undisputed leader of the tribals, though ethnically he was not one of them. In fact after his shifting to the state from Kakadwip in West Bengal some 30 years ago, he had led the tribals against the maharaja. But that was an old story. For according to the Dinesh Singh panel and even according to State documents, the tribes had generally remained outside the development process.

The Chief Minister himself had in a published article admitted that "No less than 83 per cent of state population now live below poverty line and no less than 70,000 youth are on the live register of employment exchanges, waiting for jobs". But, added Mr Chakraborty, "what can the state do so long the Central Government remains in the hands of bourgeois landlord parties. Tripura could hardly mobilise 10 per cent of the resources it needs."

This did not mean that the State had made no progress. "The biggest achievement of the Left Front," according to the Chief Minister, "is in the removal of illiteracy, in making education free at all levels and giving mid-day meals to 1.75 lakh children".

The Marxist government had distributed considerable land to the landless by releasing it from the reserve forests, had restored democracy at village level and had formed cooperatives to eliminate the traditional exploiters like moneylenders and contractors.

"From the days of the armed struggle to the days of parliamentary struggles, the people of Tripura—both tribals and non-tribals had drawn their lessons through blood and tears and rallied around the red flag and the Left Front," says the Chief Minister.

Yes they have done so once again—through blood and tears. But how long, the man in the street asks, must he go on learning lessons. ■

In The States

Dada's Challenging Task

by Govind Talwalkar

BOMBAY: Mr Vasantrao Patil, the new Chief Minister of Maharashtra, is beholden to Mrs Indira Gandhi as she is his leader. But he should also be thankful to the opposition which dethroned his party in Andhra and Karnataka.

The rout in the South was a warning to Mrs Gandhi to desist from installing bullies or simpletons as Chief Ministers. The policy of having lightweights having no political or caste base as Chief Ministers has misfired. This would have continued but for the resounding defeat in the States adjoining Maharashtra. So Vasantrao's road to Bombay has been paved through Hyderabad and Bangalore and that, too, by the opposition!

Vasantrao Patil is not a sophisticated or articulate politician. He is earthy. He participated in the freedom movement, built a cooperative empire and he has experienced vicissitudes of political life for four decades. After tasting power for a while he had to wander in wilderness. So one expects him to have done some introspection. Although he has a rural background, the captains of industry vouchsafe for his grasp of industrial problems.

The Chief Minister inherits a bad legacy handed over to him by Antulay, who with his brashness and penchant for unscrupulous as well as questionable means, has vitiated the political atmosphere in the State. Babasaheb Bhosale's regime was lack-lustre. One feels sorry for him since he did not ask for the post he was given. Also, he did not receive adequate support from the High Command.

Between the two Chief Ministers the Congress (I) in the State was reduced to a shambles and became on object of ridicule. Despite its overwhelming majority it could neither govern nor provide a "Government that worked". Antulay corrupted the administration, under Bhosale it lost direction and sense of purpose. Bhosale did not interfere but he could not spell out policy.

Vasantrao Patil, therefore, has to regain the lost ground which is not insignificant. If the Assembly is to run its full term (elections will be held in 1985), the Chief Minister has only one and a half years to show results. For all his undoubted organisational skills, he faces a herculean task. The Party, as it is constituted today, is completely enervated. It is packed with carpetbaggers and soldiers of fortune. If it is not disciplined from above (or if not *allowed* to be disciplined) all of Dada's organisational acumen will come to naught.

It can easily be surmised that Mrs Gandhi accepted, but reluctantly, Vasantdada Patil's candidature. That, too, only after the debacle in the South was she compelled to change her attitude. Mr Patil will have to put up with this constraint. Mrs Gandhi has probably thought it fit to make the best of a bad bargain and to stem the onslaught of the opposition which is headed by Mr Sharad Pawar. Behind Vasantrao's choice lurks the shadow Pawar's threat.

That Sharad Pawar is "threatening the ruling party" may sound incredible. But this *is* true for a number of reasons: Pawar stood apart and did not join the Indira Congress. Nor did he humiliate himself as Y.B. Chavan and Vasantrao Patil did. This is fetching him political dividends. Recently in student union elections held at 4 universities, the candidates backing Pawar won by handsome margins. These youngsters will undoubtedly be drafted as volunteers at the time of elections. Pawar has fanned out in all the districts of the State. And the response to him has to be seen to be believed. He has a rapport with the youth, middle-classes and farmers. Pawar will not hesitate to make electoral adjustments with the Janata as well as the BJP. Age and health, both are in his favour (in contrast to Y.B. Chavan and Vasantrao Patil). He may not be as charismatic as NTR, nevertheless his challenge is formidable.

Antulay will cause no serious problems but he will prove to be a nuisance. On the governmental level Vasantrao Patil will have to face the challenging task of suing for industrial peace while ensuring industrial progress. The spectre of draught in some parts of the State will have to be exorcised. Although Vasantrao Patil may be sympathetic towards the textile workers, one does not expect him to intervene in the strike which is fizzling out. Besides, he will not oblige Dr Datta Samant, who, first in league with Rajni Patel, and later with Antulay, tried to dislodge him from the Rashtriya Mill Mazdoor Sangh.

The Scarcity conditions and problem of drought will worsen with advancing summer The Government will have to be vigilant about this.

The Chief Minister has little time before he goes to the hustings and it will be a tall order to ask him to produce fundamental policy changes. The industrial sector in Maharashtra has been neglected for many years now. Political leaders have neither the aptitude nor the knowledge of industrial problems There is very little promotional activity. Gujarat, on the other hand, although politically unstable has ceaselessly promoted industry. Thus, some of the units are shifting to that State. Indeed, there is a long queue to get there. The Maharashtra Government is satisfied with the wealth of Bombay and does not recognise that minus Bombay, the State is on a par with any backward state in the country. Will the Chief Minister change all this?

As elsewhere in the country, corruption is rampant in Maharashtra. Indeed, Antulay opened its floodgates. If in anticipation of the elections Vasantrao Patil starts bestowing no objection certificates on the builders, or if he allows the distilleries and sugar cooperatives to amass black money, his party will find it hard to face the electorate even with its financial muscle.

Change is crackling in the air. And the results in Andhra and Karnataka have served as a catalyst for it. The ruling party *will* have to radically change its attitude and behaviour in order to adjust itself to this new milieu. He who bets that this can "easily" be done is indeed a bold man!

Vasantrao Patil has been compelled to accept Mr Ramrao Adik as Deputy Chief Minister. Creation of this post signifies that the Chief Minister is not politically strong and has not been backed by the high command whole-heartedly. So the seeds of discord and strife are already sown at the very start of the new administration. That Adik who had never won a popular vote in any election should be appointed as a Deputy Chief Minister does not speak of his political clout but that even to this day the criterion of loyalty holds good.

As to the ministry there are as good as eight members who were loyal to or just in the good books of Antulay. It may be that the High Command for one reason or another does not want to rub Antulay too hard or perhaps it might have thought that elevation to the Cabinet would impel his favourites to desert him. Vasantrao Patil has said that Antulay was a paper tiger. It is to be seen whether this is so or he remains a man-eater.

The newly installed ministry does not start on the sure and firm ground. It seems to be participaing in a three-legged race. ■

INHERITING A BAD LEGACY.Vasantdada Patil has his work cut out for the next one-and-a-half years. Incidentally, he has swapped his Lok Sabha seat with his wife's Assembly seat.

Antulay: Down And Defiant

by Vithal C. Nadkarni

IF the size of the crowd outside his house is any measure of a politician's clout, Mr Antulay should be a worried man. At 9 am on a sunny day, there is just one man on the former Chief Minister's doorstep. Wrapped in a *chaddar*, he is lying on a mattress—fast asleep! At your approach he bats open a bleary eye and turns over with a huge yawn.

The devotees that throng outside the shrines of the reigning political deities are obviously busy elsewhere—they are showering marigolds and shouting *zindabad* at the ministerial bungalow on Foreshore Road which houses Shalinitai Patil and her husband, Vasantdada Patil, the newly installed Chief Minister of Maharashtra.

(A day after his nomination, "Dada" and "Tai" had 8,000 visitors. They served 2,000 cups of tea and 500 meals for outstation guests!)

Inside Mr Antulay's Marine Drive flat three white metal chariots are on display. They show Sri Krishna preaching the Gita to Arjuna and evoke the words used in Babasaheb Bhosale's resignation. The burly Maratha CM, who barely lasted an year in office, said "he had worked in the tradition of a *karma yogi* described in the Gita and he was stepping down in the 'same spirit'."

Political pundits are scathing in their assessment of the *yoga* and the *karma* parts of Mr Bhosale's tenure. But they also marvel at the nonchalance of Barrister Bhosale as he sat through the stormy Congress (I) Legislature Party meeting, a transistor glued to his ear, engrossed in the commentary of the Indo-Pak test match going on at Karachi! He was apparently more keen on the number of sixers and lbws than the tally of hands and heads claimed by the rival factions bitterly fighting for the Chief Minister's *gaddi*!

At this moment, Mr Antulay makes an entry. He wears a disturbed look. He has had a late night following a press conference at which he denounced the election of the leader of the Maharashtra Congress (I) Legislature Party as "a fraud inflicted upon the Congressmen and the people in the State".

To add to his worries some of Mr Antulay's closest supporters have begun publicly to distance themselves from him. (Some have warned him "not to take all his supporters for granted".)

Does he feel betrayed? "So far as the MLAs are concerned, in all conscience I cannot say so. Whatever the AICC observers may say, the fact remains that the overwhelming majority of the MLAs and rank and file workers are with me. They were *not* for Antulay the CM but they were and have been with Antulay the person!" he asserts. At the same time he also admits that "some of the leaders *have indeed* ditched me". Does that spike his plans? "As I said earlier (at the press conference), the true state of the nation, the *factual* position, is not intimated to Mrs Gandhi correctly. I'll make my own humble effort in that direction, I'll go, meet and talk to all the groups and Congressmen. I shall visit each capital with *advance notice*. If need be, I will hold public meetings, to gauge and assess the true feelings. I am aware my actions have so far been misrepresented but that should not deter me from taking an action which is just and proper and in the interest of the party."

Cynics scoff at Mr Antulay's version of *"The Pilgrim's Progress"*. A wag likens it to the story of the Cat's Pilgrimage.

Stories of a "Sharad Pawar-Antulay axis" against Vasantdada's rule in Maharashtra have already begun to circulate. However, knowledgeable sources dismiss them as being "planted". According to them Mr Antulay will be the proverbial albatross around the neck of Sharad Pawar who has made a reputation and gathered a sizable following precisely by swimming *against* the tide of political opportunism.

Mr Antulay himself bristles at the suggestion. "At the Press Conference I said: 'Patience thy name is Antulay', I would add that 'Patience *and loyalty* thy name is Antulay'."

Does this not contradict his own actions? Actually at his much-awaited press conference, he dropped no bombshells nor did he *really* "burn his boats"! Most of his diatribes were directed against the two AICC observers, Sports Minister Buta Singh and Petroleum Minister Shiv Shankar.

But by castigating the High command, was he not attacking Mrs Gandhi? By branding them as "authoritarians adopting totalitarian methods" was he not criticising the Prime Minister? Mr Antulay is noncommittal. "I was objecting to the manner in which the observers treated me."

But why did he not withdraw "his hat from the ring" when he was so advised at the CLP meeting? According to Mr Antulay, the "advice came too late". By then he had already announced his candidature to a news agency (due to "affectionate pressure" of his supporters). Earlier, when he met the Prime Minister, he claims to have been told that "personally she had no objections to his candidature but some of her colleagues did. She would talk to them".

"There was no question of Madam's green signal," says Mr Antulay, "since she had publicly said that she would support no one and the choice would not be imposed from above. So if anything, I awaited her disapproval, which never came! Thus my followers forced me to announce my claim to the CMship. I owed it to them..."

What about the stories in the press that Kamlapati Tripathi was against Mr Antulay's claim because of the court verdicts? "I don't go by press reports! If I did, I would have gone to jail long ago! I waited for *official* intimation. And if the observers had shown a modicum of courtesy and at least *talked* to the so-called suspended MLAs (who he insists are not legally debarred), the whole fiasco could have been averted. But the observers who had a longstanding animus against me came prepared to mussle and humiliate me. They did not even ask me to the dais as they had done earlier when Giani Zail Singh was canvassing support in Bombay. I was told I am an ordinary MLA. But the treatment I got was that given to a person less than an MLA (who has *some* rights!)."

"NUISANCE VALUE ONLY". Such is the opinion of quite a few politicians in the ruling party about Mr Antulay. The latter, however, refuses to see the writing on the wall

The new Chief Minister is unfazed by Mr Antulay's fulminations. After his swearing-in ceremony, Vasantdada referred to Mr Antulay as a "paper tiger" (without actually naming him). He has also refrained from calling on the former CM. In the murky world of opportunistic politics no tears are being shed at changes in Mr Antulay's fortunes. Says a senior Congress (I) leader: "If Saheb (Yashwantrao Chavan) could be broken, what of Antulay?"

Perhaps he is ignoring the changed political climate in the country. The loss of the Southern citadels has certainly put Mrs Gandhi on the defensive. Moreover, would Mr Antulay have defied the directives of the High Command had Mrs Gandhi again got a massive mandate in the South?

Most observers credit Mr Antulay with "nuisance value only". His tours round the country "to propagate my programme for uplift of the poor" are bound to keep the tabloids busy. But can he achieve more than that? Only time will tell...

B. SHANKAR adds: Antulay returned from Delhi on January 30 and hinted that evening that he may be in the running. Subtle hints had been dropped to the State Legislators that Vasantrao Patil, who had recently quit as one of the General Secretaries of the AICC, had received the approval from the party leadership and that Antulay had to be kept out at any cost. The other contenders for the post, Ramrao Adik, Pratibha Patil, Y.J. Mohite and the reluctant S.B. Chavan, were considered to be "lightweights" about whom Dada had no fears.

Antulay announced his candidature at 11 am on that very day. He went from his Marine Drive residence to the MLAs hostel in Bombay to camp in room 320 which was booked by the dissident, Bhaurao Patil. A handful of his supporters gave him a noisy reception there. Apparently he made up his mind then and there. Thus, by the time the Central Observers Buta Singh and Shiv Shankar landed in Bombay at noon, the battle was on.

That the observers, who were representing the High Command, were ill-disposed towards Antulay was apparent to all, but he did not withdraw from the race. The voting was held and late at night, the observers announced that Vasantdada Patil had polled the highest number of votes. It is believed that Pratibha Patil stood second (although Antulay maintains that he got the highest).

With characteristic bravado, the next day Antulay held a press conference and denounced the elections. He demanded a repoll and said he would win it hands-down if a secret ballot were held. He also sent a telegram to the AICC (I) giving his uninhibited views on the election.

The text of the confidential telegram which this writer got to see, warned that the election would demoralise the party in the State. And the debacles of Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka would be repeated in the 1985 elections. For Mrs Gandhi he had the usual platitudes but said that the observers were acting in her name and he was sure that she would never have sanctioned their behaviour and conduct.

Battle Of The Ballot

GAUHATI: The Brahmaputra Valley is exploding with unprecedented anti-election violence. Till the time of writing, more than 19 persons have been killed, 12 of them by police firings. Even so, the poll campaign is raging with militant fervour in anticipation of voting on February 14, 17 and 20.

Within the city of Gauhati at each road junction and educational institution, armed CRPF are stationed, equipped with wireless sets. Yet every day there are fresh cases of bomb explosions ever since the ghastly murder of Mr E.S. Parthasarathi, Commissioner of Upper Assam. The armed forces and the administrative machinery have tightened the security measures so that Assam now looks like a State under seige.

Despite the ubiquitous presence of armed men in khaki, anti-election agitators are able to burn wooden bridges and disrupt surface communications with administrative centres or kidnap and assault of members in the pro-election camp. Though the party candidates admit that the raging violence has vitiated the electoral battle, they argue that only restoration of democratic authority can settle the basic issue confronting the people.

With equal consistency the agitators contend that elections without a settlement of foreigners issue would be a farce and are trying to drive home the point by launching the 18-day "final phase" of their campaign to thwart the poll. Significantly, they are also planning to form a no-man's zone extending over a radius of 50 yards around each poll ing station.

The six-party Left Democratic Alliance in the poll fray says that "it will be a wholly Government-managed election but still we are participating to end the President's Rule and restore the democratic process in the State".

It is plain that the Opposition parties in Assam are divided and their politics revolves round personalities rather than principles or policy. The Congress (I) has thus an edge over the Opposition candidates. Official favours apart, the party has already four Assembly seats in its bag. "No doubt elections will be held on schedule—only the voter turnout will be poor in some pockets in the Brahmaputra Valley," says Harendra Nath Talukdar,Assam PCC (I) Chief Adds Sarat Sinha, a former Chief Minister and leader of the Alliance: "What concerns us most is that Mrs Indira Gandhi had never taken any keen interest in finding out a solution to the three-year-old foreigners issue in the State; otherwise today we could have moved freely to ascertain the wisdom, the will and the mandate of the people of Assam."

SETTLE OUR DEMANDS! The opposition parties in Assam are divided and their politics revolves round personalities rather than principles or policy.

Although a few election posters have appeared in the Brahmaputra Valley, no significant open election meetings are being held. The party candidates and their workers have complained to me of the abominable behaviour of agitators towards them.

Incidentally, the BJP, the Janata and the two Lok Dals, in persuance of their decision to boycott the poll, are preparing the ground for a showdown with their leaders coming to Assam to make speeches.

The men in uniform have the unenviable task of maintaining the peace in an atmosphere surcharged with violence and yet ensuring that they do not unwittingly further fan the flames of discontent against the Centre.

The air is so rife with rumours that everyone wonders whether elections will be held at all

Rafique Z. Hazarika

Communalism:
The Widening Gulf

HYDERABAD: That the gulf between Hindus and Muslims is growing wider each day was sadly proved by the communal riots that rocked two of the southern States, even before the new year had a chance to get off to a good start. While the Kerala riots (*Weekly*, January 16) were sparked off by the inept handling of the Nabi day processions in Allepey, those in Hyderabad, suspected to have been preplanned, were triggered off by certain communal elements taking advatage of the tension prevailing in the State during the Assembly elections on January 5. But while the Kerala riots claimed only one life,those in Hyderabad claimed 15.

The riots proved to be a testing time for the newly installed NTR Government. Though they have been ascribed to a clash between the BJP and the Majlis (Muslims) in the Chandrayangutta constituency of Hyderabad, the events that followed confirm the prejudices shared by the Hindus and Muslims and the suspicions widely prevalent within the two communities. Why, otherwise, should a Muslim Telugu poet—a splendid symbol of communal amity—Ghulam Yaseen, be brutally murdered along with his wife and son?

Several Muslims this correspondent spoke to strongly felt that the riots were deliberately engineered by the Hindus in order to scare away the minority community. The Hindus, however, were equally strong in their condemnation of the Muslims who, they believe, engineered the riots. Strangely enough all the Muslims agreed that the riots were actually planned by certain Marwadi and non-Telugu businessmen settled in Hyderabad. (Some of them even charged that the very same non Telugu businessmen of Hyderabad had secretly financed the Telangana agitation of 1969, in order to get rid of the competition from Andhra businessmen

The Government also seems to have unwittingly contributed to the alienation of Muslims, who allege that they have been given a raw deal in the fields of education, employment, bank loans etc. To corroborate their point of view, they stated that the Muslims had sought the State Government's permission to start a College of Technical Education in Hyderabad. They sought no financial assistance and even offered to serve a reasonable number of seats for non-Muslims. But, the Government insisted on reserving 70 per cent of the seats for non-Muslims a condition that was totally unacceptable to the promoters

CHARGED WITH UNCERTAINTY Communal riots are generally the result of a weak Government at the Centre and the States. The recent riots in Hyderabad proved a testing time for the NTR Government

The proposed institute has been practically written off and several Muslims have lost the benefit they could have derived had such an institution existed

The Indian press, according to the Muslims, has also played a part in widening the gulf between the two communities. There were allegations that the English dailies in the city refused to publish their letters to the editor and deprived them a means to air their grievances, giving the Hindus a distinct advantage over them. While the Urdu papers published these grievances, it was not enough to communicate the problems to non Muslims as Urdu papers are read only by the Muslims.

The dominant feeling that emerges from discussions with both educated and uneducated Muslims is their sense of insecurity. It is this sense of insecurity that is exploited by the communal elements, especially during the periods of political instability. The recent communal riots in Hyderabad took place when the political atmosphere in the State was charged with uncertainty.

In the final analysis, the lack of strong political leadership, a not-so-responsible press and an unwillingness to understand the aspirations, hopes, problems and feelings of other sections of the society, appear to be the chief villains behind the recurring communal riots

G.S. Reddy

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WELL MATCHED Generally, a clear victory is extremely difficult for either contestant Only when one of the adversaries begins to show signs of exhaustion do the umpires call off the game

Kayyankali: The Art Of Fighting

The practice of *kayyankali* has been reduced to annual sporting events at Onam-time in Kerala. Rarely is this art ever used for combat, says the author.

by R.C. Vaidyanathan

KANDU braced himself, tensed, in anticipation of the attack His sparring partner advanced towards him slowly and in a classic martial art style, lunged for his face with his fist Kandu deflected the blow in a swift movement. Mayan realized his opponent was equally adept in the art He aimed a blow on Kandu's chest Kandu sidestepped neatly, then drove his extended fist into Mayan's jaw A second later he was gasping for breath They fought smoothly, circling each other, their timing and rhythm in perfect unison Neither was the better for a victory. Both were tough, greatly skilled Only when the umpires called for a halt did they pause and separate. This was martial art in its purest form—*kayyankali*—whose object is merely to bring the foe to a point where he is forced to admit defeat. Its strength lies in the deft use of fists, quick reflex actions and courage—talents that are not easy and never were.

In some ways *kayyankali* resembles karate, the most popular martial art today One might well believe that both *kayyankali* and karate share a common origin But while karate survived and thrived, *kayyankali* is almost dying out, in its present form, merely a sport, rarely used for combat.

Even before the advent of Christianity into the continent, the pervasive Buddhist influence in South East Asia had carried Indian martial art forms to China—the weaponless combat technique of kung-fu, widely practised by the Chinese, is very similar to those employed by *kayyankali*. Over the years the art acquired a new vitality and there were several variations of the same theme. It was the Japanese who, after their invasion of Okinava, soon devised a method of turning the ancient art to military advantage. And thus it has survived over the centuries in the form of karate. In fact, the techniques described by the Buddhist scriptures as well as the *Agni Purana* are startlingly similar to those employed by karate—proof enough of the fact that *kayyankali* predates karate by some 40 centuries.

Legend has it that an Indian prince, closely observing every movement of wild animals and birds, evolved the art that found wide acceptance as another military weapon It prospered under the Chera rulers of Kerala who made endless use of it in their wars against the Chola kings *Kayyankali* was as essential to them as a gun to a cowboy.

However, as the Chola and Chera dynasties came to an end, royal patronage of the art disappeared and it began to die out. It barely survived by way of staged contests to test the skill of the learners. It became an annual feature of sporting events, clearly encouraged by *Naduvazhis* and local chieftains In fact, its commonest nickname—*Onathallu* means, literally, a fight conducted as part of the great harvest festival of Onam It served to whet the appetite of peasants and rustics for some form of activity and drew sport lovers from all around to a performance of the art

Loss Of Interest

Soon, however, *kayyankali* slid by stages into a rare event, performed sometimes on Onam day or not at all Its decline was hastened by a general loss of interest in it by the younger set, until now when it is practised only by a few surviving veterans They can be counted off on the tips of one finger—Kavasseri Gopalan Nair and Kunju, Ayakkad Lakshmanan, Manjapra Veerandi, Kannambra Kandu, Tharur Kandu and Varikunnu Karuppu Naikkan. →

EAGER ANTICIPATION. Contestants group into lines on either side of the arena and greet their adversaries (Cherivanakkam) *in the traditional manner.*

However, there is at least one village—Kavasseri—to which this tradition means more than just reminders of an era past It is the birth place of one of the oldest patrons of this art, who fights relentlessly to preserve it Kavasseri Gopalan Nair, today at 82, is considered to be the doyen of Kayyankali art. He began his career in fighting at the age of 25 under the guidance of Kavesseri Thandan Kunjukutti Aasan when he defeated the reigning champion (Chelakkara) of that time who had won 31 contests in a row.

Nowadays *kayyankali* contests usually begin in the afternoon usually at 3 o'clock on Onam day A team might consist of a dozen to 20 men who change from their usual *dhoti* to the traditional fighter's vestment called *kachcha*

The two groups position themselves in a line facing each other with 20 metres between them This formation is known as *cheri* Their position is determined by the direction from which they come This kind of formation is known as *cheruparyalil* The space between the *cheris* known as *kalam* is the spot reserved for the men to engage in the fight In the two *cheris* stand the men with skill and daring Behind them are the supporters, spectators and *thallukars* who do not fight that day The *chairvukars* (umpires) are chosen by popular consent from among the members of the *cheris*, so the *thallukars* sit on the ground with their hands on their knees The umpires are also experts in *kayyankali*

As the contest begins, two members of each team step forward and observe the *cherivanakkam*--a mode of greeting adversaries in the manner of ancient days. The observance stresses the unity of the *kayyankali* practitioners. Next, there is a parade of strength called *aarthuvili*, another tradition, its purpose being to infuriate members of the rival team With arms swinging and taunting insults the contestants run and leap into the air, slapping their thighs, letting out a joyous war cry They hop before the rival team and scamper back to their places. Promptly taking up the challenge, the adversaries imitate and retort with stinging venom- -stepping up the tempo

As the dust settles, the two *chairvukars*, clad in *kachcha*, walk down to the centre of action A young *thallukaran* detaches himself from the main body and enters the arena Bending down, he reverently touches the feet of the umpire of his *cheri* and waits Meanwhile a member of the opposite *cheri* does likewise *Cheri* leaders select each contestant In time, contestants grasp each other's palms and raise their hands high above the head in a gesture of friendship This introduction over, they move apart It is time for the fight to begin

Set Of Rules

A specific set of rules govern the fight—while hitting above the waist is allowed, biting, grappling, and gouging are banned Barefoot, a *thallukaran* in the process of fight, guards himself by tucking one hand close to the chest as a protective shield while the other remains clenched. There is menace in the air, once the fight begins. Both adversaries are equally accomplished There is always danger, either sought or unasked for. Each move of the opponent is met by an equally skilled action by the other, each exchange superbly timed because to slacken means to be hurt. The minutes race by with exhortations, imprecations and endearments flying back and forth from among the crowd. Quick eye movements combined with instant reaction is very essential—the contestants are taught to coordinate these actions from an early age.

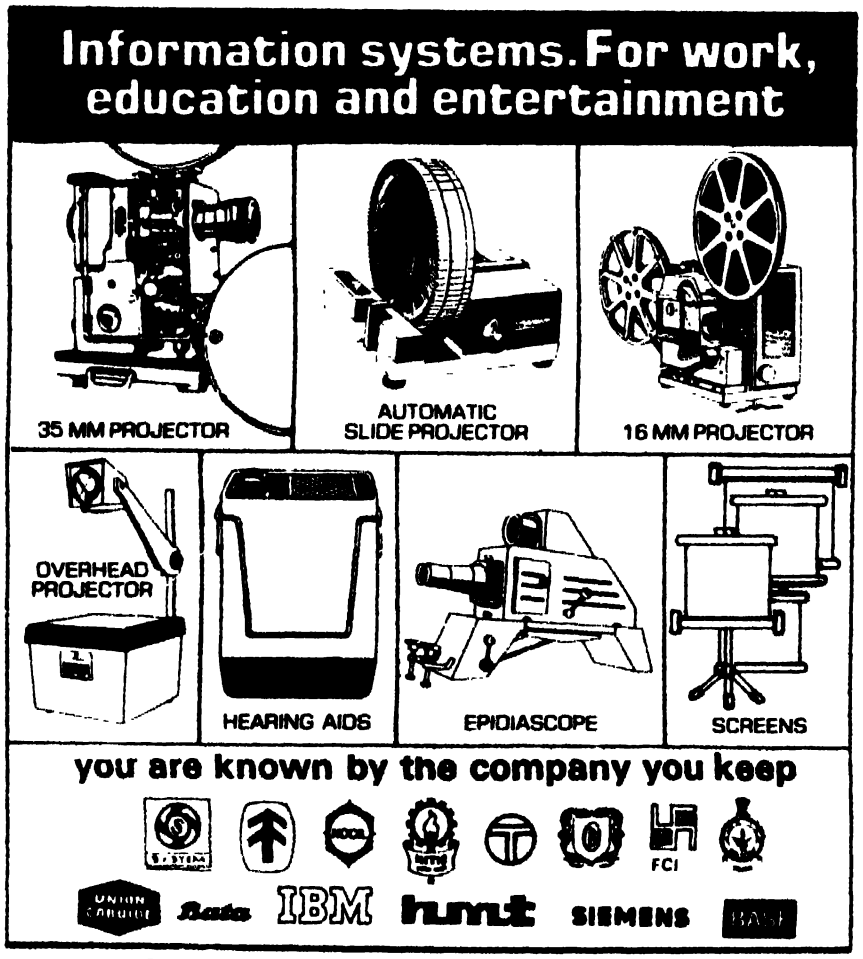
No matter how great the effort neither opponent can hurt the other they are well-matched. Their foot work is intricate and they seem to possess a sixth sense that tells them where the next blow will be aimed Not until one of the contestants shows signs of exhaustion, is the duel stopped Each bout is split into several rounds known as *vara* More than four *varas* are not allowed

The sporting spirit is very apparent in the game. When one team wins more than one bout and comes challenging again, the leader of the challenged *cheri*, even if aged, enters the arena to meet the challenge and save his side Tension develops if the match is uneven But the challenger, because of his discipline and respect for the other *aasan* withdraws from the game, letting the elder man retire gracefully This spirit binds all exponents of the art together and makes it possible for the tradition to be passed from one generation to the other

The actual *kayyankali* match is split into two parts, one for youngsters, the *poththallu* (apprentice fight) and the main one for those adept in the art. Though, in theory, anyone who wishes to compete can do so, in practice, only groups belonging to areas like Kavasseri, Attipara, Alathur, Kuttanoor, Manjapra, Thunippadam, Kalleppadam, Pattiparamba and Pazhambalakkode perform the art

Kayyankali fighters are fiercely protective about the methods and technique of their art and details are passed on only by word of mouth, generally from father to son. Certain of its more valuable forms are kept secret The entire early training consists of exercises designed to develop a student's reflexes, make his body tough and build up his endurance and stamina. In the next few stages, the students learn certain stances and positions as also to shape their hands into a fearful tool. *Kayyankali's* power comes from an array of more than seven basic techniques of attack and with an equal number of tactics that provide the defence

The normal duration of a *kayyankali* match is three hours. At the end of it both the winners and the losers are presented with souvenirs by local men of substance and standing One cannot but admire the expertise of the *thallukars*, whether the victors or the vanquished ■



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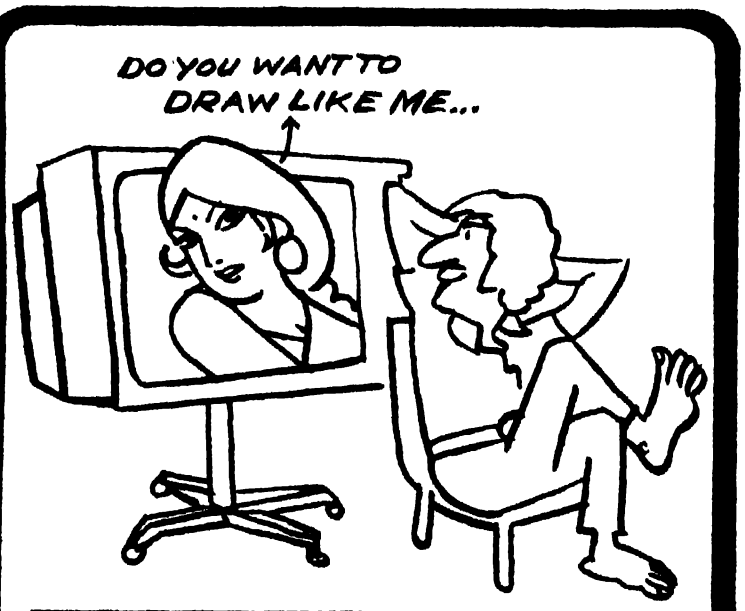

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—R.N. Vernekar

Businessmen's Budget Blues

The weakness in the economy is unmistakably mirrored in the Government finances. At present, the Central Government Budget is of the order of Rs 30,000 crores, which is about 20 per cent of the national income. The Budget estimates for 1982-83 had placed the deficit at Rs 1,365 crores. In the context of the IMF loan, it was believed that a deficit of this order might not destabilise the economy. As things stand now, it seems that the deficit may not be Rs 1,400 crores but nearly twice that figure.

The *Weekly* presents two viewpoints on the Union Budget.

by Vadilal Dagli

UNCERTAINTY has assailed the Indian economy all over again. While economic factors continue to cause worry, non-economic factors have destabilised not only the Indian polity but also the Indian economy. The drive towards non-productive expenditure and dispensable luxuries has become particularly pronounced. This has created distortions in the economy.

On the eve of the Budget for 1983-84, the business community, as usual, is keeping its fingers crossed. But this time the worry is not so much about the taxation burden as about the stop-go credit policy, relatively high interest rates, power shortage and the labour situation (which indeed has become Problem No 1 of Industrial India). The business community hopes that the Government will now abolish interest tax on bank advances, which banks naturally pass on to borrowers—as a result of which the cost of borrowing goes up in near recessionary conditions.

Businessmen also hope that the Union Finance Minister will not impose fresh taxes on what are termed luxury goods, like refrigerators, household appliances, electronics and man-made fibres. At a time when consumer resistance has developed to such an extent that, in many commodities, a buyer's market has emerged, businessmen expect that there may be a selective reduction in excise duties, at least in such items as sugar, textiles and, of course, if politically permissible, refrigerators. In the field of direct taxes, they would hope that the maximum ceiling for personal and corporate taxation should be fixed at 50 per cent.

After a year's boom, the capital market is in a subdued state. If the dividend tax is abolished and long-term investment in shares and debentures is included in the saving schemes which attract tax concessions, a new investment climate may be created at an opportune time when the capital market is expanding its base with the opening of stock exchanges in places like Pune.

The Cash-Flow Position

But businessmen are most worried about the cash-flow position. It is not that credit is not available, it is that it is delayed and the cost of credit, both official and under the counter, has been going up.

Then there is the Credit Authorisation Scheme under which banks are supposed to refer to the Reserve Bank all credit proposals of the order of three crores of rupees or more. While the Reserve Bank rarely vetoes a bank's decision, its involvement causes costly delay. If you have nationalised most of the banks and have issued guidelines for loans, what is the point in referring a credit proposal to the Reserve Bank? As one businessman asked. *In what way is the Reserve Bank official more competent than the chairman of a nationalised bank in processing a loan application?*

If businessmen are in a state of nervous tension, the Finance Minister is not likely to be free from it either. Pre-Budget objective conditions have made his task unenviable. On the agricultural front, the year 1982-83 would be remembered as one of the worst drought years in the recent past. Foodgrain production is likely to record a sharp decline of 11 million tonnes—to 122 million tonnes. As a result, the country has had to resort to foodgrain imports.

Contracts for the import of four million tonnes of wheat, costing nearly Rs 800 crores in foreign exchange, have been signed. The overall agricultural production is likely to fall by more than eight per cent. Marked deceleration in the rate of growth is witnessed on the industrial front. Industrial productior is unlikely to increase by more than four per cent, as against 8.6 per cent last year. Unusual and prolonged labour unrest and indefensible failure in capacity utilisation of power plants (which led to widespread power shortage) contributed to the depressing developments on the business front.

In a number of States—namely, Bihar, Gujarat, Karnataka, Kerala, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Orissa, Punjab, Rajasthan, Tamil Nadu and West Bengal—power cuts (ranging from 30 per cent to 100 per cent) were effected. While announcements are loftily made that, by the end of this decade, power generation would be almost trebled, the immediate prospects continue to be bleak. No Minister ever announces that the capacity utilisation in a power plant, which is less than 50 per cent, will be raised even by five per cent during the following year. We talk of the banquet tomorrow because we believe that the half-fed will stop grumbling about their present plight.

Price Stability

The only satisfactory development in this otherwise depressing scenario is the price stability. During the year ended January 8, 1983, the Wholesale Price Index for all commodities recorded a nominal rise of 1.8 per cent. This is creditable. However, it is noteworthy that, while the wholesale prices increased by less than two per cent, the All-India Consumer Price Index number for Industrial Workers increased by more than seven per cent. Also, the price stability did not extend to basic necessities like rice, wheat, *urad*, *tur*, vegetables, milk, meat, *vanaspati* and edible oils. The prices of these commodities increased in the range of five to 25 per cent *(see table below)*. So the time has arrived to prepare a price index for five to six items of basic necessities.

Rise In Prices Of Basic Necessities

Commodities showing rise of more than five per cent	Percentage variation in the index number of wholesale prices (Base: 1970-71 = 100) during the year ended January 1, 1983
Urad	17.8
Wheat	14.0
Rice	12.4
Vanaspati	10.8
Arhar (Tur)	10.7
Milk	9.7
Vegetables	9.3
Maize	7.3
Edible oils	6.6
Meat	6.2

Perhaps the most disturbing developments are on the foreign exchange front. Government media proudly present the data on nominal rise in exports without mentioning the fact that it is not this rise in exports but the balance of trade and the overall balance of payments which is critical for the nation's economic well-being. Trade deficit, for the third year in succession, is likely to exceed Rs 5,000 crores. To have a trade deficit of Rs 5,000 crores is to invite tensions in our external relations during the remaining part of the decade.

The decision to opt for the Rs 5,000-crore IMF loan, I thought, was the correct one. But even this massive loan has not been used for productive purposes. We fritter away scarce foreign exchange reserves to finance such monstrosities as the Asiad, import of Colour TV and other non-essential imports. We have spinelessly encouraged dumping by foreigners in our own courtyard.

In the context of a recession in the Western countries, we should not have →

liberalised our imports India's liberal import policy enabled them to export industrial raw materials and engineering goods at throwaway prices which have destabilised four industries built up at a considerable cost Soda ash, steel and polyester fibres are but classic instances where we witnessed a trade war ironically encouraged by our own Government

Rice vs Colour TV

Our foreign exchange reserves are in the neighbourhood of Rs 3,800 crores which is equivalent to three months imports Only two years ago we had reserves which could finance almost six months imports Because of developments beyond our control the foreign exchange content of our Defence expenditure is likely to increase in the near future For the coming financial year a foreign exchange budget with clear cut priorities should be formulated so that we may not face the unacceptable situation in which rice is exported and Colour TV is imported!

The weakness in the economy is unmistakably mirrored in the Government finances At present, the Central Government Budget is of the order of Rs 30,000 crores, which is about 20 per cent of the national income The Budget estimates for 1982 83 had placed the deficit at Rs 1,365 crores In the context of the IMF loan it was believed that a deficit of this order might not destabilise the economy As things stand now it seems that the deficit may not be Rs 1,400 crores but nearly twice this figure

While the Government expenditure is increasing at a faster rate, the Government revenue may show a shortfall During the first six months of 1982-83, the tax collections amounted to Rs 7,262 crores or 40 9 per cent of the Budget estimates of Rs 17,740 crores, as against 44 6 per cent of the actual collection of Rs 15 389 crores during the corresponding period last year The Central Government expenditure would increase by more than Rs 1,700 crores than the budgeted figure due to provision of loans to State Governments to clear their overdrafts There was also an increase in expenditure of about Rs 600 crores because of natural calamities

There cannot be two norms of fiscal discipline one for the Centre and the other for the States When the Central Government merrily goes on resorting to deficit financing, it has no moral right to ask the States not to take overdrafts Although the terms, deficit financing and overdrafts, seem, on the face of it, to be different their meaning is the same

True, prices are stable today But the gap between aggregate demand (as reflected by the growth of money supply) and aggregate supplies (as reflected by the growth of real national income) has been widening Thus there exists a considerable potential for inflation in the coming few months During the year 1982-83, money supply is likely to increase by about 15 per cent, whereas the rise in real national income may not be even one per cent In other words, demand will rise at the rate of 15 per cent while the supply will be almost static It is against this background that the Finance Minister will have to formulate the Budget for 1983-84

The scope for taxation being limited, the Union Finance Minister should announce an across-the-board 10 per cent cut in Government expenditure This should also include Defence and Social Welfare In the inflationary situation, neither Social Welfare nor Defence can be looked after efficiently If there is a cut of Rs 500 crores in the Defence expenditure, the efficiency of the Armed Forces would not be adversely affected, provided the Defence expenditure was managed with the sense of patriotism of the *jawans* who defend our borders

Why Not?

It may also be necessary to convert State Electricity Boards into joint sector Power Corporations where the Government holding will be 51 per cent and private shareholding 49 per cent If power plants owned by the Tatas can achieve capacity utilisation of 90 per cent, there is no reason why public sector power plants should not increase their capacity from 45 per cent to at least 65 per cent This could be attained only if the concept of the joint sector is implemented in the power sector

The Government should consider the indexation of income tax This would help ensure a stable pay-packet not only for white-collar workers but also for the mass of industrial workers whose salary crossed four figures years ago

How do businessmen view the future? When I asked an industrialist about his plan for investments, he replied

This is not the time to make any substantial investment Economic factors against new investments are so powerful that no wise man will extend his commitments Already, the power shortage is with us Then the cost of plant has trebled in the last ten years At most we invest in balancing equipment so that our output increases by 15 to 20 per cent

And this industrialist's views on fiscal incentives available for ploughing back the profit are revealing He said that enough incentives--both in terms of investment allowance and depreciation--amounting to about 30 per cent of the gross profit are available But he asked *Where's the profit?* The rising cost, on the one hand, and near anarchy on the industrial and political fronts, on the other, have made investors not only cautious but shy Businessmen no longer ask whether we have a Government that works Their demand is modest *Please let's have a Government that does not obstruct* ■

Expenditure And Revenue

Some Vital Aspects

The country's Defence expenditure has increased from Rs 1,199 crores in 1970-71 to Rs 5,100 crores at present. Out of each rupee spent by the Government, 17 paise are earmarked for Defence. If the Government further enhances military expenditure, it should be made to give a detailed justification, lest the quest to meet legitimate Defence needs should degenerate into militaristic jingoism—something a poverty-ridden nation can ill afford.

by A Special Correspondent

JUST as you cannot have the cake and eat it, you cannot, experience shows, give a heave to the economy and still come up with a balanced budget The problem of reconciling these competing objectives becomes all the more intractable when an economy is sagging as miserably as ours is at the moment being in desperate need of adrenalin shots The makers of the coming Budget will therefore have to strive hard indeed to combine the financial discipline of the accountant and the imagination of the economist

The purpose of this exercise is not to indulge in prognostications—which not unoften go awry—but to consider some aspects pertaining to expenditure and revenue the two sides of the balance sheet Let us start with expenditure

Corruption has assumed such gargantuan proportions that it is now universally regarded as a major blight on the nation's economic health If all the breast-beating on this score in the highest echelons of power is not just playing to the gallery, why should the coming Budget not be utilised to bring in a much-needed measure State Funding of Elections? This would considerably loosen, if not completely break, the vicious monetary nexus between business, politics and crime that constitutes the bedrock of corruption

Knowledgeable sources (which include S L Shakdhar, the former Chief Election Commissioner) place the amount required for State Funding of Elections at around Rs 100 crores The heavens will not fall if this amount is added to a total budgetary expenditure which is already in the region of Rs 30,000 crores The powers that be have yet another opportunity to demonstrate that they can rise above the common instinct of time serving politicians and act like statesmen

Descending from these lofty heights of politics to the more mundane world of book keeping, the most important expenditure item is obviously the Annual Plan Old Keynes still makes sense Considering that industry has suffered from a certain lack of demand, a reasonable step up in the Annual Plan outlay recommends itself not only to take care of continuous erosion because of inflation, but also to generate income through development expenditure Will the increase over the current year's outlay of Rs 11,000 crores be commensurate with the need?

Tight Resources Position

The Government is beleaguered by a tight resources position because of additional expenditure (mainly on account of the Asian Games), lack of buoyancy in tax collections and the continuing indifferent performance of public enterprises Of the Rs 2,851 crores for which supplementary demands were made in July and October last year, nearly half the amount was attributable to additional expenditure of the Central Government (the rest was for helping the States in respect of their overdrafts)

Moreover, by mid December, less than eight months through the year, Government borrowing from the banking sector had exceeded Rs 5,008 crores and the IMF ceiling for the entire year Worried that it may forfeit its claim to the next loan instalment of SDR $ 600 million due in April, the Government has virtually turned off the expenditure tap, withholding release of even Plan funds

As the financial year closes, speculation is rife as to how much more the deficit would be than the figure of Rs 1,365 crores anticipated in Pranab Mukherjee's last Budget Speech In all likelihood, it will exceed Rs 2,000 crores This is scarcely the scenario against which one could expect a sizeable increase in Plan expenditure The Cassandras, of course, insist that we might be on the threshold of an unproclaimed Plan holiday

Yet another major expenditure item is subsidies—on fertiliser, food, exports and controlled cloth—which have been reduced lately but still total Rs 1,270 crores The green revolution is threatening to peter out Apart from the unhelpfulness of the monsoon in recent years, a fresh reason is the hike in fertiliser prices of 40 per cent in June 1980 and another 20 per cent in July 1981 Nutrient is now priced beyond the reach of many small and marginal farmers and there has been a slowdown in fertiliser consumption Fertiliser prices should be cut—as they were in 1976 and 1977

If the price of nutrient were to be reduced by about Rs 150 per tonne, it would cost the exchequer around Rs 100 crores more by way of fertiliser subsidy The purist, brought up on the notion that a subsidy is synonymous with bad economics, would throw up his arms in horror at the suggestion that the fertiliser subsidy burden should be increased But the need to boost agriculture is compelling if the economy is to be lifted out of the present morass Moreover, there is scope for compensating downward adjustment in other subsidies

For example, the main beneficiaries of the supply of subsidised foodgrains through the public distribution system are the urban people, including the middle class, the well-to-do and the rich Some

tudies show that the system only marginally benefits those who need it most: he floating population of the urban poor nd the poorest of the poor in the interior f the countryside. The articulate sections of the population have thus become abituated to being cossetted by the overnment, which is too politically motivated and, therefore, too timorous to inker with this incongruous policy.

If subsidised foodgrains were to be upplied only to those whose monthly ncome is, say, below Rs 500 a month, it would lessen the demands of what is now n artificially bloated public distribution ystem. This would not only reduce the urden of food subsidy but also obviate he need for foodgrain imports, which are upposed to be for the public distribution ystem and have already cost the exchequer $1,052 million in the last two years.

There is, again, a case for a cost-enefit analysis of the export subsidy. This may not be a popular stance to dopt at a time when export promotion is egarded as a principal tenet of economic olicy. But a detailed note of dissent to the Tandon Committee Report pertinently points out that the schemes of Cash Compensatory Support and Duty Drawback are susceptible to widespread misuse and often fail to yield results that would justify their burden on the exchequer.

The Most Sensitive Item

Defence, perhaps the most sensitive item of Budget expenditure, never gets debated properly, partly because of the popular fallacy that security considerations render Defence beyond the pale of discussion, partly because most of those who sit in Parliament hail from the rural areas and are simply incompetent or not sufficiently interested to discuss a sophisticated subject. Barring the consideration that details of weaponry and other military equipment may not be divulged, the financial implications of Defence expenditure should be subjected to a threadbare discussion, as is done in the House of Commons. The country's Defence expenditure has increased from Rs 1,199 crores in 1970-71 to Rs 5,100 crores at present. Out of each rupee spent by the Government, 17 paise are earmarked for Defence. If the Government further enhances military expenditure, it should be made to give a detailed justification, lest the quest to meet legitimate Defence needs should degenerate into militaristic jingoism; something a poverty-ridden nation can ill afford.

The resources constraint puts a special obligation on the Government to prune its non-development expenditure, which is now almost 10 paise in a rupee. The common man, inured to Governmental extravagance and ostentation, has ceased to expect any austerity under the present political-bureaucratic culture.

Here are examples of the "austerity" supposed to be practised by the Government: Secretaries would be entitled to First Class air travel on their foreign trips, but they would have to make do with single rooms instead of full-fledged hotel suites; "except for one Special Assistant, Private Secretaries and other Personal Staff will not be entitled to accompany Ministers on foreign trips"; the number of free calls has been reduced from 1,500 to 1,000 per quarter; petrol consumption by staff cars is to be reduced by 15 per cent. Long live tokenism!

On the revenue side of the Budget, the illogical pricing structure of petroleum products presents a possibility. While petrol is priced at Rs 6.07 per litre, diesel costs less than half of this Such a big differential—unique in the world—does not make sense According to one estimate, an increase in the price of diesel by Re 1 to Rs 4 per litre would put another Rs 1,500 crores into the Government's coffers, since diesel accounts for about 40 per cent of the total POL consumption. As for the resultant inflationary ripple, it should, hopefully, be absorbed by the economy The entire exercise, after all, is one of difficult choices.

Taxation, the major instrument of revenue raising, is already at a satiation level. A further increase in taxes would only lead to more evasion, more corruption and more litigation. Nor would it lead to any meaningful increase in revenue

Tell-Tale Trend

The trend noticed in the last few years is tell-tale. Despite the massive doses of additional taxation, the percentage of tax revenue to gross domestic product has remained stagnant, being 15 per cent in 1975-76, hovering between 14.6 per cent and 16.3 per cent till 1979-80, and again levelling off to 15 per cent in 1980-81 Further, the inelasticity of yield from excise duties and the corporation tax is evident from the fact that they grew by only 0.86 times and 1.05 times, respectively, of the rate of growth of the national income between 1975-76 and 1980-81.

On the contrary, recessionary tendencies in various sectors of industry add up to a case for some concessions. The persistent demand for reduction in corporation tax, delinking of the depreciation allowance from outdated historical costs and excise rebate on additional production compels attention on grounds of economic reality.

On the side of direct personal taxation, while those in the lower brackets do not perhaps merit a third consecutive dose of relief in income tax, it would be worth while for the Government to examine whether the enormously high rates of income tax in the higher brackets as well as the extortionate levies on wealth, inheritance, gifts and capital gains do not lead to more of institutionalised corruption and less of socialism

The million-dollar question on the revenue side, of course, is whether the Government will even now effect tax reforms and prove that all the reports of committees and commissions it is saddled with are not an unmitigated mockery. The questions that have come up from time to time in this context include simplification of the Income Tax Act, progressive exemption of bona-fide savings from income tax so that it becomes, in effect, a consumption tax, a re-trial for expenditure tax as an adjunct to an income-tax system and replacement, in a graduated manner, of the system of excise duties and sales tax by value added tax

Government revenues depend in no small measure on the performance of public enterprises. Last year, public enterprises yielded a net return on capital of Rs 2,482 crores (or 10 per cent). This year, a further improvement is claimed. Their gross profit between April and September 1982 was Rs 1,330 crores, compared to Rs 915 crores in the corresponding period of 1981 Likewise, the net profit in the two comparable periods showed an increase from Rs 48 crores to Rs 73 crores.

However, the improved financial position is almost entirely because of hikes in administered prices Moreover, if the profits of the ONGC and Oil India are taken out, the public sector is still a doddering loss-maker, particularly its two giant limbs: coal and steel In fact, the Government has been compelling public financial institutions to divert funds to banks so that they could, in turn, bail out the more red-faced units. An amount of Rs 500 crores has reportedly been doled out by banks in recent weeks. These points are unlikely to find mention in the forthcoming Budget Speech.

Three Clear Avenues

Regarding the foreign exchange component of development, the climate for bilateral and multilateral official assistance has been deteriorating, which means that correspondingly greater reliance will have to be placed on commercial borrowing abroad Fortunately, interest rates in the international money market have been falling The Budget is also likely to make an attempt to smoothen the rough edges in the scheme to attract the funds of non-resident Indians The policy on private foreign investment needs to be re-examined with a view to making it less restrictive

Since assistance to development plans of the States figures as a major expenditure item in the Central Budget—Rs 4,000 crores have been earmarked for this in the current year—resource mobilisation by the States acquires relevance. The Sixth Plan clearly draw attention to three avenues:

- One, Improvement in Performance of State Electricity Boards and Increase in Power Tariff
- Two, Improvement in Performance of State Road Corporations and Increase in Bus Fares
- Three, Increase in Irrigation Rates.

If any meaningful effort has been made in this context, nobody has heard of it.

FINANCE MINISTER PRANAB MUKHERJEE

Dawoodi Bohras

Struggle Against Authoritarianism

There is seething discontent among the Dawoodi Bohras due to the authoritarianism of the head priest of the community. However, of the one million strong Bohra community, only 25,000 have dared to openly support the reform movement, says the author. The 4th All World Dawoodi Bohra Conference organised by the reformists is currently being held at Pune.

by Asghar Ali Engineer

IT is unbelievable but true that Dr Khatija from Baroda who was happily married for ten years was divorced by her husband because she refused to curse her brother in the presence of the *Amil* (a local representative of the Bohra high priest) for taking part in their reform movement. Her marriage was shattered and the two children face an uncertain future.

Four professors in a theological seminary, Al-Jamiatus Saifiyah, in Surat were severely beaten and spat upon by their own students at the provocation of the Rector of the seminary (who is a brother of the high priest) because they were reported to have clandestinely grown critical of the ways of the high priest and his powerful establishment. One of these professors, Sheikh Sajjad Husain, was later fatally assaulted by the same students. The remaining three were kept almost under house arrest (through intimidation and terror tactics) for more than two years until they were rescued by some supporters of the reformists.

A large number of women whose husbands had supported the reformist youth organisation (The Bohra Youth Association) in protesting against the questionable ways of the Bohra priesthood were dragged out of their rooms in Goliakot (where a holy shrine of the Bohras is situated, some 70 miles from Udaipur) and publicly molested by hired *goondas* at the instance of the powerful coterie of Bohra priests. These women ran into the nearby jungle to save their lives and honour. Some took shelter in Bohra homes nearby.

An old man supporting the reform movement died of acid burns in Udaipur. His son who was in the orthodox camp in order to earn a livelihood was compelled by the local priest to marry on the day of his father's funeral. He was forced to celebrate as his father was being consigned to *jahannam* (hell) for defying the high priest and supporting those clamouring for reforms.

A mother was separated from her son and even her letters didn't reach him, a brother was unable to attend his sister's wedding, a mother lying on the operation table was not allowed to see her son, another mother had to content herself with watching her daughter's marriage through binoculars from an adjacent house. Scores of such instances can be cited.

THE NATHWANI COMMISSION, comprising retired high court judges, leading lawyers and university teachers, ruled that reformist Bohras were being persecuted by the priestly class. Picture shows the author, Asghar Ali Engineer, addressing a seminar on the commission.

Nathwani Commission

The Nathwani Commission comprising retired high court judges, leading lawyers and university teachers submitted the following report:

"Our enquiry has shown that there is largescale infringement of the civil liberties and human rights of reformist Bohras and those who fail to obey the orders of the Syedna and his *Amils*,at the hands of the priestly class. Even in purely secular matters they are subjected to *Baraat*, resulting in complete social boycott, mental torture and frequent physical assaults. *Misaq* (the oath of unquestioning obedience to the Head Priest) which every Bohra is required to give before he or she attains the age of majority, is used as the main instrument for keeping the entire community under the subjugation of the Syedna and his nominees."

Why this revolt in the community? What are the issues involved? To understand all this, a short historical background of the Bohra community would be in order. The Dawoodi Bohras, about a million strong, are primarily a business community and, besides India, live in Pakistan, Ceylon , Burma, Thailand, the Yemen (a section there is of Arab stock), East Africa and now also in the UK, USA and Canada. They were converted in the 12th century in Gujarat to the Shi'a Isma'ili faith (they were known as Dawoodi Bohras later) through a peaceful proselytising mission led by two Arabs. The Bohras are strongly steeped in Gujarati culture and generally speak Gujarati (except in Thailand where most of them have taken to Tahi).

OBEISANCE TO THE SYEDNA, the head priest of the Dawoodi Bohra community. The Syedna resorts to extreme measures of repression to perpetuate the hegemony of his family, says the author.

The Bohras, a heterodox Shia sect were persecuted by the Sunni rulers and developed a strong centralised organisation headed by the Da'i (a summoner to the faith). In the face of persecution, sometimes tending to be severe, the Bohras developed strong ties of loyalty towards their religious organisation. It stood them in good stead throughout their hoary past. However, things began to change with the advent of the British rule. A section of the community, at the turn of the century, began to demand secular education which was sought to be suppressed by the then high priest, who perceived it as a dangerous erosion of his religious authority.

Excommunication

The father of the present high priest, Syedna Tahir Saifuddin, on succeeding the high office, shrewdly manoeuvred the situation in his favour and subsequently began to suppress the reformists by excommunicating them. He also brought under his control a considerable number of charitable institutions and greatly increased his financial powers. He began to live in a palace and styled himself as *sultanul Bawahir* (king of the Bohras), an epithet the present high priest still flaunts in the countries of the Middle East. His sons and daughters began to call them-

selves princes and princesses. The community was now saddled with a "king" who kept on tightening his control over it, ultimately reducing it to mere slavery.

After independence he used his financial resources to make strategic donations to some Muslim institutions as well as to the ruling party while at the same time tightening his hold over the community. As Prof Theodore Wright Jr—an American scholar who studied the problem—puts it, the high priest manoeuvred the external democracy successfully in order to frustrate attempts at internal democracy.

The Issues Involved

The powerful priestly establishment coerces the community into paying more than Rs 10 crores to it through various taxes It will come as a surprise to many that the Bohra priestly establishment levies on its followers, seven different kinds of taxes. Tax is levied, strange though it may seem, even on the foetus *(hamal)*. The dead, of course, are no exception. One must pay for one's dead ancestors too! So it is literally taxation from the cradle to the grave. Those in arrears cannot get their son's or daughter's marriage solemnised or their dead buried. There are numerous instances of dead bodies being stoned if attempts were made to bury them without the high priest's permission. For burial in some cemeteries in the centre of the city,"pugri" as high as Rs 25,000 is charged.

In order to maintain its stranglehold over the community, the very effective method of social boycott is used. The people are made to fall in line even on purely secular issues like voting or contesting elections, establishing schools or other secular institutions. At the time of election the high priest's men go around coercing Bohras to vote for the particular party that suits his interests. Even written *firmans* are issued. The high priest claims that the Bohras are his slaves *(abd-e-Syedna)*, must submit to his authority ungrudgingly and must prostrate in his presence.

The reformists are waging a battle against this kind of total servitude to a religious authority. Firstly, it is very important to draw a line between what could be considered legitimately religious and what is secular. While one can seek the guidance of a religious authority in what could be termed as the religio-philosophical sphere (depending on one's disposition), no one can legitimately claim to wield authority as far as secular affairs are concerned. Moreover, there is no concept of priesthood in Islam. Even in religious matters, Islam gives complete freedom to an individual subject to the limits set by God *(hudud allah)*.

The reformists advocate the principle of democracy as far as the secular affairs of the *Jamaat* (community) are concerned. The *da'i* (head priest) in the earlier period played a protective and supportive role, not a repressive and coercive one. The reformists feel that the head priest, while enjoying certain religious prerogatives, must be responsible to the community in all other matters. He should not only be accountable to the community for the funds he collects, he should play a dynamic role in guiding the destiny of the community This can be done only when he places the interest of the community above that of his family.

The high priest—and there is ample evidence to bear this out-not only refuses to be accountable to the community, but persecutes all those who advocate the principle of accountability. In order to perpetuate the hegemony of his family he resorts to extreme measures of repression as pointed out earlier. This has created a reign of terror within the community.

The Bohras, the reformists feel, given proper leadership, could play a very significant role, both in Muslim and national affairs. However, the present religious leadership has turned it into a very static and obscurantist role which is doing great harm to the community. In the name of religion the Bohras, otherwise a progressive and dynamic community, are being coerced into adopting medieval practices again. The Bohra women are being compelled to wear the veil (they are now not allowed to take part in a marriage or other functions without the veil) and men to grow beards and wear caps (of a particular Bohra variety)

Again, in the name of religion, leading institutions of the community like the Bombay Mercantile Cooperative Bank owned by the Bohras, are sought to be destroyed. The Bohra priesthood has been following a dubious principle of either controlling an institution or destroying it completely. It also collects lakhs of rupees from the community in the name of building mausoleums and other religious shrines (the funds so collected are also, more often than not, allegedly misappropriated). There is no effort worth the name to build educational, medical and other institutions The mausoleum called *Rodatut Tahera* over the tomb of the preceeding high priest in Bhendi Bazar, Bombay, was built at the cost of Rs 4 crores while the project for Saifee Jubilee Technical High School whose foundation stone was laid in 1962 at the hands of President Radhakrishnan is still languishing Now crores of rupees are being collected from the community to build a garden in front of the *Rodatut Tahera* by demolishing three buildings While the money collected from the community is being squandered, hundreds of Bohra families live in utter poverty in the slums of Bombay. Charitable plots donated by Bohra philanthropists have been used for constructing ownership flats which are sold at lucrative rates.

Very few dare to oppose the authoritarianism of the Bohra priesthood Those who do, have to pay a very heavy price, sometimes even risking their lives The present writer has himself escaped three attempts on his life. Instances of marriages dissolved and children separated from their parents are by no means uncommon. Today though a large number of Bohras are sympathetic towards the reform movement, they fear the consequences of opposing so powerful a lobby as their priesthood and therefore even rich and powerful families fight shy of showing any defiance. The result is that out of a million there are no more than 25,000 open supporters of the reform movement However, there is seething discontent within the community. Total suppression of intellectual freedom in the name of primordial traditions is sapping the moral vitality of the community.

The reformists stand for freedom and democracy and are totally opposed to any form of authoritarianism. They expect the enlightened sections of the Indian people to support them in their fight In fact, the reformists feel this fight is part of the general fight in the country against corruption (today it is very difficult to disentangle religious corruption from political corruption as the one tends to complement the other) and rapid erosion of moral standards. ■

VICTIMS OF BRUTAL ASSAULT, these reformists paid a heavy price for defying the head priest and his traditions.

THIS OLD MAN, Rajab Ali, succumbed to the injuries inflicted on him.

UNITED WE STAND... The 3rd All World Dawoodi Bohra Conference being addressed by Mr K.A. Abbas. The fourth conference is currently being held at Pune.

2

Mystic Art

3

by Christine Merllie

JEAN LETSCHERT ASCHARYACHARYA belongs to that secret yet non-sectarian fraternity of mystics who are convinced of the advent of a New Age. For this fraternity, even the notion of renaissance is outmoded, and forerunning signs show that the 21st century will be the age of a radically new universal culture. At present, many artists participate individually in a process of cultural cross-fertilisation, secretly motivated by the urge for synthesis and the need for a holistic approach to life

Fifteen years ago, Jean Letschert, a Belgian artist, was looking for a language which appeared to be lost in the West but was still alive in India. This was the language of spirituality, more specifically, it was the language of *tantra*, with its idiom of *yoni* and *lingam*, of triangles vertiginously merging into one another, with its vision of the perpetual union of Shiva and Shakti

In fact, a deep study of *tantra* led him to recognise that *tantric* art and the *tantric* way of life is not something limited to Indian culture All the esoteric traditions of the world have their own specific *tantras* Jean Letschert Ascharyacharya's concern is to reveal the symbolism of universal *tantric* philosophy through his art His paintings tend to confront the onlooker with the cosmic laws of the universe as well as the psychic rhythms which animate the human soul

His life, however, is modelled on the patterns of the ancient *rishis* of India In the western ghats of Kerala, he is the head of an ashram initiated by his spiritual master, the late Nataraja Guru It is essentially a mystic art school, where art is taught as a *sadhana* instead of as a profession This school is known internationally as the World Academy of Wonder (WAOW)

Jean Letschert translated his first spiritual discovery in the field of artistic expression into a veritable mystique of symmetry This came as a result of disciplines connected with balancing opposites and stopping the mind Also, the ascending and descending energy, known in India as Kundalini, but which he simply calls the Power of Inspiration, together with the principle of growth that motivates all forms of existence, have been, for him, a constant source of revelation and transformation

The paintings of that period all have an abysmal dimension irresistibly drawing even the common man to his own psychic depth

But J L Ascharyacharya did not stop at making symmetry his "style" Always renewing himself, his later creations have been a blending, an infiltration, of symmetry and asymmetry, motion pervading stillness and stillness at the core of motion.

In the painting, *Transfiguration through the Lingam*, nature (or the outer world), with all its varied dynamism, enters the meditative *yogi* through the senses, reaching the heart, which is identical to the sun of the outer world It is through the realisation of this coincidence within his soul that man becomes transfigured like the butterflylike seer who ascends through the upper part of the *lingam*—a whole meditation brought into art form

Jean Letschert Ascharyacharya is now 43 and feels that his art is still in its infancy ■

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1 *THE ETERNAL MUSE*

2 *THE ORIGIN OF MAN*

3 *TRANSFIGURATION THROUGH THE LINGAM*

4 *MEDITATION ON THE THIRD EYE (detail)*

5 *TRISTAN'S BOAT*

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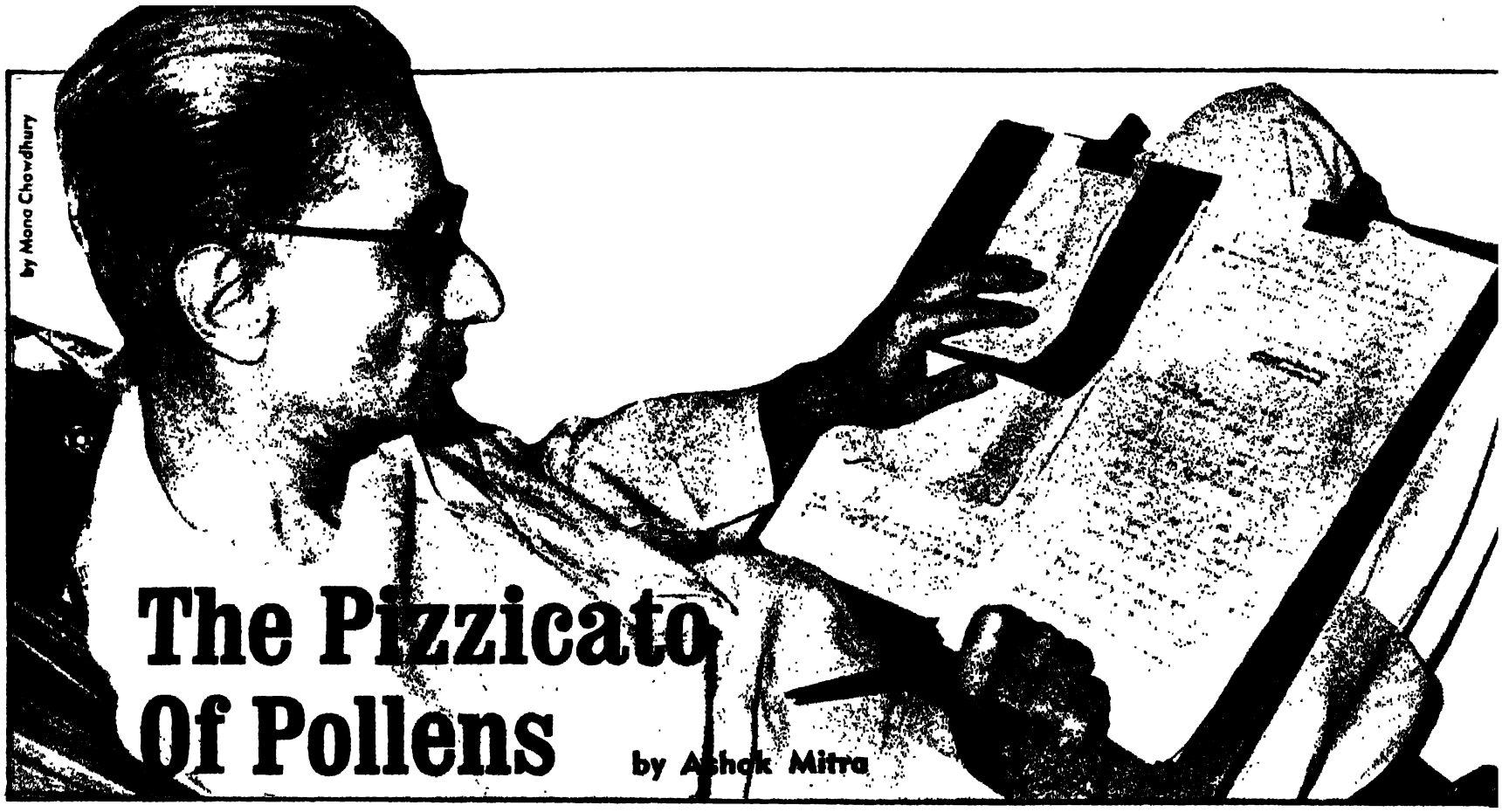


by Mona Chowdhury

The Pizzicato Of Pollens

by Ashok Mitra

IN several of his poems, Bishnu Dey, would refer to the dialectics of suffering. One is riven by passion, but one has the inheritance of rationality too. It is a perpetual battleground: emotion is in combat with the intellect, one's inclinations cut across the syllogisms of one's dispassion. But you must not throw in the towel, this is merely the process—the only process in fact—of creative work. A poet, or a musician, or an artist, for that matter, even a daily labourer in a non-alienated milieu, each one experiences this process. You suffer while it is on, but once the denouement is reached, it is bliss, it is like, as he said, the pizzicato of pollens.

Bishnu Dey proved the point in his poetry. He was a well-honed man. He had a deep grounding in classical poetry and literature, Western as well as Eastern. That did not however mean that he must divest himself of his adoration for either Pound or Eliot. And why should he limit his range, his ardour for Louis Aragon and Mayakovsky was no less strong. He would straddle it all, and would emerge, with his own style and decor, the cavalier who conquers, always. Whatever he wrote had the stamp of elegance, not one misplaced phrase, not one discordant rhyme. Each poem, whatever its length or theme, was a sculptured whole. It would perhaps contain layer after layer of allegory, it would perhaps crowd a lot of awareness of history, given the expanse of his intellect, even the geography would be pretty eclectic. But you could never fault his craftmanship: what would finally emerge is a chiselled creation, with not a spot of cloud between the idea and the execution. The burden of history, the concourse of geography, the tyranny of grammar, the claustrophobia of a mindless tradition, never mind, he would waft his way through. He must have suffered, and suffered a great deal, in arriving where he did. There would, however, be, not the faintest trace of this travail in the finished work: smooth, elegant, it would flow like a liquid spasm. Very few in Bengali poetry could match his sophistication in handling metrical forms, from sonnets to villanelles, he knew the technology of each and all, and he knew which technology was appropriate for which particular mood or matter.

But all this was still waffle. A creative individual, be he a poet or a craftsman, to sustain himself, must claim and possess, Bishnu Dey concluded, a relevance. The escape hatch of the early metaphysical poets, the recourse to comparative statics, where you assume the rest of the universe stays still while you indulge yourself, held little appeal for him. And this precisely was the focal point of the agony of suffering. Why are you handed this magic box of imagination and skill and discipline and mastery of expression, do you weave an idle tapestry of words which would dazzle the gentry with its lustre and its riches, but for which the dazzle itself is the end-point? Must not poetry proceed beyond, must it not have an objective correlate? The most important tool for you, a practising poet, is the vocabulary, the structure of words, which is a gift of your milieu. Language is a social form, and must you not return the compliment: to society? Is there any point at all in indulging, while in a vacuum, for indulgence's sake? Must you stylise your cleverness, so that all that happens is a permutation of words followed by another such morose permutation, and yet another? Rather than that, should not a creative mind own up, must he not learn to repay what he owes to society? And society implies people. The poet is able to cultivate his arts, because people grant him his franchise. The ingredients of this franchise—the leisure, the accoutrement of language and imagination, the ambience of the environment—each is the outcome of abdication and sacrifice, conscious or otherwise, on the part of the masses.

Bishnu Dey, fairly early in his career, arrived at his choice. The poet's allegience is to his people. The masses provide the context of his endeavours. They are currently stuck in the mud of poverty and squalor, they go hungry and are without clothes and shelter. This situation is an outrage. It is as much the poet's avocation, as anyone else's, to trace the roots of the social and economic exploitation which reduces the masses into such hapless victims of history. The poet must therefore put his poetry to use. The poetry must analyse, but it must, at the same time, be a cudgel and an instrument. No part of this proposition is of any outlandish genre. In the early pastoral phase of civilisation, poetry was, after all, indistinguishable from music and chants. The enchantment had a communal goal, the invocation of the gods, the appeasement of the demons, the wishing of bliss, each had a pragmatic social context, be it the sowing of crops or the gathering of the harvest or the eradication of epidemic. There is little reason why the coordinates for a poet would be socially any different now.

Render unto the people what belongs to the people. Arguing the syllogism out within himself, Bishnu Dey slipped, casually and comfortably, very much in his own manner, into the fold of Marxism. His integration, he felt, was thereby complete. He stayed the stretch. Slightly away from the masses and yet a part of the masses, became his credo. The grafting of faith into technology led to the shedding of some of the superficial smartness of the earlier phase; his poems acquired a depth whose only comparison can be with vintage wine. In his younger days, he would, half-mockingly, parody the grandeur of epics. By the time Marxism ceased to be an anti-body and dissolved in his stream of consciousness, there was no occasion for parody, the granite of epic came to define his poetry, the lines would flow in a taut discipline, ordinary everyday words would don a separate majesty: poetry has a purpose, history has a direction, creation is a collective endeavour, you cannot create if you are not a part of the whole. Bishnu Dey, charm and wisdom and sophistication and all, was at peace with himself; his poetry reached its quest.

The spate of external recognitions over the years failed to disequilibrate him. He remained an intensely individual man, but his craft and art were given to the people. During the past few years, his creativity came to a surcease because of an intense physical affliction, and his passing in December has deprived Calcutta of yet another one who, at least for four decades, defined its milieu. What is it that explains this milieu, is it brittle, is it delicate, is it lyrical in the conventional sense? Do we have to abide by these questions, or do we simply chant, in soft murmurs, as Bishnu Dey did.

Yet this boldness. If you tear away all spring's
Gathered songs, break into bits
these preserved flowers,
Throw away the leafy shade of the riverbank trek, if you
Burn out this soft grassy sleep in mountainous cold,
Yet this boldness, yet I go on with this singing

This boldness, he did not have the least doubt, is what the exultation on history is about. This boldness, he would tell his fellowmen, is the fulfilment for which each of us keep watering our roots:

In the pain of fruitful labour, or I might say, in keen expectancy
Standing close together on the eddying bridge of tension
We have our inheritance
In the daily footstep of actor and the act done,
We dig, spin and weave and husk
Each and all, and if we, each or all of us, trample the grain
Some more, some less,
The good and the evil of it is for each and for all, some less, some more.
It is our history, counting minute by minute
Its wave spanned over life and death
In our livelihood, in our living, in the patterning of the mind and the body
In proper and improper work, in no work—despite some residue
As a basin of water freezes and the ice cracks the pot. ■

The Third Eye

UPHILL

Photographs and Text by Jamshyd Sethna

JAMES MENEZES was born 36 years ago into this wonderful world severely handicapped by cerebral palsy. After years of concentrated therapy and exercise, his body has reached its limit of improvement, and though it takes him much longer to perform various physical functions than it does an average person, he is able to eat, drink, bathe, dress and use a typewriter with minimal assistance from his exceptional and devoted parents.

He seems relatively unscarred from the trauma of various forms of rejection that have undoubtedly been inflicted on him; in fact, he seems to understand the horror and fear which his presence provokes. James is a journalist of sorts; he has had one of

his articles published in the *Express Magazine*. Apart from his writing, he types out 25 letters per day in Italian—standardised appeals for donations which are mailed to various addresses in Italy—for which he is paid 20 paise for every letter he types. He has been doing this for 15 years, and the only other source of income for the family apart from the pittance his father receives as pension from the Indian Railways (which just about covers the rent for their tiny room) comes from the tuitions he gives to two schoolchildren in his neighbourhood

The telephone he is entitled to as a disabled person has taken a long time coming but they have not given up hope. Life for this brave family has been an experiment in love and caring, from which James has emerged with his self-respect and dignity intact ■

Making Life Easier

Useful Products & Processes

Compiled by Vithal C. Nadkarni

Camels among date palms in Rajasthan —Photo by A.G.H. & J.B. Bradshaw

Bonanza From Dates

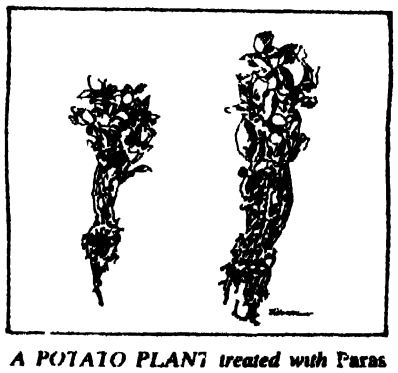
AT the Oil Technological Research Institute (ORTI), Anantpur, Andhra Pradesh, a technological breakthrough in the extraction and processing of oil from the seeds of the date palm has been achieved. At present the seeds are thrown away after the fleshy pulp is eaten.

In the newly developed process, the seeds are powdered in a grinding mill mechanically and cooked in a steam kettle. The seed flour with 8.2 per cent oil content is then processed with a solvent—hexane, for instance. This yields 6.4 per cent oil (as in the case of groundnut cake).

The saturated date seed oil contains fatty acids and yellow-coloured. It can be refined and bleached to a lighter shade. The refined oil is edible. The raw oil is suitable for the manufacture of soaps. The deoiled cake containing a high percentage of protein can be used as animal feed.

The technology has a vast export potential, espeically in the West Asian countries.

—G.V. Joshi



A POTATO PLANT treated with Paras *(right) with a normal plant.*

The Touch Of Plenty

SCIENTISTS at the Hindustan Lever Research Centre (HLRC) in Bombay have recently developed an exotic chemical called "Mixtalol" or "Paras" (the legendary touchstone) which increases food production by enhancing the rate of photosynthesis in cereals and vegetables.

Mixtalol is a chemical extracted from agriculture wastes. It is made up of long-chain aliphatic alcohols (C_{20}-C_{34}) that can be sprayed on the crops. Even a spray of 1 ppm (parts per million) concentration has shown a remarkable increase in food production. The wonder chemical can be produced in large quantities for the country's needs. It is also within the economic reach of every farmer in the country. Unlike normal fertilizers which provide nutrients for plant growth, Mixtalol increases the plant's capacity to produce carbohydrates through accelerated photosynthesis.

"The compound Mixtalol was discovered in 1978 and since then a number of pot and field experiments have been conducted to prove its efficacy on different crop plants," says Dr K.K.G. Menon, Director at the Research Centre. "It is also environmentally safe and completely nontoxic." About 2,000 monitored field trials conducted on paddy, wheat, maize, different vegetables, etc, have shown considerable yield increases (paddy—23%, wheat—18%, maize—33%, bajra—21%, vegetables—20-80%).

Mixtalol is supplied in bottles with either 0.24% or 1.0% of active ingredient in a solublised form which can easily be diluted in water to obtain 2 ppm level which has proved to be the most effective concentration. The diluted Mixtalol of specific strength is sprayed on the leaves of plants to a drip point at different stages of growth. The first spray on crops has to be done at the age of 30-35 days followed by a second spray—three to four weeks after the first spray. One bottle of Mixtalol (Paras) containing 250 ml liquid is sufficient for one acre. It has been observed that in some of the vegetables, even three applications can be made which have been proved beneficial on the yield of such plants. The third application is made two weeks after the second spray.

The concept of using a chemical in *minute* doses to increase the physiological efficiency of plants is new to the farmers who should be trained for the optimum use of the product. Says Dr Menon: "The dilution of the stock solution of the Mixtalol is very important as the product works in very minute does and if the dosage is changed, the farmers may not get the full benefit."

However, it has been shown that Mixtalol does not harm the crop at any concentration. The volume of spray to cover the foliage to a drip point is necessary. Also, precautions have to be taken so that no contamination of weedicide/fungicide takes place during dilution and spray of Mixtalol. The spraying also should not be done during flower initiation stage of the plant.

—D.K. Dixit

The Space-Age Cooker

HAILED as the "greatest discovery since fire", the micro-wave oven has revolutionised the conventional concept of cooking. Preparing food is much easier and less time-consuming today, thanks to this space-age cooker now catching on rapidly in the Western world. Japan alone is producing more than 800,000 micro-wave ovens a year.

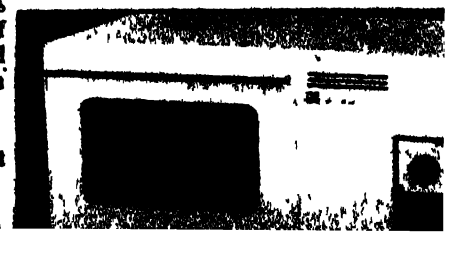
Micro-waves are waves of energy (short wavelengths—from 25 millimetres to a metre—and high frequencies—300 million to 100 thousand million cycles per second) similar to those sent out by television and radio stations. When micro-waves fall on non-metallic objects they cause a heating effect.

Micro-wave cooking can also enhance the flavour of food because it is fast and can cook with little or no water. The natural colour is also preserved. Left-overs can be brought back to the original fresh-cooked flavour in just a few minutes. Many precooked frozen foods can be on the dining table piping hot in six minutes. It takes only one minute to cook a slice of bacon (that too on a paper towel without burning it either) to crisp perfection.

The discovery of the micro-wave oven is interesting. One afternoon in 1945, an American scientist, Percy Spencer, laid a chocolate bar beside a radar vacuum tube he was testing in his laboratory. Moments later, lo and behold, the candy bar was a melted mess! A brain-storming idea to the researcher. He put the popcorn kernels before a radar horn antenna. The kernels danced into fluffy white popcorn. The egg, he placed later near the horn exploded with a bang!

Microwave ovens have been installed in India by some big hotels and catering institutes since the total cooking time with microwaves is of the order of only three minutes, with practically no wastage of heat. The State-owned Electronics Corporation (ECIL) has now developed and introduced the microwave oven for the first time in India. The EC microwave oven is most ideal for hotels, restaurants, canteens, homes and even hospitals. However, its cost is prohibitive at present.

—D.K. Dixit



That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MR S.M. Datta, Director, Hindustan Lever Limited, never fails to propagate his pet idea that industry should participate in agriculture. He does not, of course, imply displacement of the agriculturist. What he means is that the process of bringing more and more land under the plough has reached a stage where the arable land left in the country is now mostly of a marginal quality. Since the individual farmer is either unwilling or unable to till this land, joint stock companies could step in with their management skills, technology and financial resources. Such an initiative in extending the frontiers of cultivation would be akin to the help the Government expects of the corporate sector in industrialising the backward districts of the country. But the snag, according to Mr Datta, is that the present land ceiling laws do not allow large-scale farming operations by joint stock companies.

Mr Dutta's other favourite theme is that widespread underutilisation of capacity and, therefore, a scandalously high capital-output ratio necessitate a moratorium on fresh public investment—which means a plan holiday. "For the next two or three years the task of the Planning Commission should be to devise ways and means to utilise the existing idle capacity."

Alarming Trends

With businesses and banks becoming security conscious, competition in the burglar alarm business is becoming stiff. For instance, Steelage Industries is trying to outsell its main competitor, Globe Detective Agency, by devising a new burglar alarm system which will function on the basis of an automatic telephone link with the nearest police station. The present alarm system, marketed by these two companies and in use in some major banks, including the Reserve Bank of India, does not have this facility.

Says a representative of Steelage Industries: "The conventional alarm system sends ear-splitting alarms clanging through the premises and thus often leads to a burglar using his weapon. The new system will be less jarring, setting off an alarm only in the security-room or in the nearest police station or both." But will the police cooperate?

The new system is similar to the one marketed by Chubb Lock and Safe (UK), which holds 30 per cent of Steelage Industries equity. Nearly 60 per cent of the components will be manufactured in India with Chubb know-how. The burglar alarm system will be custom-made since requirements will vary from institution to institution. It will cost anything between Rs 15,000 and Rs 20,000.

BGC Bonanza

THE way the Bombay High gas continues to burn out must be grating to the sensibilities of energy conservationists. Therefore, it is interesting to learn from Mr Sudhir Jalan that the Ministry of Petroleum and Chemicals is "considering favourably" a proposal to allow the Bombay Company, which supplies piped domestic coal gas in some parts of the metropolis, to partake of the bonanza from Bombay High.

A noted Calcutta-based industrialist, Mr Jalan is a Director of the Bombay Gas Company. He says: "Permitting us to lay 30 km of pipes to connect our Lalbagh plant with the Bombay High gas has all the advantages: energy being wasted would be tapped; we would be able to supply gas at a cheaper price; our capacity to supply gas would increase four-fold, so that we would also be able to meet the needs of surrounding textile mills which are using coal and furnace oil. Above all, pollution would be averted."

However, as President of the All India Employers Organisation, Mr Jalan is circumspect to the extent of being mealy-mouthed in his utterances. He tends to toe the Government line on the ticklish issue of determining a representative union which is at the base of perpetual industrial strife in the country. Like his senior colleague, Mr Naval Tata, President, Employers Federation of India, Mr Jalan favours a check-off or verification

MR SUDHIR JALAN, Director, Bombay Gas Company.

as against a secret ballot. Why? "Because we feel that at present it would be premature to introduce a secret ballot." This is a strange piece of sophistry in a country that runs on a secret ballot system.

Mr Jalan questions my contention that he is toeing the ruling party line by pointing out that his industries are mostly in West Bengal where the Marxists rule the roost—and they favour a secret ballot. But it is well known that industrialists tend to put their eggs in the big political basket at the Centre. Incidentally, Mr Naval Tata has received an award from the Union Labour Minister, Mr Veerendra Patil, for his services to the cause of industrial relations.

"Wine Lady"

From a gold medal in his MA to wine-making is an unusual journey which Mrs Achala Joshi has accomplished with notable success. Relying entirely on books for know-how, she runs a business with an annual turnover of 60,000 litres and is the first to commercialise "honey-wine".

Mrs Joshi and five other women have been given the 1983 Institute of Marketing Management-Cinni Fans awards for best women entrepreneurs. Cinni fans are manufactured by Messrs National Winder, a Varanasi-based small-scale company operating in an industrially backward area of eastern UP.

MRS ACHALA JOSHI, winner of the 1983 Institute of Marketing Management-Cinni Fans award for best women entrepreneurs.

Nicknamed "wine lady", Mrs Joshi says that she realised the potential of wine during her several foreign trips as an exhibition promotion executive. Since India abounds in aromatic food, she decided to give the people their own wine. Followed experimentation with recipes picked from Italian books, these had to be modified to suit the Indian climate. In 1974 she set up the first winery in Maharashtra with a capital investment of Rs 1,800. By 1976, Mrs Joshi's one-room enterprise was producing about 500 litres of wine.

Quality is important. She ensures this by visiting her supply farms in Bangalore at least twice a year. She selects "sound grapes" which are carefully handpicked by about 100 women. Honey-wine, an innovative product, has proved a success. The 1,000 litres that she made the last time sold out in ten days. Mrs Joshi is now trying her hand at orange wine. Out of every 100 bottles sold, 95 are of the "sweet variety", two-thirds medium sweet and hardly any of the dry variety.

Buoyant Capital

In 1980-81, nearly 200 companies raised Rs 113 crore of capital. The following year 350 companies raised Rs 453 crore, showing a spectacular improvement which is largely attributable to convertible debentures coming into fashion. The buoyancy has continued in the current year. The latest figures show that in the eight months till November, 301 companies had raised over Rs 300 crore. But there is a worrisome aspect. The small man is still unable to attract capital. Public issues of the lesser known companies often remain undersubscribed.

The authorities confess that they too are worried—but evidently not overworried. It appears that some public financial institutions have been tentatively asked to consider how the newcomers could be helped to overcome their handicap. Quite obviously, such help would have to take the shape of buying shares or underwriting the loans.

The Government has, however, acceded to a major demand that various chambers of commerce had been drumming into its ears for quite some time. Guidelines issued in February 1981, following the recommendation of the standing committee of the presidents of the stock exchanges, had stipulated that all shares of a face value of Rs 100 and above should be broken into shares of Rs 10 by December 1983. The stipulation has now been withdrawn on the ground that it involves cumbersome procedures.

Work on the opening of new stock exchanges is progressing apace. A stock exchange should start functioning in Rajkot in March. Ludhiana and Jaipur will follow in April and May, respectively. As regards the question of excessive speculative activity in our stock exchanges, the authorities do not seem to be one bit concerned.

Boiling Way To Awards

Mrs Baldawala, another award-winner is Director Industrial Boilers Limited Bombay, looking after marketing. Her firm, set up in 1977, manufactures mainly steam boilers. In the last five years it has registered a growth of nearly 40 per cent. The firm is among the six registered with the Petroleum Conservation Research Association as the steam boilers produced by it are "multi-fuel" operated. Apart from coal and oil, they operate on husk, bagasse, wood or any waste product. Their efficiency is 82 per cent as compared to the 50 per cent of old boilers.

MRS D.B. BALDAWALA, Director, Industrial Boilers Ltd.

After obtaining a B Com degree, Mrs Baldawala ventured into marketing for a company engaged in commissioning boilers. Subsequently, she stepped into industrial boilers—a family business. "I do not know whether it helps being a woman, but I have always been successful in booking orders."

The other award winners are Miss Deepa Tandon, who has been marketing tea for J.N. Tandon and Company of Calcutta; Mrs Sushila Rao, Assistant Director, Personnel and Administration, Indian Airport Authority of India, Madras; Mrs Rajinder Bali, Area Manager, Punjab and Sind Bank, Delhi; and Mrs Lila Feroze Poonawalla, Export Manager, Vulcan Laval Limited, Pune.

OUT FOR THE COUNT Ashok is administered Ketamine (far left) an ideal anaesthetic for felines He is held down by five people throughout the operation which reveals a hernia 7 cm in diameter (left) During the operation there are a few anxious moments when the tiger stirs and has to be given another dose of anaesthesia (below left) With the hernia removed Ashok is back in his display cage at the zoo ready to lead a full life

IN the Delhi Zoological Park s Veterinary Hospital Ashok was the centre of attraction Lt Col B R Shetty Officer Commanding 44 Military Veterinary Hospital (President s Bodyguard) Rashtrapati Bhavan Dr Desai Director Delhi Zoological Park Dr Mandal Dr D G Wakode Veterinarian Delhi Zoo and others were looking at Ashok with tense faces Ashok is a year old tiger who is suffering from an umbilical hernia He is to be operated upon by Dr Shetty

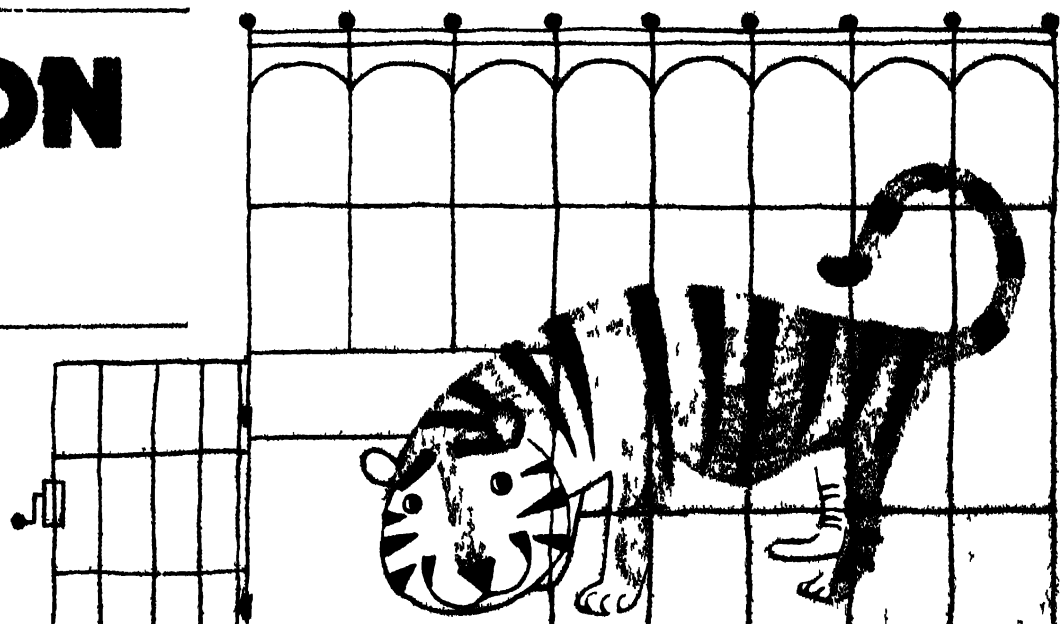
Ashok s hernia showed up when he was a few months old Initially Dr Mandal had noticed a small bulge no longer than 2 cm on the abdomen As Ashok grew the bulge also increased and Dr Shetty decided an operation would be necessary

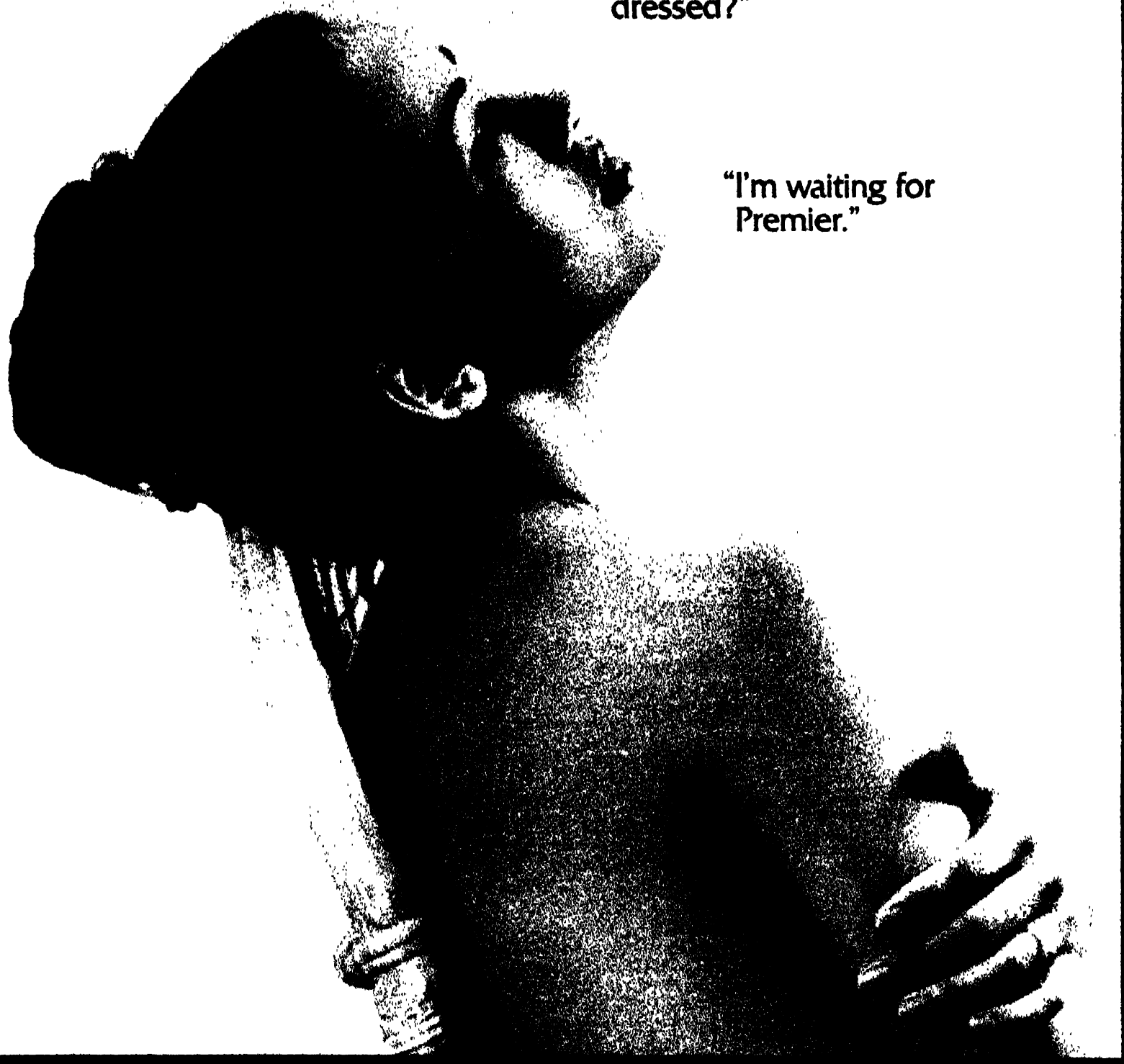
Hernia in tigers is a very rare occurrence Normally in the wild a tiger afflicted with this condition would either die due to twisting of the intestine or would eventually be killed by its mates due to its weak condition Prior to Ashok there had been only one such case and the tiger was operated upon when he was still a cub Thus the operation on Ashok became an unprecedented feat because it was to be performed on a full grown tiger With a Master s degree in veterinary surgery Dr Shetty has had a lot of experience operating on a wide variety of domesticated animals but this would be first operation on a tiger ■

OPERATION TIGER

Ashok, a one year old tiger at the Delhi Zoo, was operated for a hernia, the first time such an operation has been performed on a full-grown tiger

by Gautam Sabharwal





"What are you waiting for, why don't you get dressed?"

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WHEN THE TWAIN MEET. Peter Michael Hamel (Germany) and Chattaraj (India) in a jugalbandi at one of the closed sessions at the NCPA.

Towards A 'World Music'

by Ronita Torcato

Although purists may maintain that an East-West music encounter results in kitsch, many musicians and composers firmly believe in a transnational, timeless music—the music of the whole world.

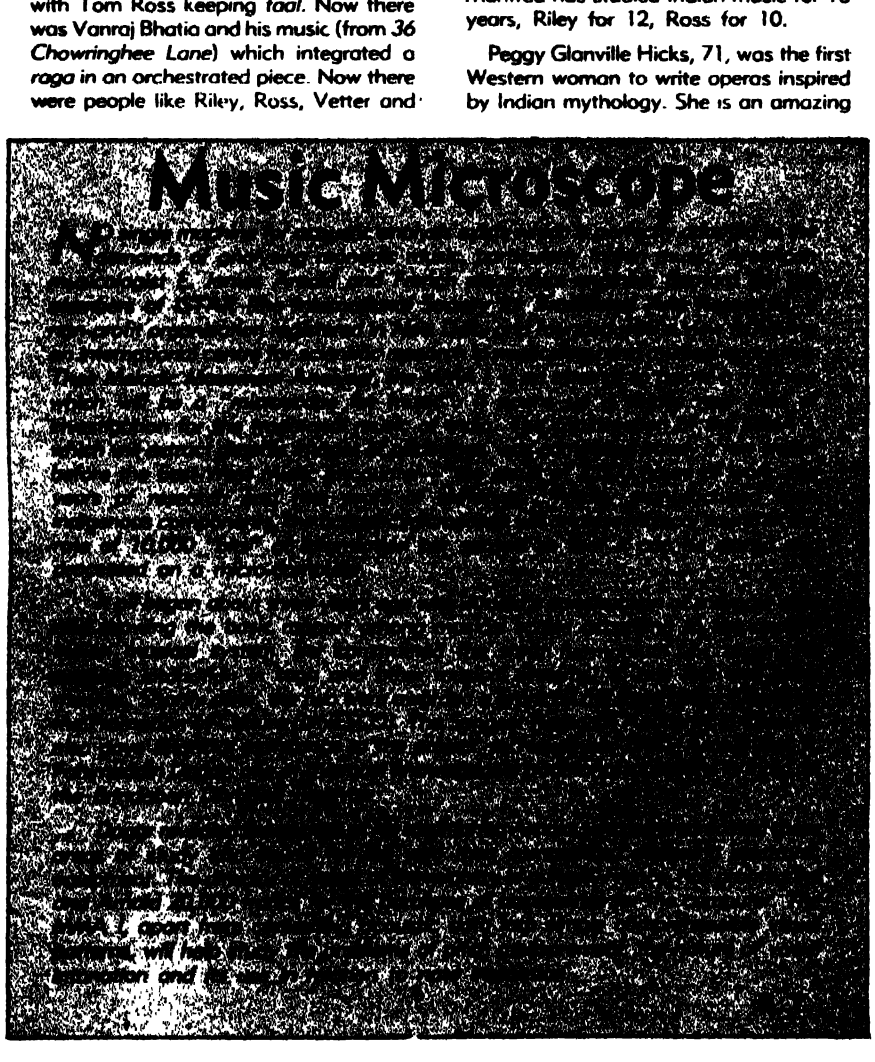
THE East-West Music Encounter, organised by the Max Mueller Bhavan and the Sangeet Natak Akademi, and co-sponsored by the Alliance Francaise, the Indian Council for Cultural Relations, the British Council and the Time and Talents Club, is the first of a series of dialogues involving composers, musicians, choreographers, dancers, theatre experts and philosophers who would be invited to participate in "an inquiry into the possibilities of creative work and thought drawing from Indian and Western sources".

The idea of musical encounters was not uncommon in days gone by. As far back as the fifth century, there were as many as 200 professional musicians from China and Korea working in Japan. Korea and China also had close musical contacts between themselves. Our own country had gifted immense cultural riches to South-East Asia. For nearly 2,000 years, two great Hindu epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, have provided rich material for serious drama in a Muslim country—Indonesia. In recent times, however, Asian countries under colonial pressure began to look towards the West. Today, happily, there is a growing awareness that there is much more to give and take from Eastern traditions than Europe. Although purists may maintain that any blending of diverse music cultures may well result in kitsch, many musicians and composers believe in a different philosophy—a transnational, timeless music; the music of the whole world.

Cross-Cultural Compositions

And it was such people who gathered at the NCPA between January 15 and 22—musicians and composers like Terry Riley, Frank Bennet, E. James Arnold and Thomas Ross (US), Joachim Krebs, Heinz Klaus Metzger, Michael Vetter, Peter Michael Hamel and Walter Zimmerman (FRG), Roberto Laneri (Italy); Peggy Glanville Hicks (Australia); Andre Eshpai (USSR); Dr Neil Sorrell (UK), Bernard Bel (France); and our own Vanraj Bhatia and Zakir Husain—people for whom the ultimate objective of cross-cultural composing is the realisation of an East-West synthesis

The Encounter was divided into three sections closed sessions for participants and observers, mini theatre performances and ticketed performances in the Tata theatre. The Encounter is not the first of its kind. Such a meeting it may be recalled, was held, about 19 years ago in Delhi under the aegis of the ICCR, the Max Mueller Bhavan and the Sangeet Natak Akademi That conference had concentrated on theoretical deliberations and the presentation of papers. The present Encounter laid stress on the analysis and performance of cross-cultural composing. Indian and Western music concerts at the first Encounter had been mutually exclusive with recitals by Yehudi Menuhin, Balasaraswati, Ravi Shankar and M.S. Subbulakshmi. Now there was Zakir Husain playing the *tabla* with Tom Ross keeping *taal*. Now there was Vanraj Bhatia and his music (from *36 Chowringhee Lane*) which integrated a *raga* in an orchestrated piece. Now there were people like Riley, Ross, Vetter and Hamel who have been able to fuse Indian musical traditions with their own.



Serious Search

The slightly self-conscious pose of two decades earlier has changed into a serious search. The earlier conference was basically an inquiry into the ways and means of attaining a "world music"; the present Encounter focussed on "what has been done and how". "The first wave—the in-between music wave—is over," says Dr Georg Lechner, Director, Max Mueller Bhavan. "Now there is a new wave of people who are united in a sincere desire to learn about musical cultures other than their own." Junius Manfred has studied Indian music for 18 years, Riley for 12, Ross for 10.

Peggy Glanville Hicks, 71, was the first Western woman to write operas inspired by Indian mythology. She is an amazing woman. Two thirds of her brain is plastic, the result of a tumour operation performed some years ago. The operation left her blind and deaf for several years Today she is left with a slight sense of taste but no smell; mercifully she has regained her sight and hearing Dutch-born Nienke Krijgerm has been studying Carnatic music and Sanskrit for the past three years; Isaac Sequeira, professor of English literature at Osmania University, Hyderabad, makes liberal use of music to illustrate his lectures. These were just some of the participants at the Encounter whose purpose was presentation, discovery, re-discovery and dissemination...

Indeed, the Encounter is marked by a deep sense of communion between participants intent on examining the tools, materials and aesthetics of existing cross-cultural music. The Encounter also incorporated the philosophical and ethical issues concerning these endeavours. Some of the ideas emerging from the day-long discussions:

The self can be enriched by studying diverse musical cultures to as deep an extent as possible.

The artiste-musician should not be discouraged by rejection from the public; the greatest works have always been ahead of their time.

The idea of international contacts and meetings must be taken seriously, responsibly and with regularity.

Participants found the works of Riley, Ross, Hamel, Vetter, Peter Muller and Vanraj Bhatia most meaningful. The Indian participants in particular felt that Indian music was not being accorded its due place in educational curricula as opposed to the West where music enjoys favourable status. To cite just two examples: the Wesleyan University in the United States and the Free Music Centre in Munich (the FRG also has two other major music centres).

Future "encounters" will focus on music "that offers a meaningful synthesis". Dr Lechner hopes to organise the next one in '86. Whether a musical fusion and the attaining of a universal music is possible, only time will tell. As Dr Lechner says, "We have a long way to go and we are only at the beginning. I believe there is a time for everything. A time for the seed, a time for the blossoms, a time for the fruit and a time for dying..." ■

Letter From Calcutta

Death And Disease

MISFORTUNE of a kind that cannot be averted by administrative streamlining or political stratagems seems to dog West Bengal's ruling Left Front. Mr Pramode Dasgupta's death in Beijing left a vacuum in the Marxist organisation that will not easily be filled. But if the coalition committee's chairman passed away in the fullness of years after a lifetime of rewarding service, that cannot be said of Mr Sankar Gupta whose life has surely been cut off at the height of promise.

The Power Minister was only 42. His political consequences lay in the fact that as Mr Jyoti Basu's political secretary, Mr Gupta had gained invaluable insight into the business of administration and was reputedly one of the few CPI (M) politicians to have established a relationship of cordial efficiency with civil servants. The Left Front is not so lavishly endowed with administrative talent—especially without Dr Ashok Mitra—as to be able easily to replace Mr Gupta.

To cap it all, the Chief Minister's heart condition seems likely to have a permanently crippling effect on his former briskness. Earlier, the Labour Minister, Mr Sambhu Ghosh, had also suffered a heart attack and at the time of writing is hospitalised in Orissa. Truly can it be said that the gods do not look kindly on the Left Front which is additionally handicapped by not having encouraged second rank leaders to take over from the now ailing old guard

Azad Hind

TIME was, when brightly coloured banknotes issued by the "Azad Hind Government" and bearing splendid portraits of Subhas Chandra Bose in martial uniform were freely sold on Calcutta pavements, to be eagerly bought by the naive and the sentimental. Those sad scraps of paper have long disappeared, but the elaborate ceremonies on January 23—Netaji's 83rd birth anniversary—proved that the legend rides as strong as ever Its survival owes much to the Bose family's indefatigable organisation, but also something to the Bengali temperament's dogged instance on looking forward to the past.

So powerful is the emotional attachment that it is difficult to rid the suspicion that there was some political calculation behind Mr Zail Singh's one-day visit to pay homage to Netaji.Having worshipped at one shrine, a political one, the President turned to do reverence at another equally unique Bengali institution—the sacred Kali temple at Kalighat. Both were exceptional events. After all, the Centre has not in the past shared Calcutta's enthusiasm for Subhas Bose; the Congress was even more lukewarm about his policies. Secondly, the spectacle of a stalwart Sikh being received and anointed by the Kalighat *pujari* must also mark some kind of a record.

Both gestures make sense, however, in the light of the CPI (M)'s known indifference to folk mythology or religious ritual. The Congress, therefore, needs must strike a different posture, one moreover that hopes to exploit Bengali sentiment. It should be remembered too that Netaji's nephew, Mr Sisir Kumar Bose, is possibly the West Bengal Congress party's most respected, if inexperienced, MLA.

Moses Chowdhury

NCC GIRLS on Republic Day.

PRESIDENT ZAIL SINGH visits Kali Temple at Kalighat

SANKAR GUPTA

Price Of Madness

EVEN more horrendous revelations since we last described conditions in Dum Dum jail highlight the law's extreme callousness, and the cruelty of those who enforce it Three more non-criminal lunatics, a repugnantly pejorative description, have since perished in that dread jail, two from acute diarrhoea and one from a lung infection. Dum Dum's toll so far this winter now stands at six

The facts have to be seen in the light of reports presented by the chief reporters of *The Statesman* and *The Telegraph*, as directed by the Calcutta High Court The latter included photographs of naked lunatics waiting in an open courtyard for their rations. The general picture of filth, squalor, inhuman degradation and sexual abuse is abominable

But mad people are worst off because they cannot stand up for even minimum rights. The Lunacy Act of 1912 decrees that non-criminal lunatics should be kept in prison until a free hospital bed is available, that means forever. Apparently, 1,250 mental patients are languishing in West Bengal jails. They are surrendered to the mercy of untrained staff and other prisoners who rob them of clothes, bedding and food.

The law says that they should not be jailed for more than 30 days but no one pays any attention to that restriction. Nor has the State Government taken any notice of the West Bengal Jail Reforms Committee's recommendation that a hospital be set up with accommodation for at least 2,000 mental patients who can receive expert medical and scientific treatment

Chokh

THE West Bengal Government can take pride in having arranged the finance for Mr Utpalendu Chakravorty, the bearded 34-year-old director, whose *Chokh* won the special jury prize at the recent New Delhi festival for "the vigour of its expression and its human commitment and the uncompromising sincerity with which it depicts the struggle for justice against social oppression and corruption"

Once inclined to Naxalite politics, the young director says he is now "neither a Marxist nor a Communist nor a revolutionary" He dismisses all that as "cheap talk, just words", and is contemptuous of film makers who are described as "committed" but copy Western technical innovations that are not understood by Indian audiences His own view of what the cinema needs is far more down to earth Mr Chakravorty would like the authorities to break the stranglehold of "tycoons and bad business men" who control cinema halls and the distribution network, and suggests that the Government should invest in a chain of cinema houses and also provide time on television to screen new-wave films. This because films that have been financed by the Government, and even award-winning films, are often not publicly shown nowadays.

He has some trenchant criticism of censorship, the calibre of officials, of the quality of Indian films and of the organisers of the Ninth International Film Festival. Of himself he says "I am not a teacher of the people. I am a student of the masses" But now that this angry young man has been recognised and rewarded by the establishment, it will be interesting to see how long his anger lasts.

Storming The Citadel

MANY strange and undignified scenes have been witnessed in Writers' Buildings but few can have matched the rumpus on January 19 when a Congress (I) MLA, Mr Abdul Mannan, stormed the nerve centre of the Left Front Government with four Chhatra Parishad rowdies in tow The invasion came at the end of a hide and seek battle with the police down several streets, the engagement had its ludicrous moments as, for instance, when policemen had to beat a hasty retreat because their tear gas guns would not go off Once inside the secretariat, the five men set up such a noisy hullaballoo outside the Chief Minister's chamber that they soon attracted a sizable crowd.

West Bengal's Home Secretary, the Police Commissioner, the Assistant Commissioner of Police responsible for Writers Buildings and Mr Jyoti Basu's political secretary,all intervened in angry outrage. An inquiry has been promised to find out why the security guards let the demonstrators in, no one should be surprised if low-ranking police heads roll But there is no suggestion of any investigation into the cause of the quarrel. the alleged murder of a Congress (I) worker in Bankura District

Great Guns

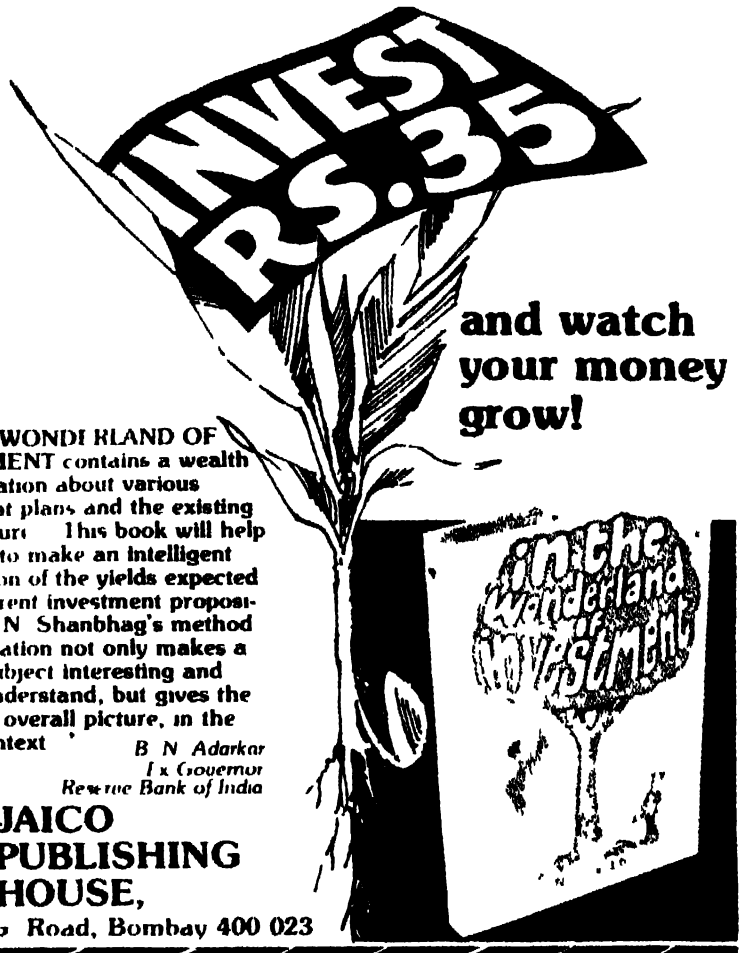
CALCUTTA'S Republic Day parade naturally could not match New Delhi's pageantry But the show was impressive enough and attracted large crowds, though many among the humbler watchers wondered why several tanks had the names of places in Bangladesh painted on them Some speculated that the hardware had been captured from the Pakistani army, others guessed that these were the sites of Indian army victories in the 1971 war In either case, the flaunting of "Jessore" and "Khulna" was not, perhaps, the most tactful of gestures, given the sensitivity of our eastern neighbour

Eternal Panacea

IT is an old British axiom to set up a Royal Commission for any matter that exercises the public By the time its report is published everyone has forgotten what it was all about The Left Front's solution for similar dilemmas is to appoint a committee One such was created some years ago to coordinate digging operations for the underground of the future and ensure that the work did not lead to the total collapse of Calcutta's already threadbare telephone system Nothing came of it and no one remembers it Now the State Government has set up another committee with Mr Prasanta Sur, Minister for Municipal Affairs, as chairman to bring some kind of order into traffic confusion The new committee will, we are assured, meet every month and suggest remedies.

A laudable venture no doubt, but the problem would disappear easily enough if only enough traffic policemen are posted at every crossing and if they are persuaded to do their duty. I have seen intersections with no less than six constables on duty chatting amiably among themselves with not even a glance at the streams of cars I have also seen policemen's stands at busy junctions empty for hours on end When policemen appear, more often than not it is to bully drivers into parting with small sums of money against threats of prosecution Honesty, a sense of duty and a more efficient disposition of the force would be far more to the point than Mr Sur's new committee. ■

Sumita Sandilya



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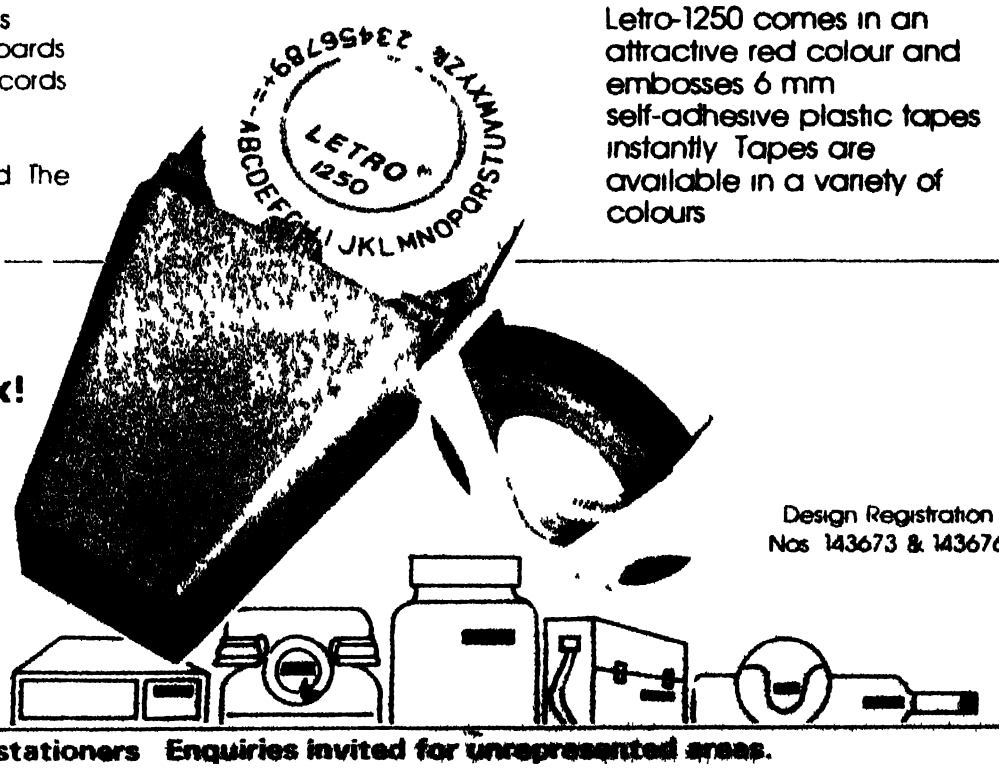

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"To bed, to bed, to bed"

Oh! For A Good Night's Sleep

by Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

EACH night 60 per cent of the urban executives or office-goers have difficulty sleeping. Many of them are reliving the fights they had during their tea breaks some of them are compulsively rehearsing board meetings, and some others, worrying over managerial decisions. If you are an office-goer and if you find that you are not able to tempt the sandman to sprinkle sleep in your eyes, then perhaps it is time you thought of the actual nature of your problem. Try answering these questions. **How long did it take you to fall asleep last night? How often did you awaken? How much sleep did you get? Did you take a sleeping pill? Did you take much alcohol in the evening? If you keep a sleep log daily then it will certainly help you analyse the root of your problem.**

On the other hand, you might be suffering from what is generally known as *pseudoinsomnia*, where you *think* you are not sleeping enough. Many people have taken sleeping pills or have gone to a specialist because they were really worried about sleeping less than the conventional 8 hours. If you are imagining insomnia, and taking recourse to those dangerously habit-forming pills then you might really need to have your eyes opened. Sleep needs are as personal and as varied as food!

Churchill, the Mahatma, Edison and Einstein, in order to achieve what they did, hardly slept three or four hours regularly every night. Your sleep is *your* bio-mechanism and need not necessarily conform to the 8-hour schedule!

Surprisingly enough, there are many amongst us who have their full rest in four or five hours.

What is important is that you awake rested and refreshed. The amount of sleep needed varies with age, the type of life you lead and upon individual body metabolism. The newborn infant sleeps all the time and a total of 12 to 13 hours a day upto the age of three. During childhood and adolescence more sleep is often needed to meet the requirements of the growing body. If you are in your late fifties or early sixties, then you may just need four to six hours. Older people worry if they do not sleep as much as they once used to, often forgetting the fact that they are also less active than in their thirties. One of the main reasons why middle-aged people turn to the frequent sleeping pill is the *false-alarm syndrome* which prompts them to hanker for sleep that they don't in fact require!

Sleeping Pills, Addiction, Side-effects

It all starts the same way. And there's always the first time, like the first drag you may have taken of the *grass* in college, or the first cigarette you spluttered over at ten in the locked-up bathroom. This too begins on the night you've had a particularly fiery argument with your spouse or are trying to induce sleep after 5-nights-in-a-row late night parties. So what do you do? You pop in a pill! Your first defense against insomnia, also your first step to another habit. But this is a bad one. Cavalier dispensation of sleeping drugs can be habit-forming and dangerous. And it may surprise you to know the reasons for disenchantment. **Sleeping pills don't actually help you sleep, they have dangerous side-effects and, most disastrous of all, there is a gradual drug dependency.**

The main ingredients of almost all sleeping pills—antihistamine, bromides, scopolamines, have all been known to produce harmful side-effects, including circulatory and respiratory disorders and a host of mental, physical, nervous and digestive disorders. For post-operative periods or during a nervous breakdown they may be effective and quite harmless, but the moment you begin to rely on them you are in trouble. In the long run, as any physician will point out to you, these so-called safe and effective wonder drugs are a sure way of complicating your already stress-filled life-style.

Addiction is equally alarming. Every sleeping pill, if used regularly for two weeks, loses its effectiveness. The body develops a tolerance for it with the result that the victim, who has by this time become a slave to the pill, resorts to ever increasing doses. What finally and almost inevitably *does* happen is tragic, the addict often suffers from increasing side-effects and to counter the dullness (both psychological and physical) brought about by these pills will indulge in amphetamines during the day, thus creating an unnatural, artificial, difficult to-break, vicious sleep-wake cycle which only becomes more established and impossible to break as the years go by.

And make no mistake. It is very very difficult and very trying indeed to break the sleeping-pill addiction. Anxiety, twitching, sometimes convulsions and nausea may arise if a long-standing addict tries suddenly to break the habit. Though many people have successfully tapered off their allowances on their own and come out of the drug habit as it were, it is undoubtedly advisable to do this under medical supervision. Of course withdrawal is not going to be easy, but the benefits are worth the effort.

How To Sleep Without Pills

"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing"—how the Ancient Mariner longed for it, how Lady Macbeth was divorced from it. At some time or other, in the course of our lives, sleeplessness is an inevitable symptom we must all suffer. But *persistent insomnia* may very often indicate that something is wrong. Don't laugh. But the causes may be as simple as too much coffee, poor bed time habits or even improper and uncomfortable bedding. With chronic cases the problem may be a little more complex. It may be asthma, ulcers, migraines, diabetes. The most common cause however is stress. Reduce the tensions and there you are. The rewards are longer sleeping hours.

Golden Slumber

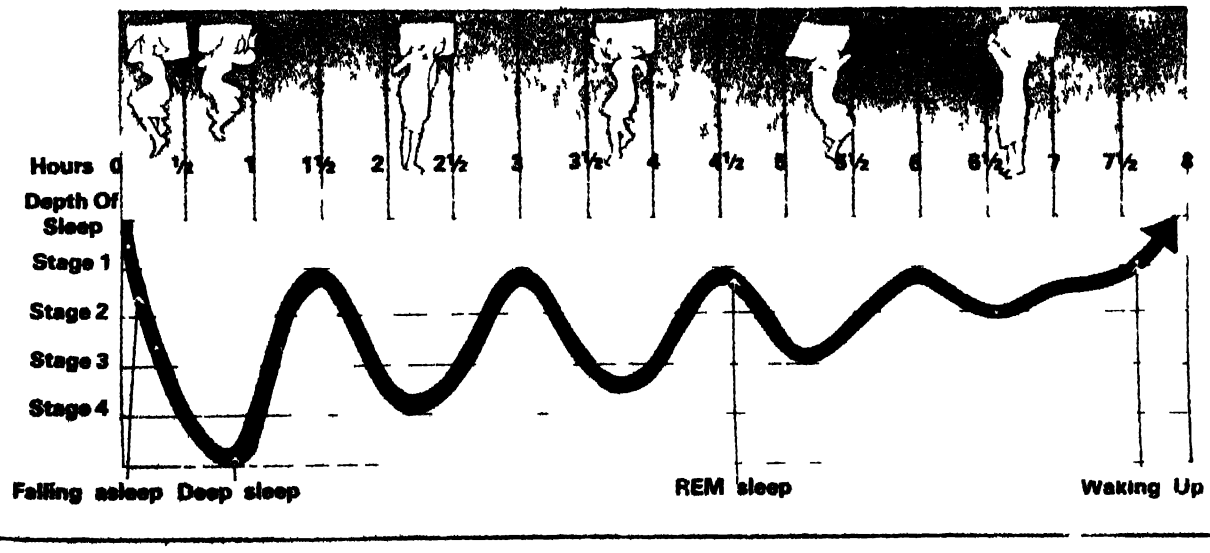
There are several things you *can do to ensure better sleep. First, do without the bed-time cup of chocolate, the after dinner coffee or the late evening cola. Remember caffeine is taboo for insomniacs. You might in fact be suffering from a low intake of B vitamins, so increase your consumption and you might discover the reason for your insomnia.*

Regular exercise should definitely help. But be careful not to engage in vigorous activity like an after dinner run if you are a poor sleeper. That only increases your metabolism and may heighten your state of activity in the body resulting in a longer time for sleep onset. For similar reasons it is suggested that you don't have an enormous meal late at night, as the body takes a longer time to settle down if it has to adjust to increased energy intakes just before bed-time.

Taper off your day's activities before retiring. Save arguments for the early part of the evening. Go to bed as soon as you feel sleepy, take a warm bath and a warm glass of milk with honey. Try and avoid homework at bed-time because if you don't woo sleep you can't win her. And as a last resort try listening to Bach or Ghulam Ali. My experience tells me you'll be out like a light! ■

Stages Of Sleep

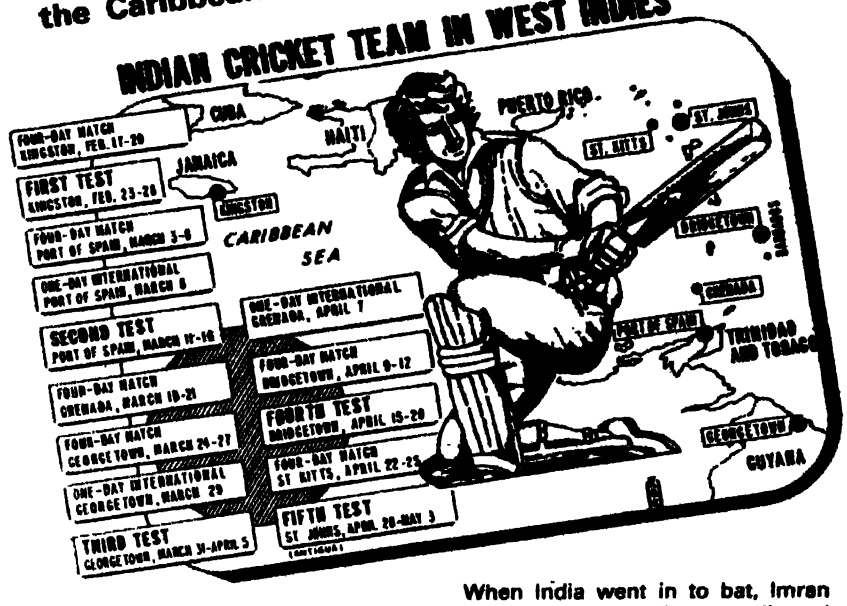
There are four main stages of sleep. The first two correspond to light sleep and the next two to deep sleep. Fairly regular swings from light to deep sleep occur and these are probably associated with changes in the chemical behaviour of the brain. At the first stage the eyes are shut prior to sleep. This is followed by some tossing and turning and eye rolling passing into stage two. During deep sleep, which is stage four, the person often reverts to a lighter sleep called REM (stage three). In this *Rapid Eye Movement* period the eyes flicker in a spasmodic manner and the person is dreaming. Dreams will be recalled only if the waking up period is soon after REM.



A Disturbing Moment For Indian Cricket

by R. Sriman

The Imran blitz that rocked India on their tour of Pakistan is only a foretaste of the bitter medicine in store for us in the West Indies, where the pressure will be on our batsmen from *both* ends—ends likely to be manned by 'fasties' Michael Holding and Andy Roberts, with Joel Garner bringing up the powerful rear. With India's stalwarts clearly beginning to feel the effects of age, there are genuine apprehensions about our prospects in the West Indies. However, a fresh tour means writing on a clean slate and, who knows, our cricketers—at the best of times unpredictable—may proceed to prove their detractors wrong in the Caribbean!



A PAKISTAN victory in the recent series against India was very much on the cards: what no one foresaw was the inglorious manner in which Gavaskar and Co were routed. No one was really expecting India to retain the rubber, won by them back home against Asif Iqbal's team in 1979-1980, especially as Pakistan had convincingly beaten Australia before our tour began. But now all Pakistan watched in utter disbelief as India folded up pathetically—so pathetically that it turned out to be a "No Contest".

There was nothing to suggest by the end of the First Test at Lahore that India would be routed so badly as to lose the next 3 Tests in a row without the semblance of a fight. It was total surrender, Gavaskar and his men proving no match whatsoever in *all* departments of the game. Two men principally shaped the big Pakistan triumph: it can be stated that Imran Khan's devastating fast bowling and Zaheer Abbas's superlative batting mattered most, without the slightest intention to detract from Pakistan's magnificent teamwork.

Even so, it is not exactly a credit to India that they went down meekly to a two-man annihilation squad. In fact, before the tour began, even the most optimistic Pakistani supporter rated the prospect of the series 50-50, basing his assessment on the wonted strength of India's batting, noting that so talented a performer as Madan Lal had been coming in at No 10. It was freely suggested that the Pakistani attack might not find it all that easy to contain India's batting might. In the event, the Indian batting was no more than a paper tiger, crumbling inexplicably, not just before the fiery pace of Imran Khan, but also before the none too hostile medium pace of Sarfraz Nawaz who, at 36, was only a poor relation of the nippy giant who had once mesmerised Australia at Melbourne with a 7 for 1 spell. Even the innocuous leg-spin of Abdul Qadir posed problems for India.

Spearhead Blunted

As for the Indian attack, it sadly lacked any penetration. Its spearhead, Kapil Dev, who had created a tremendous impression on his maiden tour here late in 1978, struck his true form far too late. After the series had been won and lost, his career-best feat of 8 for 85 (at Lahore in the Fifth Test) was akin to the old Indian proverb of attempting to perform *suryanamaskar* after the eyesight had gone. For some strange reason, Kapil could not get his most potent weapon, the outswinger, working earlier than at Lahore—to be precise, the second time at Lahore. In the result, with their main attacking force ineffective, India were at a total loss to contain the powerful Pak batting battery. Match after match, it became a joke as the Pak batsmen scored at will until, at Hyderabad (Sind), the Indian team became the laughing-stock of the entire cricketing world when Mudassar Nazar and Javed Miandad batted on and on till they equalled the world record stand of 451, put on by cricket's most illustrious twosome, Don Bradman and Bill Ponsford.

If the batting and bowling were very much below par, the fielding was atrocious: Sunil Gavaskar and his men fielded even worse than the notorious India team of the mid 1930s. Recent India teams had made a name for themselves for their fielding alone. In fact, the gilt-edged fielding had matched the famed spin attack of the late 1960s and the early 1970s.

Indeed, but for our poor outcricket, perhaps the series would have taken a different turn. For, when the Indian captain, Sunil Gavaskar, won the toss in the First Test at Lahore and put Pakistan in to bat, the gamble might well have come off had not Mohsin Khan, who opened with Mudassar Nazar, been dropped behind the wickets when he had not opened his account. Two other batsmen were similarly dropped before they scored: in one case, it did not prove costly; in the other, it did. Thus did Pakistan go to a big total of 485 aided by 5 dropped catches in all.

When India went in to bat, Imran Khan produced a fiery spell and claimed the wickets of Arun Lal, Dilip Vengsarkar and G.R. Viswanath off only 17 balls for such a poor total that there was talk of an Indian follow-on. This possibility was averted by a fighting stand between Sunil Gavaskar and Mohinder Amarnath.

Psychological Bluff

In the process, Mohinder proved how wrong the Indian selectors were in neglecting him for three years, after his glorious performance in Australia with Bishen Singh Bedi's team. Thanks to Mohinder Amarnath's unbeaten century, India were able to force a draw.

Few, at that stage, were prepared for the dismal Indian show in the next 3 Tests. At Karachi, in the Second Test, it was the turn of Imran Khan to put India in to bat on a wicket which seemed full of runs. Even making allowance for the fact that the National Stadium wicket at Karachi is quite fast, it was a psychological bluff to which Imran Khan resorted. Gavaskar was foolishly run out and, with Vengsarkar out to a brilliant slip catch and Viswanath falling in a debatable manner to Abdul Qadir—the ball went off his glove but he was declared caught behind—India were 3 down for 48. But for Kapil Dev's bold knock of 73, India would have found it difficult to reach even the 169 they did.

Abdul Qadir, in whom Imran places implicit faith and trust, ended up with 4 for 67—a creditable performance for one who was not included for the First Test in the belief that he would not be successful against the Indians. Abdul Qadir has an unorthodox run-up and his wrist spin has not evoked much praise, much less fear. Yet he has been consistently among the wickets. He does not even wear spike-shoes. Still, however unconventional he may be, he is a successful bowler and that is what matters.

India created quite a flutter when Madan Lal took 3 quick wickets for only 15 runs, but there the success story ended. For Mudassar Nazar (who had opened the innings) and Zaheer Abbas were concerned in a big stand. Zaheer survived a confident appeal against Kapil Dev for lbw—the Indians were very much out up about this decision. Pakistan went on to pile up 452. India buckled under the Imran blitz in the second innings, folding up for only 197 and thus losing by an innings and 86 runs. Dilip Vengsarkar and Madan Lal alone batted with any degree of confidence. Imran Khan had the astonishing figures of 8 for 60.

Cribbing Against Umpiring

It was bad enough to lose to Pakistan by such a big margin; but worse followed, with the Indian Manager, Fatehsinhrao Gaekwad, credited with a statement in a leading Karachi daily in which he slated the Pakistani umpiring in the Second Test: he specified 3 cases—the dismissals of Viswanath and Mohinder Amarnath and also the negation of the lbw appeal against Zaheer Abbas. Matters reached a head when not only did the Indian Manager not deny the report but another leading Lahore daily blasted the Indian attitude of cribbing against umpiring when they were so convincingly beaten. Imran Khan himself joined issue with a statement that the cribbing about umpiring was tantamount to taking away the credit of the Pakistani performance.

There was, at this stage, definite apprehension that cricket relations between the two countries would be badly damaged. The Pakistan Cricket Board President, Air Marshal Nur Khan, then made the dramatic move of inviting two famous Indian cricketers, Tiger Pataudi and Polly Umrigar, unilaterally to Pakistan as "Observers"—to see for themselves from television replays whether anything was really wrong with Pak umpiring.

Luckily, better counsels prevailed: men in authority at *both* ends kept their cool and nothing untoward happened outside the cricket field. Sunil Gavaskar himself issued a statement that there was no complaint about the umpiring.

—Amiya Tarafdar

IT WAS HIS CLASSIC SQUARE-CUTTING and free stroking that fetched G.R. Viswanath (*above*) a hurricane hundred—and India a historic win—in the Port of Spain Test early in 1976. However, in Pakistan, Viswanath seemed rarely to be able to get into position to play this shot that always marked him out as a 'cut' above the rest.

Meanwhile, the Third Test at Faisalabad also turned out to be a fiasco from the Indian point of view. Again India were put in to bat. They lost 4 wickets for only 82 runs, but spirited batting by Syed Kirmani and Madan Lal, after a bright spree of hitting in his typical fashion by Sandeep Patil, enabled India to end up respectably at 372.

Pakistan amassed 652, falling only 5 short of their highest-ever Test total, thanks to a great 287-run stand between Zaheer Abbas and Javed Miandad. The batting machine, Zaheer Abbas, was simply unstoppable. To have hit 6 consecutive centuries against a touring side is a mind-boggling feat. India barely managed to avoid the innings defeat, Skipper Gavaskar carrying his bat through with 127 and Mohinder Amarnath playing yet another gallant knock. Pakistan won by 10 wickets.

At Hyderabad (Sind), Imran Khan won the toss and elected to bat on a wicket shorn of grass and reputedly very slow. Mudassar Nazar and Javed Miandad figured in that world record stand of 451. India caved in for 189 and 273. Pakistan thus won the series most convincingly.

Doshi Scurvily Treated?

Brilliantly as Imran Khan bowled and superbly as Zaheer Abbas and Javed Miandad batted, admirably supported by that wonderful grafter, Mudassar Nazar, India lost ignominiously as much because of their poor batting, bowling and fielding as because of the unimaginative captaincy of Sunil Gavaskar, who had had no trust in his spinners at Karachi, where both Dilip Doshi and Maninder Singh were played and both were brought on to bowl only after the batsmen had been well set. There is no better way of making a batsman set than by offering the harmless medium-pace stuff of Mohinder Amarnath, who does not bowl over such long spells even in domestic cricket these days.

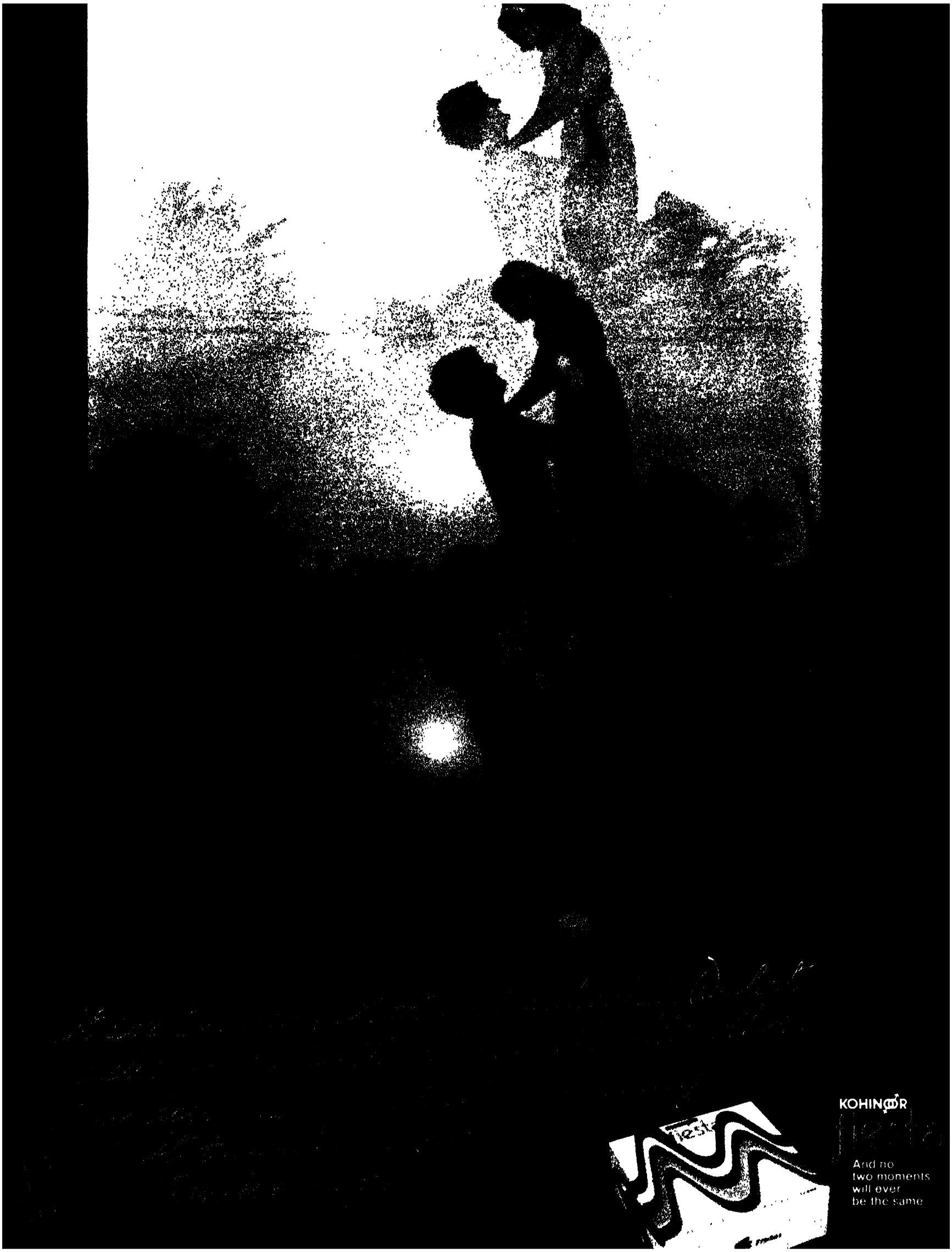
At Hyderabad (Sind), the main spinner, Dilip Doshi, was humiliated by almost not being asked to bowl before lunch. Even the one over he bowled during that session was under the captaincy of Kapil Dev, who was temporarily deputising for Sunil Gavaskar. When Doshi was eventually dropped from the team for the Fifth Test at Lahore, it was clear that Skipper Gavaskar did not think much of his front-line spinner who had over 100 Test wickets to his name. Doshi did not disguise his feelings of disgust, nor did many other players feel happy over Sunil's failure to involve himself with the fortunes of his team. It was as though 11 individuals were on view. The teamwork built up assiduously over the years—by Tiger Pataudi first and then by Bishen Singh Bedi—was totally absent.

This indeed has been a sad tour and the players were in a state of mental shock after the shattering defeats at Karachi, Faisalabad and Hyderabad (Sind). The much-vaunted depth in batting was sadly exposed. The quality of the bowling was equally exposed and there was nothing to write home about the fielding. To cap it all, the team's most useful all-rounder, Madan Lal, was not available for the crucial Hyderabad Test because of a heel injury. His presence may have enabled India at least to draw that Fourth Test so that the series could have been kept alive at Lahore and Karachi. Alas, this was not to be.

All in all, a most disastrous series, especially on the eve of a most difficult tour of the West Indies. This is a highly disturbing moment for Indian Cricket. It is really difficult to visualise what is in store for us in the Caribbean. ■

EVEN A STROKE-PLAYER of the flair of Sandeep Patil (*below*) was reduced to groping mediocrity by the quicksilver pace of Imran Khan. Still, if Patil fails to make the trip to the West Indies, India will certainly miss him. As a batsman who—like Kapil Dev and Srikkanth—habitually plays 'on the rise', Patil will always remain a chancy proposition. But, once he finds his bearings, he is still capable of reducing the fastest bowling in the world to a state of despair.

—Amiya Tarafdar


KOHINOOR
And no
two moments
will ever
be the same

Nightwatch

by Sathya Saran

It was unbearably cold. She watched at her window the shapes that rose and fell, rose and fell, and chanted around the fire...

SHE woke up in the night to hear the wind howling. How it roared and shrieked ... as if it were going to rush the little house into the valley below. She gritted her teeth and tried to go back to sleep, willed herself to go back to her dream ... but the wind intruded.

When Sheila first came to Mussorie, the wind had been there of course. It had thrilled her then. After her long years in the plains there was something romantic in the fact that the curtains were always billowing, the trees constantly whispering. Only in the harshness of the winters she had wished the wind would blow softer... The shrieking torrents that rushed through the cracks of their wooden house scared her on long, cold nights.

But these days, the wind shrieked all the time. There was some theory about deforestation being the cause of the increased fury, but all she knew was that it made a mess of her nerves

She remembered now her evening battle with Mala, who had been quite unreasonable, really, but perhaps she had overreacted too. She always did, these days. But surely it was silly of Mohan to agree to Mala's going for that picnic. After all, she should have been consulted. A moonlight picnic indeed, and Mala saying she had been to one before, without her knowledge, and would go again. And her friends—Sheila distrusted those friends Mala was so secretive about.

She got up from her bed and walked the cold floor to Mala's room. The door was closed. She pushed gently and peered in. Mala sat on her bed, reading. The girl looked up, startled. The book fell from her hands. "Gosh Mummy, you scared me!"

"What are you doing? It's almost 2.30!"

"I woke up some time ago and couldn't go back to sleep. So I thought I'd do some reading," Mala said. There was a sulky note in her voice, but she was obviously minding her manners.

Mala looked at her where she stood. There was no welcome in her gaze, and Sheila felt an intruder there, in her daughter's room. The girl had circles under her eyes, she certainly needed her sleep. Perhaps she had been unduly rough on her. After all, the picnic was to take place within sight of the compound gates. "Mala," she said suddenly, "I think you can go for that picnic."

→

Illustrated by P. B. Kavadi

"Mum - my!" With a leap Mala was across the bed, hugging her.

Tears filled Sheila's eyes, stupidly. *Softy*, she mocked herself as she hugged her daughter back "You must not stay too long, and promise you will wear a coat"

THE sun was streaming in through her window and the wind had died down when she woke again. She lay in bed, trying to remember if she had indeed spoken to Mala the night before

"Wake up, sleepyhead," Mohan called from the next room "Mala has prepared a lovely breakfast for you and you don't want it to get cold, do you?" So, she *had* spoken to Mala the night before

As she hurried out of bed Sheila felt apprehensive again Mohan was going to Delhi tonight on one of his official trips and she wished she had not given her consent for the picnic. She hated to be alone And yet she could not be sure what she dreaded more,being alone in the house or being alone with Mala. The last time Mohan had gone out of station she had had a terrible row with the girl, over something she did not even remember now. She checked her throughts This was no way to feel about your own daughter But where is the girl I loved? she thought miserably

Despite her forebodings, the day went pleasantly enough, as it always did when Mala was in good spirits Only, that was not quite so often now, Sheila thought dryly to herself Mala was cheerful only when having her own way, one little "no" and the world collapsed around their heads "Adolescence," Mohan said every time she tried to put her foot down and contain Mala's tantrums "Growing pains," he called them at other times, but Sheila knew he was being indulgent She had also passed through adolescence and surely her mother had never had to face tantrums like the ones she weathered

Mala was being quite mysterious that morning She had gone to the Mall shopping basket slung on one arm. "Getting some groceries for the picnic, Mom. Do you want some too?" she had yelled from downstairs while Sheila was packing Mohan's suitcase Usually she made such a fuss to go shopping with her "I hate those messy stores, they are so crowded," she'd protest and Sheila would have to drag her along

"Just get me a loaf of bread for Daddy's sandwiches," she had called back, thinking—when it's *her* picnic—then stopped herself short again This would not do, she was turning into a nag

By evening, the cold had set in again She shut the windows and felt herself getting tense again as she battled with the latches against the rising force of the wind The happy mood of the day was gone with the sunshine The long night would tick slowly by, she thought, watching with an increasing dread the sunset beyond the mountains The clouds formed mock peaks against the sky, closing in on all available space The place was getting on her nerves, she ought to take a holiday

The moon rose slowly that night, flooding the slopes with a silver light and even her nameless tension could not dispel the haunting beauty

"A perfect night for a picnic," she said across the dining table to Mala Mala nodded, eyes bright with excitement. *The circles under her eyes are darker tonight*, Sheila thought, *and tomorrow they will be darker*. Dinner was a fiasco, with Mala too excited to eat and Sheila thinking of the loneliness ahead.

THEY came when Mala was in her room, putting her coat on At first Sheila thought it was a branch knocking against the roof, but when the sound persisted, she opened the door

The cold rushed in, filling the house with its presence. A group of girls stood outside, huddled together. "Is Mala ready?" one of them asked

"Come in," she said, opening the door wider. But the girls only shuffled their feet and continued to huddle across the doorway "No thank you, Aunty, we are loaded"

Her eyes focussed on a shape on the floor and she discerned a large gunny bag at their feet. "What a lot of stuff for a small picnic," she said, laughing "What's in it?"

The girls looked at each other—then at the bag As if she had asked them to reveal state secrets, she thought

"Eats," said one "A *dari* to sit on, and extra blankets," another added. At least they won't be cold, Sheila thought

"Ready," Mala announced, coming down from her room, her black plastic bag heavy on one arm Her right hand was bandaged at the wrist "Oh, the can opener slipped when I was trying it out," she volunteered, seeing Sheila's eyes on her wrist

"Did it bleed much?" Sheila asked, then, seeing her daughter's eyes cloud over with irritation, she changed the topic "More eats?" she asked lightly, looking at the black bag, and one of the girls tittered in the dark

"Bye, Mummy, I'm off .." And they were gone into the night before she could say all she had wanted to say about their being back soon, about taking care to keep warm.

She could see them from her bedroom window, she realised with a start. She had been making a fuss, really. Just a girlish get-together, Enid Blyton style After all, other mothers had said yes to the picnic. Only had the boys been waiting elsewhere, while the girls collected Mala?

She went to bed, refusing to worry, refusing to hear the whispers that screamed fear inside her head every time she was alone in the house...

And awoke with a start. The house was quiet What had woken her up? Mala, she should be back The clock showed 10 30 in the luminous dial She moved to to the window

The shapes were there. Sitting in a ring They had managed to get a small fire going—she could see them in the fire light, sitting shoulder to shoulder, huddled in woollens They seemed to be clapping and swaying The familiar rhythm eluded her for a moment, then she got it it was one of those names-of-things games—where your chanted names to the beat of handclaps Girlish games never changed, she thought with a smile as she went back bed again.

As she lay in bed, holding her mind steady for sleep, she could hear the chanting, almost *Be quick, pause, be quick, pause, be quick, foul and fair, fair and foul, be quick*... then high pitched laughter as a voice faltered, and murmured consultation. Then the voices started again. *Foul and fair, be quick, rotten air, be quick, fair and foul*... rising

in speed and pitch – till the shrillness woke her, and only the wind howled outside

Eleven o'clock, the timepiece said—she had dropped off for 20 minutes and dreamt all the voices! She leapt out of bed and peered into the darkness beyond the window. The fire burned brighter now and the girls were still sitting around it. They were eating, she saw them reaching out and picking things from the baskets in the centre They should be home soon enough, she thought Once the food is over the fun is done "Finish the food, and the mood," she remembered. She tried to spot Mala in the circle, to see if she was eating, but the shapes were too indistinct, wrapped in their shawls and blankets, to be recognisable

What a night, she thought—till this child returns, I can't get any sleep. She caught sight of her face in the dressing table mirror How pale she looked and how lined her skin had become . those circles on either side of her mouth made it look so drawn She smiled—lifting the mouth in a curve -and her face transformed itself into youth *Why, Mala looks like me*, she thought -noticing the resemblance for the first time. The idea gave her pleasure and, still smiling, she lay in bed again

And slept To dream of cries in the night, strange knockings and maniacal winds that toppled trees, picked them up again to lightly carry them across the meadow and hurl them into the valley below . while shapes rose and fell, rose and fell and chanted around the fire...

Mala—she came awake once more. Surely it was Mala knocking. She rushed to the window, but the shapes were still there around a fire that had almost burnt out And they were dancing. Not Western style, but with strange, jerky movements, round and round the fire. Something nagged her memory—she had seen such a dance somewhere.. But she couldn't remember At a school function? A Shakespeare play? A film? She let it be, watching the dancers. The clock struck 12.30. She ought to go down and fetch Mala,she thought Mohan would be angry that she allowed her out so late after midnight

But the thought of the cold outside kept Sheila standing where she was. And she could not be a spoilsport. She watched the dancers again Round and round, up and down, round again.. she realised with a start that they were moving further away The fire was outside the circle now - between the dancers and the house

The girls were moving towards the edge of the meadow, not knowing they did so in their preoccupation with the rhythm. Again the dance movements nagged her memory, then panic took hold. The girls would fall off.. the wind would blow them over ..

She could almost see one of them toppling over and disappearing into the void, and she could see the shocked reaction on the other dancers' faces..

She throttled a scream at the image, grabbed a blanket from her bed and rushed out of the house, the wind roaring behind her

The long run into the night sobered her a little --and she arrived panting but sane, to the edge of the area lighted by the fire. The girls were still dancing, holding sticks in one hand, jerking their bodies up and down. No wonder they felt no cold, she thought

The circle broke, the dancers quietened And formed a line. They stood with their backs to her, now clutching their sticks in front of them. She could hear a slow chant begin—*try, try, try, ...* the words said. Some girl guide song, she thought, the tune so eerie! It rose and fell like the wind, the voices rushing over the words.

The girls started moving forward, one step at a time, still chanting their song. *Try... try... try...* and as they rushed forward in one gasp, the wind howled and pushed and she heard the words clearly this time ... *fly... fly... fly...* and saw the brooms on the sticks...

Sheila screamed in the dark—hurrying the bodies to the edge of darkness, hell-bent on madness, over the brink.... ■

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Concentrate on your career. Travel prospects are bright for businessmen and scholars. Sportsmen and artists will be at their best in their fields. Do not gamble heavily. Professionals will attend seminars and social functions, mid-week. Do not neglect health anytime otherwise you are likely to miss important functions.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Use tact in building up your financial assets in the next four weeks. An elevation of status awaits those in service. Scientists and research scholars will exhibit their skills and intelligence well and may come in for a public reception and honour. Keep your impulses under tight control while appearing before the masses.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

One of the best weeks this year. The going will be very smooth and easy. You develop confidence in yourself. Promotion by a stroke of luck comes to those in service, initially for a temporary period, later made permanent. The week brings domestic bliss. Do not quarrel with neighbours on Tuesday.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr. 20

This is an ideal time to look into your assets and liabilities before you plunge into new activities. Make adequate provisions for the extra funds that you will require in July and November. Do not allow yourself to be provoked while you are making a public speech. Accord elders the due respect. Take care while driving.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

Do your best to clear up all important jobs without loss of time. Call a halt to your social activities gradually over the next few weeks. Industrialists should make all efforts to install new machinery and equipment either on Monday or Wednesday. An outing midweek refreshes your senses and relaxes you.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

In this and the next week you can confidently go in for all sorts of expansion. Pay greater heed to group activities and secure the approval and sanction of the authorities concerned before you go in for any harebrained schemes. Journalists, writers and those connected with the media or travel, fare well.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Your confidence will be restored and you will easily and with success push through many pending schemes of work. Politicians and social workers can gain lost ground and begin to look forward to a most active phase in the next couple of weeks. The opposition will be quietened by engineering a plot for their defeat.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

You are better advised to conserve your physical energy at least for the next week or so. A new business deal should be kept pending for a while. Your service conditions will show signs of improvement from the end of the week. You will have to struggle hard to secure financial assistance for your schemes.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

It is upto you to decide whether it will be advisable to involve yourself in others' affairs. Newcomers and strangers will tax your energy as well as finances to better their own prospects. Do not spare your funds too easily. All pending Government jobs should be cleared by midweek. Contact banks for financial assistance.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept. 24-Oct. 23

Greater responsibilities and onerous tasks slapped on you early in the week will keep you on your toes. Strangers should be well-screened and their credentials suitably scrutinized before promising or committing to them any assistance. The younger set meet several bright people who make good friends.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov. 22

Business and career prospects are brighter now than in the past couple of weeks. Utilise the leisure at your disposal to plan new schemes and projects in consultation with experts. Industrialists and factory owners will be in a compromising mood and will settle long-standing disputes.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

Sports, entertainment and outings will keep you extremely busy in the next four weeks. The settlement of a marriage and other important issues will bring great happiness. Your financial position becomes secure by the end of the week. Midweek is good for outings and recreation. News comes from abroad.

STAR FOCUS

Your Finances In 1983-I

Capricorn: The financial position is satisfactory this year. Investments made in the recent past will yield substantial dividends and you may reinvest them in sounder terms. However, you are likely to be unusually extravagant in the fields of romance and luxury goods, especially between July and October. Keep a tight control on your purse, for you will need the funds.

Aquarius: The year brings better financial luck than the last year. You will, however, become a self-willed miser and pinch all your pennies. July to September is a period when money slips through your fingers unwittingly, on undesirable expenses and harebrained schemes. However, you will restore your position in October/November.

Pisces: This year, since the emphasis is on augumenting status and building up popularity and good-will, a major part of your income will be diverted towards the publicity necessary and its trimmings. Remember, that your plans for raising funds may fail between May and August. In September, you become conscious of your emptying coffers and engineer novel schemes.

Aries: You must be extremely cautious and careful about your finances. Besides, certain failures in your project, industry and business may bring additional burdens on your depleting funds. Industrialists and factory owners may face unexpected difficulties due to strikes, an uncertain political situation and Government policies. Raise funds from reliable sources.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, February 20

Give a lot of thought before making decisions and once made stand by them, things then will certainly work to your advantage. Indeed, your imagination and intuition will help to develop new lines of business in the early and later parts the year.

Monday, February 21

The next twelve months form a period of rare honours and achievements. In the first half, try to restore your position and from August onward you will make rapid strides.

Tuesday, February 22

A stormy sailing this year. Frequent changes and instability will affect your career, profession or business. Maintain status quo and face up to the situation patiently.

Wednesday, February 23

Adopt a realistic attitude to life and do constructive work in your field. Those in service may receive a promotion in July or by the end of the year. Eligibles may marry next year after acquiring a comfortable job.

Thursday, February 24

Be sporting and gay and secure the help and co-operation of all those around you. Family members and loved ones will extend assistance to your schemes. July, August and October are tricky months.

Friday, February 25

More than average success can easily be predicted this year. Near and dear ones must be handled with utmost care. Don't be too optimistic and don't let ambition dull your senses. Take care of your health in November.

Saturday, February 26

Astrologers, mystics, dancers and musicians will prosper. So also cosmetic dealers. Writers and artists may go abroad in June or after December. July and October are tricky months.

The Weekly Pick

Sin Cities Of The World

F.D. Colaco vala, Orient Paperbacks, Rs 12.

It is rather shocking that Orient—usually sticklers for "proper" manuscripts have accepted such unforgiveable *trash!* It is not as if the content is poor—the fault lies with the technique. A book dealing with the night life of London, Paris and Amsterdam could be titillating porn; in any case, it must be crisp. This one is neither naughty nor readable. Almost every page blighted by literals and outrageously bad grammar. Don't expect much and you won't be disappointed.

The Unrepentant And Other Stories

Vera Sharma, Writers Workshop, Flexiback, Rs 30.

A fairly impressive collection as a first volume of short stories. Two of the more outstanding ones are *The Unrepentant* (already published in the *Weekly*) and *Nothing Venture Nothing Win*. Unfortunately, the subbing errors take away from the quality of the work. The author has a fairly down-to-earth style and a direct approach, although sentiment is not missing. There is an ironic twist at times that adds substance to the story as in the case of Nandita in *Nothing Venture* .... who finds her idealism lost in a real world.

Better Kung Fu

Jyoti Sarup, Orient, Rs 28.

The martial arts have taken the youngsters by storm in India during the last decade. What with every school boy aspiring to be a *blackbelt*, a book like this may go a long way to train the potential *dada*. The book is well-illustrated and the author systematically explains the techniques in *Hand Training, Exercises, Dodges and Blocks, Strikes* and *Self-Defence and Counters*. The leitmotif that runs through the book, however, is the basic philosophy of this art—Kung Fu should be used for self-defence—never to kill

Julie

ET Not For Children!

The council for children's film rating in Sweden has advised the censor board to restrict the film, ET, *The Extraterrestrial*, to movie-goers above the age of 11. Censors believe young children might be agonised by a "threatening and frightening" atmosphere which they say prevails throughout the film. American television news commentators have ridiculed the ban while other Americans are upset at learning small children are not allowed to see this smash hit created mainly for kids by director Steven Spielberg.

—AP

Lata Bad For The Heart!

India's melody queen, Lata Mangeshkar, may rule the heart of countless fans, but the heart of one of her audience in Dubai probably could not take the excitement of hearing her live. As Lata captured the audience with lilting numbers, the man, identified as a doctor, had a heart attack. A tragedy was averted because of the presence of another doctor in the audience who promptly rendered first aid.

—PTI

Fox Bags Olympics Film

Twentieth Century-Fox has been selected to produce and distribute throughout the world the official film of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games. Fox owner Marvin Davis presented Peter Ueberroth, President of the Los Angeles Olympic Organising Committee (LAOOC), with a cheque for $ 1 million for exclusive film, cable, video and other exploitation rights. The 90-minute documentary is supposed to cost more than $ 5 million.

—Mid-Day

Coppola In The Red

From the day he bought it in 1980, Francis Coppola's Zoetrope Studios has been the unwilling star of a financial *Perils of Pauline*. Flush with the success of *The Godfather*, Coppola overextended himself to buy the dilapidated old Hollywood General Studios for $6.7 million. Heavy investment for new equipment and renovated sound stages, coupled with two major box-office disasters, put him even deeper into the hole. Ever since, Coppola has struggled to keep up payments on an 8.1 million loan from Security Pacific National Bank in Los Angeles, but the bank's patience has apparently expired—and with it Coppola's control of the studio. Barring a last-minute repreive, Zoetrope will be put up for public auction on February 14.

—Newsweek

Raj Kapoor Sued

A case under Section 153 has been filed in the court of the Chief Judicial Magistrate, Mathura, against film maker Raj Kapoor for allegedly hurting the sentiments of the Thakur community and spreading hatred against it in his latest film, *Prem Rog*. The court has fixed February 18 for a hearing.

—Indian Express

Jackie

New Courage

Rajiv's men are facing a tough time—especially after the election debacle in the South. Mr Kuldip Nayar notes a revealing encounter recently between the haughty Arun Nehru and the previously meek Chief Minister of UP, Sripat Mishra. Mr Nehru, while addressing the UP Chief Minister, called him 'Sripat', something he had done earlier without causing offence to Mishra. This time, however, Mishra was offended and he repliedly curtly: "Call me either Sripatji or Mr Mishra, but not just Sripat." Amazing what a few election defeats can do to Congress (I) men!

—The Sunday Observer

One Big Sham

For the Indira Congress to talk of another Kamraj plan is a mockery. We have seen that far from giving up office voluntarily, its senior leaders including Mrs Gandhi have been most anxious to retain and recapture power even when there was an adverse judicial or electoral verdict.

—K.R. Sundar Rajan

More Ways Than One...

Dr Subramoniam Swamy uses a novel technique to introduce me to everyone: "What is this we are hearing about you? Is it true?", he asks me. Translated in simple language what he wants all his friends to know is whether I have been fired from my job. No point in going into details of my departure from *The Hindustan Times*: They'll never believe what I say anyhow. I nod my head. He emits sounds of sympathy.

—Khushwant Singh

Short-lived Triumph

A stolen kiss has landed a Railway employee behind bars for one year.

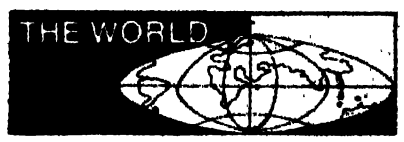
Additional Chief Metropolitan Magistrate J.M. Malik, today held Satya Singh guilty of kissing a young girl in his wife's office on May 27, 1979 thereby outraging her modesty.

Malik sentenced Singh to one year's rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs 1,000 or a further period of six months in case of default.

Observed the judge, "The triumph of the wicked is short and they have to be sternly dealt with."

—Indian Express

Goldie



Cause Of Controversy

Sabine Meyer is the cause of controversy between the famous conductor Herbert Von Karajan and his Berlin Symphony Orchestra. After a US tour in the recent fall, where she got a reputation of excellent performance as second (guest) clarinet, Karajan wanted to give Sabine Meyer a one year's trial contract with the Berlin orchestra. But the all-men orchestra ensemble vetoed the move. In consequence Karajan declared he would conduct only the contracted six annual concerts and stop the additional concert tours, recording performances and TV appearances with the Berliners.

—AP

An Ambassador Remembers

Ambassador Parviz C. Radji has just published his diaries and in them he recounts one memorable dinner where the Princess Margaret was the chief guest. Margaret enters the drawing room of the ambassador's house and sees a photograph of the ambassador being presented to Mrs Gandhi at a state reception in Tehran flanked by the Shah and Empress Farah. "Is that Mrs Gandhi?" asks Margaret. Radji confirms. The Princess looks thoughtful for a moment and then says loudly, "Dictator". The ambassador is left "wondering whom in the picture she really has in mind".

—The Sunday Observer

Who Was He?

There is a legend that everyone in the world remembers exactly where he or she was when the news came of the assassination of President Kennedy. It is true for me: I heard the radio in a house in Chelsea, London at nine pm; just 10 hours later I was in Houston, Texas in time to see Oswald die.

When Mahatma Gandhi was shot I was no longer in India. I had come off a railway train in the Dorset station at Sherborne, where I was taking a son to school. Sherborne is a very, very long way from New Delhi and the house of Mr Birla, the last place Gandhi ever saw.

At the barrier the Dorset collector took my ticket. He said he had heard the news on the BBC radio.

"They made quite an item of it. He must have been an important old geezer. I wonder who he was."

—James Cameron

On The Record

I.F. Stone, 75, journalist: "The first President I shook hands with was Calvin Coolidge. In those days the President would shake hands with any high school class that arrived in Washington. There was so little for him to do. Reagan is very similar to Coolidge."

—Time

Gigi

by Shamshad Husain

THIS is not a treatise on the famous Wailing Wall in Jerusalem where thousands of Jews annually shed tears on the occasion of Yom Kippur, commemorating the tragedy of the Eternal City being razed to the ground by the invading hordes of the Assyrian monarch, Nebuchadnezzar

It is a lamentation for the walls of our country's countless edifices that tell their own tale of woe

When prehistoric man, very akin to his supposed ancestor, the ape (according to Darwin), took refuge in caves, his artistic imagination impelled him to draw bisons, antelopes, mastodons and boars on the walls of his dwelling

The Aztecs and the Incas of America have not only left a wealth of engravings and paintings on gigantic rock surfaces but also on the stony ground of their arid habitat

The murals and frescoes executed by Indian artists in the caves of Ajanta, Ellora and Elephanta are another link in the history of wall-painting Italy, too, was the home of exotic wall paintings during the Renaissance

One cannot ignore the contribution of King Asoka, the protagonist of Buddhism, who left lofty pillars and rock edicts to instruct the citizens of his empire which, as luck would have it, are lasting memorials to the doctrines of Dhammapada

Artful Misappropriation

In our own times, our eyes alight on our neighbour China, where walls are specially erected for the purpose of sticking bills, posters, slogans and public opinions The same holds true for many advanced Western countries

But India is a land of diverse peoples, cultures and ideologies where the fundamental right to freedom of expression and propaganda has been artfully misappropriated

While passing through alleys, lanes, roads, streets, avenues and even highways, one cannot fail to notice the walls on either side, richly embellished with advertisements for every article under the sun From toothpaste to hair oils, these bills even sing the praises of a local dairy, a bookstall, a prolific commercial painter or a messianic doctor who cures by electropathy

This is not the be-all and end-all of the story because many other salient features must be mentioned

Cine posters beat all others in the race for publicity and one wonders if this is a potent reason for the unequivocal and unquestioned popularity that films enjoy in our society

In a democratic country like India elections matter, and their aftermath counts Our walls therefore provide a complete electoral list and lament over the failure of unsuccessful candidates till the paint fades

Every Tom, Dick and Harry who man oeuvres to contest elections, ranging from the local colleges and university, to civic bodies and even parliamentary polls, considers it his privilege to exploit the vast resource of wall publicity

Thus the walls are permanently adorned with names of contestants in elections, and since elections have become an everyday feature in our lives, our walls proudly bear the brunt of our democratic enthusiasm and the crusade for the cause of "Truth"

Zealots espousing the cause of moral resurrection, communal fanatics, striking workers, sports fans and even antagonised rivals scrawl pithy and revolutionary slogans on the walls, giving vent to their pent up feelings

Even our historical monuments, especially the Taj, which stands shuddering on the banks of the Jamuna, plagued by industrial effluents, dolefully anticipates the day when the foul fumes of the Mathura oil refinery will smear its majestic face with the soot of human callousness and apathy

The Taj and myriads of mosques, temples, palaces and mausoleums bear witness not only to the aesthetic love of art that brought them into being but to the art of vandals that manifests itself in charcoal, pencil and pen scrawls, adding to the chequered beauty of these monuments!

It will not be too much to say that "where there is a wall, there will be a scrawl", because well-painted walls and even dirty ones entice wall-scribblers For the expression of such "extravagant" vandals, the Great Wall of China might not suffice, and even our snow-capped Himalayan wall is not safe from the impress of their "passionate" pictography

Our university walls present a pathetic sight, for the ravages of time and tide and the campus elections have turned them into "a book where men may read matters" When temples and mosques are not spared, the "temples of learning" must also resign themselves to the mercy of God against such souls who have thrown all propriety and prudence to the dogs In fact the university shows unity in diversity, especially the universality of such "wise" persons who proudly imprint diverse matters on walls and expect the students to read them although they might not have enough time to glance at their books

Erect Special Walls

Can we not import something else besides pornography, fashions, scientific methods and social trends from the West? Erection of special walls, poster sites and signboards at strategic places would not batter our democratic pattern but boost it instead Then, probably our skilled sign-painters and commercial calligraphers would be better able to engage and employ their skill in producing exotic posters

The beautiful, clean and picturesque city of Shanghai, with impressive posters at strategic places, presented a pleasant sight to a newly-married couple on their honeymoon in China

The husband a connoisseur of art, copied a striking pattern from one of the posters and requested his wife to knit the same on her sweater Wearing her new cardigan with the Chinese monogram knitted on the front, the couple went out shopping Peals of laughter greeted them everywhere they went They ducked into a restaurant to escape the mirth of the passers by but faced the same experience inside Losing his temper, the young man implored the manager of the hotel to explain the reason for the public's mirth The manager explained that the monogram on the cardigan read "Fresh milk available here" It was an advertisement for a nearby dairy

Last but not least, an anecdote on wall writing which proved its merit A wall near a local office was the source of a pungent stench of urea and ammonia that was poured on it by passers-by and even the people who worked in the building

One day a wise man scribbled this slogan on the wall "Mark! A dog is urinating by the wall" Ever since, the wall has ceased to be a depository of toxic human effluents ■

Professor, it simply reads "Vote for .."

Can you tell me, love, where are the doors and windows which were here when we left for the movies?

VOTE
VOTE FOR
VOTE FOR
VOTE FOR

THE election meeting went on and on, and people began drifting away. The speaker went on, till finally there was only one person left. Then he stopped, went up to the man and thanked him for his steadfast support. "Oh, me?" asked the man, "I stayed on only because I have to lock up."

THE husbands of the ten best dressed women are never on the list of the ten best dressed men.

A LADY died and went on to the next world. There she began looking for her husband who had gone on earlier.

"He was named Joe, and he promised me that he would turn in his grave if I so much as kissed another man", she said.

"Oh! Him, I know him. He is called 'Whirling Joe' around here", said one of the people there.

"I AM going to have a little one," said the girl so gay and frisky. And the boyfriend fell and fainted. Then she told him she meant whisky.

A MAN rang his doctor. "Doctor, my son has scarlet fever."
"Then you have to keep him away from others in the house" said the doctor.
"But you don't understand, he has kissed the maid," said the father.
"Well, that's bad. We have to quarantine her too," said the doctor.
"And doctor, I have kissed her too," said the father.
"This is getting complicated" said the doctor, "it means you may have also got it," said the doctor.
"Yes, and I have kissed my wife too".
"Damn it," said the doctor, "now I'll catch it too."

A LADY whom God did well endow
Got caught in her room window
When she offered much gold
For relief she was told
"The view is better than ransom."

A GIRL's conscience does not really keep her from doing anything wrong. It only prevents her from enjoying it.

THAT prim old lady rarely went out, but that day she wanted to buy some things urgently. After her shopping, as she walked home, she saw what appeared to be a respectable restaurant. There was a rush inside and she had to share a table with a pretty young lady who was almost finishing. The young girl lit up a cigarette while waiting for her bill. The old lady controlled herself for some time, but seeing the young thing puff away, really lost her cool.

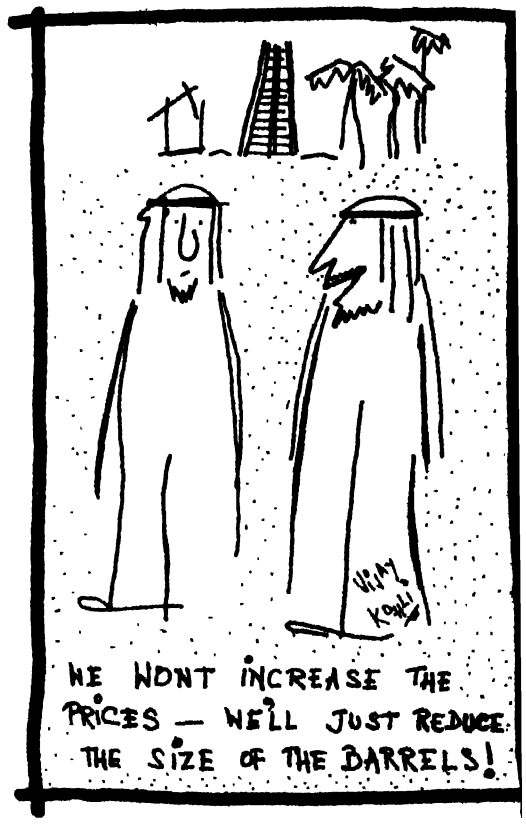
"I'd rather commit adultery than smoke in public," she snapped. "So would I," said the girl, "but I have to get back to work in half an hour."

A SERGEANT called out to his men, "How many of you are interested in music?" Six men stepped out from the ranks.

"OK," he said, "Come and help move the piano in the Colonel's house."

THE wife was so angry after their quarrel tha she refused to talk to her husband. That day pas sed. The next morning the husband was foun furiously rummaging in all the cupboards an shelves. She held back for some time, but the could not resist asking, "What are you searchin for?" "Thank God," he said, "I've found it. It wa your voice."

IT was in Kohima during the fifties when ther was curfew after dusk and no one was allowed t leave town. But still, people used to ring up th gate to see if they could get through. Fed up c these calls, the Malabar Special Police that used t do guard duty hit upon a ploy. When the phon rang, the guard used to lift the receiver and say, "8454 Raman Nair, No Hindi no English," an put the phone down.

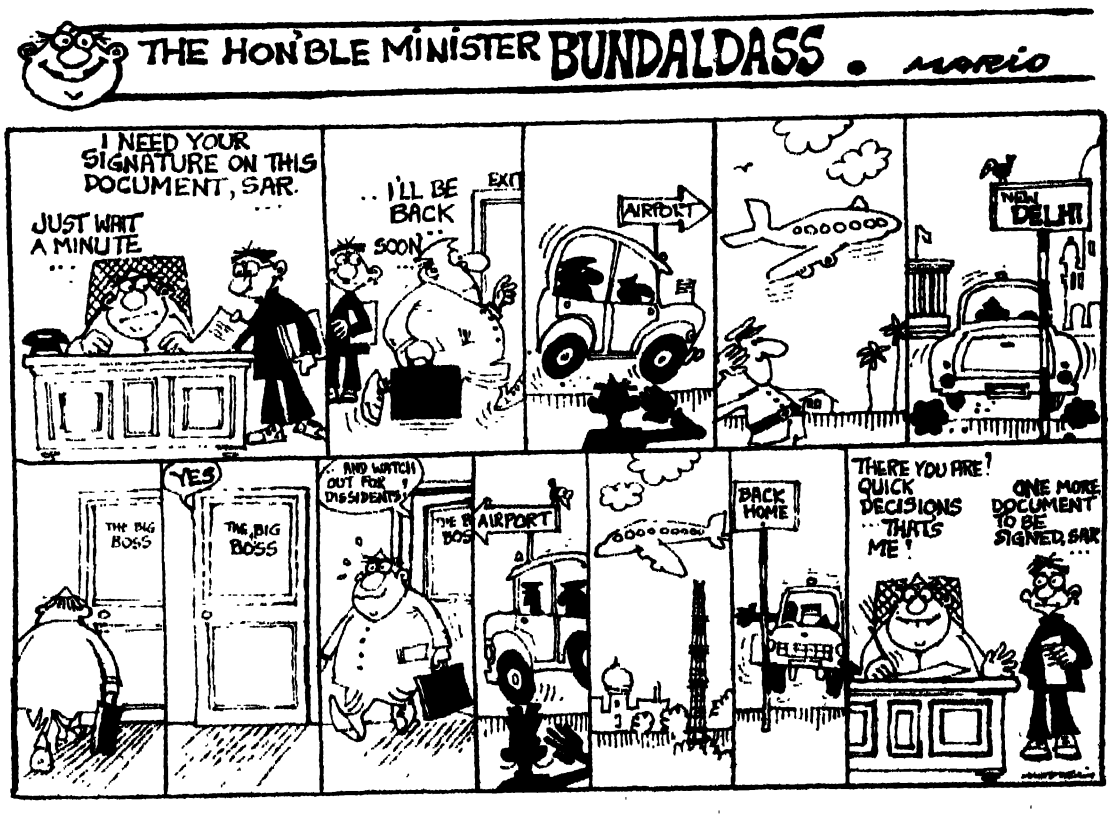


HARD luck—Having a wife, a mistress, and note from the Bank-all overdue.

THE wife was angry with her husband fo staying out late.
"Didn't I hear the clock strike three when I hear you come in?"
"No, my dear, It was striking eleven but I held th gong so that it won't wake you up."

AND another husband explained a simil situation to his friend thus "And as I crept int the bedroom my wife woke up and asked "Is tha you, Fido?" Thinking it was our dog, she e tended her hand and I had the presence of mind t bend down and lick it."

THE king was fed up of his court jester who wa for ever finding out puns. One day, he shouted "Off with his head," and the poor jester was le off. But friends intervened, and finally the kin agreed to show mercy, if the jester would sto punning. When they got the assurance an brought the jester back before the king he cou not resist saying, "No noose is good noos."



THE rich doctor and his wife were strolling in the park when a stunning young girl passed by, and waved to the doctor.

The doctor waved back to her, and explained, "A professional acquaintance." "Yours or hers," asked the wife.

THAT representative of the people was keen only on one thing, getting more jobs for the people of his caste. One day, as the House met and discussed various matters, he drowsed. The subject of discussion came to the number of ostriches in the zoo. Our representative woke up and heard the answer "16". Immediately he jumped up and asked "How many are of—caste?".

THAT pretty young thing was on her first voyage, and her diary went thus:
Monday—The Captain invited me to sit at his table. He is handsome.
Tuesday—Captain invited me for a stroll on deck, and made advances which I rejected.
Wednesday—Captain told me that he would sink the ship if I did not accept him.
Thursday—Saved the lives of 1600 people.

A MAN went to his vet as his horse was not well. The doctor heard the symptoms, and handed over a packet.

"This contains a powder. Feed it to the horse, and let me know how it is after three days" said the doctor.

The man hesitated, and said that he did not know how to give the medicine to the horse. The doctor advised him to roll a cardboard into a tube, put the powder in, place one end of the tube, in the horse's mouth, and blow in. The man left.

He did not come in to see the doctor even after a week. The doctor thought of it, but supposed the horse was better. A few days later, as he walked down the market area, he spotted the man. To his horror, the man looked aged, ill, and had a rasping cough. He called to him, and when he came near, asked him what the matter was.

The man whispered hoarsely, "The horse blew first"

AN old lady was advising her neighbour, a single man, about the evils of drink. But he protested that he did not drink that much.

"But I saw your wheel barrow outside the inn the other day," she said. In answer to that, he pushed her small car and left it outside the local bordello.

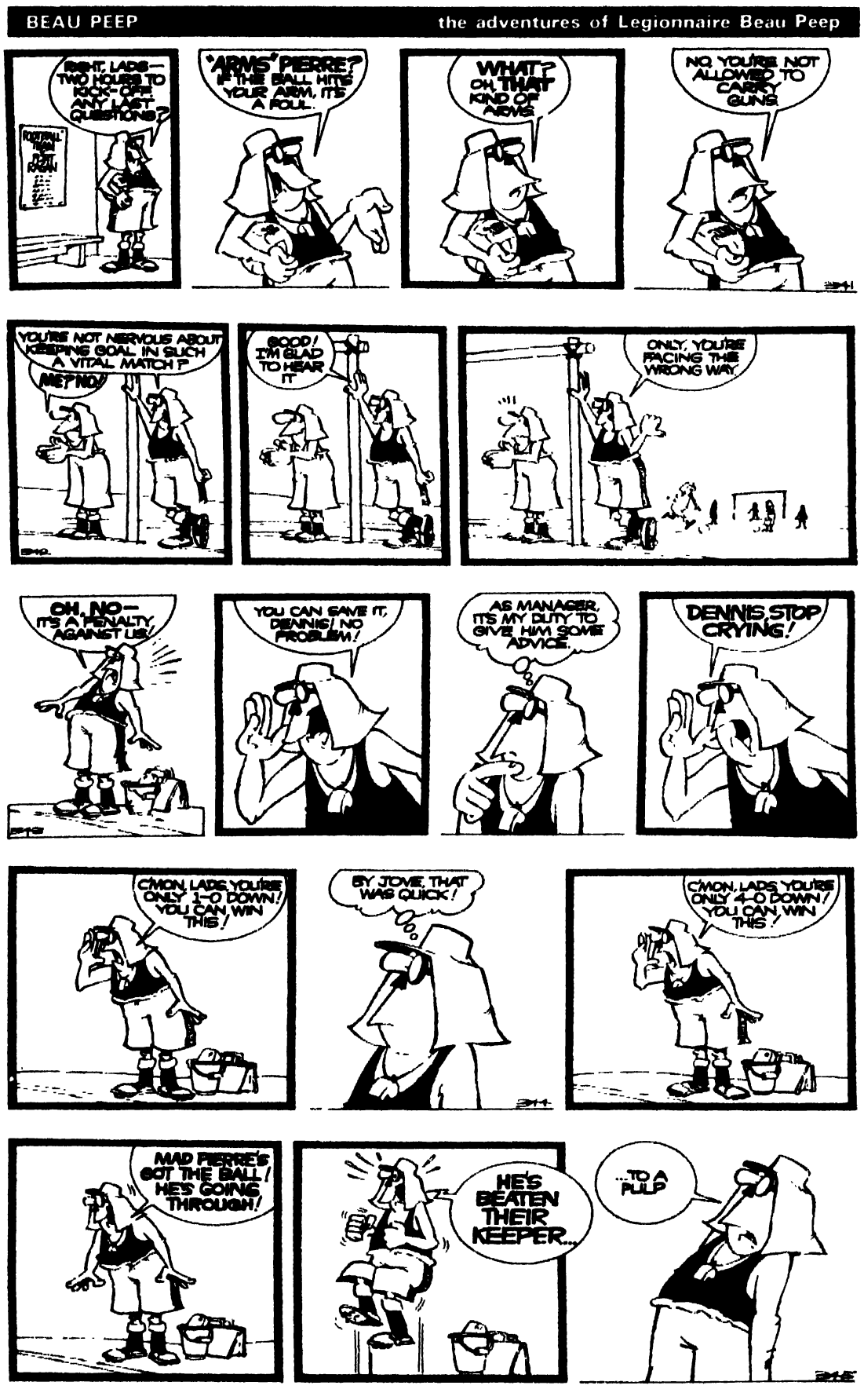
"MATE drunk today" wrote the Captain in the ship's log. The Mate protested that it was only that day at a party, but the Captain said, "It's true, isn't it?" The Mate had no answer. But then it was the Mate's turn to write the log, and he wrote "Captain sober today". The Captain saw red, but the Mate said, "It's true, isn't it?".

NAPOLEON had his Josephine, Antony had his Cleopatra, Romeo had Juliet, and Heinz had his tomato.

"LOOK at your marks," said the father waving the progress card the son had given him, "In my days nothing short of 60 per cent satisfied my father." "I'm sorry," said the son, what you've in your hand is an old report of yours I found in the writing table."

AN optimist is a man who looks forward to marriage. A pessimist is a married optimist.

(Compiled by T. C. Krishnan)



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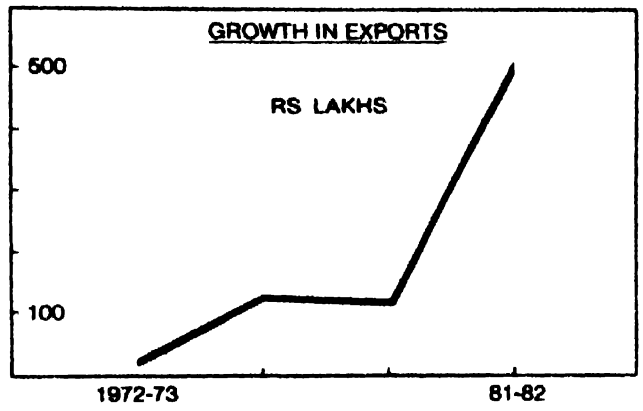

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Nircord Tyrecord
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We brave new worlds—
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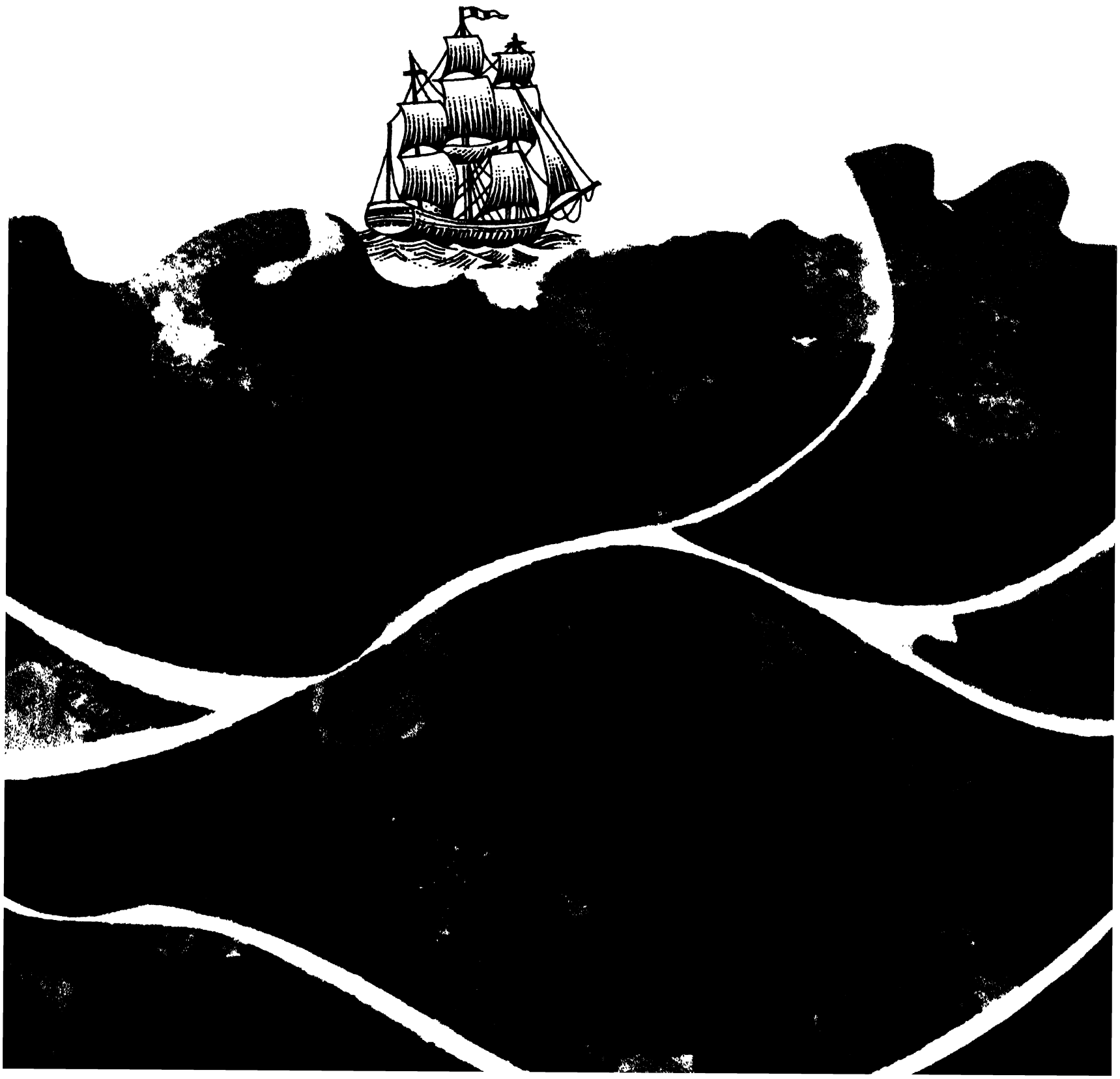
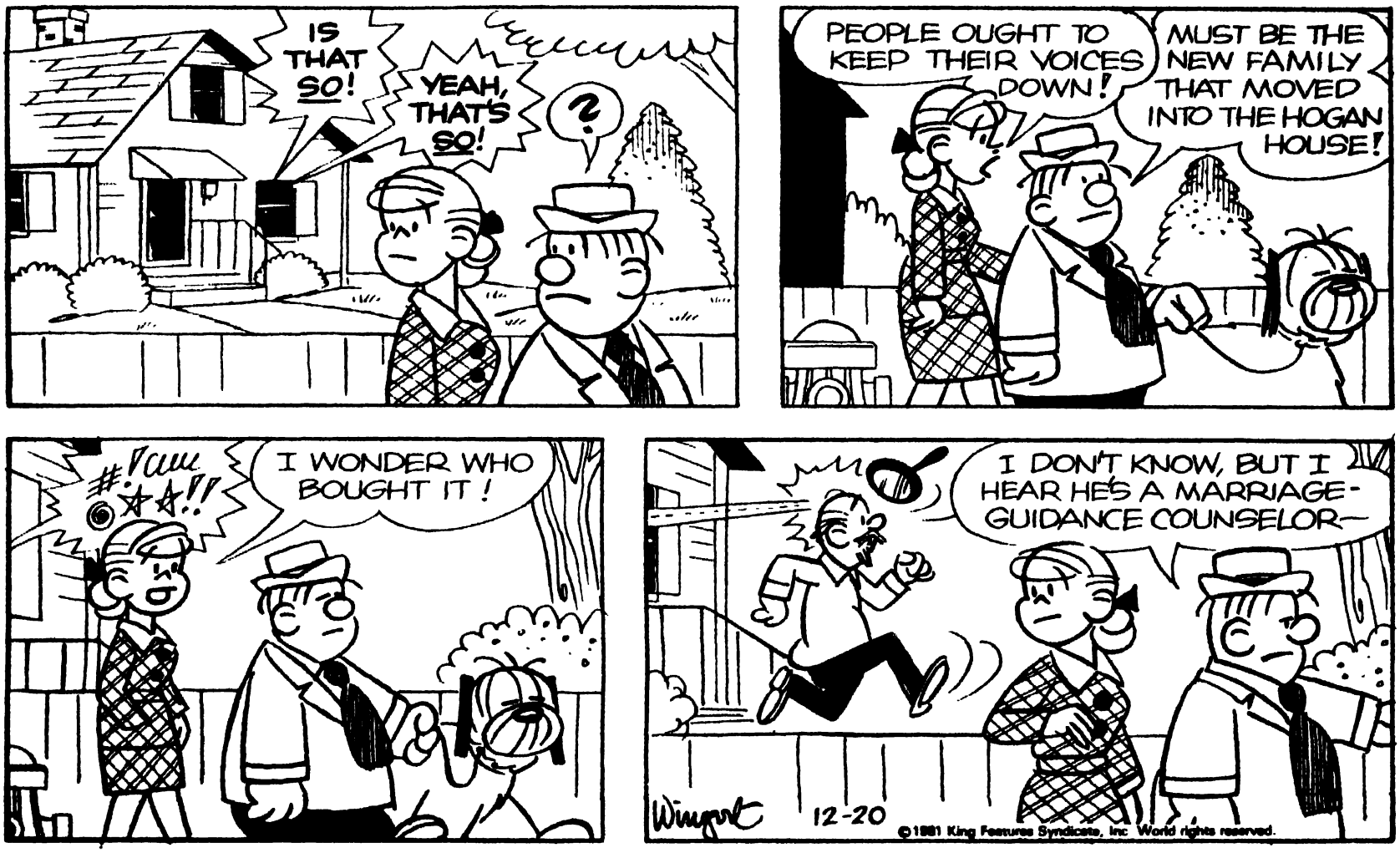


HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

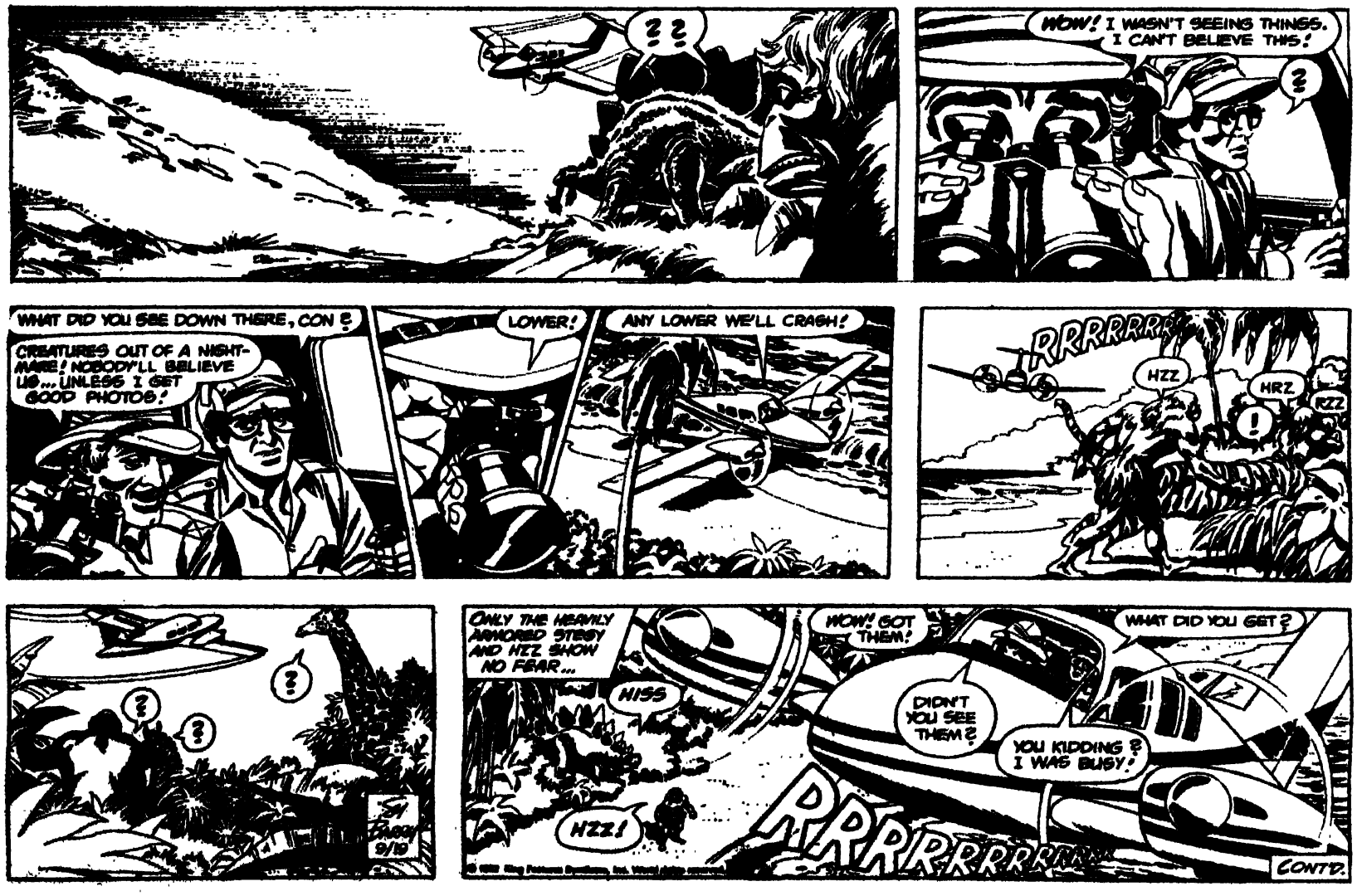


Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham

College Preparatory Course

THE PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
HZZ
HRZ
HISS
ZZZ-
WAS I SEEING THINGS? FLY BACK TO THAT ISLAND!
THE PHANTOM'S UNIQUE ISLE OF EDEN...
...SEPARATED FROM JUNGLE BY A PIRANHA-FILLED RIVER...FROM THE SEA BY SHARP REEFS...
UNIQUE! HERE THE PHANTOM RAISES CUBS AND BABY GRASS-EATERS TO LIVE TOGETHER...
© 1982 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
HE TRAINS THE CATS TO CATCH THEIR OWN LIVE FISH IN THE LAGOON...
GO! CATCH!
...FISH STOCKED IN THE LAGOON BY THE MORI FISHERMEN.
HZZ
HRZ..
RXX.. WAA...
UNIQUE! HZZ, THE CAVE MONSTER, HIS MATE HRZ AND THEIR CHILD, RXX (NAMED AFTER REX)...
SY BARRY 9/12
THAT'S THE PLACE. SWING IN LOW!
HISS
MOST UNIQUE! STEGY.. THE STEGOSAURUS... A BREED SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT FOR 100 MILLION YEARS!


??
WOW! I WASN'T SEEING THINGS. I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!
?
WHAT DID YOU SEE DOWN THERE, CON?
CREATURES OUT OF A NIGHTMARE! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE US... UNLESS I GET GOOD PHOTOS!
LOWER!
ANY LOWER WE'LL CRASH!
RRRRRRR!
HZZ
HRZ
RZZ
!
?
?
?
SY BARRY 9/19
ONLY THE HEAVILY ARMORED STEGY AND HZZ SHOW NO FEAR...
WOW! GOT THEM!
WHAT DID YOU GET?
HISS
DIDN'T YOU SEE THEM?
YOU KIDDING? I WAS BUSY!
HZZ!
RRRRRRRRRRR!
CONT'D.

6 hours after birth, your baby gets his first "oral vaccine". From you.

You've to hand it to Nature.

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Breast-feeding is now getting more and more popular even in the West as its nutritional and other benefits are getting more widely appreciated.

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ASP/A

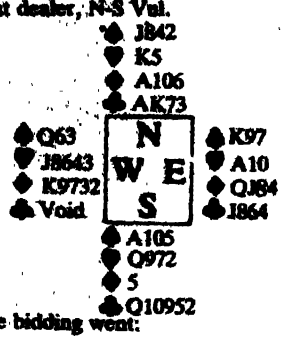
This Week's Bridge
Hyderabad Nationals—II

AGARWALA, consisting of Subhas Agarwala, Krishna Kedia, Robi Roy, Sukha Ranjan Ghosh, Sudhir Ganguli and Govind Singha won the Ruia Trophy comfortably, steamrolling SENGUPTA by over 140 imps in the Finals.

In the semi-finals, AGARWALA met Tamil Nadu's NAGAPPAN.. In a one-sided match, the former were troubled after they jumped off to a big lead in the first segment.

This deal was bizarre.

West dealer, N-S Vul.



The bidding went:

West	North	East	South
Manikant	Suku	Nagappan	Agarwala
3C	P	3NT	P
P	D'ble	P	P
RD'ble	P	P	P

South, Subhas Agarwala, was naturally puzzled by the bidding, and before making his opening lead, asked for the meaning of the Three Club opening bid. Told it was a normal pre-emptive bid, he led his two of Hearts. The King fetched the Ace, and when declarer played Diamonds, North won, switched to a Club, and North South soon had 1400 in their column, down 4 Redoubled.

East West obviously had a gigantic misunderstanding. Manikant Shah thought they had agreed to play a Polish style Three Club opening, showing a weak 5-5 in two suits excluding Clubs! Nagappan was equally sure they were playing normal preempts.

One more hand from the first segment saw Robi with his back to the wall, but emerging, as usual, on top. Try defending, as North, with Robi, West, declarer in a bad slam. This was the bidding:

West	East
Robi	Ganguli
	2C
2D	3D
3H	4NT
5C	6H

2C was Acol, artificial game force. 2D was a denial, 0-7 points, and the rest was Natural. Your hand as North is:

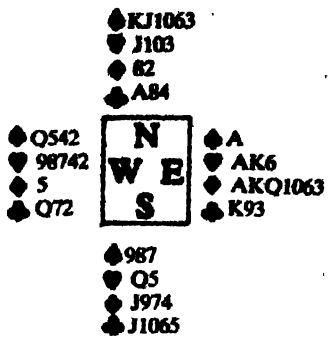
♠ KJ1063
♥ J103
♦ 82
♣ A84

You elect to lead a low Spade, and dummy comes down, on your left:

♠ A
♥ AK6
♦ AKQ1063
♣ K93

Robi wins dummy's Ace, cashes the Ace of Hearts on which your partner follows with the five, and starts on the Diamonds. On the Ace of Diamonds every one follows, on the King Robi sheds the seven of Clubs, on the Queen he sheds the Queen of Clubs. How do you defend?

Young Ian Albuquerque of Madras was North. A very fine player, Ian was perhaps overawed at playing against Robi, because he missed the bus. He ruffed, and continued with a low Spade. This was the whole hand:



With no choice at this stage, Robi discarded a Club from dummy, won his Queen, crossed to the King of Hearts, ruffed a Diamond in hand to set up the suit, crossed back with a Spade ruff, and claimed.

What Albuquerque should have done was ruff the Queen of Diamonds, and exit with a trump, the safest defence. Declarer can come to six trump tricks, four Diamond tricks and the Ace of Spades. On the run of the Diamonds South gives partner a count of the Spades, so no accident can occur in the discarding. Note that Robi had played very skilfully in cashing only one top trump. If the Jack of Diamonds had fallen doubleton, he would have cashed a second top trump and played for the man with two Diamonds to have only two trumps. When the Jack did not fall, Robi played for Diamonds to be 3-3; if they had been so, he would now have cashed the second top trump and claimed, discarding all his Clubs in time.

By not cashing the second top trump, Robi gave himself an important slight extra chance—that of misdefence. It takes a great player to spot that chance.

LAWS OF DUPLICATE BRIDGE/VII.

(Laws extracted verbatim from LAWS OF DUPLICATE CONTRACT BRIDGE 1975, promulgated by The World Bridge Federation, courtesy the publishers, WADDINGTONS PLAYING CARD CO. LTD, LEED, ENGLAND. For details of this and other books please write to me).

Here are a few extracts from the section 'Conduct and Etiquette':

Conduct and Etiquette:-

A player should maintain at all times a courteous attitude towards his partner and opponents. He should carefully avoid any remark or action that might cause annoyance or embarrassment to another player, or might interfere with the enjoyment of the game. Every player should follow uniform and correct procedure in calling and playing, since any departure from correct standards may disrupt the orderly progress of the game. Furthermore, the following are considered breaches of propriety:

(a) The use of different designations for the small call.
(b) Any indication of approval or disapproval of a call or play.
(c) Indication of the expectation or intention of winning or losing a trick that has not been completed.
(d) A comment or act during the auction or play calling attention to a significant incident thereof, or to the state of the score, or to the number of tricks still required for success.
(e) Volunteering information that should be given only in response to a question.
(f) Looking intently at any other player during the auction or play, or at another player's hand as for the purpose of seeing his cards, or observing the place from which he draws a card (But it is not improper to act on information acquired by inadvertently seeing on opponent's card).
(g) Varying the normal tempo of bidding or play, for the purpose of disconcerting the other players.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Queen In Distress

LOSS of the all powerful Queen is often tantamount to loss of the game. In position No. 303 the Black Queen unexpectedly succumbs to a Pawn attack. In position No. 304 the Rook attack on the Queen, based on a double check, also comes as a surprise.

Both these games were played in the World Chess Olympiad in Luzern (Switzerland). 4-player teams (with two reserves) from 92 countries participated in this event in Oct/Nov. 1982. In a 14-round Swiss the Soviet team took the first place with 42½ points out of 56, ahead of Czechoslovakia 36; USA 35½; Yugoslavia 35; Hungary and Bulgaria 33½. India, 28½, tied for the 42nd to 45th places with Italy, Singapore and Uruguay.

Karpov (USSR)—Portisch (Hungary)

1.e4, e5 2.Nf3, Nf6 3.Nxe5, d6 4.Nf3, Nxe4 5.d4, d5 6.Bd3, Nc6 7.00, Be7 8.Re1, Bf5 9.c4, Nb4 10.Bf1, 00 11.a3, Nc6 12.cxd5, Qxd5 13.Nc3, Nxc3 14.bxc3, Bg6 15.c4, Qd7 16.d5, Bf6 17.Ra2, Na5 18.Bf4, Rfe8 19.Rae2, Rec8? 20.Ne5, Qf5 21.Bd2!, Nxc4.

Position No 303: 2.g4!, Nxe5 23.gxf5, Nf3ch 24.Kg2, Bh5 25.Qa4, Nh4ch 26.Kh3, Bxe2 27.Bxe2, 1-0.

2...Nf6) Petrov's Defence.

8...Bf5) MCO and 'K.urs Dyebutov' consider only 8...Bg4, (vide Karpov-Portisch, 24.10.82).

12.cxd5) The game referred to above went: 12.Nc3, Nxc3 13.bxc3, dxc4 14.Bxc4, Bd6 15.Bg5, Qd7.

14...Bg6) The purpose of this move is unclear. 14...Rfe8 and 14..Bg4 seem more reasonable.

19...Rec8) An ungainly retreat. But even after 19...Rxe2 20.Qxe2 White's space advantage is enormous; e.g. 20...Bc3 21.Qe7!

21...Nxc4) Hoping for 22.Nxc4, Qxd5 with two Pawns for the Knight. If 21...b6 22.g4, Qc2 23.Qxc?, Bxc2 24.Bxa5 wins a piece.

22...Nxe5 or 22...Qc2 23.Qxc2, Bxc2 24.Nxc4.

Ribli (Hungary)—Unzicker (W. Ger.)

1.c4, Nf6 2.d4, e6 3.g3, d5 4.Bg2, dxc4 5.Nf3, c5 6.00, Nc6 7.Qa4, Bd7 8.Qxc4, Rc8 9.Nc3, b5 10.Qd3, cxd4 11.Nxd4, Ne5 12.Qd1, Qb6 13.a4!, bxa4 14.Nxa4, Qb8 15.Bf4, Bd6 16.Nc3!, Nc4 17.Bxd6, Nxd6 18.Ra6, Qxb2?? 19.Na4, Qb8 20.Nc6!, Bxc6 21.Bxc6ch, Ke7 22.Qa1, Rhd8 23.Rb1, Qc7 24.Qa3, Rb8 25.Rxb8, Qxb8 26.Nc5, Rc8 27.Rxa7ch, Kf8.

Position No 304: 28.Rb7!!, 1-0.

3.g3) Catalan Opening.

5.Nf3) 5.Qa4ch, Nbd7 or Bd7 6.Qxc4 is the main line.

5..c5) MCO also gives 5.. b5! 6.a4, c6 7.00, Bb7 8.Nc5, Qc8.

Koshy-Ravi Kumar, New Delhi 1982, by transposition: 1.c4, e6 2.Nf3, Nf6 3.g3, d5 4.Bg2, Be7 5.00 , 00 6.d4, dxc4 7.Qc2, b5 8.a4, b4! 9.Ne5, Nd5 10.e4, b3! (if 11.Qxc4?, Ba6) 11.Qd1, Nb4 12.Na3, Ba6 13.Be3, Nd7 14.Nxd7, Qxd7 15.Re1, Nd3 16.Re2, Qa4 17.f4, c3! 18.bxc3, b2! 19.Rb1, Oxd1ch 20.Rxd1, Bxa3; 0-1.

8.Qxc4) 8.dxc5, Bxc5 9.Qxc4, Be7 10.Nc3, Rc8 11.Rd1 is recommended in 'Kurs Dyebutov'.

10.Qd3) Not 10.Nxb5?, Na5 11.Qa4, (or 11.Qd3, c4) Qb6 12.Bd2, Nb7 and White loses the Knight on b5.

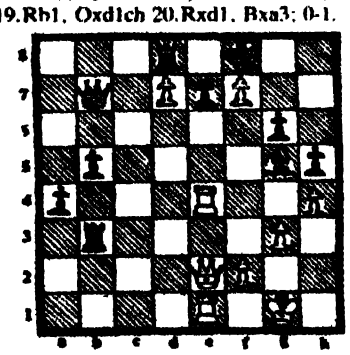
18...Qxb2??) Now Black's uncastled King comes into trouble. Preferable was 18.00 19.Nxe6, Bxe6 20.Qxd6, Qxb2 21.Na4, Qb8 22.Qxb8, Rxb8 23.Rxa7 and all Pawns being on the same side White's extra Pawn is difficult to utilise.

25...Qxb8) Also after 25...Rxb8 26.Bf3 Black remains entangled, e.g. 26...Ne8 27 Nc5, Kf8 28.Ra7.

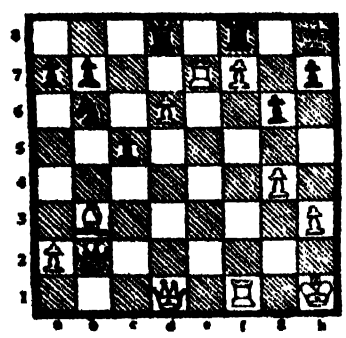
27...Kf8) If 27...Rc7 28 Nb7, Ne8 29.Ra8 traps the Queen.

28.Rb7!!) 28...Qa8 loses to 29.Rxf7ch and 28...Nxb7 to 29.Nd7 dbl.ch.

R.B. SAPRE



No 305 White to play



No 306 White to play

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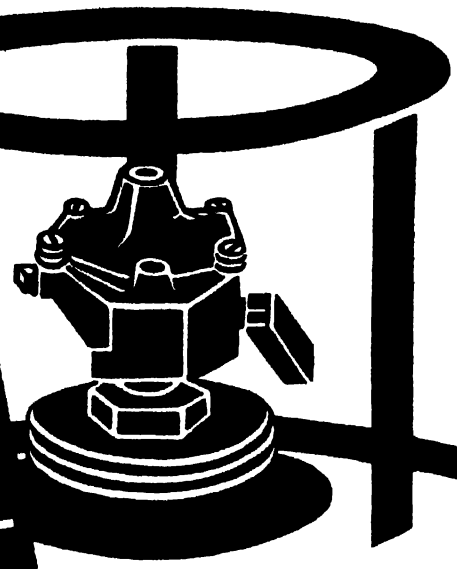

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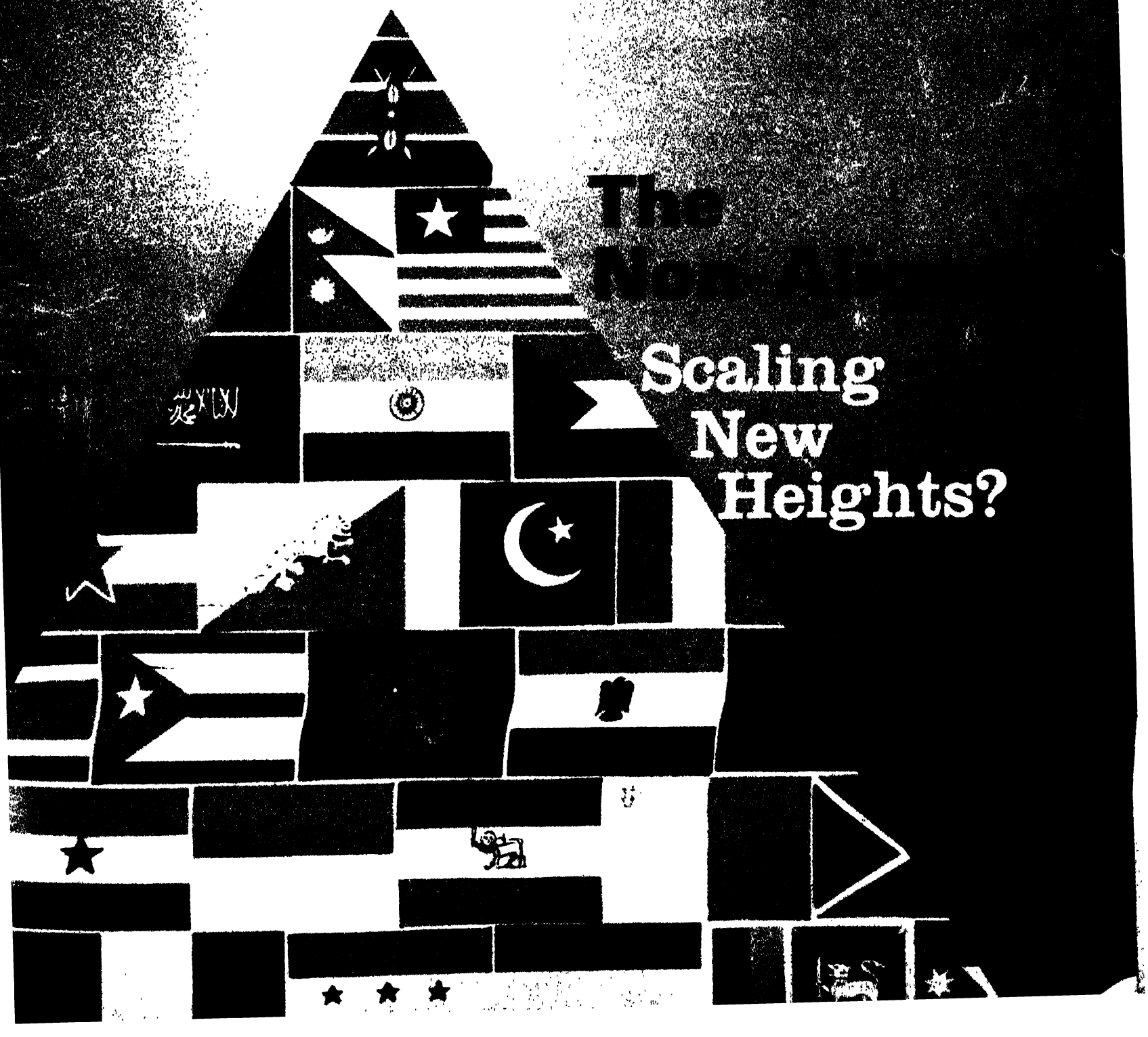

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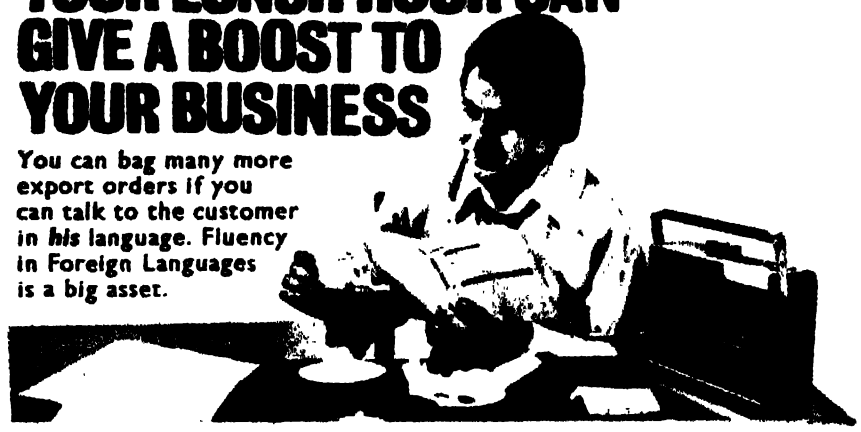

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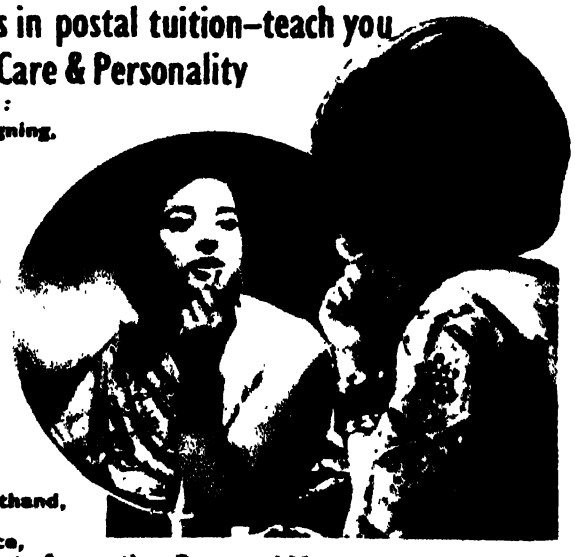

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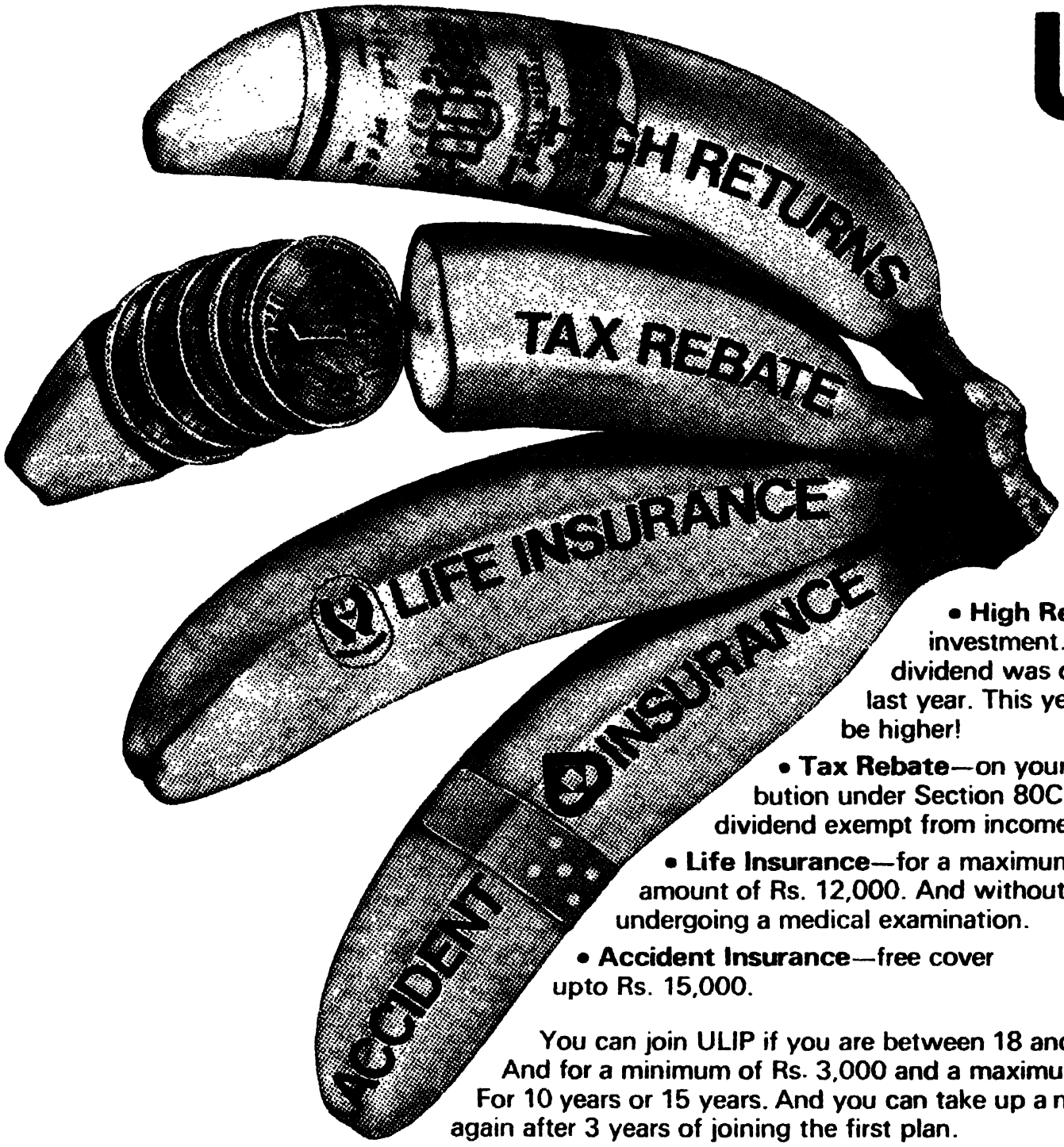

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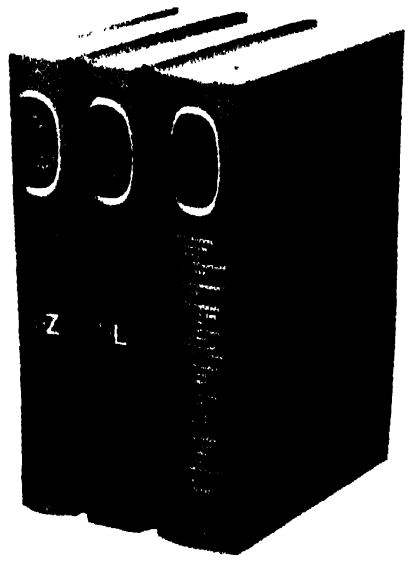

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The House Mrs G Lives In...

Sir—K.R. Sundar Rajan's article "Can Mrs Gandhi Do It" (February 6) was interesting. The idea of a "Great Cleansing Operation" is indeed fabulous. But no major surgical operation on this earth can cure the most dreadful disease: rampant corruption in the Congress. None can isolate corruption from the Congress (I) politician. Both blend perfectly into each other. That is why Antulay, the founder of a well-named Pratisthan could still shine in the political firmament of Maharashtra. Look at the manner in which Chief Ministers of Congress (I)-ruled States are selected: it is only *her* choice that prevailed. And she says the electoral debacle in South was caused by false propoganda against her party!

S. P. Bhalerao
Pune

Sir—Your beautifully printed cover showing Mrs Gandhi rearranging flowers in her "home" was apt.

A. V. Gemini
Bombay

Beautiful Blueprint

Sir—The cover of the issue of January 30 of the WEEKLY showed NTR's blueprint for a Ram Rajya.

Chitrak
Hegde
Ganeshgudi

Sir—The cine-star named NTR

has now regressed
into a political avatar.
It was film craze,
of the Cong (I) villans,
or was it the bruised pride
of the Telugu tribe,
that helped him display
his popular might?
Having driven out and humbled
the multi-headed female Ravana,
NTR now enaets
Rama's drama
entitled: "Dramayana".

(Scene I)...

Enter Telugu desam,
the land of rice and payasam
where exists
N.T. Drama Rajyam!

(... to be continued)

"Valmiki II"
Secunderabad

Rama Or Ravana

Sir—G.S. Reddy's NTR's Ram Rajya is biased and partial and it has been written with malicious view to defame and disfigure NTR's immense popularity and his new Government.

M.S. Chaitanya
Hyderabad

Sir—What I liked most about NTR is his plain admission that he had made enough money in the past and that he was joining politics for the service of the people. Most of our past rulers wooed the *gaddis* just for power and pelf.

Prabhakar S. Harsole
Indore

Sir—NTR thinks all his actions have the people's mandate. The banishment of English from professional colleges was certainly not in his election manifesto. He is turning Andhra into a Telugu jungle. He should be thoroughly exposed by the Telugu intelligentsia.

V. Narasimham
Hyderabad

Sir—The hero has been sending a stream of promises without bothering about their fulfilment. This invincible CM of Andhra Pradesh seems to be honest and determined but clearly lacks the experience of politics. Does he have a grove of wish-fulfilling trees and a herd of *Kamadhenus* to back up his promises?

Tirumal Mundargi
Shorapur

Sir—The people in Andhra Pradesh have opted for a viable alternative to the Congress (I). They used their right to vote as an opportunity to express their displeasure with the Establishment's economic and political policies.

The multi-party system has come to stay in our country. One should not panic just because a State-based party makes it to the office. The multi-ethnic, multi-lingual and multi-religious character of our society will ensure our national unity.

Deven Vineet
Nashik

Sir—In his "Mistry Dawn Of NTR's Ram Rajya", G.S. Reddy has painted a rather pessimistic picture of Telugu Desam. But the film star-turned-politician deserves all praise for dethroning the powerful Congress (I) from its own bastion.

The so-called Telugu "atma gouravam" has been restored with a stroke, with Mr Ramarao fulfilling one of his poll promises: the formation of a Ministry without the interference of the Delhiwallahs. Unlike his predecessors, the Chief Minister, is visiting New Delhi as a reputed diplomat. By elevating the educated youth to the Assembly, Mr Ramarao has managed to keep most of the professional politicians (who have soiled their hands with several misdeeds) at bay!

Govardhan R. Jilla
Bombay

Deluded Star-Gazers?

Sir—The Webster's Dictionary has rightly defined astrology as a "so-called science" ("The Future Of Astrology: Soothsayers Of The World Unite!", January 30). What a pity in almost all South Indian Hindu marriages the matching of horoscopes is the most important factor! Astrology is a lucrative business. Newspapers encourage it with their weekly forecasts. Why don't they devote that space to some informative articles or literature? The Press Commission has made the right suggestion: "kill" astrological predictions in the dailies and periodicals!

Deepti Chaddha
New Delhi

Sir—The article was quite interesting. In view of the growing disbelief against their so-called science, Astrologers have arranged this seminar as a last ditch battle. It is well known that their calculations were belied several times. If the author quotes the events of 1936, 1943 and 1945 were predicted well in advance by Mr B.V. Raman, then how is it that the astrological charalatan failed to forewarn the major disastrers that happened there after? In fact, the predictions of astrologists in 1961 and 1982 (Conglomeration of Planets) were totally absurd.

T.R. Raghukumar
Dharwad

Distorted View?

Sir—Surinder Suri's findings seem to be distorted by his pedantic prism ("The Crowd In India", January 23). Should an intellectual given to mental masochism be told that the concept of "collective responsibility" in this country remains a euphemism for "no responsibility"? Or is it that our unconscious obsession with anything circular reduces us to a numerical circle—a zero?

Anuraj
Haryana

Prayer Power

Sir—"The Need For Prayer" (January 6) is relevant for all times. In this age of distrust and fear, strife and strain, chaos and confusion, our only hope lies in prayer. The Bible says "Truly, if you have faith, and don't doubt, you can do things like this and much more. You can even say to this Mount of Olives, 'Move over into the ocean' and it will. You can get anything—anything you ask for in prayer—if you believe."

Indra Sen Chaturved
Gangapur City

Biased

Sir—In his article "Foreigners Stand Between Poll And Peace" (January 23) H.S. Sethi tries to win over the readers with opening quotes from Gandhiji. But in the latter half of the article his true motives emerge. In fact the non-Assamese people are actively participating in the current agitation. The mockery of the elections and the present violence in Assam incited by the Government is nothing but anti-national activity. Can there be any bargaining with the Constitution?

G.K. Barua
Ludhiana

Timely

Sir—"Why Businessmen Are Nervous" (January 30) by Virendra Agarwal in WEEKLY is timely.

Krishn
Amroha (UP

Sanskrit vs Tamil

Sir—"Rediscovering Tamil Nadu" (January 16) by R.G.K. is full of sweeping statements. The word separatism, racism and anti Brahminism are thrown at the Dravidian movement without understanding the spirit behind the movement. Viewed from the right perspective the Dravidian movement is an attempt by the Tamil people to reassert themselves after a long period of very subtle cultural domination by the non-Tamil and anti Tamil elements and vested interests. When the historically and culturally significant originality of Tamil and the distinctive elements of Tamil civilisation are purposefully overlooked and a false picture is painted of it as being largely dependent on Sanskrit for its sustenance, those who are interested in truth and facts have got to oppose it. The latter day infiltration of Sanskritic element into Tamil has done more harm to Tamil than good. Original and beautiful Tamil words are wantonly replaced by Sanskrit words and then the new words are paraded as the wonderful contribution of Sanskrit to Tamil.

Wherever there are common elements between Tamil and Sanskrit it is invariably assumed that Tamil has borrowed them all from Sanskrit. Why aren't the Sanskrit people interested in truth and cannot go further back to find out that it could have been the other way about?

R.G.K. speaks of the Tamil word "Ilakkanam" and "Ilakkiyam" as derived from Sanskrit "Lakshana" and "Lakshya" respectively. It is a

out-dated argument of the 19th century that has long been proved false. They are purely original Tamil words with roots firmly established in the language.

Again R.G.K. advocates "Akashvani" for the Tamils. We have a beautiful word "Vanoli" for it. Why should we borrow unnecessarily? Why didn't the Hindi people use "Radio"? Why did they coin the word "Akashvani"? By the same token, we have coined our own word.

The origin and history of Tamil goes further back than that of Sanskrit. The sources of what is called Indian culture and heritage today belong *not* to Sanskrit but to Tamil. Many are not able to digest this and that is why they try to suppress anything that proves Tamil to be greater or older than Sanskrit. Again it is the Sanskrit-lovers' jealousy of Tamil's greatness and originality that makes them destroy the distinctive characteristics of Tamil by coating it with a superficial layer of Sanskrit. And so any attempt by the native Tamil people to scrape away the ugly, unwanted coating and establish their distinctive identity is met with the cry of chauvinism and separatism. It is not that the Tamils are anti-Brahminic, but the Brahmins are anti-Tamil.

M.L. Thangappa
Pondicherry

Your Affairs:

From this week the last letter on this page will be called "Your Affairs", an innovation wherein we shall welcome your views, comments and experiences on diverse matters of topical and human interest, not necessarily related to the articles featured in the WEEKLY.

—Editor

Is It Cricket?

Sir—By now cricket-watchers all over—specially TV-viewers with the advantage of close-ups—must be familiar with two bowling "tactics": one, a most unhygienic and nauseating habit of smearing the ball with one's own saliva and the other inelegant and not a decent looking one of rubbing the same on the front of the trousers before the run-up.

Surprisingly, not one viewer seems to have objected to the obnoxious practices. Maybe they are necessary "in the interest of the game" and to get the batsman out. But surely the top cricketing authorities and rule-making bodies could think of alternative methods to achieve the same result by more hygienic and elegant methods. Else we will have no moral right to protest against bus conductors etc, issuing tickets enriched with their saliva!

Dr M.S. Narasimhamurthy
Bangalore

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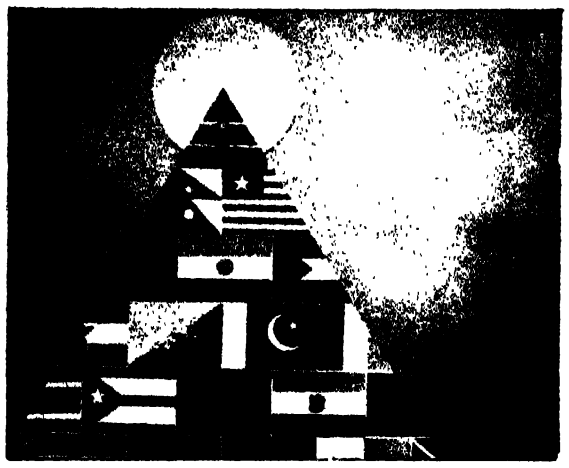
CONTENTS



8 COVER STORY: ***All Set For The Summit.*** K. Natwar-Singh, Secretary-General of the Seventh Non-Aligned Summit in New Delhi, sets forth the tasks confronting the Conference.

9 ALSO: ***Will They Guard The Ramparts?*** Godfrey Jansen, who has attended Bandung, Belgrade and other Non-Aligned Conferences, makes a review of how the movement, over the years, has grown unwieldy and is, therefore, unable to fulfil its main aim.

13 ***The Dangers Ahead.*** J.D. Singh takes a look at the challenges confronting the Non-Aligned Movement.

14 ***What I Mean By Genuine Non-Alignment.*** Morarji Desai, talking to S.S. Bankeshwar, says: "The non-aligned countries cease to be non-aligned if they take sides: they should play a mediatory role to end all international disputes without joining the Military Blocs of the Super Powers."

16 VIDEO: ***Close Encounters Of The Electronic Kind.*** Blue video is fast becoming the principal purveyor of porn across the globe. By Vithal C. Nadkarni.

30 IN THE STATES: ***"Return Of The Native".*** Interview with Maharashtra's new Chief Minister, Vasantrao Patil, by B. Shanker. ***The Man Who Talks Too Much.*** G.S. Reddy on NTR's "promise and performance". Plus: ***The Great Hops War In Kashmir*** and ***Assam Press Gag.***

20 INTERNATIONAL: ***Inside Pakistan Today (I):*** Women are not for whipping, says Lopamudra; ***Inside Pakistan Today (II):*** M.K. Rustomji on his trip to Peshawar, The Boom City.

23 POLITICS: ***Assam Elections: A Mockery of Democracy?*** A searing on-the-spot report by Sujata Anandan.

36 INDUSTRY: ***Technological Gap: Need For Modernisation.*** *S.K. Agarwal assesses the cost of technological obsolescence*

18 INVESTIGATION: ***How LIC Rooks Policy-Holders.*** N.L. Bapat proves, with facts and figures, how policy-holders continue, in the face of criticism, to receive a very raw deal from LIC.

47 FESTIVALS: ***Taming Of The Bulls.*** On January 16 each year, the village of Alanganallur holds the festival of Jallikattu. Prema Raghavan writes about this macho sport.

29 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta*** by Sumita Sandilya features the city's Vintage Car Rally, the Book Fair and the Problems of Water and Milk Supply.

27 ***London Letter.*** *Taya Zinkin on increasing racism in Britain.*

28 ***Calcutta's Blighted Tube Rail: Too Late, Too Slow.*** Kalipada Basu reports on India's first Metro

41 PHOTOFEATURE: ***In A Dog-Eat-Dog World... Snake Eats Snake.*** Third Eye by P.C Dhir.

38 LINGUISTICS: ***Breaking The Script.*** Asoke Gupta recounts how the writings of ancient Egypt and Babylon came to be deciphered.

45 HEALTH: ***The Man-Made Heart Is Here.*** *By Aspi Golwalla.*

54 HUMOUR: ***The Security Game.*** A spoof by H. Jesse Kochar.

43 TRIBUTE: ***Firaq: With Contempt For Hindi And Happiness.*** A moving interview done just before the poet's death, a year ago, by P.D. Tandon.

49 FICTION: ***They Are Coming.*** Story by Samar Jha.

24 TRAVEL: ***Darjeeling: Land Of Contrasts.***

46 BOOKS: ***Fantasies To Order.*** By Girija Prabhakar.

54 ***Vive L'Amour.*** Marriage counselling, Vedic style.

32 ***ART:*** Sutradhar's Pioneering Work: Indian Puppets Take Wing. By Reeta Sondhi.

PLUS: The World Around Us **35**; *That's Business 39, Weekly Pick 44; HA! 52; Stars 55, Comics 57; Bridge & Chess 61.*

Next Issue

ARMS REDUCTION: Propaganda Befogs Prospects

The stationing of Cruise missiles and Pershing 2 intermediate range nuclear missiles in West Europe is the issue central to the arms limitations talks. This is, however, being obscured by the furious propaganda unleashed by the two sides. S. Nihal Singh presents an in-depth analysis.

The Nuclear Pulse That Could Paralyse A Nation

The electronic magnetic pulse—EMP—from a nuclear blast high above the earth could burn out all power and communications, virtually paralysing a nation without killing one person. The frightening prospect is analysed by William J. Broad.

Power Play In Nepal

For the first time in 20 years the Government is taking a moderate stand towards the Koirala faction of the Nepali Congress, now demanding national reconciliation. By Kedar Man Singh.

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THE FACT THAT NEARLY 100 COUNTRIES find it worth their while to call themselves "non-aligned" is a tribute to the far-sightedness of Nasser, Tito and Nehru *(above)*, three pillars of the movement

All Set For The Summit

by K. Natwar-Singh

Secretary-General, Seventh Non-Aligned Summit

The author makes the point that, when the chill winds of the Cold War swept the earth, when shrill rhetoric made dispassionate, balanced and objective appraisal of world issues difficult, Jawaharlal Nehru came up with an alternative way to tackle the ills of the world: India would not be a camp-follower. We were willing to stand up and be counted. We would judge each issue on its merit, bearing in mind our vital national interests. We would join no military bloc or group. Nehru preached the gospel of peace, of co-existence: *Either we co-exist or we co-perish.*

And now, under the chairmanship of Indira Gandhi, we will, concludes the author, have a creative summit: the collective will and wisdom of so many statesmen will discover fresh avenues of tangible and beneficial cooperation.

We propose, as far as possible, to keep away from the power politics of groups aligned against one another which have led in the past to World Wars and which may again lead to disasters on an even vaster scale. We believe that peace and freedom are indivisible and the denial of freedom anywhere must endanger freedom elsewhere and lead to conflict and war....

The world, in spite of its rivalries and hatreds and inner conflicts, moves inevitably towards closer cooperation and building up a World Commonwealth. It is for this One World that Free India will work, a world in which there is the free cooperation of free people and no class or group exploits another.

—Jawaharlal Nehru, 1946

A UNIQUE event will take place in New Delhi in the first half of March: to the Seventh Non-Aligned Summit will come 98 full members, observers and 18 guests; 70 Heads of State and Government have already accepted Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's invitation to attend the Summit. They will address themselves to pressing problems that beset mankind. Their discussions, deliberations and decisions will inevitably attract worldwide attention and interest. Never in the history of mankind will so many world leaders have spent so much time in one Capital.

Jawaharlal Nehru enriched the vocabulary of international relations by providing the concept of non-alignment to it. He made the political processes coherent and noble. His name will be on every lip during the Summit. His life-enhancing vision, his soundness of judgment, his political foresight, his subtle and shrewd understanding of the temper of the times are now ungrudgingly acknowledged by all. When the chill winds of the Cold War swept the earth, when shrill rhetoric made dispassionate, balanced and objective appraisal of world issues difficult, Nehru came up with an alternative way to tackle the ills of the world.

India would not be a camp-follower. We were willing to stand up and be counted. We would judge each issue on its merit, bearing in mind our vital national interests. We would be non-aligned, not neutral. We would not be a client state. We would join no military bloc or group. Nehru preached the gospel of peace, of co-existence: *Either we co-exist or we co-perish.* He denounced the arms race. Cooperation and conciliation, not confrontation and conflict, could make the world a bearable place to live in. He was a path-finder. He raised the level of international political, diplomatic and economic dialogue. He did not speak in vain.

Issues At Stake

That nearly 100 countries find it worth their while to call themselves non-aligned is a tribute to the far-sightedness of Nehru, Nasser and Tito. One does not join a club with dwindling membership or put money in a bank on which there is a run. This is not to suggest that the Non-Aligned Movement faces no challenges from within or without. Differences do exist. These are discussed openly and freely, not brushed under the carpet. However, there is broad consensus on major political and economic questions. No one wants to transmit the divisive scenario of the UN General Assembly to NAM deliberations.

What are the issues before the New Delhi Summit? Peace, Disarmament and Development. The three are indivisible and also indispensable for the welfare of the human race. They encompass the lengthy political and economic agenda of the Summit.

The Seventh Summit meets at a critical time. The international political landscape does not look inviting. The Cold War appears to be staging a comeback. The arms race continues unabated. The economic horizon has not been darker for half a century and the new international economic order remains a distinct goal. The world needs political first-aid and economic "blood transfusion". It needs something more—a climate of peaceful co-existence and constructive cooperation.

I have no doubt that, under the chairmanship of Indira Gandhi, we will have a creative summit: the collective will and wisdom of so many statesmen will discover fresh avenues of tangible and beneficial cooperation.

PRESIDENT HOSNI MUBARAK of Egypt delivering a May Day speech at the Labour Federation in Cairo.

PRESIDENT AMIN GEMAYEL of Lebanon pictured during a news conference at the Elysee Palace, Paris, in October last year

Will They Guard The Ramparts?

The Seventh Summit of the Non-Aligned in New Delhi will be attended by a small army of 3,000 delegates. What can the Summit do to make the movement more effective and more respected? One, the present designation of the movement as *non-aligned* is totally false and misleading and should be changed. Two, the movement will continue to be fat, flabby and impotent until its membership is restricted to the truly non-aligned—a quarter, at most, of the present 98. Three, India could impress on the Seventh Summit that there should be less talk about every issue under the sun and, instead, practical decisions on how to tackle a few selected crises: Palestine, Kampuchea, Central America and the Indian Ocean as a Zone of Peace.

CUBA'S FIDEL CASTRO whose place in the Non-Aligned Movement is the subject of much controversy.

by Godfrey Jansen

The author's *Afro-Asia and Non-Alignment* was published in London and New York. Godfrey Jansen has attended Bandung, Belgrade and several other Afro-Asian and Non-Aligned Conferences. He will also be attending the Seventh Summit in New Delhi and assessing the Conference for the *Weekly*.

NO fewer than 98 countries will be attending the Seventh Summit Conference of the Non-Aligned Movement as full members; and, in addition, 11 countries and 8 international organisations have been invited to observe. a total roll-call of 112 representatives present. India would have done a lot better and would have saved the Indian taxpayer a fair amount of money if it had sent invitations only to those Governments truly trying to follow a non-aligned policy—these probably number no more than 200.

Though there is within the non-aligned movement a yawning gap between appearance and reality, it remains, potentially, the most intelligent, serious and sincere of all international groupings—*potentially*. This is so because, even though it is called a "movement", it is not an assemblage of parties committed to an ideology, like the Socialist or Communist International: they aim at revolutionising the scheme of things, while the hard-pressed Non-Aligned Governments would be grateful to contrive survival against nuclear annihilation and world hunger.

The movement is not based on geographical contiguity—like the OAS or the OAU or the ASEAN. It is not a geopolitical military alliance—like the NATO or the Warsaw Pact. Nor is it merely a gathering of countries that, over the centuries, have become rich (like the EEC) or of those who, over the centuries, have become poor (like the Group of 77).

In short, the base of the non-aligned movement is not some accident of history or geography or economics. Its base is a deliberate choice made by certain governments to follow a particular type of foreign policy—it is a grouping of the *like-minded*. But, alas, the majority of the present members are not like-minded and do not follow the same policy, which is why the movement today is, like the eunuch in some Ottoman harem, fat and flabby and impotent.

Therefore, this axiom may be propounded: non-alignment is too valuable, too challenging, too courageous an idea and policy to be left to the present non-aligned movement and especially not to its summit conferences.

Non-alignment, in truth, is a very simple idea. It is not "neutrality", not even "positive neutrality", nor "neutralism", nor is it "equidistance", as between the Super Powers. Non-alignment is simply the determination of countries that are independent—and, what is more, *feel* themselves to be independent– to follow an independent line in their foreign policy, deciding each foreign policy issue on its merits, and consequently sometimes siding with one Super Power, sometimes with the other, and oftentimes agreeing with neither.

If we test this definition against the membership of the Seventh Summit, then the result comes out as follows. there are 20 odd countries out of the 98 that are too small or whose policies are too obscure or erratic to be taken seriously or into account; of the remaining 78, perhaps 17 or 18 at most really try to be independently non-aligned, about 20 lean to, or are allied to, the Eastern Bloc; around 25 are close to, or allied to, the West, and somewhere in between are 10 countries that may be called "moderate", those who would like to be more independent.

However, the non-aligned movement, perhaps not wholly for its own good, has become expressive of something more than a stance in foreign policy. It emerged from, and then took over, the earlier Afro Asian movement. the non-aligned summits were begotten by the Asian Relations Conference, held in Delhi in 1947, and the Asian-African Conference, as it was called, in Bandung in 1955.

Global Trade Union

So the non-aligned are the black, the brown and the yellow ex colonials. Yugoslavia remains the only uncoloured member. It is also a global trade union of the economic have-nots. So, if what should be determinant policy is combined with the character of the actual membership, the movement becomes an expression of solidarity between the newly independent countries, beset with chronic problems of underdevelopment and maldevelopment, aspiring to independence and equality, both political and economic.

The sole true founding father of non alignment was Jawaharlal Nehru, because his foreign policy from the start was structured on non-alignment and because India began practising that policy from 1946—earlier than Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia, Egypt or Ghana, who gained independence a few years later. And it was Nehru who set the movement's targets for its first two decades in the 1950s, they were, primarily, colonial- →

TWO RESPECTED AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS within the movement today: Indira Gandhi in Asia and Julius Nyerere in Africa. The movement today probably suffers from the fact that, in its early years, there were too many big men among its leaders: the Founding Fathers of Non-Alignment were also the Fathers of their Nations. But now the story is different.

Five Non-Aligned Criteria

Cairo: June 1961

1. **A country should follow an independent policy based on peaceful co-existence and non-alignment or should be showing a trend in favour of such a policy.**
2. **It should consistently have supported movements for national independence.**
3. **It should not be a member of multilateral military alliances concluded in the context of Great Power conflicts.**
4. **If it had conceded military bases, these concessions should not have been made in the context of Great Power conflicts.**
5. **If it were a member of a bilateral or regional defence arrangement, this should not be in the context of Great Power conflicts.**

ism and racialism; in the 1960s, they were peace and opposition to black politics; then, in the 1970s, the focus was on economic development: while, in the 1980s, the emphasis seems to have returned to peace, disarmament and *detente*.

In its earlier years, and then again more recently, the movement has had a special aroma of its own—the smell of self-righteous sanctimoniousness, what may be called the *wishy-washy goody-goody* factor. Dealing with the great problems of war and peace and feeling that they alone, in their "area of peace", were holding apart the truculent Super Powers, the non-aligned were apt to fall into self-congratulatory sermonising that the aligned (and some of the non-aligned) found very irritating. This aroma faded in the 1970s, when the smell of hunger took over, but, with the return of the Cold War, the *W-W, G-G* factor is returning. Thus the Indian Foreign Minister recently said that the movement "symbolises the will of humanity to survive" and "as a force in terms of irresistible world opinion". If only it were!

Very Large Hot-Air Blimp

How did the non-aligned movement come to be what it is?

At present, the movement resembles nothing so much as a very large hot-air blimp, with 98 persons in the passenger cabin. This is just about the last thing that should have happened to a movement that is a grouping of the like-minded, of Governments that agree on a particular policy idea: they should have produced a fairly exclusive club restricted in membership to the like-minded.

This was a battle that was joined as far back as June 1961 at the Preparatory Conference for Belgrade, held in Cairo. Presidents Tito and Nasser, entirely on their own initiative, invited 19 Governments to this meeting and even some of these were not non-aligned according to the five-point definition of non-alignment produced by the Conference itself—countries like Morocco, Ethiopia and Saudi Arabia. Cuba was a new member—an addition that was to have far-reaching consequences. India wanted 15 more countries to be invited to Belgrade—of which some were non-aligned—but this was opposed by Yugoslavia and Egypt because of their bilateral antagonisms.

LUSAKA 1970: Mrs Gandhi with President Suharto of Indonesia. For three years starting with the New Delhi Summit, Indira Gandhi will be Chairman of the Non-Aligned Movement, taking over from Fidel Castro.

Finally, only seven invitations were issued to new members and only two were actually accepted. The three African states that were asked all declined, because 12 of the 17 new African countries established in 1960 formed themselves into what was called the Brazzaville Group that was strongly pro-French, anti-Asia and anti-non-alignment.

In however restricted a fashion, the Cairo meeting established that membership of the movement could be diluted by the addition of friends and neighbours of those issuing the invitations. Yet, despite the dilution, the first and best-known and most influential non-aligned summit, Belgrade, had a restricted membership of only 25 and was effective for that reason.

Fateful Dilution

The really fateful dilution of the movement came when it was decided to invite all the 32 members of the Organisation of African Unity, established in 1963, to the Second Non-Aligned Summit in Cairo in 1964. This blanket invitation went out simply because the Charter of the OAU stated, quite untruthfully, that its members, including the Brazzaville Group, "unreservedly adhered to the positive policy of non-alignment". Yet 10 of the more honestly aligned Africans did not go to the Cairo Summit where the membership was 47—nearly twice that of Belgrade.

After this massive breach of non-aligned like-mindedness, the membership increased virtually indiscriminately, and rapidly, particularly after the Third Summit at Lusaka in 1970, at which 53 states were present; followed by the Algiers Summit of 1973, with 75 in attendance: Colombo in 1976 with 85; and Havana in 1979 with 92 states attending.

What should and does cause concern is the alleged manoeuvrability within the *(non-aligned)* movement which most certainly makes it soft and vulnerable. A study of the voting pattern in the United Nations would clearly indicate that the consensus arrived at in the non-aligned conferences is not at all reflected in the world forum.

In effect, after 1964, the movement was not that of the non-aligned but of the Third World have-nots: it should really be renamed. Its membership was also increasingly taken over from the Asians by the far more numerous African states—at Havana and again at New Delhi, the African states were, and will be, almost twice the number of the Asians.

How does a movement based on a specific idea function with a completely unspecific membership? The answer is easy: the motivation is hypocrisy and the method is consensus and reservations to consensus. In short, Governments say one thing when agreeing to the overall unanimity or consensus, expressed in the declarations and the resolutions at non-aligned conferences, but say and do something else, even the exact opposite, in more serious meetings, like the UN General Assembly. There Governments have to behave responsibly, because Governments are individually identified with, and are accountable for, their votes. As the Indian Foreign Minister put it recently:

What should and does cause concern, however, is the alleged manoeuvrability within the movement which most certainly makes it soft and vulnerable. A study of the voting pattern in the United Nations would clearly indicate that the consensus arrived at in the non-aligned conferences is not at all reflected in the world forum.

Consensus: Its *Mantra*

So long as the movement gives greater importance to the size of its ever-increasing membership—rather than to the quality of that membership—and puts the unity of this motley assemblage above its integrity, consensus is probably the only way in which these conferences can express themselves. "Consensus" is one of the *mantras* of the movement, yet this is what the Havana Conference had to say about it:

Consensus has a certain indefinable quality hard to express in words, although we know instinctively what it means.

"Indefinable"? Not at all. There are many words for it in English—"expedient", "duplicitous" and, above all, "hypocritical". Yet, even though "consensus" is only a thin veneer of unanimity, there are some Governments who, to their credit, take it seriously enough to breach it by submitting "reservations" to particular parts of the final consensus document. Thus, after the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Belgrade in July 1978, nearly 250 separate reservations were tabled by 37 Governments including India, with Argentina being the most "reservationist". And six Governments—Bhutan, Nepal, Peru, Singapore, Zaire and Kampuchea—tabled a blanket reservation "on the paragraphs which may be incompatible with their policies", a real *reductio ad absurdum* of the consensus idea. Little wonder that the Havana Conference cautioned that "reservations should be avoided as far as possible because they tend to weaken the consensus". But they do, at the same time, reduce its hypocritical content.

With a membership that now includes two-thirds of all the countries on the face of the earth, the concerns of the non-aligned movement have undergone a similar inflation. Its ever-larger conferences take on too many issues and talk too much about them in longer and longer communiques. The most influential Belgrade Summit produced a historic 300-word *Statement on the Danger of War and an Appeal for Peace* of which the whole world took note, because it could—due to its brevity; and, in addition, there was a declaration of about 3,500 words; and not a single resolution. Cairo produced a declaration of over 8,000 words. After Lusaka (10,000 words) there were both declarations and resolutions, so Colombo produced 40,000 words and Havana 56,000 words—a 140 pages of a normal non-fiction book.

Which busy, conscientious politician or diplomat or journalist would have the time or the energy to plough through this swamp of repetitions and platitudinous verbiage? And, with the increase in verbiage, the rhetoric inescapably increases too: Lusaka produced *A Declaration on Peace, Independence, Development, Cooperation and Democratisation of International Relations.*

Non-alignment is too valuable, too challenging, too courageous an idea and policy to be left to the present non-aligned movement, especially to its summit conferences.

Confronted with this compendium of the good, the true and the beautiful, the rest of the world would be entitled to ask: *Who do the non-aligned think they are? And whom do they think they are addressing?*

The success—that is, the real seriousness and usefulness of the Delhi Summit—can be assessed with mathematical exactitude: if it limits itself to a declaration, without resolutions, and if that document is no more than 10,000 words long (over twice the length of the Belgrade document), then it will be a success, and not just a factory for more hot air for the non-aligned blimp.

If the non-aligned movement is so blurred in its membership and so downright dubious in its practices, the challenging question can be asked: *Then why do so many different countries choose to join it?*

Obviously for many different reasons. After a certain point, when the membership of a movement passes the 50 mark, the question becomes: *Why not join in?* The element of fashion comes into play—*Everybody's doing it*—to quote the words of a popular song—*Let's fall in love* with non-alignment; and just about every Third World state has done just that.

After all, there is no membership fee and, even better, thanks to consensus and reservations, no binding obligations. No fewer than six positive advantages flowing from non-aligned membership can be listed: it ensures political freedom and independence and contributes to national self-respect; alliance member

alignment permits freedom of expression and action; it keeps a small nation from getting involved in larger and irrelevant conflicts; it makes local problems easier to solve; it eliminates the need to divert resources to the military obligations of alliances; and the non-aligned can bid for economic or military aid from *both* sides in the Cold War.

In theory, all these are, indeed, solid and valuable benefits but, in practice, they accrue only if non-alignment is really adhered to; but "national self-respect" is not increased if—as is the case—many countries tied in with one or other of the Power Blocs pretend to be non-aligned.

However, if the movement has made converts, it has also lost some of the previously faithful—Egypt most notably and Afghanistan, also Kenya, Somalia, South Yemen, Sudan, Zaire and others. The losses definitely outnumber the gains. And yet those "lost" do not quit the movement and are not pushed out. Perhaps they stay out of a sense of shame, a reluctance openly to admit that they are no longer as independent as they once were. Perhaps their Super Power sponsors prefer that they should remain inside the movement to watch it, weaken it, perhaps even to subvert it. And the consensus device would help them to do this because if it represents, as it does,

In effect, after 1964, the movement was not that of the non-aligned but of the Third World have-nots: it should really be renamed. Its membership was also increasingly taken over from the Asians by the far more numerous African states—at Havana and again at New Delhi, the African states were, and will be, almost twice the number of the Asians.

In the 1950s and the 1960s—when many countries, inexperienced in independence, were emerging into the harsh world of international affairs and power politics—the movement very usefully provided a protective corral while they learnt the rules of the game. Further, the very size of its present membership that detracts from its integrity nevertheless amplifies the noise the non-aligned might choose to make on any particular issue—and they have made some useful noises. The demands and the advocacy of the Afro-Asians and the non-aligned did undoubtedly speed up the process of decolonisation in the 1950s, the 1960s and the 1970s. And, in the 1970s, the economic needs of the Third World, or the South, would not have been given as much attention if they had not been expressed loudly, *en masse*, in the Group of 77, now actually numbering 120, which the non-aligned claim was a direct product of their movement.

The non-aligned movement was the one claimed for it by Nehru—that its physical expanse represented the "area of peace", an actual buffer zone physically separating the two Power Blocs from which their arms and bases and soldiers would be excluded. That is still a vitally important function and, therefore, it can be argued that the area of peace should be expanded and the buffer zone should be widened, even if this means that the membership of the non-aligned expands to 98 or even more.

Only, what becomes of the "area of peace" if more than half of the non-aligned are not functioning as buffers but are actually bastions and outposts, overt or covert, for one or other Super Power? The buffer zone is now as full of holes as a sponge. Yet, even so, perhaps their membership of the movement could act as a brake on those covertly aligned by holding them back from collapsing into full-scale alliance: and it could also act as an attraction, a temptation, for the aligned non-aligned to pull them away from a position of dependence and junior partnership.

Perhaps it is the self-respect of non-alignment that has prevented Saudi Arabia and the Gulf States, so closely tied to the United States, from granting to it the military bases the Americans so badly want in that crucial area. It was undoubtedly the pull of non-alignment that helped draw Iran, Iraq and Pakistan out of military alliances.

the lowest common factor, then a country or a group of countries that stubbornly insists on its viewpoint can, for instance, weaken a condemnatory resolution out of recognition, though it is more difficult to impose a positive strengthening.

The aligned among the non-aligned are so because they want to be so, not because they absolutely have to be so. Membership in the movement and the force of example and of contiguity might just possibly stiffen their backbone. But does this hope justify their remaining in a movement that they certainly dilute and weaken, perhaps subvert?

Why is the Non-Aligned Movement what it is?

To judge by its outward aspect, non-alignment is alive and well and living within the non-aligned movement. It certainly meets often enough. This Seventh Summit convenes 22 years after the first one; the Foreign Ministers meet at least every 18 months and ministerial meetings of the Coordinating Bureau are held about once a year.

These latter began as far back as 1974, when the need was felt for a body to follow up the decisions of the Summit Conferences; the arrangement was formalised when, at Colombo in 1976, a permanent Coordinating Bureau was established, composed of the Permanent Representatives at UN Headquarters of 25 countries: which, typically, has been increased to 36. Though the non-aligned say, with a touch of pride, that they are not a Bloc and do not have a headquarters or a secretariat, the movement now does have a loose and formal structure that should provide continuous momentum towards the movement's goals. So far so good.

But in its real, inward aspect, things are not so good. Yugoslavia has a special position in the movement: it is one of the founders and has been one of the most sincere exponents of the idea and policy, but it remains the only full member from the European continent. It is, therefore, somewhat marginal and this gives it the ability to look at the movement in detachment and to evaluate it with down-to-earth realism. And the Yugoslav expert on non-alignment is Leo Mates. In a recent lengthy analysis of the movement's history, he wrote:

... was trying to arrive at a rounded version of its goals... it took a long time to do it... there was always progress, although more in the sense of defining goals than attaining them. Then, after the concept was completed, the debate (roughly 1973-1976) still absorbed the full attention of the non-aligned and hopes were rising. Thereafter, a period of disappointment set in... the period of crisis begins when the goals are finally set and it becomes necessary to pass on to actions and achieve results in the field... at the Havana Summit, some of the fundamental policies and goals formulated in Belgrade were openly questioned... the movement as a whole did not permit itself to be depressed or unbalanced by early failures to obtain its goals.

The non-aligned are the black, the brown and the yellow ex-colonials—Yugoslavia remains the only uncoloured member. It is also a global trade union of the economic have-nots.

"Failures". So there it is, from a most knowledgeable, most sympathetic inside observer.

Why? Many reasons, both internal and external to the movement. Lack of leadership, for a start. The movement today probably suffers from the fact that, in its early years, there were too many big men among its leaders: the Founding Fathers of Non-Alignment were also the fathers of their nations

They Have Lasted It Out

Who are the respected and influential leaders within the movement now? In Asia, Mrs Gandhi: in Africa, Nyerere; and in Latin America, Castro, who should not be in the movement at all.

However, of even these leaders, it may be said that their chief quality is that they have, quite simply, lasted out. Mrs Gandhi and Nyerere have been much too preoccupied with the internal problems of their countries to provide much leadership abroad—indeed, for a decade or more, India's foreign policy has been in *purdah*, from which it has only recently emerged. While Castro was only too ready to provide leadership, his influence has been wholly malign in that he wanted the non-aligned to become aligned.

Secondly, the movement was split by internecine squabbles and wars. It was bad enough that the pro-East and pro West camps—which have been present in the movement from the beginning—should tussle with each other (and this reached its apogee at Havana) but that they should take to the field of battle in Kampuchea, and the Gulf, and the Sahara, amounts to an internal haemorrhage.

Thirdly, the movement suffers because the record of achievement of too many of its Member Governments is absolutely minimal even at the basic level of maintaining law and order, to say nothing of the poor becoming poorer. A somewhat arrogant pre-Nasser Egyptian Prime Minister once said that, without Egypt to provide the digit in front, the Arab League was Zero plus Zero plus Zero equals Zero. There are very many zeros in the non-aligned membership: who puts in the digit? →

ADJUSTING HER HEADPHONES is Indira Gandhi at the Fourth Non-Aligned Summit in Algiers. "With a membership," says the author, "that now includes two-thirds of all the countries on the face of the earth, the concerns of the Non-Aligned Movement have undergone a similar inflation... Colombo produced 40,000 words and Havana 56,000 words. Which busy, conscientious politician would have the time or the energy to plough through this swamp of repetitions and platitudinous verbiage?"

Externally, the two Super Powers have not looked overly kindly on the movement.

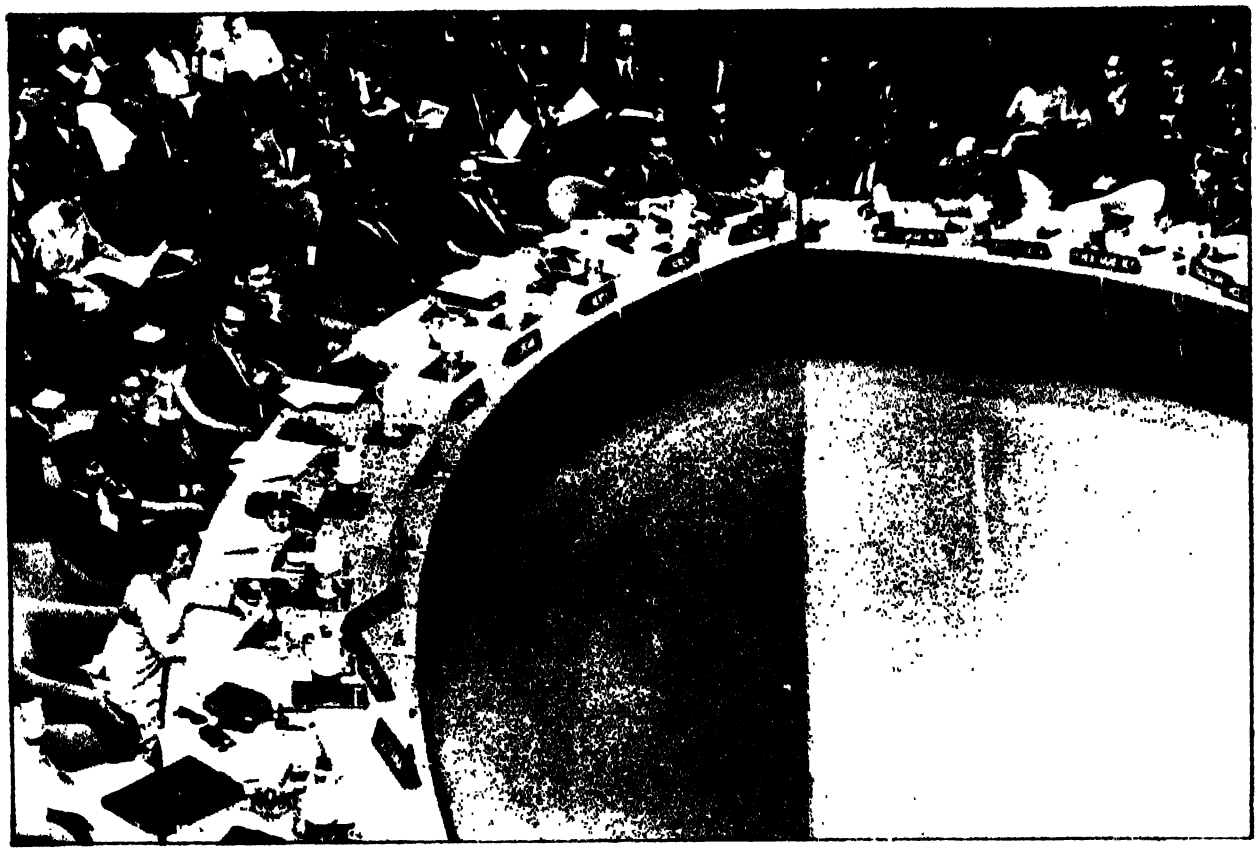
Why should they? Particularly now with a return to the bipolarity of the Cold War.

From the start, the US attitude towards non-alignment was the crude *If you are not for us you are against us* and are, therefore, "immoral". The present American attitude is slightly more sophisticated in that the US says it wants Afghanistan to return to its non-aligned position. But, naturally, the US works through its fifth column within the movement to give it a Westward tilt.

And Russia does the same through its fifth column. The Russian position has always been more subtle than that of the Americans: *If you are not against us you are for us.* So, in the early 1950s, Russia gave blanket approval to the non-aligned. This changed in the mid 1960s: in a speech by Brezhnev in February 1976, the Soviet Union made it clear that its approach to Third World and non-aligned countries was going to be selective: with approval and aid going to its aligned friends within the non-aligned—Cuba, South Yemen, Ethiopia, Kampuchea, Vietnam and so on. So the bipolar crunch is once again on the middlemen.

Fourthly, the non-aligned have been singularly unsuccessful in their attempts to bring about a mediated settlement of their own or others' disputes. They got nowhere in the Iran-Iraq war and they were not even allowed into Lebanon when they tried to do something about the Israeli invasion. But at least they tried and should go on trying.

Above all, the failure of the non-aligned has been a moral failure, a failure to express independent judgments on issues that is the essence of non-alignment. That is not, of course, realistic politics, but then non-alignment is supposed to be based on something more than mere "realism".



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The moral weakness was there from the start. At Belgrade, only 7 out of the 25 leaders present condemned Russia's wholly condemnable resumption of atomic tests. The non-aligned play safe and speak out boldly when a Big Power misbehaves flagrantly (like the US in Vietnam) but they become mealy-mouthed if any doubts, however specious, can be raised about an issue. They have not said what they should have said about the Russian invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan or the US interventions in Central America and West Asia. The Foreign Minister of Sri Lanka, Shahul Hameed, has put it very clearly.

What could be called the decline of the moral influence of the non-aligned movement has been caused partly by the apparent decline in our own moral standards.

Less than a year after Belgrade, the have-nots quite rightly decided that their economic plight was just as serious as their political problems and stated this at the Cairo Economic Conference of July 1962. The have-not group formed there re-emerged as the 77 Group at UNCTAD in Geneva a year later. It took another decade for the non-aligned movement as such to give proper priority to economic problems at a Foreign Ministers' meeting in Georgetown in 1972. But just four years later, at Colombo in 1976, an organisational high point was reached when an *Action Programme for Economic Cooperation* was announced to 29 countries named as "coordinators" to put forward ideas on no fewer than 15 subjects—from Raw Materials to Tourism to Sports.

Earlier on, at the Algiers Summit in 1973, an Economic and Social Development Fund was agreed on and formally established as the Solidarity Fund at Lima in 1975, with a Charter of 10 Chapters and 63 Articles. But today, eight years later, the Fund has not yet been established in practice.

The Havana Summit declared that in 1979—five years after the UN called for what was styled a New International Economic Order—"the economic situation faced by the developing countries continues its pervasive deterioration". The non-aligned have discovered that it was easier for the haves to yield the political power of colonialism than the profits of neo-colonialism. As the realistic Leo Mates puts it:

The most serious challenge to the future of the movement was, in the past, the slow progress and the insignificant success in the endeavour to reshape the economic order. This is likely to be the most trying test in the future also.

That may seem an unnecessary, even an impertinent question to ask about a movement whose Seventh Summit will be attended by a small army of 3,000 delegates. Obviously, this movement will continue and expand—doomed to continue and doomed to expand, the critics may say. But what can be done to make the movement more effective and, especially, more respected?

Three measures can be suggested, the first of which is entirely practicable:

- The present designation of the movement as "non-aligned" is totally false and misleading and should be changed.

- The second measure is, quite frankly, a counsel of perfection and of despair: the non-aligned movement will be fat, flabby and impotent until its membership is restricted to the truly non-aligned—a quarter, at most, of the present 98. A Credentials Committee could be established to apply the five criteria of non-alignment to each state and to expel, or better suspend, the membership of those not meeting these criteria; and then to reinstate those who later on come round to fulfilling the criteria yet again.

Zaire is a prime subject for expulsion: a few weeks after a Ministerial Committee discussing the Israeli invasion of Lebanon called on all members to break diplomatic relations with Israel, Zaire re-established relations and then concluded a military agreement. If such blatant defiance is not punished, then the non-aligned movement truly has no political or moral basis.

It would be both normal and honest for the movement to have a fluctuating membership, for clearly the policies of countries undergo change according to changing circumstances. Very few countries can even be expected to be non-aligned for ever, because it is a peculiarly difficult and demanding policy. But who would grasp the nettle of inflated membership? Burma perhaps, a founding state that left it in disgust, if it can be persuaded to return and wield the *dah*.

- The third reformist measure which India could enforce on the Seventh Summit is to have less talk about every issue under the sun and, instead, practical decisions on how to tackle a few selected crises: Palestine, Kampuchea, Central America and the Indian Ocean as a Zone of Peace—and perhaps one or two others and no more. The economic issues can be given a decent burial.

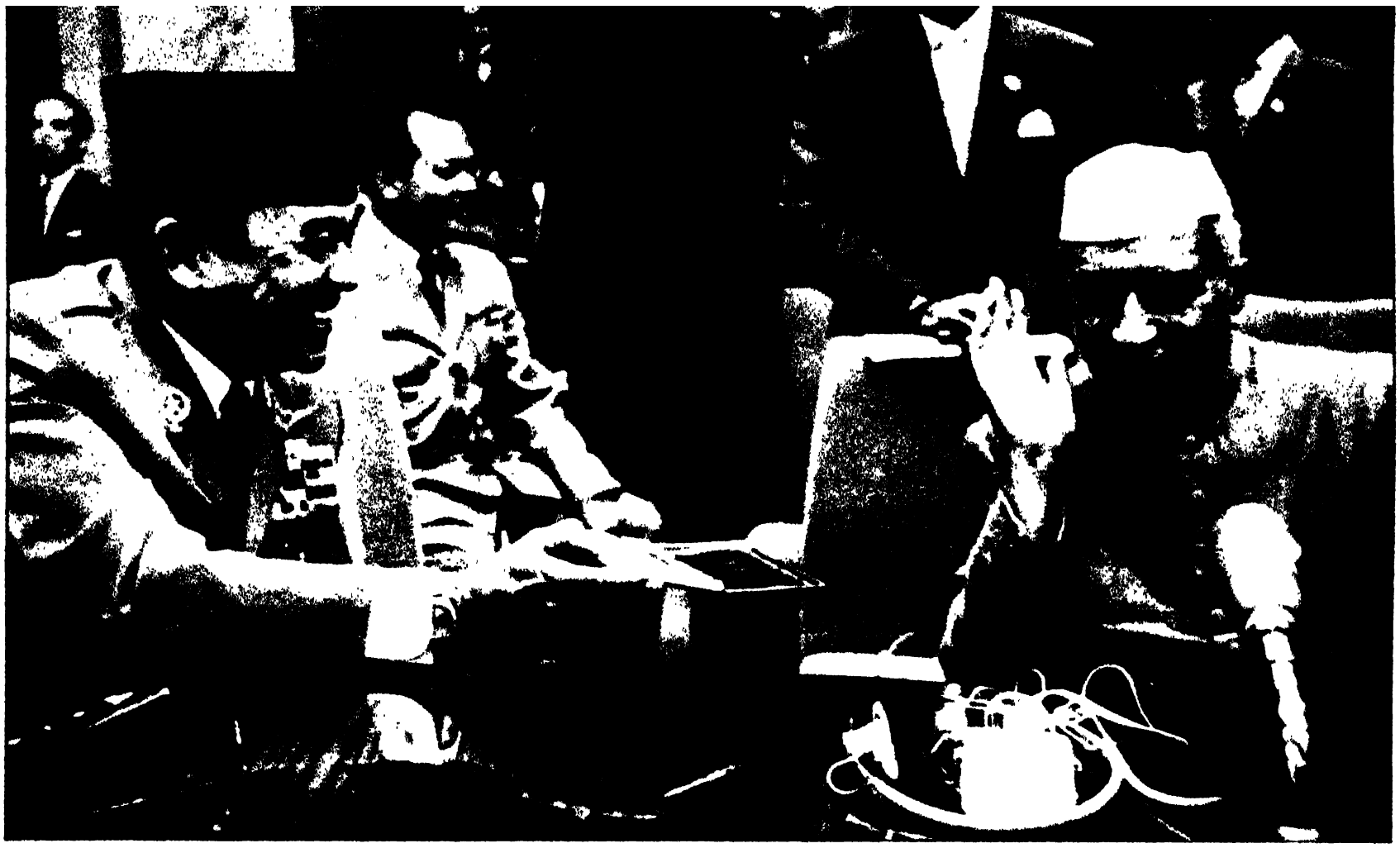
The Last Word

The decisions to take action on these issues can only be the result of frank and forthright debate, however embarrassing this may be to either Super Power or any member, even the host country. Why, for instance, was the reference to Diego Garcia dropped from the resolution on the Indian Ocean passed by the Foreign Ministers' Conference in New Delhi in 1981? That deletion was an act of political and moral cowardice—all too familiar in the movement today. Let the Sri Lankan Foreign Minister have the last word:

We are a moral force in international politics: we do not impose our principles by force of arms but by force of morality and reason—and thus exert our influence in world opinion. We must, therefore, be irreproachable in the practice of our non-aligned principles.

A nice combination of good sense and of the *W-W* and *G-G* factor. ■

BEFORE THE NON-ALIGNED are the findings of a recent seminar in Delhi on disarmament. This seminar brought out the spine-chilling fact that the world has 50,000 nuclear weapons with a destructive power equivalent to a million Hiroshima bombs. In other words, today there are three tonnes of TNT for every man, woman and child inhabiting this planet. On armament, the incredible sum of a billion dollars a day is being spent. Once and for all, the non-aligned have to determine their attitude on a matter of such great moment to the whole world.



TWO CHARISMATIC LEADERS, President Sukarno of Indonesia and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India, at the historic First Summit in Belgrade, 1961. From 25 countries at that First Summit, the NAM membership has shot up to 98 for the New Delhi meet.

The Dangers Ahead

It is a measure of the weakness of the Non-Aligned Movement (NAM) that it has not been able to dislodge the apartheid regime which practises brutal repression and oppression of its Black citizens... Morality, like charity, must begin at home. If NAM is to carry conviction abroad about its moral stances, it must first bring to bear the moral sanctions against its erring members. If it wants its credentials for world harmony to be taken seriously, it must close its own ranks.

by J.D. Singh

THE eve of the Seventh Non-Aligned Summit in New Delhi provides an opportune moment to reflect on the state of health of the movement and pose some basic questions about its validity and relevance in an international climate that has vastly changed since Nehru, Tito and Nasser launched it on the world stage. From its fast-growing membership, it is apparent that the Non-Aligned Movement (NAM) is alive and kicking; it is in good and robust health. From 25 countries at the First Summit in Belgrade (1961), the membership has shot up to 98; and three other countries are knocking on NAM's door for admission. It has thus nearly scored a century.

However, its very popularity involves certain risks which it can ignore only at its peril. Unless adequate and proper safeguards are taken, its overplumpness can lead to its destruction. Already, membership credentials have been thrown overboard in admitting nations that can hardly be called "non-aligned" in the strict sense of the term. It would be invidious to mention names, for the list of such countries, ranging from distant Cuba to neighbouring Pakistan, is too long to bear repetition here. Suffice it to say that NAM's unchecked and indiscriminate growth has inevitably led to a diffusion of its basic character and converted it from a strong moral force to counter the activities and the designs of the two Power Blocs into a flabby grouping of all sorts of regimes—a kind of "non-White" version of the United Nations, though NAM, it is true, has as members some "White" countries like Yugoslavia.

Before turning to such explosive issues as the seating of Kampuchea at the coming summit, let me briefly refer to another risk on the ideological or moral plane that NAM is facing in the wake of the increasing tendency on the part of its members to play the role of a Third Force in world affairs. This tendency manifests itself in the moves being made to formalise NAM into a Bloc, with a permanent secretariat and office staff and all the other paraphernalia. Such an alignment would surely be the very antithesis of the term "non-alignment" and would violate the concept as propounded by its founding fathers.

Nehru's View

Jawaharlal Nehru, for one, dismissed the idea of a Third Bloc quite early in the history of the Non-Aligned Movement. When some members of the Indian Parliament propounded the idea of a Third Force, Nehru quite frankly told them:

I have not been able to understand what it means. If by the term is meant a Power Bloc, military or other, I am afraid I do not consider it desirable, apart from the fact that it is not feasible either.

Nehru's plain speaking has not, however, discouraged members of NAM in recent years from moving, albeit gingerly, towards the formation of a distinctive grouping. Non-alignment may not yet have become "a doctrine of power politics played by the powerless nations against, or in league with, the powerful countries", as one commentator has put it. But, unless NAM's elite—and the mantle of leadership is about to be worn by India for the next three years—act with foresight and wisdom, the movement may come face to face with such a danger in the not too distant future.

The disadvantages arising from such a grouping of developing countries antagonistic to either the Soviet or the US Bloc, or to both, should be obvious, while its advantages are not easy to discern. Neither in the political nor in the economic struggles can the developing countries make any worthwhile progress without the sympatny and the support of the rich nations. North and South must thus act in unison for World Peace, Economic Progress and Social Development.

The tardy progress towards a new international economic order, even though it has been paid lip-service to by world leaders, underlines the need for greater, not lesser, North-South cooperation. Increasing South-South exchanges are important. But since the countries of the South, at their current stage of development, are mostly producers of primary commodities and are in stiff competition with one another for the markets of rich nations, they are forced to be dependent on the North for both trade and aid. This dependence cannot be done away with overnight: it will take the South many years—nay, decades—to reach a reasonable level of economic development and, even then, it will continue to require sophis-

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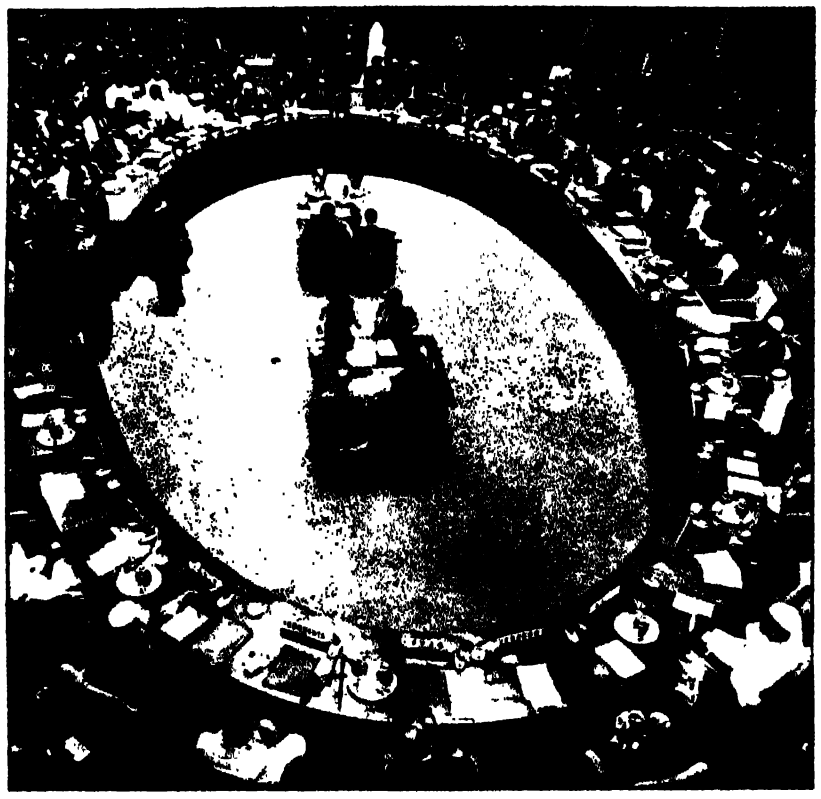
ticated technology and transfer of resources from the North.

The Non-Aligned Summit can—it must—explore ways and means of strengthening and broadening cooperation between member countries. But it cannot afford to set up a Third Force or Bloc claiming to function in rivalry to either of the major Blocs. The creation of such a force would only heighten the antagonism between Power Blocs, which will be contrary to the fundamental principles of NAM—the Promotion of World Peace and Economic Development.

One other major plank of NAM at the time the concept was first evolved—the liberation of countries from colonial rule—has largely been fulfilled in the intervening period. While the ugly face of racialism still manifests itself in different parts of the world and while economic exploitation is still rampant, a large number of Asian and African countries have attained political freedom in the past three decades. South Africa is perhaps one major example today of colonialism and racialism put together. The White minority regime there has not only denied political freedom to the African majority but has extended its colonial grip to South-West Africa.

It is a measure of the weakness of NAM that it has not been able to dislodge the apartheid regime which practises brutal repression and oppression of its Black citizens. South Africa remains defiant in spite of the opprobrium its hated policies have earned from the civilised nations.

NAM's career has been marked by other failures—the failure to resolve the West Asian crisis; the failure to end the war between two member nations (Iran and Iraq) that has gone on for 2½ years; the failure to prevent the induction of Soviet troops into



Afghanistan (an original founder) or to secure their expulsion.

A number of member nations are in open hostility, if not at war, with each other. While NAM swears by disarmament and condemns the mad arms race, its own members continue to waste billions of dollars in procuring weapons of destruction from the West or the East. While NAM's abhorrence of nuclear weapons is enshrined in all its documents, its own members have acquired or nurse nuclear ambitions.

Morality, like charity, must begin at home. If NAM is to carry conviction abroad about its moral stances, it must first bring to bear the moral sanctions against its erring members. If it wants its credentials for world harmony to be taken seriously, it must close its own ranks.

The Kampuchea Issue

Unfortunately, sharp divisions prevail in NAM's ranks over several major issues. Kampuchea is an example. Only a small number of nations (including India) recognise the Heng Samrin regime, while the majority do not. The Havana Summit in 1979, unable to reach a *rapprochement* between the opponents, sought to steer clear of the controversy by a negative vote: to keep the seat vacant. The issue will bedevil the Delhi Summit too. The rival regimes of Hang Semrin and Pol Pot have staked their claims to the seat. Only by a skilful act of tightrope-walking can the Delhi Summit preserve a semblance of sanity in its ranks.

With the dramatic change in the international environment in the past three decades, the very relevance of NAM is being questioned. NAM was the product of the intense cold war in a bipolar world dominated by the Soviet Union and the USA. The world is no longer bipolar: it has become multipolar. The East-West *detente*, the Sino-Soviet cleavage, the Sino-US moves towards a *rapprochment* and the rebellions within the member nations of the rival Power Blocs—in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland in the Soviet camp and the peace movements and opposition to the location of sophisticated American nuclear weapons in Western Europe—have made for a sea change in the world climate.

The days when John Foster Dulles dubbed non-alignment as "immoral" and Soviet leaders suspected it to be a mere facade of *de-facto* alignment with the West are over. Both the East and the West have come to accept, or at least tolerate, non-alignment. The aligned countries in Europe and elsewhere are no less shrill in their clamour for world peace than the non-aligned.

While non-alignment as a principle of foreign policy has served many developing countries in the past, non-alignment as a movement has reached a phase where it could either become counter-productive or self-defeating. ■

What I Mean By Genuine Non-Alignment

—Morarji Desai

by S. S. Bankeshwar

Question: *What will be the outcome of the forthcoming Non-Aligned Conference?*

Morarji: I am not a prophet. It all depends upon how Indira talks at the Conference

Don't you think that the non-aligned movement has lost all its original significance after the detente between the Super Powers? The Super Powers do not fight against each other except through their proxies on the soil of the non-aligned countries.

You are totally wrong. As long as Blocs remain, the non-aligned movement *has* to be made stronger.

The Janata Party had declared that it stood for a genuine non-aligned foreign policy. However, there was hardly any change in our foreign policy during Janata rule. Our foreign policy continued to be pro-Soviet and pro-Arab.

You are wrong again! There *was* a change. We were equal to all. That is why Moshe Dayan came here to explore the possibilities of establishing full diplomatic relations with India. I told Dayan, quite frankly, that we would like to have full diplomatic relations with Israel only when it vacated the Arab territories occupied by it. China wanted to normalise its relations with India only because it found that we were truly non-aligned. China sent feelers through the Romanian President. I told the Romanian President that

we did not want intermediaries, that India and China should have direct talks.

China then proceeded to remind me of the "Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai" days. I told China frankly that it was our slogan, not theirs, that we supported them right from the beginning in the United Nations, even at the cost of our friendship with the United States, that they betrayed us, they invaded us and took possession of over 15,000 square miles of our country. This, I said, was the price we paid for our friendship with them. "You give back our territory and we shall be friends again."

Then Russia objected to our attempt to normalise our relations with China. I told Russia that our attempt to normalise our relations with China would not be at the cost of our friendship with Russia or any other country. We want to have friendly relations with all countries in the world—that is what non-alignment means.

The non-aligned countries remain non-aligned even when one of their own members is attacked. For instance, all the non-aligned countries remained non-aligned when India was attacked by China. India has no role to play to end the Iran-Iraq war, because all these three countries are non-aligned! India has no role to play to end the Israeli-Arab dispute, because Israel does not recognise us as a truly non-aligned nation! India has no role to play to end the Afghan crisis, because the Afghans do not consider India to be non-aligned! In fact, we don't have any role to play in any international dispute in the world, because no country considers India truly non-aligned

The non-aligned countries do not form a Bloc You are again mistaken The non-aligned countries cease to be non-aligned if they take sides. They should play a mediatory role to end all international disputes—without joining the Military Blocs of the Super Powers—and bring peace in the world

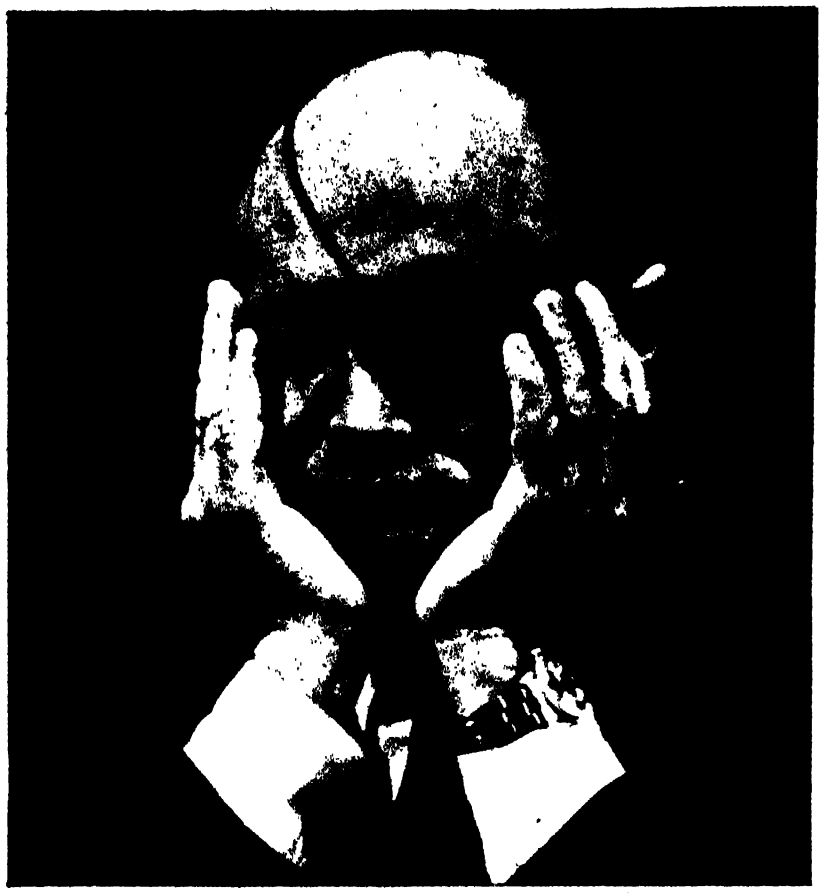
A recent article recalled that you had declared at your very first press conference after becoming Prime Minister that you would consider establishing full diplomatic relations with Israel. But nothing of the sort happened.

I have not read that article. But what the writer says is a total lie: let him prove it. All I said was that, when peace is established between Israel and the Arab countries and when Israel gives up the Arab territories occupied by it, India will have full diplomatic relations with Israel. Even the Arab countries appreciated my stand. Indira just wanted to create a rift between me and the Arab countries by disclosing that I met Moshe Dayan. Jawaharlal made a mistake in not establishing full diplomatic relations with Israel when it was founded. Now it is difficult to establish full diplomatic relations with Israel unless it gives up the Arab territories occupied by it. Moshe Dayan said that the Arab countries wanted to destroy Israel. I said that we would stand by Israel in that case.

May I have your comments on the expulsion of the Israeli Consul because of a controversial interview. Whatever the Israeli Consul said in that interview was nothing but the truth. Harsh truth always hurts, hence whatever he said in that interview hurt us.

I agree. I did not find anything controversial in it at all. Our Government just wants to please the Arabs.

The Arab countries deal with the multinationals which have branches in Israel.



INDIRA GANDHI, according to Morarji, "just wanted to create a rift between me and the Arab countries by disclosing that I met Moshe Dayan" *(above)*... "Dayan said that the Arab countries wanted to destroy Israel I said that we would stand by Israel in that case."

Why can't they boycott these multinationals? Why do the Arab countries not break off diplomatic relations with the USA, the UK, France, Japan and other countries which have full diplomatic relations with Israel?

They cannot afford to do so. We were wrong: we should have had full diplomatic relations with Israel from the very beginning. As I said earlier, now (after 1967) it is difficult to do so unless Israel vacates its aggression against the Arabs.

Is there a single non-aligned country in the world today which is independent of the Super Powers in the matter of its defence and economic development? Is there a single country which is universally and unanimously recognised as a non-aligned country as such? The non-aligned countries cease to be so unless they are recognised as such by the Super Powers in particular and all countries in general. Switzerland is an exception, but Switzerland is not a non-aligned nation it is neutral. Don't you think the entire non-aligned movement became a big joke when Cuba was admitted into the non-aligned camp?

Yes, you are partly right. The admission of Cuba into the non-aligned camp was a big mistake. I don't agree with you that the non-aligned countries are totally dependent on the Super Powers for their defence and economic development. The non-aligned movement is a great force provided it is genuinely non-aligned. If all countries become genuinely non-aligned, there will be no war and there will be complete peace in the world.

Don't you think that all this talk about morality, ideology and high principles guiding a country's foreign policy is just hogwash?

No, our foreign policy *must* be based on ideology and pragmatism. *Dharma* and *Truth* alone should guide our foreign policy. Pragmatism based on untruth is wrong There cannot be any conflict between Ideology and Pragmatism provided we follow the path of *Truth* and *Dharma* National interest should be supreme, but not at the cost of *Truth* and *Dharma* or at the cost of some other country.

We are very vociferous when any aggression is committed by America or Israel But we are/were silent when any aggression is/was committed by Russia against Hungary, Poland and Afghanistan Has not our stand on the Soviet aggression against Afghanistan isolated us from all non-aligned countries?

You are quite right But I, for one, have never hesitated to condemn aggression, whether it is committed by Russia or America or China or Israel Yes, our present Government is totally isolated from all non-aligned countries because we are not following the genuine non aligned policy advocated by the Janata Party, which was appreciated by all countries in the world

Turning to domestic affairs, V.P Singh as UP Chief Minister resigned because he failed to control the menace of dacoits. On the contrary, the Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, Arjun Singh, welcomed, entertained and gave a reception to the dacoit, Malkhan Singh, who surrendered to him. Malkhan Singh's entire gang was about to be smashed by the police when he offered to surrender Are we not demoralising the police? Malkhan Singh says that he has always supported the Congress (I) and will continue to do so. Has Malkhan Singh changed or has the Congress (I) become a party of dacoits?

You are right, still you should welcome such surrender, provided they have really repented for the sins they have committed. They should be punished, they should not be lionised as heroes. The dacoits must feel the shame of what they have done and should not be made out to be heroes in the media I don't believe Malkhan has changed Leopards don't change their spots If Malkhan has said that he always supported the Congress (I) and would continue to do so, and the Congress (I) admits him into their party, it would only mean that the Congress (I) is supported by the dacoits!

If you commit one murder, you may be hanged; but if you commit hundreds of murders and establish yourself as a notorious dacoit, you are entertained, given a reception by the Chief Minister and made a hero!

It is all wrong. That is why the law-and order situation is becoming worse day by day everywhere in our country Can you call a Government which surrenders to the dacoits a 'Government that works'? Is this Government working for the benefit of dacoits at the cost of our people and our nation?

Our new President said in an interview with a Bombay periodical that Dr Radhakrishnan may have been very good at English but he was never respected by our masses.

(Laughs) Now did he really say that! Still I am not at all surprised—it is typical of him

Is not Gandhian Socialism a contradiction in terms? It is as ridiculous as Capitalist Communism Gandhiji was all along opposed to socialism, as it stands for the abolition of all private property and advocates the ownership of all means of production. He was opposed to Government monopoly He stood for competition, as consumers are the ultimate beneficiaries in a market economy

You are right Everybody wants to exploit Gandhiji's name

The most developed countries in the world today—Japan, Taiwan and Singapore in Asia, West Germany, France and England in Europe, and the United States —have moved away from the disastrous path of socialism while we, in India, still cling to this outdated concept

What you say is partly true These countries believe in Practical Socialism and not in State Capitalism Socialism is not Communism, Socialism minus Democracy is Communism

You are well known for asking counter-questions How come you have not asked me a single counter-question?

I ask counter-questions only when meaningless questions are put. I want to put the questioner in his place

Rajaji had a unique knack of disarming his critics by his humour

Asking counter-questions is my idea of humour!

In the case of every human being, a time comes when his heart conflicts with the head on an issue Which should prevail: head or heart?

Both head and heart should go together harmoniously In my case, such a conflict has never arisen. If at all such a conflict arises, *Truth* and *Dharma* should prevail

What is your advice to our politicians?

When wealth and power are lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; but, when your character and credibility are lost, everything is lost Our politicians should learn this simple philosophy of life ■

Close Encounters Of The Electronic Kind

Like the glowing eye of Cyclops, the video stands in the corner of the darkened den. The pictures flitting across it are pure porn—purple enough to give Miss Grundy a heart attack. But the viewers glued to the screen couldn't care less. For them purpler the better. That is blue (or purple) video, the other side of the technological marvel, which is muscling out the 8mm movie as the principal purveyor of porn across the globe.

by Vithal C. Nadkarni

AS I grope along the dark passage, my hostess hisses: "Mind your step! Mind your step!" I recoil. But too late. I've already missed the step and my balance too! With a strangled yell, I clutch at the curtains as I crash headlong into the "room with the video".

The result of my precipitous "entry" is a stampede. Fellow guests in the room mistake me for a cop. And not wanting to be caught watching "naughty pictures", everyone is in a tearing hurry to clear out! In the ensuing melee I am forced to sacrifice a cufflink and a bit of epidermis off my elbow. But it is worth it. I have the room to myself—to regain my breath and bearing in privacy.

And, of course, there is the video. It stands like a glowing beacon in the corner of the darkened den. The images flickering on its screen are pure porn —of the electronic kind. A muscular Casanova is cavorting with a pair of luscious blondes, in full colour and stereophonic sound.

Nothing is being left to your imagination. From the steamy close-ups to the amplified grunts and moans, all is mercilessly exposed on the screen. Curiously, the overall effect is hardly titillating. The self-absorbed passion of the revellers, their very single-mindedness, is vaguely funny.

Also, the colours keep shifting. At a particularly "candid" sequence, the screen begins to flicker alarmingly. From garish greens and candy-floss pinks, the image suddenly turns black and white! Then, moments later, with a furious burst of static, the picture reverts to its old technicolor glory! All this makes the antics even more comical.

Frothing Frenzy

Moreover, the Casanova and his ladies are utterly at your mercy. You can "stop" them at will. You can even "rewind" them, so that from a frothing frenzy, the triad can be brought to heel in a hilarious anticlimax. With a flick of a knob you can arrest any sequence and rerun it any number of times, at variable speeds.

But wait. Why am I talking about Casanova? It's only a tape, running through a much (ab)used cassette. (It is an "Akai", I found out later) which is lodged in a "National" video machine.

The screen is by "Sony". And the action we are witnessing was originally shot in some dingy studio in Hong Kong or Hollywood. It was probably copied or pirated in Chembur or Cuffe Parade, Bombay. The anonymous people we are seeing are only electronic ghosts. By christening them "Casanova and his ladies" we are investing them with heroic identities. And putting our fantasies and fears under their sway (no pun intended).

The essence of pornography is that it dehumanises the participants ("sexed beings" to use Angela Carter's phrase). At its grossest, it reduces an act of love to an anatomical absurdity. At the same time it cons the viewer into a response. We are thus degraded to the level of behavioural pigeons, tricked into putting forth appropriate reactions—shame, disgust, lust *et al*—by the electronic "stimuli".

By now the "guests" are sheepishly filing back into the room, one by one. Having paid 100 rupees each for the night's "entertainment", they are all eager to rerun the bits they have missed even though, according to the middle-aged man next to me, many of them have already seen the "show" three or four times!

The man who says this reminds me of Humbert Humbert, the lecher from *Lolita*. I assume that he is chained to a dull job and a waspish wife. And since he has scruples enough not to exorcise (or exercise) his libido with a live Lolita, he is seeking the "safe" outlet: a vicarious trip on the video.

However, my assumptions prove wrong. He turns out to be a successful businessman, happily married to the hostess. He confides in me that he is "actually bored to the gills with the blue films". But that does not prevent him from leasing out his video and claiming the prerogative of a free show.

The triangle on the screen now becomes a rectangle: the satyr and his blondes are joined by a black Amazon. There is not even a pretence of a story or plot. With a happy squeal the giantess just flops among the "lovers"...

The average age of our viewers is barely 35. So it is not just "dirty old men" who watch blue video. But whoever comes—young or old—for these close encounters must have the money and time to spare (and, of course, the inclination!). A senior police official I met knows the type: the person who habitually patronises blue videos usually leads a life devoid of challenge or thrill; he makes an easy buck and is not averse to spending it. But the same official also says that it *is* difficult to generalise.

Indeed, during my visits to video sessions (as a bogus customer, I assure you) I met all kinds of people—ranging from clerks and salesmen having their big night out to bored businessmen and bureaucrats!

The action on the screen gets kinkier. Now a handsome hound is added to the fray. I watch the viewers. No one seems to mind. Everyone is utterly glued to the fluroscent screen of the idiot box which seems to have become a sort of window to a perverted menagerie...

According to video buffs, on any given weekend, Bombay has "at least 100 blue video shows going". However, the initial enthusiasm for blue movies among video owners is reportedly on the wane. Most owners of VCRs and VTRs I met were rather blase about blue movies.

Their reaction reminded me of the so-called "Scandinavian surfeit effect". Initially, when hard-core pornography was legalised in the Scandinavian countries, the skin-flick halls ran to capacity crowds. Gradually, however, familarity bred contempt. And hard core porn is no longer a booming business.

One tangible result of the video revolution is that it has made blue movies much more accessible. Moreover, it has simplified and (rendered inexpensive) the entire operation. Customs officials lament that video cassettes are so compact and so easy to conceal that it is difficult to check their influx. ("Insiders", however, allege that customs are themselves the biggest source of cassettes. Each cassette reportedly fetches Rs 600 to Rs 1,500 in the black market. It is then leased out at Rs 75 to Rs 100 per session).

The host whispers to me, "Just look at all that S/M: They are really cruel, these Hong Kong filmmakers..." On the screen, the black Amazon is flogging the Nordic blondes (using a red whip and an exaggerated violence that makes her jiggle most alarmingly!). If it were not for their deadly earnestness, these sado/masochistic games would be hilarious. I try to imagine what a MAD magazine parody of such a scene would be like: Don Martin would probably show the Casanova losing his dentures at the climactic moment (or the silicone draining out of the Amazon!).

Obviously my fellow viewers are not thinking of MAD magazine (if anything, it will be *Hustler* or *Playboy*!). Some of them are positively squirming around in guilty concupiscence. This is their weakest moment: when they are ready to exchange an "electronic encounter" with a real-life, flesh-and-blood kind. Indeed, one ingenious joy-house at Juhu was operating upon this very principle, until recently when it was closed by the police.

Ice-breaker

In fact, even now the video is used as an ice-breaker at many a private orgy. According to experts-that-be, it is "ideal for creating the ambience, loosening inhibitions and taboos". But this is equally true of the good old blue movies (The older hand-cranked projectors, however, have the obvious disadvantage that the projectionist cannot join the fun and games without interrupting the show).

Suddenly, without warning, all activity on the screen screeches to a halt. The picture is frozen, soundless. As the seconds tick by, the

Amazon's arm remains hanging in mid-air. Like two wet white fish stranded on a beach, the blondes go on cringing mutely on the rumpled bed...

I glance at the host. Is he using a remote control box? It's difficult to tell in the dark. "I thought only Doordarshan showed interruptions!" grumbles one viewer. With that the spell is broken. Everyone laughs and begins to talk... This reminds me of a line from Carter Brown thriller, "Laughter is the death-knell of sex..." With a muttered oath the host goes over to the video to restart the show. While he is fiddling with the knobs, I slip out of the room...

Loopholes abound in the legal briar which is supposed to keep the video wolf (of the lewd variety) at bay. "We know a lot of people in Bombay watch video, not necessarily blue," says a senior police official. "We also have reports that in some cases admission rates are charged. But in 9 out 10 instances, the films screened are not pornographic. Exhibiting films without a licence is the offence committed. Should we ban such activity or legalise it? Should we exclude hotels? What should be the legal framework and guide-lines? How to obtain compliance with the provisions. The entire matter is being scrutinised at the highest level."

Meanwhile the show(s) go on. A fellow scribe from *Shree*, a Marathi weekly, tells me that blue videos are routinely added to the "gift hampers" that shuttle around the corridors of power. He says some pious folk replace the revealing labels on the cassettes with chaste jackets—fashioned from handspun silk or sturdy rexin! Some maintain permanent collections. First editions made on imported tapes and exotic locales are much in demand. According to Bashir, a hawker from Dadabhoy Naoroji Road, Bombay, "the pirated shows on inferior tapes won't cost you much. But they also lack the kick of the *asli mal* (real stuff)!"

Bashir had a clutch of cassettes with exotic names: *Candy Goes To Hollywood; Lady Godiva's Run; School For Swedes*. The films are valued as "originals". They bear credits and titles and feature some of the well-known "personalities" from the $4,000,000,000-a-year porn industry in the United States. The "actress" from *Candy* is reportedly as good as Linda Lovelace (who, 10 years after she made *Deep Throat*, is a penniless, disillusioned matron nursing a child and a grouse against the men who "constantly exploited" her!)

Since I met him last, Bashir has allegedly shifted his operations to the Mohta Market area. He also said some of the air-conditioned warehouses in Bombay are used as video theatres because "you can't lease out the machines freely in residential localities (*baal bachchewali basti*)". And if you do, you should be careful not to go in a crowd. "Go one by one or in twos to avoid attracting the attention of the neighbours," advises Bashir. "Normally the neighbours don't bother (keep them happy; invite them sometimes and never make a nuisance of yourself!). But there is always the fear of a police tip-off. A friend who 'arranges' blue film shows in the Dadar area was once chased by cops in plain-clothes. He escaped by dropping the portable projector."

But arrests made are few and far between. "Establishing an iron clad case involves great expense and legwork. And, of course, information, which is almost never forthcoming," says an Assistant Commissioner of Police. "A number of infiltration attempts by the police have produced just one case so far. We are also hamstrung by the law. Holding a risque screening for free *private enjoyment* is not a crime! Remember the ruling in the cabaret cases? What can the police do?"

Should we then leave pornography alone, as some "experts" suggest? According to them porn offers a 'safe" outlet and absorbs anti-social sexual aggression. But that is clearly a specious argument. By that reckoning, America with its flourishing porn biz, should have a negligible rate of sexual offences. Instead, there is a rape every 12 minutes (half the victims are under 18 and a quarter are under 12!) Furthermore, some 2,80,00,000 wives are battered every year in the country.

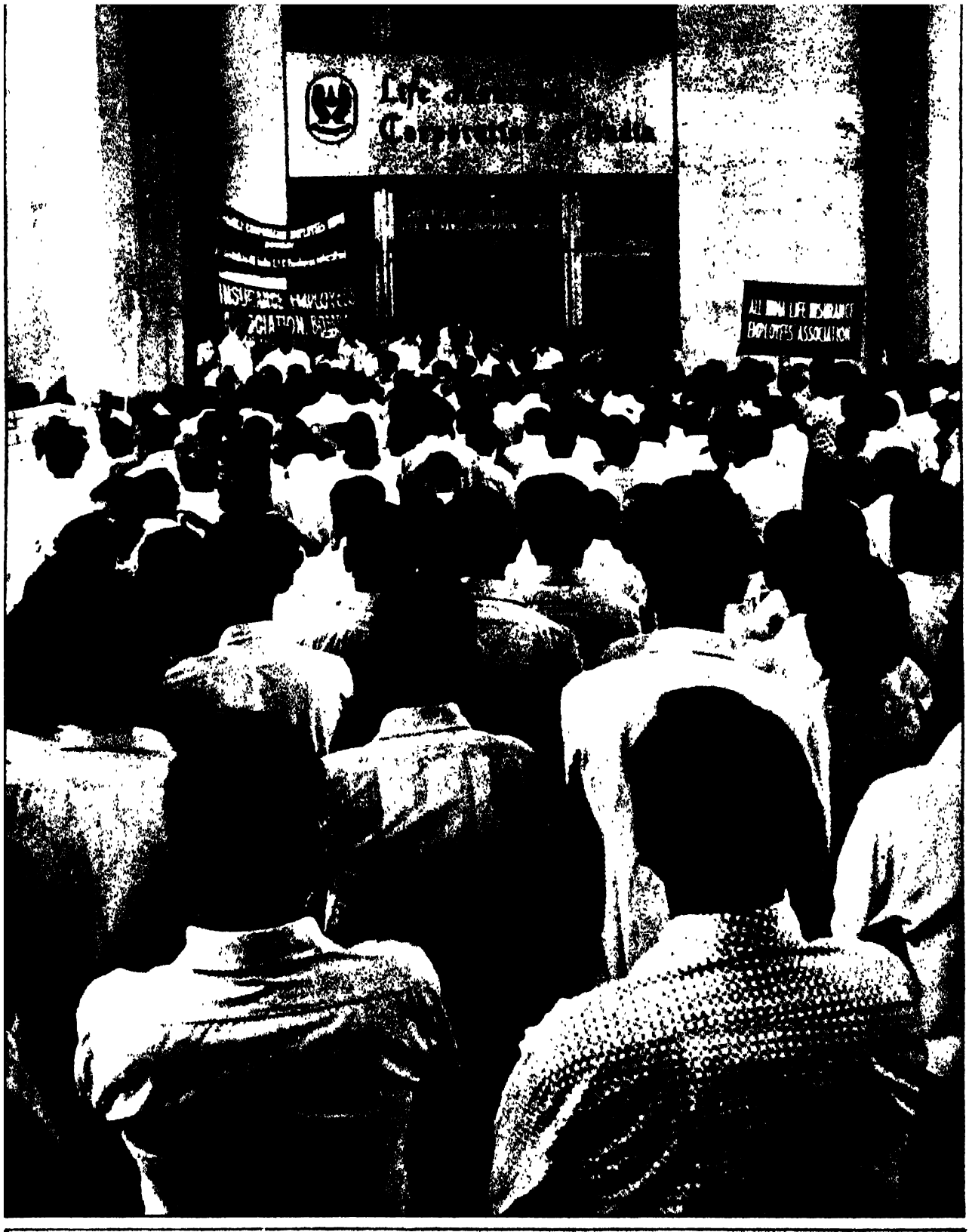
The number of Ghashiram Kotwals* is probably far more in India. Ours is *also* a violent society, but in a different way. Moreover, the connection between the spread of porn and the increasing incidence of rape is yet to be established here. Many feel that pornography is still a luxury, restricted to the few, from the higher and middle echelons. "Seventy-five per cent of the population which grovels below the poverty line would rather have a cold brown vada chutney than a hot blue video cassette," says one social worker.

"But the point is no one's asking them. All you get is an increasing dosage of sex and violence in your daily life. Look around: you can see in hoardings, in print, in films, everywhere..."

All this does raise a lot of questions. How do we draw the line? Can one man's porn be another's corn? By what yardstick do we regulate public taste? Perhaps what we need are not erotic nor electronic but enlightened encounters. ■

—Photographs by Dayaram Chawda

*After Vijay Tendulkar's play of the same name in which the protagonist is a notorious Male Chauvinist Pig who uses and discards women like handkerchiefs.



How LIC Rooks Policy-Holders

Since its creation, the LIC has tended to treat the policy-holder like a stepchild. He is being made to pay through the nose while his returns on the investment stand at next to nothing.

by N.L. Bapat

SPECIFICALLY to protect the interest of the policy-holder and to guard him against the malpractices of the private companies, the Life Insurance business was nationalised. When the Life Insurance Corporation (LIC) was created on September 1, 1956, an express promise of a better deal was given to the policy-holder on the floor of the Lok Sabha by the Government. Has the LIC kept that promise during the last 25 years?

In 1956, the LIC accepted Oriental rates based on the 1925-35 mortality experience. Only a minor refinement was introduced in that it accepted a lighter mortality table. Since 1935, all the basic factors on which premium rates are based were undergoing vast improvements. Still, up to 1980, the LIC refused to reduce its premium rates. Even the 1980 reduction was like throwing dust into the public eye, as will become obvious as you read on.

Between 1925 and 1935, the average expectancy of life was 27 years in India. By 1980, it had gone up to over 60 years. During 1925-35, the death-rate was 36 per 1,000. It was just 12 in 1980. Most of the life insurance is taken by the educated urban people. Among them, the average expectancy of life and death-rate were still better in 1980 at 65 years and 10 per 1,000. Since 1963, the LIC's own actuaries were continuously pointing out that the actual death strain had been only 44 per cent of the assumed.

Naturally, the maturity claims were growing and the death claims falling. The LIC was collecting premium on more policies till their maturity than what it was believed when premium rates were finalised in 1956. Owing to rising interest rates, the LIC was also collecting more revenue on its life fund than what it did in 1956. In 1956, the LIC earned interest at just 3.7 per cent, against 7.5 per cent in 1980. Only the expense ratio had shown an adverse movement, but it was as little as 1 per cent between 1956 and 1980. Hence policy-holders expected a substantial reduction in the premium rates.

'Startling' Reductions

The group of insurance experts appointed by the Administrative Reforms Commission had recommended in 1967 itself that the LIC should reduce its rates *immediately* by 50 per cent and examine the possibility of a further reduction in *further* detail. Against this background, the reductions announced by the LIC in April 1980 make startling reading.

The LIC has announced somewhat fair reductions in premium rates of only those plans which are not popular. Without-profit insurance-plans are not opted for nowadays. Thus new premium rates on a whole-life-without-profits plan are lower than old ones by 10 to 17 per cent, depending on the age of the insured at the time of taking insurance. In 1981-82, the LIC sold over 21 lakh new policies. The number of policies sold under this plan was as small as 1,000.

On the other hand, some insurance plans are in great demand. Here, the reduction in premium is too small to

mention. In 1981-82, out of over 21 lakh new policies worth Rs 3,478 crores sold by the LIC, 13.33 lakh worth Rs 1,747 crores were under endowment assurance with profit plans. The premium reduction here is between 1 and 5 per cent.

A quick computation shows that a premium of Rs 8.45 per Rs 1,000 would be sufficient if one bought a whole-life-without-profits policy at the age of 20 against the new rate of Rs 13.60. Thus, even the new reduced rate is almost 50 per cent higher. It may be added that, while making the above calculations, benefits accruing from only higher-interest rates have been taken into account. Benefits flowing from higher life-expectancy and lower death-rate have not been included. As shown above, those benefits are quite substantial.

Revealing Comparison

Comparison of the LIC's premium rates with those of Postal Life Insurance (PLI) is informative. If an individual obtains a policy of Rs 10,000 from the LIC at the age of 21, he pays a monthly premium of Rs 45 for a period of 19 years. For the same policy of the same duration, PLI charges only Rs 32.50—that is, 28 per cent less. However, all cannot obtain a PLI policy. Those who can do so have been rigidly classified and categorised. Hence, for a majority of the policy-holders, there is no other way but to buy an LIC policy. The LIC is thus in a monopolistic position and exploiting its consumers—namely, policy-holders.

Almost all LIC Chairmen say that policy-holders would be compensated through an increased bonus. But here, too, the policy adopted by the LIC is unduly harsh on policy-holders. The LIC's own actuaries in their second (p.2) and third (p.4) valuation reports have stated that the present basis for arriving at the bonus is stringent. The current policy of the LIC is to squeeze the surplus available for distribution as bonus to policy-holders from both ends: by *assuming* income to be lower than actually received and expenses to be much higher than actually incurred.

Thus, in the latest 12th valuation, it is stated that the average gross rate of interest per annum earned was 7.54 per cent. However, for the purpose of calculating surplus, it was assumed as 3¾ per cent. As a result, the income from interest is shown less by Rs 204 crores than the one *actually realised*.

On the other hand, the actual average renewal-expense ratio was 15.51 per cent. It is assumed as 30 per cent. Hence the expenses were raised by Rs 29 crores. By the time the 12th valuation was taken up, the accounts had been audited and finalised. The income had been actually realised and the expenses had been incurred. There was thus no need to *assume* lower income and higher expenses. Both were known for certain.

In this way, the surplus was reduced by Rs 233 crores and the quantum of bonus by as much as 63 per cent. Finally, bonus of Rs 24.80 per Rs 1,000 was declared. It could have easily been Rs 40. Last year, PLI declared bonus at Rs 31.

Slowly but surely, the LIC is assigning a smaller and smaller percentage of its income to its policy-holders by way of different benefits. During the first year after nationalisation—that is, in 1957—the LIC distributed 31.5 per cent of its total income to policy-holders. Last year, it was only 26 per cent. Even if the LIC had retained the same share for use to policy-holders, it could have declared 20 per cent higher bonus. Whichever way one may look at the problem, one reaches the same conclusion: benefits flowing to policy-holders are being reduced *deliberately* and *artificially*.

It would have been a different thing if the LIC had not been in a position to assign a bigger share to policy-holders in its growing prosperity. But, as shown above, the LIC can so assign a bigger share but has chosen not to do so owing to its monopoly of Life Insurance business.

There is no representation for the policy-holders on the Board of Actuaries entrusted with the responsibility of determining the surplus. All the actuaries on that Board are employees of the LIC. It is time this lacuna in the legislation was rectified and, statutorily, at least one actuary was appointed to represent the interests of policy-holders.

Unanimous decisions of the Board may be implemented straight away. But, if there is a difference of opinion, then the matter should be referred to a Board of Arbitration specially constituted for the purpose. On that Board, all interests should be suitably represented.

Some Service!

Recently, the high-powered Era Sezhiyan Committee set up to review the functioning of the LIC stressed the need to pass on maximum benefits to policy-holders either through suitably higher bonus or lower premium rates. Unless some such arrangement as suggested here is made in the statute, expert recommendations like those of the Era Sezhiyan Committee and the Administrative Reforms Commission would remain on paper, unimplemented.

About the service rendered to policy-holders by the LIC, the less said the better. As far back as in 1962 itself, the Calcutta Policy-Holders' Association passed a special resolution inviting the attention of the LIC to the poor service rendered by it. For a complete dicussion of this aspect of the LIC's working, the interested reader may refer to the 134th Report of the Estimates Committee chaired by H.C. Dasappa. The Report devotes a full chapter to discussing the various complaints against the LIC. The number of complaints received by the Central Office of the LIC is invariably in thousands. Last year, it was 11,345. And this did not include the large number of complaints received by the divisional offices of the LIC.

Never Forgets The Penalty!

Recently, the LIC withdrew the facility given to policy-holders of paying premium at any LIC office on the specious ground that it created confusion in its accounts. The remedy was streamlining the accounting procedure and not withdrawing the facility itself. Policy-holders were getting this facility right from the introduction of the Life Insurance business in India. It was very badly needed by those who are frequently transferred from one place to another in the course of their service.

Such policy-holders preferred to keep their policy records attached to only one office from beginning to end but would pay the premium to any LIC office near to their place of duty at the time of payment of any particular premium. The said LIC office would then transfer the premium amount to the concerned office. Now such policy-holders must send the premium either by bank draft, money-order or the like or get their policies frequently transferred.

In the past, both those remedies have been found to be very inconvenient, particularly as, most of the time, the LIC takes more than three months to transfer policy records from one office to another. Then the payment of premium is necessarily delayed. The previous office to which the policy was attached refuses to accept the premium as it does not have the records. The new office to which the policy is sought to be transferred also refuses to accept the premium, as it has not by then received the policy records. But the LIC never forgets to charge a penalty for delay in payment of the premium even in such cases where the responsibility for the delayed payment squarely lies on its shoulders.

The worst feature of the LIC's operations is the delay in settlement of accepted claims. Every year, without exception, such claims are rising both in number and in the amount involved. Such claims were worth Rs 9 crores in 1956, when the LIC took over from private insurance companies. Last year, the outstanding amount had gone up to Rs 63.10 crores—showing a 700 per cent increase in just 25 years. Within just 5 years from 1976-77 to 1981-82, such claims have gone up by 160 per cent—from Rs 25 crores to Rs 63 crores. In 1976-77, the absolute number of outstanding claims was 61,000. By 1981-82, it had more than doubled to 1.51 lakhs.

At present, over 4,500 *death* claims are lying unsettled with the LIC for more than two years. Two years ago, the number was 3,545. It shows that, instead of improvement, there has been deterioration. The representative of the Finance Ministry told the Estimates Committee that the position regarding outstanding claims made *"bad reading"*.

Apparently, the LIC has completely forgotten that, after nationalisation, Life Insurance has become a business as well as a public service. ■

Inside Pakistan Today—I

Women Are Not For Whipping

Strange, indeed, are the doings of Pakistan's mullahs, maulvis, and military rulers. The country's new laws have reduced women to helpless targets.

by Lopamudra

FOR the first time in Pakistan a few weeks ago a woman was publicly whipped at Swat, Peshawar. Her husband had charged her with infidelity. The woman was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined Rs 10,000. Her appeal to the Federal Shariat Court was set aside. That was not all. She was publicly given 20 lashes. Pakistani women organised a Women's Action Forum against this "cruel game" and voiced their protest to General Zia but to no effect.

Last year in September an 18-year-old girl, Fahmida, was administered 100 whips and her lover, Allah Bux, a bus driver, was sentenced to be stoned to death publicly. This sentence is, however, yet to be carried out

Fahmida, a Std X student of the Prince Karim Aga Khan School, had produced papers of her marriage to the driver, which were rejected on the ground that at the time of marriage she was pregnant.

Eight prominent women's organisations in Karachi formed a Women's Action Forum, collected signatures against the Shariat order and sent them to General Zia. Fahmida's sentence was suspended till the disposal of her appeal in the Shariat Court, but it is feared that, after Swat, it may fare no better.

Not content with corporal punishment, the mullahs continue to heap atrocities on hapless women. In October, a newborn child was stoned to death near a mosque in Karachi. A mullah on seeing a crying child on the stairs of the mosque, gave the *fatwa* (without making any inquiry) that the child was illegitimate, and should be stoned to death. The first stone was thrown by the mullah himself. Thereafter a mad crowd showered the child with stones. When a few passers-by tried to save it, they too were injured. The daily, *Dawn* further stated that witnesses were threatened with dire consequences if the news was leaked to the press. Fortunately, however, the press *did* get the information.

Strange are the doings of such mullahs, maulvis and military rulers. Dr Asrar Ahmed, one of the leading religious scholars, has petitioned the *Majlis-e-Shoora* (Federal Council) that since women are responsible for the growing rise in sex crimes they should not be appointed to Government posts or selected for the *Majlis-e-Shoora* and other institutions, but confined to their homes.

It is also proposed to reduce the marriageable age for girls in Pakistan under the Islamic law from 18 to 15. Besides, a demand has been tabled in the Federal Council to rescind the Family Law Ordinance which says that a man cannot marry a second time without the first wife's permission.

The Woman's Value

General Zia has further issued a law which fixes a woman's value as half that of man. According to this law, if a man is murdered, the victim's next of kin can demand either the death of the murderer or accept in lieu of it 4.36 kg of gold as compensation. If the victim is a woman, only half this quantity of gold is to be paid.

There is also a strong movement all over Pakistan for keeping women in *purdah*. Yet another indignity is an order instructing female TV announcers to keep their heads covered. In fact, a popular TV announcer was sacked for failing to comply with it. The mullahs propound a ridiculous justification: if women remain bare-headed, they emit rays that harm men.

An inevitable consequence of these harsh rules (of confining women within the four walls of their homes) is the phenomenon of kidnapping. Even worse is the actual sale of girls by their parents, another common occurrence.

Not only is crime against women in Pakistan on the rise, with an ever-increasing number of rape incidents and wife-burning, but it is *only* the women who are the helpless targets of new laws.

Only recently a lawyer, Ansari Barni, had filed a petition in Pakistan's Federal Shariat Court that women's appointment to the posts of judges, etc, should be declared illegal. Fortunately, the full bench of the Federal Shariat Court gave a decision that it is not against Islam to appoint women as kazis, judges and magistrates.

Though the women have won this battle, there is no end to the prejudices against them. Two separate medical colleges have been opened for women. But according to a prominent teacher, Anita Gulam Ali, the girls graduating from these colleges will get fewer opportunities than men to further their career.

At present only 11 per cent of the total population of women in Pakistan is literate. Of the 65 lakh school-going children, only 20 lakh are girls.

Women doctors, lawyers, professors, judges etc, are being continually discouraged from providing serious competition to their male counterparts. In the same strain, women athletes have been forbidden to participate in international sports competitions, the Asiad being the most recent example. ■

THEIR PROTESTS ALL GO UNHEEDED.

In Pakistan, industrial growth is hampered by the stranglehold of finance and the interference by bureaucrats. The country's foreign exchange budget is heavily in deficit and inflation rages at the rate of about 10 per cent. Peshawar, however, is prosperous. But, ironically, this prosperity springs from its convenient location (adjoining the tribal areas), trade in heroin and hashish, and the poor Afghan refugees, concludes the author.

by M.K. Rustomji

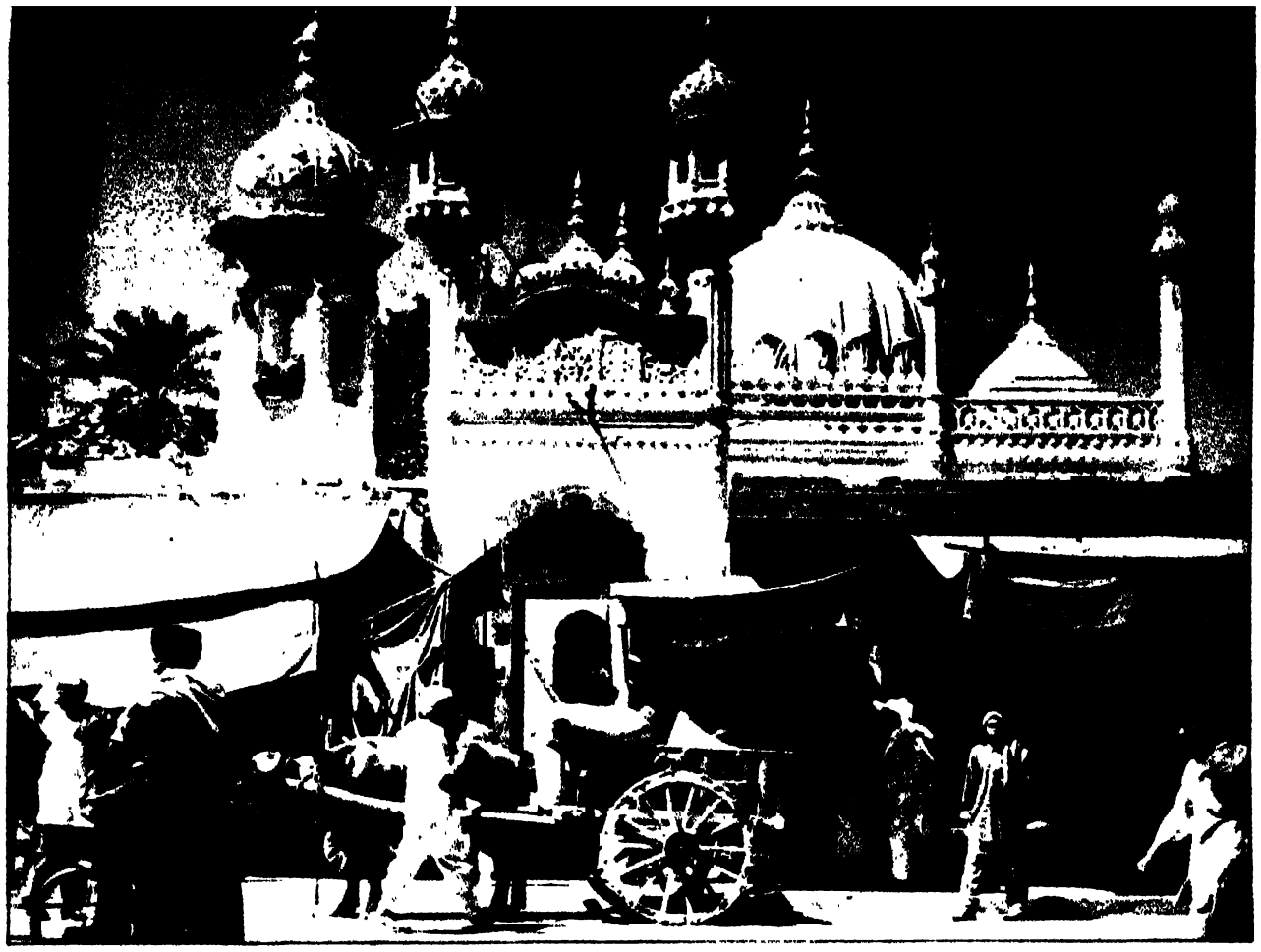
THE latest management techniques and how they can promote the economy and well-being of Third World countries such as India and Pakistan were outlined when I addressed the Pakistan Planning Commission in Islamabad in December. In both countries, the stranglehold of finance and the interference by bureaucrats, at Delhi and Islamabad, is responsible for delaying decisions and consequently industrial growth. It is only when chief executives with experience in industry are put in charge of industrial enterprises with full authority and without being continually interfered with by the Centre or by a financial adviser and chief accounts officer is it possible to make progress and avoid unnecessary delays. I was surprised at the little knowledge which the Pakistan Planning Commission had of India's industrial development although it seemed well up on advances in other countries.

During a ten-week lecture tour in Pakistan, I found that it had made considerable progress over the years, especially when one considers that, at the time of partition, there were hardly any industries in Pakistan and that many people on both sides of the divide feared the new country's imminent collapse through sheer lack of experienced personnel.

The remittances from almost three million Pakistanis working in the Gulf, Saudi Arabia, England, the United States and other parts of the world help sustain Pakistan's economy in a big way. This is a large number, especially when one considers that the whole population of Pakistan is a little over 80 million or about one-eighth of India's. Official remittances now amount to the staggering sum of about $2.5 billion a year. The Government is also very lenient as far as the imports of foreign goods are concerned. Pakistani nationals working abroad are allowed to import large quantities of foreign goods without paying customs duty when they return home. There are, thus, plenty of gleaming imported cars, electronic gadgets and cosmetics in the streets and homes of Pakistan. Emigrants often sell such duty-free imports to the general public at a high profit.

Inspite of the remittances, the foreign exchange budget of Pakistan is heavily in deficit and the yawning gap is filled by borrowing overseas. Inflation is at the rate of about 10 per cent, but wages are also increasing, if anything, a little faster.

There are hardly any beggars in the streets of the major cities. Very few



A GLIMPSE OF PESHAWAR. This street scene shows one of the city's most beautiful mosques with tiny shops and buffalo-driven transport carts

Inside Pakistan Today—II

Peshawar, A Boom City

people go barefooted and visible signs of destitution are hard to come by. Punjab and Sind, which are the major provinces of Pakistan, are fertile and surplus in food.

Much of the power in Pakistan is hydel but the enormous finds of gas at Sui in Baluchistan are now being exploited and Sui gas is piped to towns as far away as Karachi, Lahore and Islamabad. Pakistan does not seem to suffer from power shortage to the same extent as India.

Most Prosperous

Peshawar is the most prosperous city in Pakistan and real estate values there are higher than anywhere else in the country This is due mainly to three factors. Firstly, Peshawar adjoins the vast tribal areas of Pakistan. It has been decided, some time ago, by the Government that the normal laws of Pakistan do not apply to the tribal areas. As a result, goods intended for Afghanistan, which enter Pakistan at Karachi, are diverted to Peshawar and sold in the customs-free tribal areas A little Hong Kong, dealing in duty-free goods, has thus sprung up about 20 miles from Peshawar and it accounts partly for the affluence of the people of Peshawar.

Secondly, trade in heroin and hashish, running into many millions of dollars, flourishes in the tribal areas near Peshawar and is a contributory factor. Many little factories, engaged in the manufacture of heroin, have sprung up in the city's vicinity.

Finally, many Afghan refugees have brought in large amounts of money and have further boosted Peshwar's prosperity. Besides half the cost of maintaining some two million poor Afghan refugees in tents is borne by the Pakistan Government and the other half comes as gifts from abroad.

The Karakoram Highway

Although the Chinese keep a very low profile in Pakistan, the Karakorum highway which they have built and which is almost 1,000 miles in length right up to the Chinese border is a most impressive engineering feat. This road is very broad and passes through some of the most difficult terrain in the world and at times it traverses terrain as high as 16,000 ft. It has helped to open up large areas of Gilgit and Hunza, which were previously cut off from civilisation and which now have heavy trucks running right through them. The traffic near the Chinese border is relatively small and, for many months of the year, this roadway is out of use because of heavy snowfall. But it is still much cheaper to bring goods into Pakistan through Karachi than through the Karakoram roadway

A dramatic example of how the army acts in Pakistan to solve the country's problems is the way it broke a very serious traffic bottleneck recently Goods were not flowing smoothly to Karachi, the country's main outlet to the outside world. So the logistic cell of the army moved in; it purchased several hundred heavy trucks from West Germany, Japan and Italy in short order.

A familiar scene on Pakistan's highways today is the sight of these enormous trucks, usually with trailers, carrying goods from Rawalpindi, Peshawar and Lahore to Karachi. Many senior retired service personnel are now heading most of the big public sector enterprises in Pakistan.

The Russian Presence

Symbolically, the Russian presence is marked by what is far and away the biggest single industrial enterprise in Pakistan today. the steel works sited about 30 miles from Karachi. This is a million-ton Russian-designed steel plant which was set up during Bhutto's regime and it has already cost the Pakistan government almost $3 billion. The main raw materials for the steel works—iron ore and coal—will come mainly from abroad but a considerable amount of prospecting work is being done and it is hoped that, in the years to come, Pakistan will be self-sufficient in iron ore and coal Even so, due to the high initial capital cost of the project, it will produce steel at a much higher cost than the imported product and remain a white elephant.

Beautiful Islamabad

Islamabad must be one of the world's most beautiful capitals Designed and laid out by the famous American architect Stone the site is scenic The beautiful foothills of the Himalayas can be seen from almost every part of Islamabad.

Islamabad struck me as being a town for the rich. There were big affluent bungalows everywhere but there appeared to be little accommodation available for the working and the lower middle class people. People in this category commute daily from Rawalpindi, which is about 15 miles from Islamabad, as accommodation there is very much cheaper than in Islamabad

Islamabad is growing fast and already has a population of almost 300,000. Lahore was also suggested as a site for the capital of Pakistan, but Islamabad was finally selected as it was felt that Lahore was too near the Indian border.

Tourists are negligible in Pakistan and the big hotels that were built in some of the major towns have a low occupancy rate There is very little in the country that can keep the tourist amused in the evening. Alcohol is not easily available and the usual cabaret shows are no longer staged. While alcoholic drinks are forbidden to Muslims, Christians, Parsis and other non-Muslims can consume alcohol provided they obtain a permit from the Government. I was given to understand that a considerable amount of Indian-produced alcohol is being smuggled into Pakistan and sold in some of the major towns.

A feature of present-day Pakistan is the building of a large number of new mosques Islamabad is building one of the biggest mosques in the world, financed by Saudi money, and, the plan is, this mosque will be a centre of Islamic knowledge and will be fully air-conditioned.

Other features are the loud sounds—five times a day—of the *muezzin* calling the faithful to prayer through very powerful microphones.

An Indian Town

Karachi is almost entirely an Indian town, for the vast majority of its four million residents come from India. I was very surprised to find that so many families in Pakistan are divided—with close relations in India In fact, I was told both by Piracha, the Pakistan Ambassador in India and Sharma his counterpart in Islamabad, that over 1,000 people a day apply for visas to visit India and Pakistan through their respective Embassies in Islamabad and Delhi.

I met the Indian trade team in Lahore, and the members of this team were very hopeful that the present very small official trade between India and Pakistan will soon increase.

The riots which occasionally erupt in Indian towns are very prominently featured in the Pakistan papers.

Kashmir is a subject which most Pakistanis feel quite strongly about The nomenclature for the two Kashmirs in Pakistan is significant—one is Azad (Free) Kashmir and the other is Occupied Kashmir.

People seem to be very hopeful that the thawing of relations between Pakistan and India will continue and that the impediments to the movement of people between the two countries will in future be considerably eased, specially after the setting up of the Pakistan Consulate in Bombay in the mansion where Jinnah once lived. ■

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A Mockery Of Democracy?

by Sujata Anandan

Gauhati:

THE Indian Airlines flight from Calcutta to Gauhati has very few passengers on board: a Catholic priest returning from his home-town in Kerala to his parish in Tezpur, a Services' family on its way to Jorhat (the father being Air Force personnel posted there), a businessman returning from a conference in Calcutta and a journalist flying in to report on the turbulent situation in the State barely fill up a quarter of the aircraft.

As the plane circles over Gauhati Airport and finally touches down, the silence and the tension become very apparent. There are only armed CRPF personnel, who throw a half-ring round the aircraft and watch warily the two passengers who get off and walk towards the Arrivals' Lounge. At the entrance, there are more guards; and still more outside. The roads are lined with men in khaki carrying loaded rifles. In fact, the place looks like it is under siege. Even during the 1962 war, I am told, there were not as many armed guards deployed in the State as now. They are here to see through the elections, a supposedly democratic process carried out under armed escort. The CRPF presence in Assam is indeed pervasive.

At many places, the CRPF has been accused of actually perpetrating the crime. At yet another district town, CRPF men opened fire arbitrarily, killing four, when a group of men attempted to decamp with bullet-cases and other ammunition stocked there by the guards.

These, and other similar incidents, have made the CRPF notorious, indeed extremely feared, in Assam.

There is also a difference in their attitude, a difference in their reaction to their surroundings, that sets them apart from the Assam Police and other CRPF battalions elsewhere in the country. They have been instructed, a CRPF jawan tells me, by their officers and the administration that the Assamese are not unlike the Naga and Mizo insurgents in the neighbouring States.

No One Spoke...

Ironically, the only means of defence against the CRPF bullets that the Assamese have exhibited so far have been gunny-bags filled with stones and rolled at the jawans from certain vantage points—so inadequate as to be almost pathetic. The CRPF men, who fear that they will be ambushed and attacked, tend to react strongly—in fact, too strongly—to even the slightest provocation from the Assamese. They never relax: not even at roadside *dhabas* and wayside inns. Nothing moves them, not even women. They sit with one hand close to their guns and eyes darting suspiciously all around, each newcomer subjected to unnerving scrutiny. They are in direct contrast to a battalion of Assam Police.

In fact, the tension in Gauhati before the last phase of the elections was so great as to be almost tangible. Not a single soul stirred on the streets—no loudspeakers, no election propaganda, no election posters: except in the predominantly Muslim and Bengali areas, no carnival spirit. There was none of the paraphernalia generally associated with elections. Transport was practically impossible, all available vehicles having been requisitioned by the Government for election purposes. No one spoke, not even a whisper. The town looked as though plunged in deep mourning.

The tension arose not just from the presence of the CRPF—this being the least of the people's fears. The bigger factor was the AASU call for an Assam Bandh until the conclusion of the elections. Any Assamese distantly associated with the polling found himself hounded, his people killed, his children murdered, bombs exploding in his car and his home: a heavy price to pay under any circumstances. So they preferred not to exercise their franchise if this bought them peace of mind and safety—which it did.

In fact, this feature alone explains, to a great extent, the poor turnout at the elections all over the State. While a majority of the Assamese are with the agitators, fears of reprisals made most others reluctant to participate in the process.

At one village, a contesting candidate was abruptly cut off by close family members the moment he filed his nomination papers: they feared society more than they loved him. At another village, the in-laws of a contesting candidate were wounded by their neighbours, their house was set on fire and their property was looted. They sought shelter in the candidate's home and remained confined indoors even after the elections.

Such fear permeates even the villages in the interior. Voting was moderate only in the Bengali Muslim and Bengali Hindu areas. The extremely poor turnout at the Assamese-speaking Muslim villages would have one believe that this sector of the State's population has totally cooperated with the AASU Movement. On the day of the elections, the villages appeared totally deserted, doors and windows were shut, curtains were drawn. No children played in the fields, not even dogs ventured outside.

The only people in and around the polling-booths were polling officers and the CRPF guards. However, groups of young, tough-looking men stood or sat at a distance, three to four furlongs away from the polling centres. They effectively cut off approach from all directions and watched out for anyone who attempted to cast his vote: this apparently was enough to discourage even the most courageous from inviting the wrath of the agitators. One will never know now how many villagers willingly or unwillingly sacrificed their right to vote.

On the other hand, the elections themselves have made a total mockery of democracy. And they have set several undesirable precedents—they have been the bloodiest elections in Indian history. They have also been the most expensive—reluctant polling officials were brought in from Delhi and Bihar on the promise of large compensation in the event of death or injury while on election duty: Rs 1,00,000 to the family of each gazetted officer killed; Rs 50,000 in the case of non-gazetted officers. Also, the Workmen's Compensation Act was to be applicable in the event of injury or disablement. Bihar officials were promised payment of full salary to their next of kin till their retirement age in the event of their death. And they were all flown in a specially chartered Indian Airlines plane. These expenses alone run into crores.

The incentives were sufficiently attractive to make the officials realise the gravity of the situation they were being placed in. Said an IFS probationer on polling duty at a suburban booth in Gauhati: "There was no question of refusing. We were all on tour when we got the directive from the Home Ministry. All we can do is pray and hope for our safe return. (Several polling officials and guards have reportedly made a beeline towards a temple near Gauhati, the presiding deity of which supposedly grants every wish. "Please God, let us return safely!" seems to have been their collective prayer.)

The IAS probationers brought in from Delhi (there were two women among them) were placed under heavy CRPF guard. Barriers were thrown all around their residential premises and all approaches were blocked off. While most of the Assamese State officials went underground, others were arrested under the NSA, guarded round the clock and later forcibly taken for polling duty.

Far From Free Or Fair

Despite all these measures, however, one gets the impression that the elections were not entirely free and fair. To begin with, the electoral rolls of 1979 were not revised and several legitimate voters found themselves unlisted. There were no polling agents at practically every polling centre. Officials from outside the State were unable to read the electoral rolls, which were entirely in Assamese. They were provided with Assamese interpreters who mostly failed to turn up. At places, Assamese CRPF guards helped out but, where these guards were sympathetic to the cause and refused to read and tally the rolls, the officials were helpless. It is very possible that several genuine voters were turned away by the overcautious officials. At other centres, where officials were less particular, there was enough scope for foulplay. In fact, a social worker—a dedicated Congress (I) worker—who toured the districts of Assam alleged that, wherever the genuine voter turnout was more than 25, there was large-scale rigging.

Even if the elections were totally free and fair, they have served no purpose. The voting was moderate only in the areas occupied by the Bengalis and the immigrants. The turnout was extremely poor in the Assamese Hindu and Assamese Muslim areas and, at a fair number of polling centres, there was no voting at all.

How Will They Rule?

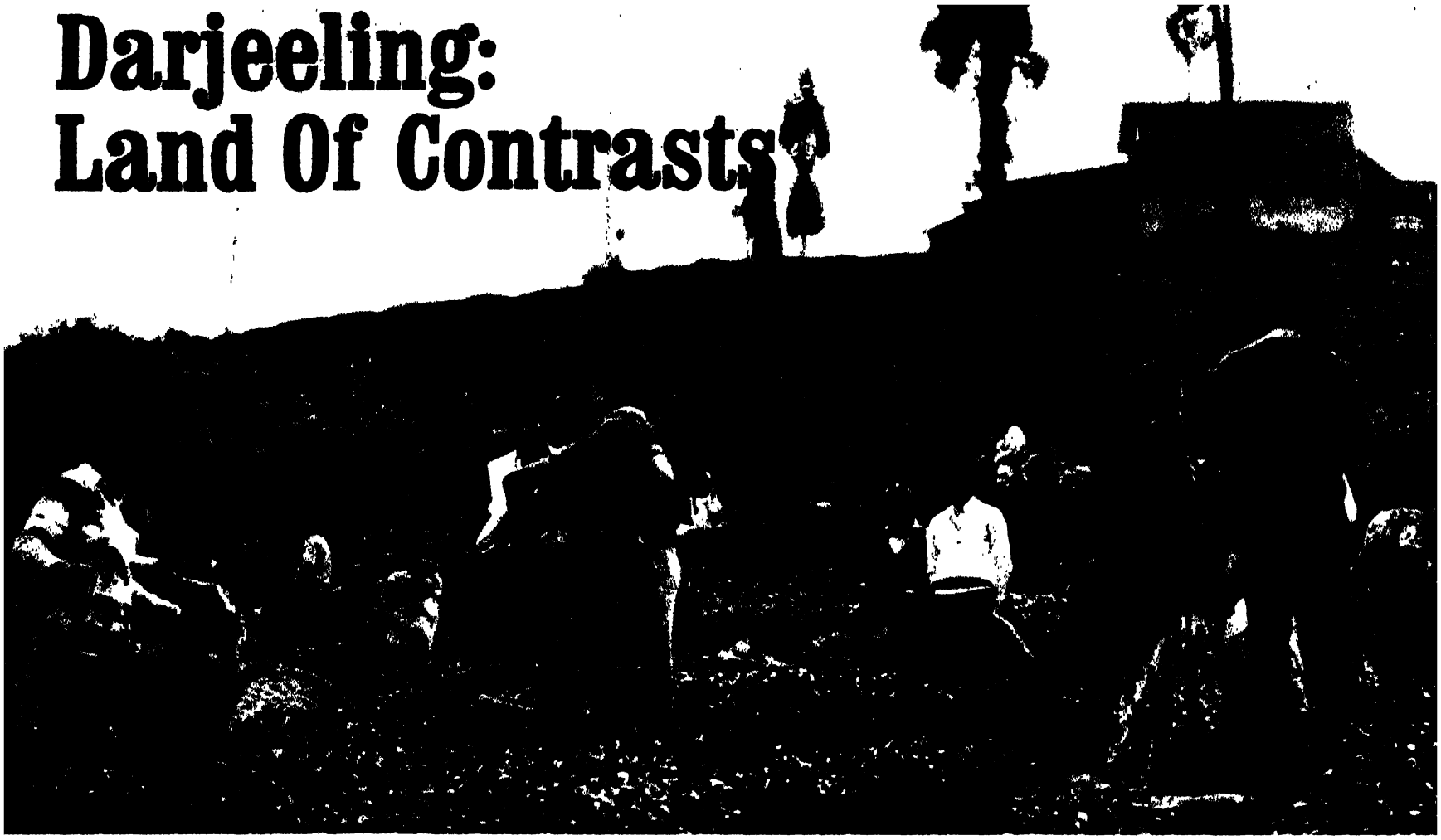
Under the circumstances, even if a Ministry is constituted, it can be nothing but a farce. Although the Chief Electoral Officer has opined that the casting of even a single vote makes an election legal, the leaders do not have a popular mandate, nor do they have the confidence of the people. An AASU call for a *bandh* is instantly obeyed, while the administration's call for normality is totally ignored. How will these "elected" leaders effectively rule the State?

The imposition of elections on the State, at the expense of so much life and property, may conceal a totally different pattern. This became apparent with the gradual withdrawal of the CRPF from the State and the rapid mushrooming of army camps all over the countryside.

Perhaps the AASU leaders would have been wiser to allow the Assamese to contest the elections—since they enjoy a good deal of support—and, on the strength of their majority in the Assembly, they could have bargained for their position with the Centre. ■

WOMEN SATYAGRAHIS being escorted by the police after arrest for picketing at the DC's Court, Gubli, in Gauhati.

Darjeeling: Land Of Contrasts



While Darjeeling fascinates and attracts, behind its beauty lie ugliness and neglect which has caused the town to be as hated as it is adored.

by
Gautaman Bhaskaran

WROTE Mark Twain: "The one land that all men desire to see, and having seen once—by even a glimpse—would not give that glimpse for the shows of the rest of the world combined." That land is Darjeeling, hidden among the towering snow-capped ranges of the Kanchenjunga. But this Shangri-La, discovered and developed by the British in the early years of the 19th century, is a land of contrasts. It is today as beautiful as it is ugly, as adored as it is hated and as well-cared for as it is neglected.

The winding way up the 7,000 feet to Darjeeling has breath-taking sights to offer. The deep and absolutely green ravines, ornamental, terraced tea estates, pretty Nepali women offering hot beverages, well-mannered monkeys that almost come up to you and say a hello, delightful mountain springs and a refreshing breeze all leave you fascinated. But the bad patches on the road, the missing guards, particularly at places with awesome falls, and the recklessness in some drivers take away some thrill from the three-and-a-half hour journey from Siliguri (412 miles from Calcutta) to Darjeeling.

The resort, popularly termed the Queen among all, is one of the few places on earth from where a clear view of the Kanchenjunga is possible, provided, of course, the clouds yield. You might walk on the Mall, dotted with the most colourful woollens, lovingly knitted and sold by the Bhutias, or you might take a ride on one of those tortured-looking ponies up to Lal Kuthi, the scene of many films, but the lofty mountains would keep you company, forever. Better still, the nowy peaks looks ethereal from Tiger Hill (a little up and away from Darjeeling) with the rays of the rising sun adding a hundred colours to the background.

The town itself is no less impressive, particularly after sunset, when a million lights cast a radiant glow all around, giving almost a fairyland look. The buildings, stately and so very British, rise elegantly above the slopes, and there are areas that make you feel that you have landed in the midst of an English town. Even the Land Rovers, that serve as taxis here, are from those days of the Empire on which, many thought, the sun would not set. The curio shops display some of the most exotic items, more to attract the foreigner than the Indian, and the posh hotels add glamour to the top region of Darjeeling. Lower down the bazars, Indian and congested, sell anything from woollens to vegetables.

For the tourist who is in an expensive mood, the West Bengal Tourism Department's Tourist Lodge (with a double room over a hundred rupees a day) is

ideally located on the Mall. *Sailabash* is the State's economy hotel with a double-bedded room not costing more than Rs 50. This and the youth hostel, also run by the State Government, are a little away from the main attractions of the hill station. In the private sector, Oberoi's *Mount Everest* and *Windemere Hotel* are three-star joints with rates to match. The *Central Hotel* has a two-star rating. More reasonably priced, however, are *Hotel Polynia, Ambassador Hotel, Broadway Hotel, Capital Hotel* and *Tiffany Hotel.*

Darjeeling has, of course, much more to offer. The Dhirdham temple, built on the lines of the famous Pashupatinath temple in Kathmandu, the Ghoom monastery, sacred among the Buddhists and built as early as 1875, draw large numbers of those with a religious bent of mind. For the adventurous, the ropeway from Darjeeling to Singla Bazar provides a thrilling ride over dark forests, happy valleys and silvery rivers. From Darjeeling, the bicable ropeway, carrying six at a time, descends to a height of 800 feet; the distance is eight km and the time taken to cover it is roughly 45 minutes. But it can take more, given the hill station's precarious power position; one can remain suspended in midair for hours, the only entertainment, other than staring at the co-passengers, being perhaps a good look at the zoo down below.

The Zoo

The Zoo is a pleasant place with Siberian tigers, leopards, yaks and Himalayan black-bears. Close by is the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute, with pictures of many of those who have conquered some peak or the other. Models of a high altitude camp and several implements used in the sport make an interesting study. The Tibetan Refugee Centre, established in 1959, where magnificent woollen carpets are made, and the Lebong race course, the highest anywhere in the world, are some of the other tourist attractions. All these can be seen in a day by taxi, which charges Rs 15 per front seat, and Rs 12 per back seat

Outside Darjeeling, just a three-hour drive away, is Marik lake, surrounded by tree-lined avenues and vast lawns. Boating on the lake can be refreshing and a meal at the Day Centre there even more so. One, however, wishes that the toilets there were better maintained. Normally, visitors to Mirik do not notice such things, their minds preoccupied with the coming trip to Pashupatinagar, on the other side of the border is Nepal.

In fact, tourist operators entice you to visiting Mirik by offering that bonus shopping at Nepal. And all for Rs 35 per front seat in a taxi and Rs 30 per back seat. Ironically, while tourists are freely encouraged to import anything they want to from Nepal, the Customs check being a formality, the authorities in Darjeeling never fail to highlight their efforts at curbing smuggling. In fact, so rampant is smuggling in Darjeeling that many shops there have an inner room where prospective buyers are entertained

Such inefficiency is not restricted to anti-smuggling operations alone. Take, for instance, the toy train, over a hundred years old. While tourist brochures harp on the so-called joy ride on the train from Siliguri to Darjeeling, it is more a relic than a utility Soon after Independence, a liberal number of truck permits for the route were issued and the train lost much of its freight. But natural, since while it took just about three hours by road to reach Darjeeling from the plains, a rail trip consumed eight hours. This state of affairs could certainly have been avoided by dieselising the section and speeding up the train. Besides, lack of toilets in second class coaches, poor lighting and an inadequate number of ticket-checkers may yet serve a death blow to the tottering train.

→

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY. Clockwise from above: The congested bazaars sell everything from woollens to vegetables. The magnificent woollen carpets (right) are made at the Tibetan refugee centre. The Ghoom monastery (below), held sacred by the Buddhists, was built in 1875. The bicable ropeway (below left) carries six at a time and when there is a power cut tends to remain suspended in midair for hours. The delightful lake flowers (below far left) add to the scenic beauty. The ornamental terraced tea estates (above far left) are an inherent part of Darjeeling. The Darjeeling Himalayan Railway (above left) celebrates its centenary this year.

Like the toy train, neglect is writ large elsewhere, too. There are practically no street lights, and it is to the credit of the locals that law and order has not deteriorated. The downtown areas are dirty, noisy and congested. Imagine traffic jams in hill stations! One reason for this can be that the town has no "land use plan". Anyone owning a plot anywhere in Darjeeling can raise any structure. Besides, one can build a flat in an office area and vice versa. However, a committee from Jadavpur University in Calcutta is now studying the "land use plan" and is expected to submit its suggestions soon

More alarming than all these is the town's water problem. The two tanks at Senchal, built in the 1930s, have a capacity of 32 millions, enough for the 20,000 population in those days. But it is woefully inadequate for today's 60,000 plus about 80,000 in the tourist season. The town has free supply of water till April 1, after which in case of inadequate rainfall, it lies at the mercy of the plains. A third lake was built some time ago, but much to the people's chagrin, it developed leaks. Even if it is repaired by the next monsoon, the tank will not be of use till 1984, only by then will it be sufficiently full for water to be pumped down to Darjeeling. The third lake, with a capacity of 18 million gallons, is not the ultimate answer to the resort's chronic water shortage.

The power crisis is another irritant that threatens to drive a tourist away. Usually, the authorities do try to maintain a reasonable level of power supply during the season but the fluctuating voltage can be a damper. Besides, there are many who prefer to visit the hill station in the off-season, when the town is less crowded and more ideal ■

THE DARJEELING ZOO is an interesting place with Siberian tigers, leopards, yaks and Himalayan black bears.

THE DHIRDHAM TEMPLE of Darjeeling is built on the lines of the famous Pashupatinath temple in Kathmandu.

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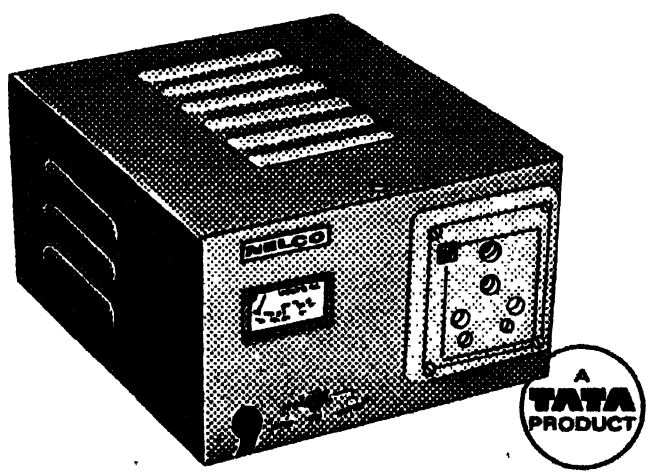

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Letter From London

Sympathy For Asians

by Taya Zinkin

"A NATION will be judged by the treatment it gives its minorities," said Mahatma Gandhi. But the evidence about that treatment is often contradictory, anecdotal and inadequate, so that a fair judgement is hard to make.

Moreover, the majority often does not understand the sensitivities of the minorities. Individuals, when they are in a minority, tend to get a distorted view of the way society treats them—this is certainly so in the UK. On the other hand, I have never forgotten the story I read in an American newspaper, years ago, in which an applicant afflicted with a severe stutter told his parents after he failed the interview as a radio announcer: "In this b-b-b-bloody c-c-country a Jew d-d-doesn't have a ch-ch-chance."

I was reminded of this story at a recent meeting when an Indian lady concerned with the improvement of race relations said that Indians were discriminated against by one of the major British banks. She gave as her proof the fact that before a girl of her acquaintance employed by this bank went to India for a holiday she had to sign a form accepting that, if she did not return on time, she would get the sack. This form was not given to the British staff.

I followed this up with a senior official of the bank concerned and found that all staff going on holiday were liable to the sack if they did not return on time. He himself, apart from circumstances clearly outside his control such as a shutdown of airports, would be dismissed if he did not come back punctually at the end of his holiday. Indeed, in this particular bank it was customary for British staff to have to split the annual holiday in two. However, in the case of Asians or Africans going home on leave exceptions are made allowing them to take their entire leave in one go. In cases of delayed returns for the kind of reasons so frequently accepted in India itself, such as marriage, death, etc, warnings had to be issued that failure to return to duty would warrant sacking unless the excuse was cast iron. No big organisation can function when its staff is erratic. The bank had intended no racialism in reminding this girl of her obligation.

However, this does not mean that Britain is free from racialism. Far from it. But how far it affects the individual often depends on his (or her) behaviour. I once knew a young Indian who had a dreadful time in a Quaker boarding school. This, especially given the Quaker ethos, was shocking. But he did contribute to it by his own obduracy. School boys make life difficult for nonconformists.

By contrast, I met the other day an Indian woman doctor studying for her FRCS; she is a surgeon in England's leading heart hospital and assured me that she had never had any problems although she is the only woman heart surgeon in Britain. People ask her sometimes whether she does not fear that being a woman might put patients off, but the fact that she is Indian is never mentioned. She exudes the quiet competence of the truly dedicated and it has its effect on all around her.

At the risk of arousing a spate of angry correspondence, I would say that, on the whole, Indians are much less discriminated against than Pakistanis or Bangladeshis or blacks, though there is some discrimination, especially at first recruitment to jobs. Sometimes it is difficult to decide whether there is some discrimination, especially at first recruitment to jobs. Sometimes it is difficult to decide whether there has been discrimination or not. When a friend who has been driving in India for donkeys' years (and anybody who drives in India must be a very good driver indeed) failed his driving test in London he was convinced that the examiner failed him because of the colour of his skin. It is possible. But his wife whose skin is of the same colour passed her test the first time, and he himself passed the next time. So he may have just had a bad day or a disgruntled examiner.

The worst treatment occurs in immigration, though immigration officers can behave badly even to the whitest of Britons, as happened to my husband whose passport was once stamped "not allowed to work". He got many apologies but it was still unpleasant. It is worse on occasion for Indian visitors. A few years ago a young Indian friend was coming to spend a holiday with me and was put through the appalling indignity at Heathrow of having the customs officer open her suitcase, spread its contents around, poking inside each of her sanitary napkins. Another humiliation which has a racialist slant to which Indians are subjected when they land in Britain is the detailed scrutiny of their credentials even when, like another friend, they are air hostesses of Air-India coming for a month's holiday in Britain so that there could be no question of her being an illegal immigrant. Many immigration officers are courteous and helpful, but one always remembers the ones who are not.

Anything that can be done to reduce the harassment of Asians coming into Britain is to be welcomed. I was delighted, therefore, to read that a policy committee of the Labour Party has produced a policy document laying down the changes they would like the Party to make if it should be elected next time. They want to get rid of the provisions which prevent Asian women from bringing their foreign husbands into Britain if they themselves were not born in Britain and of those which prevent families established in Britain from importing any elderly but dependent parents. They also suggest the setting up of a machinery to speed up clearance for the entry of wives and children of people settled in Britain and the issue of entry vouchers for the 30,000 odd British passport holders, mostly from East Africa, who are waiting in India. Very sensibly they also want to make it possible for people suspected of being illegal immigrants to appeal against deportation *before* instead of *after* deportation.

This does not mean that they want to make immigration generally easier. They argue that the control of immigration should be linked to economic planning so that people who do not have existing family ties in Britain could immigrate only when economic conditions produce a labour shortage. At a time when Britain has more than three million unemployed this makes sense.

Before there were three million unemployed there were understandable fears that any large amount of unemployment would produce a severe worsening of racial tension. This does not seem to have happened. Tension exists, discrimination exists but they are no worse than they were. ■

Calcutta's Blighted Tube Rail: Too Late, Too Slow

by Kalipada Basu

IN the wake of partition in 1947, Calcutta was flooded with some 2 million refugees from East Pakistan. Over the years, with the expansion of industry and trade, people from all over the country, especially from the neighbouring States, have continued to pour into the city in search of employment.

Local transport in Calcutta therefore plays a significant role though it has some peculiar problems. The aggregate road surface in the metropolis is only 6 per cent of its total area compared to 11 per cent in Bombay and 22 per cent in Delhi. Trains in Calcutta do not reach the heart of the town, as in Bombay.

West Bengal's first Chief Minister, Dr B.C. Roy, the architect of modern Bengal, evolved plans to build satellite towns at Salt Lake, Kalyani and Durgapur and disperse some offices outside Calcutta but could not implement them fully.

He also realised that there was no scope for widening or building more roads. So he revived the idea first mooted during the Raj to construct an underground rail network and also a circular railway, and invited a team of French experts to make a survey. But nothing materialised.

In the meantime transport had become a nightmare in Calcutta. Population in the Metropolitan area swelled to seven million in 1971. It is expected that the figure will go up to over 135 lakh by the end of the century. About 200,000 vehicles move daily on Calcutta roads making millions of passenger trips. Besides, 416 trains leave Howrah and Sealdah daily and an equal number of trains reach these two railway stations. The trains carry about 2.5 million passengers. Buses, trams, mini-buses, taxis, cars, jeeps etc carry about another 2.8 million. The locations of the two big railway stations are such that commuters cannot enter the city proper by train, but the present number of vehicles cannot carry even half of the commuters to their destinations.

A Km An Hour!

Traffic jams on Calcutta roads are so bad that sometimes a bus or a motor vehicle takes one hour to travel one kilometre! The average speed of a vehicle is no more than 10 kms per hour. People hanging from footboards on buses and trams is a common sight. It is very difficult to get in a bus or tram in peak hours. Thousands of people walk for miles in the limited pedestrian space the city offers. Vehicles are parked on both sides of roads, in the absence of either car parks or appropriate parking space.

Finally, in the '60s, Russian experts were invited to make an on-the-spot survey and to report whether the soil in Calcutta was suitable for the construction of a tube railway. They favoured the proposal. So the Metropolitan Transport Project (MTP), under the Ministry of Railways, was launched in 1969.

The MTP decided that Calcutta Tube Rail would be divided into three parts: (a) North-South from Dum Dum to Tollygunj (16.43 kms), (b) East-West from Salt Lake to Ramrajatala (17 kms) also linking with Sealdah and Howrah and (c) North-South from Dakshineswar to Thakurpukur (27 kms).

India had no expertise in building an underground railway and resources were limited. Hence it was decided that work would start, at first, from Dum Dum to Tollygunj. The foundation was laid on December 29, 1972 by Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi and the actual work began in 1973. Originally the estimated cost of the project was Rs 140 crores and the target date for completion was 1983-84.

The 16.43 kms route length from Dum Dum to Tollygunj will have 17 stations—15 underground and 2 surface. The average inter station distance would be 1.02 kms, and the travel time was fixed to 33 minutes from Dum Dum to Tollygunj with the speed varying between 30 to 80 kms per hour. The rakes will consist of 8 single class coaches carrying approximately 2,500 commuters per train. So far the Railways hope to operate a 2.5 to 3 minute frequency service.

The tube rail will have some uncommon features. The tracks will not be of a conventional type—wooden, iron or cement sleepers on a bed of clinkers. Instead it will rest on rubber pads fixed on concrete sleepers and a bed of concrete. This will reduce sound, jerking and dust.

The trains will be electrically operated, though power will not be generated through the overhead traction wires as is common. Instead a third rail supported on porcelain insulators and placed along the track will supply 35 MW of power. A permanent standby arrangement will be incorporated to supply electricity in case of accidental power failure.

The underground stations and tunnels will be fully air-conditioned and ventilation will be ensured by forcing in air through grand fans. The air being fed inside will be scrubbed and sprayed with chilled water. This will make the incoming air not only cool, but also dust and smoke-free.

Advanced systems of "Cab Signalling" with Automatic Train Protection (ATP) will be introduced. The ATP will ensure stoppage of any train behind another in case of track obstruction within a minimum unsafe distance. Panels of lights inside the driver's cabin would indicate whether the track ahead is occupied as well as the speed to be maintained. Small antennae on board the train will receive signals and transmit them into the driver's cabin. If the driver fails to react to the signals, a computer on board the train would provide a foolproof system for safety. At the same time contact between each train and the main control centre will be maintained with radio telephones.

Two construction methods have been adopted, one is the "cut and cover" and the other is tunnelling. While rock tunnelling is done by blasting with explosives and is relatively easy, tunnelling in soil is a complicated, slow and costly process and requires great skill. Hence, the cut and cover system is preferred.

Tunnelling is being done at two places, Chitpur and the Shyambazar 5-Point Crossing. There are 19 rail lines at the Chitpur rail yard, it is, therefore, very difficult to apply the cut and cover system here. At Shyambazar 5-Point, tunnelling has had to be resorted to because if the cut and cover system would have been adopted, traffic dislocation in the north of the city would have been a certainty.

The cut and cover system is relatively easy and less costly. All normal traffic movements are maintained during construction work. But many of the existing train lines have been shifted.

The British were the pioneers in the construction of underground railways. They laid underground rails in London in 1863. By now 53 cities in the world have this system of commuting; and in 14 cities underground railways are under construction. The Calcutta Metro Rail personnel visited some of the cities and the experience of these tube railways is being applied here.

Cost Escalation

Though the work on the MTP started in 1973, the escalation in the prices of cement, stone-chips and steel coupled with court injunctions against land acquisition has delayed the progress of the network. Periodic shortages of cement and steel also hampered progress. To date, only 35 per cent of the work at a cost of Rs 136 crores has been completed. Now the track between Dum Dum and Shyambazar (3.77 kms) in the North and Esplanade and Tollygunj (7.55 kms) in the South will be ready, hopefully, by 1984-85 and between Shyambazar to Esplanade (5.11 kms) by 1986-87. Not surprisingly, the total cost of the project because of delays has gone up from Rs 140 crores (originally estimated) to Rs 560 crores (1980-81 prices).

For all that, MTP has something to show for its pains. Two stations—one at Maidan and another at Park Street—have been completed. They were, in fact, opened to the public in April, 1982, and 200,000 of people visited the two underground stations. In the North, one km elevated track at Dum Dum too has been completed.

Trial run of specially built coaches commenced on the 1.5 kms of track (one km elevated and the half km underground) in the Dum Dum sector in September 1981. Two trains (four coaches each) were used. They will run 200,000 kms over a period of two years. The coaches of one train are loaded with stones as a substitute for passengers and another is run empty. More coaches are on the way. By the end of 1984, a skeleton service maybe run with seven rakes of four coaches each. The Metro Authorities are very eager to do so—perhaps less to help the commuters than to boost up their own morale!

Significantly, the foreign exchange requirement for the project is only Rs 26 crores. Only three Russian and one Hungarian engineers are helping the Indian engineers and workers. The MTP has provided jobs to about 4,000 regular employees and several thousand other workers are on the payroll of ten contractors.

When completed, the Calcutta underground trains will carry 1.5 million (or 15 lakh) commuters daily. But will it solve the transport problem in Calcutta? The answer is in the negative. In a city like Calcutta only a "network of underground rail", as in London or New York, can help ease and not congestion track corridors.

Hence, the other two schemes—Salt Lake to Howrah/Maidan and Dakshineswara to Thakurpukur alongwith the circular railway—if taken up immediately—may hold out some hope for the harrassed commuters. ■

HEADING FOR COMPLETION. Specially built Metro coaches are now on trial at Dum Dum

Letter From Calcutta

Student Power

IF young Bengalis in Calcutta are turbulent, they are a shade more so across the border. General H.M. Ershad would, therefore, have been well advised not to stir a hornets' nest by provoking Bangladeshi students. They might have tolerated his suppression of democracy but will brook no closer tampering of what are seen as their rights.

Yet this is just what the Chief Martial Law Administrator seems bent up on doing. A committee set up by the military regime recently recommended (as it was no doubt asked to do) that students' organisations with political ties should be banned and police permanently posted in campuses. This will mean liquidation of about 30 unions among 35,000 students in eight universities. Now a report by Dhaka's Institute of Social Studies indirectly supports the proposal by claiming that "students are becoming increasingly embroiled in politics, finding almost no time to mind their studies". Explaining why only 15 per cent of students graduated in January, the report accuses 80 per cent of being rabble-rousers and political muscle-men who spend years on end in the same class.

For the time being, however, students are worried less by the threat of political illiberalism than by General Ershad's plans to make Arabic a compulsory school subject, official encouragement of the Islamic Chaatra Shibir and attempts to interfere with the February 21 Language Movement Day celebrations when several students were shot down by the Pakistani police in 1952. Riots between the Shibir and the 14-party Democratic Chhatra Sangram Parishad, and protests by Dhaka's Central Students' Action Committee, have for the moment stayed the General's hand.

Photographs by Moses Chowdhury

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (WASHINGTON D.C.) gate, one of the four entrances to the Calcutta book fair.

THE SMALLEST CAR at the colourful Vintage Car Rally.

Heil Hitler

IT was interesting to note that the 50th anniversary of Nazi ascendancy in Germany was obliquely remembered in Calcutta. This was during the annual Vintage Car Rally, a colourful and nostalgic event arranged by *The Statesman*, when participants are encouraged to dress up in period costume. As usual, the emphasis, appropriately enough, was on traditional Bengali zamindari attire: crinkled dhoties, embroidered Kashmiri shawls, women in crimson and gold Benarasi sarees heavily festooned in jewellery, and one elegant group with liveried attendant bearing a hookah on the dashboard.

But amidst all this splendid finery, a 1934 Mercedes Benz flew what looked like an authentic National Socialist flag, the car's interior occupied by khaki-uniformed stormtroopers with Swastika armbands. The second acknowledgement was a 1939 Opel Cadet with a Nazi Swastika painted on the door and which the commentator rather naively announced was to bring the entry good luck.

Milked Dry

THE Haringhata dairy, about 20 miles from Calcutta, is only one of the many creations of the late Dr B C Roy to have fallen on evil days. Though supposed to supply 35,000 litres of milk every day, it often provides none at all; even when milk is available, it is frequently diluted, sometimes with water from roadside taps. At the Bethuadahari chilling plant, a supervisor was recently suspended for similarly adulterating milk: he was unlucky enough to be caught just when the Government had belatedly decided on firmness.

That unusual mood also explains disciplinary action against 250 employees of the Belgatchia milk depot (scheduled to provide a daily 180,000 litres) for unauthorised absence during the Durga Pujas. Belgatchia has 3,000 workers but only 750 of them are employed in production; with 250 taking French leave, supplies dried up. The time office with its cards and punching machine was long ago closed down at this depot; in Haringhata, bottles are regularly smuggled out and illicitly sold. The machinery is outdated, delivery vans not in running condition, spares are not available, files relating to staff problems mysteriously disappear, and the Deputy Milk Commissioner has reportedly been ill for a long time.

But now the Left Front Ministry has sanctioned Rs 19.5 lakhs for a new bottle filler and promised 18 new vans. If it can persuade the men in dairy and depot to work, greater Calcutta's 775 milk booths might even boast adequate supplies with no need to cancel so many of the 87 scheduled delivery routes.

Portals Of Learning

THIS year's Calcutta book fair was imaginatively different in its lay-out with four impressive gateways representing four important libraries: they reproduced in perfect detail, the pillared portico of the British Museum in London, the entrance to the Library of Congress in Washington and, in order to keep the political balance, the facade of Moscow's Leningrad Library. The fourth entrance copied the Jaykrishna Public Library built and endowed in Uttarpara, in Hooghly district, by the Mukherjee family which made its fortune serving the East India Company and became pioneer philanthropists.

But the Jaykrishna Library, like the much bigger National Library in Calcutta, is today in a sorry state, without adequate trained staff, short of funds, and lacking the proper facilities for storing priceless, rare volumes and manuscripts. There is a curious contrast, in fact, between the book fair's popularity and the neglect of our libraries: it may not be too cynical to suggest that while the fair's promoters organise it as a commercial event, the thousands of visitors are far less interested in bibliography than in an evening's outing amidst bright lights and decorated pavilions.

And Never A Drop

THE coming summer will probably find Calcutta in the grip of a water famine though, officially, the city is said to enjoy a high 200 litres per head per day. But this does not take into account a population increase of several additional millions, or the 2,280 recorded slums to which an already short supply of water is being diverted under the Bustee Improvement Scheme.

Conditions have worsened because tubewells at the Garden Reach waterworks, expected to provide 35 million gallons a day, are defunct, while sub-soil changes, frequent breakdowns, poor maintenance, regular thefts of equipment and Calcutta Metropolitan Development Authority, (CMDA) delays in repairing pipes compound difficulties. But the real problem is antiquity: built in 1864, the Palta waterworks originally had a daily capacity of only six million gallons but are now expected to supply 140 million. Worse, about 25 leaks every day result in a 30 per cent waste. When recently, the CMDA was asked to lay some new pipes, it was discovered that the diameters at either end varied!

Mr Prasanta Sur, the Minister for Urban Development, says the master plan for sufficient supplies will cost Rs 1,332 crores, but West Bengal cannot afford more than Rs 425 crores. Happily, however, the State Government has turned down the World Bank suggestion of a monthly water tax of Rs 20. We are already penalised heavily enough for services and facilities that just do not exist

North Side Story

THE tragic upsurge of violence in Calcutta's Cossipore suburb in the North, illustrates what a violent turn the so-called eve-teasing can take, especially if other vicious interests intervene. The Cossipore troubles began when a 16-year-old girl committed suicide, allegedly after being manhandled by local toughs. Two gangs went to war on communal lines, and battle was fully joined when one of the original miscreants, arrested and then released, was beaten to death. Other lives were lost in police firing.

Communal passions conceal deeper issues: the men were fighting for precinct supremacy and for dthe preservation of organised gangs and their profitable criminal activities. To cap it all, Cossipore is said to have had a corrupt police officer who turned a blind eye to the first signs of disturbance. The pattern is sadly familiar: this grim version of the romantic musical *West Side Story* is regularly repeated in the seedy industrial townships along Calcutta's eastern, northern and southern fringes. On the west, Howrah, across the Hooghly river, is in a worse mess.

Island In The Sun

I CAN only hope that Bangladeshi reports of a new 250-sq-km island surfacing in the Bay of Bengal, about 16 kms from the coast, are either proved false or that the island disappears as mysteriously as it has appeared. Otherwise, disputes over possession are bound to vitiate relations just when they are beginning to look up. There was enough acrimony over the last such sighting which India claimed as South Moore island and Bangladesh as Purbasha; Dhaka also then insisted that there were two islands. That claim, however, suggests a ray of hope. If India keeps South Moore (or Purbasha), as it is determined to do, Bangladesh can have the new accretion. Honour will be saved, and General Ershad can claim a glorious victory at home.

Sumita Sandilya

In The States

"Return Of The Native"

by B. Shankar

"V" FOR VASANTDADA'S VICTORY. Dada's triumphant return has wiped out the ignominy of his earlier ouster by Sharad Pawar.

BOMBAY: The Centre, they say, is never happy if a communal lobby dominates a State. Divide and rule is its guiding principle. Sharad Pawar, in a way, obliged Mrs Indira Gandhi in 1978, when he walked out of her Congress and toppled Vasantdada Patil's ministry in Maharashtra. The Maratha lobby was then vertically split. Sanjay Gandhi took advantage of the fact when he handpicked Abdul Rahman Antulay to head the State Government after Mrs Gandhi's political comeback in 1980.

After the dust settled down, Patil vowed that he would come back as Chief Minister of Maharashtra, if only for a day, to wipe out the ignominy of his ouster. And he has made it—not entirely by quirk of fate. He is about the only Maratha leader in the Congress (I) who has a political base of his own, is widely respected and is an able administrator. The Congress (I) desperately needs him to improve its image and win the elections in 1985.

At the residence of his wife, Shalini Patil, at Nariman Point, "Dada", as he is known to all, spoke to this reporter about the task he faces as successor to the lacklustre Babasaheb Bhosale. Delegations of industrialists, armed with petitions and bouquets, waited in an anteroom for his *darshan*. He obliged them all and listened to everyone patiently, including a woman who wanted a recommendation for her son's admission to a local college!

During the interview, Dada, who is now 65, coughed a few times and said apologetically, "I just started coughing a couple of days ago. It will go away soon." He appeared keen to dispel rumours that his health was run down.

Question. How do you feel after becoming the Chief Minister once again, after a gap of four-and-a-half years?

Answer: No Chief Minister (of Maharashtra) has ever come back like I have. I feel that I was destined to return and I have been sent to do something. It is the wish of the people and I hope I can fulfill their expectations. I will try to help the people of the State and the party, too.

How do you see the administration and law and order in the State? Do you think they have become slack in the past few years?

Of late there was no such thing as a Government in the State. Of course, there was a Chief Minister, Secretaries and Ministers too, but no Government as such. My first task will be to restore the confidence of the people in the Government so that they think that here is a Government which listens to us, pays heed to our problems.

The officials should not think that because they work from morning to evening, everything is alright. The criteria should be how the people benefit.

The administration has become very loose and slack. Two, four, six, eight month old files are coming to me for none bothered to dispose them off with a clear-cut decision.

Regarding the law and order situation, it is generally okay now. Of course, there was some trouble sometime back but it is better now.

What about the drought situation in the State and the water shortage?

The drought situation is acute. Earlier, about 7,000 villages did not have water. A survey was carried out some time back and it showed that the water levels have gone down and now about 17,000 villages are facing chronic water shortage. We will have to launch a scheme to provide quick relief. I will be touring the areas shortly.

What about the textile strike? You are a former leader of the Rashtriya Mill Mazdoor Sangh and you should be able to come up with a solution. You met Samant recently. Have you any plan?

Yes, I met Samant and heard what he had to say. I want the strike to be resolved soon and I will try to get the mill-owners and Samant together. I can't say much now. Let the report of the tripartite meeting be released.

How do you propose to deal with the crisis within the party? There has been a lot of dissidence recently, the rebels are defying even the High Command?

Trouble has been going on for quite some time. There are various groups within the party—those who were with Madam in 1978, those who joined later and those who come in after 1980. Earlier, these things counted a lot and Madam did not want to hurt those who had been with her all long. Not that she wants to do so now but this does not mean that she does not give any importance to the late-comers. She wants to carry all of them with her. All of us must work together. There will not be any trouble now.

But Antulay is raising his voice, he has gone to the extent of saying that the observers sent by the High Command were prejudiced against him. His supporters may create trouble.

It is to be seen (how much support Antulay gets). I don't think they will try to do anything and I will not give anyone a chance to complain. We will treat everyone equally, whether they were with Antulay or Bhosale.

Regarding the election of the new Chief Minister, I don't want to say anything. What Antulay says and what actually happened... I would rather not say anything. His closest supporters have said that the election process was fair. The people were not with him. Why should the observers be against him?

The image of your party has deteriorated in the State in the last few years. Do you think that the Opposition in the State forms a viable alternative to the Congress (I), especially the George Fernandes-Sharad Pawar-Bal Thackeray alliance? Will it affect your party in 1985?

Our image will improve soon. I can't say much about the Opposition. Alliances come and go and this particular one was formed to fight the Bombay Municipal Corporation elections. The Parliamentary elections will be held and you will see how we will win easily and well. By 1985 the situation will change a lot and we will talk about it when the elections come. I wouldn't like to say anything more now.

The neighbouring States, especially Gujarat and Karnataka, are attracting industrialists and many from Maharashtra, too, want to leave this State. The most important reason is the labour problem, especially in the Thane-Belapur industrial belt. How do you propose to tackle that?

It is true that Samant's style of functioning and his brand of trade unionism has alienated industrialists—they are troubled. I have seen unionism but Samant does not follow its norms. He just makes some calculations and then makes a demand for higher wages, however outrageous it may be. No agitation has gone on for such a long time and it might affect the industry. The industry in the State will have to be saved and kept within the State.

When there was trouble in Calcutta, during my last tenure, many industrialists used to come to me and say, "We want to set up factories here." Today they want to go away from Maharashtra. The trend has reversed and we will have to set it right.

Samant will destroy industry and destroy the worker too (industry *ko maarega* or worker *ko bhi maarega*). I will meet him soon and tell him to change his style of functioning.

It used to be said that Babasaheb Bhosale used to be less in Bombay and more in Delhi. Will you follow that pattern?

Well, I met the High Command and they did not tell me to report to them every now and then. Of course, it is my duty to keep them informed of the latest situation but there is no need to go there every second day. Beyond that, I do not want to say anything about my predecessors.

Will you meet Karnataka Chief Minister Ramakrishna Hegde to discuss the border issue?

There is no plan to meet him in the near future. If I meet him in Delhi sometime, I will talk to him.

One last question, which is rather sensitive. Your detractors say that your health is not very good and it may affect your work.

I know people say that. I work up to 12 hours sitting in the same place. I am up by six every day and I go to sleep at midnight. I work about 18 hours a day. Still if they say that I am not well, what can I do? It is true, I was not well sometime back, but now I am fine.

Mum's The Word

GAUHATI: Pressmen in this capital city of Assam have described the recently invoked Assam Special Powers (Press) Act of 1960 (Assam Act No III of 1961) on *The Assam Tribune* and *The Dainik Asam* as an attack on the freedom of the Press.

In fact, the State administration—after "curtailing" all the civil rights of the people of Assam—is now hellbent on forcing journalists working for these two leading Gauhati dailies to censor themselves or face risks of victimisation.

Incidentally, *The Assam Tribune* and *The Dainik Asam* published issues with blank editorial columns, soon after the Act became effective.

And despite restrictions on printing or publishing matter concerning the Assam agitation and allied activities, only *The Dainik Asam* fearlessly frontpaged in a single para the news of arrests of the six-member AASU-AAGSP delegation under NSA at Gauhati airport on their arrival from New Delhi.

Apart from *The Assam Tribune* and *The Dainik Asam* editorial staff, the city's other journalists and non-journalists as well, in a resolution, have expressed concern at the Government's "insidious" action and demanded early revocation of the Act. ■

Rafique Z. Hazarika

The Great Hops War

SRINAGAR: For hundreds of progressive farmers in the Kashmir valley who took to hop cultivation, lured by its high cash crop value, the manufacture of beer in the country has assumed crucial importance.

Hops impart a peculiar bitter flavour to beer and give it a refreshing aroma. Till the mid-1970s, hops were being entirely imported. In 1974, the Regional Research Laboratory at Jammu, introduced hops cultivation in the Kashmir valley where, under the peculiar agro-climatic conditions, the crop took root and flourished. Soon more and more farmers were taking to it.

However, it appears that the beer barons of India did not fancy this development—it cut down their import licences. They had an edge over the farmers in Kashmir since they are in a position to dictate prices. This could have had an adverse effect on the cultivation of this crop.

HOME-GROWN HOPS from the Kashmir Valley, will soon be able to meet the requirements of the entire beer industry in the country.

As more and more land was brought under hops cultivation, farmers began agitating for a ban on the import of hops in India. In this they were opposed, tooth and nail by the beer manufacturers but the farmers had the support of the Government of Kashmir. The former Chief Minister, Sheikh Mohd Abdullah, had exerted great pressure on the Centre for an imposition of a ban on the import of hops. The Regional Research Laboratory also time and again stressed that Kashmir could meet the hops requirements of the beer industry all over the country. After an intensive struggle, the Centre ultimately conceded the farmers' demand in 1981.

The beer barons, however, have not accepted their defeat. They are incessantly lobbying for a revocation of the ban.

Some time ago at a meeting of the Hops Board, which represents hops growers, beer manufacturers, the Regional Research Laboratory and the Central and State Governments, the manufacturers almost succeeded in their efforts by mounting a very strong offensive. Their plea was that due to inclement weather in early 1982, the hops crop was likely to be poor and insufficient for their requirements. They pleaded that the ban should at least be partially revoked. They even succeeded in convincing some people who had earlier stood for the ban. But the opposition was too strong.

It is believed that the machinations of these manufacturers were responsible for the split in the Kashmir Hops Growers' Association, a few months back. A rival organisation was formed but although no one has so far dared to call for a removal of the ban, the split has considerably weakened the pro-ban movement.

In spite of these developments, however, the Hops Board is firm on the issue of the ban, particularly since the supply is fast catching up with the demand. They had reached a compromise with the manufacturers to defer a decision until the crop had been harvested and the final estimates of the yield made. To the chagrin of the beer manufacturers, the crop turned out to be good, yielding 175 tonnes against 170 tonnes the previous year. As a result, a State Government spokesman said, the ban on the import of hops will continue.

The manufacturers have been very inconsistent in their arguments against hops. First they argued that Kashmir alone could not meet the demands of the entire beer industry. Later they insisted that Kashmir hops were not as good as the imported stuff since they contain excess alpha acid which renders them more acrid.

The Jammu Regional Research Laboratory, which is also providing technical know-how for processing the hops, maintains that the better quality of crops must necessarily contain more alpha acid. This will yield more beer per kilogram of hops. In fact, the laboratory is continuously attempting to introduce new strains of hops with still more alpha acid content, better aroma and greater yield. Since the use of hops products is more economical and popular than the hops itself, the laboratory has also developed technology for production of hops oil and other extracts. Encouraged by the prospects of the hops industry, even the banks have readily approved the grant of loans.

However, uncertainty about the ban still prevails since the Central Government has imposed the ban only subject to review from season to season.

However, encouraged by it, hops cultivators are demanding the highest possible price for their crops while the manufacturers dictate the lowest terms. And so the stalemate continues. ■

Suraj Saraf

The Man Who Talks Too Much

EATING HIS WORDS. Ever since he came to power, NTR has been making one announcement after another only to retract it later.

HYDERABAD: For the 30,000 State Government employees of Andhra Pradesh, number nine, which happens to be the lucky number of Chief Minister N.T. Rama Rao, proved to be the most unlucky one. On this day, February 9, they woke up only to be greeted by screaming headlines in the dailies which told them that their services were needed no more. The retirment age, fixed at 58 by Dr Chenna Reddy's Government, has been reduced to 55. Many pleas have been made to review this arbitrary decision. But the affected employees, who dreamed of happier days in the Ram Rajya, were asked to pack up and prepare the ground for their juniors to take over.

Among those affected are 10,000 school and college teachers. Their retirement by the end of February is bound to throw the entire academic year out of gear. With still three months to go before the end of the current academic year nd the completion of exams, the State Government has invited totally avoidable complications by its reckless decision. While several schools in the State are pulling along with an inadequate number of teachers, the latest decision of the NTR Government has, to mix a metaphor, added fuel to the fire. Should one say more to prove that this unilateral decision was taken was taken without doing any homework?

Whatever the compulsions that prompted NTR to resort to this dramatic decision on an issue affecting the lives of thousands of families, he is now placed in the unenviable position of finding at least Rs 198 crores to implement his decision. Though there is no official announcement on the cost implications of advancing the retirement age yet, the above amount is computed by taking the existing pay scales into consideration.

(A) Gratuity—Twenty times the last pay. Average per employee Rs 1,500 per month
1500 × 20 × 30,000 = Rs 90 crores.

(B) Every employee is entitled to encashment of six months earned leave On an average each employee will encash four months earned leave
Rs 1,500 × 4 × 30,000 = Rs 18 crores.

(C) The amount involved in commutation of pension will be Rs 90 crores.

Thus it comes to a total of Rs 198 crores.

Why NTR has committed himself to this colossal amount is puzzling. At no time did he even give a hint that his method of solving the unemployment problem will involve advancing the retirement age. Even as the Government was finding ways and means to at least partially fulfil the promises of Telugu Desam, NTR's dramatic announcement, involving another Rs 198 crores, dumbfounded the votaries of Telugu Desam.

Whoever has advised the Chief Minister to commit himself to this huge expenditure, has done a great disservice to the regional party chief. The financial position will become chaotic in 1983-84. Out of the Rs 3,500 crores allocated to the State's Sixth Plan, only Rs 247 crores remain in the kitty. This year's annual plan is fixed at Rs 825 crores Out of this, the State Government has to raise Rs 611 crores. The present indications are that the NTR Government will be able to generate only Rs 400 crores. Even if 50 per cent of the Rs 247 crores remaining with the Government (VI plan allocation) is utilised this year, the Andhra Government will still need another Rs 90 crores to take care of its annual plan. Add to this, the necessity of raising another Rs 198 crores in liquid cash. The situation appears grim.

The Telugu Desam Government has inherited an overdraft of Rs 80 crores from the previous Government. This amount has to be cleared by March this year. In fact, NTR promised the RBI that this amount will be paid in March positively. If the Chief Minister resorts to another overdraft to tide over the financial crisis, he will not be able to draw more than Rs 60 crores—the limit fixed by the RBI.

Given such a tight financial situation, it will be interesting to watch how NTR will cope with it without imposing additional taxes in the next financial year.

Unfortunately, the Chief Minister has become an object of ridicule through his announcements that are made only to be withdrawn as soon as they have been announced. The latest of these withdrawn decisions is the one which hiked the price of milk. Only two days later, however, NTR issued orders to restore the old price. Will the decision on retirement age also be one of those decisions that are issued only to be withdrawn later? ■

G. S. Reddy

DHOLA AND MARU from Sutrodhar's production of the famous Rajasthani ballad

Sutradhar's Pioneering Work

Indian Puppets Take Wing

by Reeta Sondhi

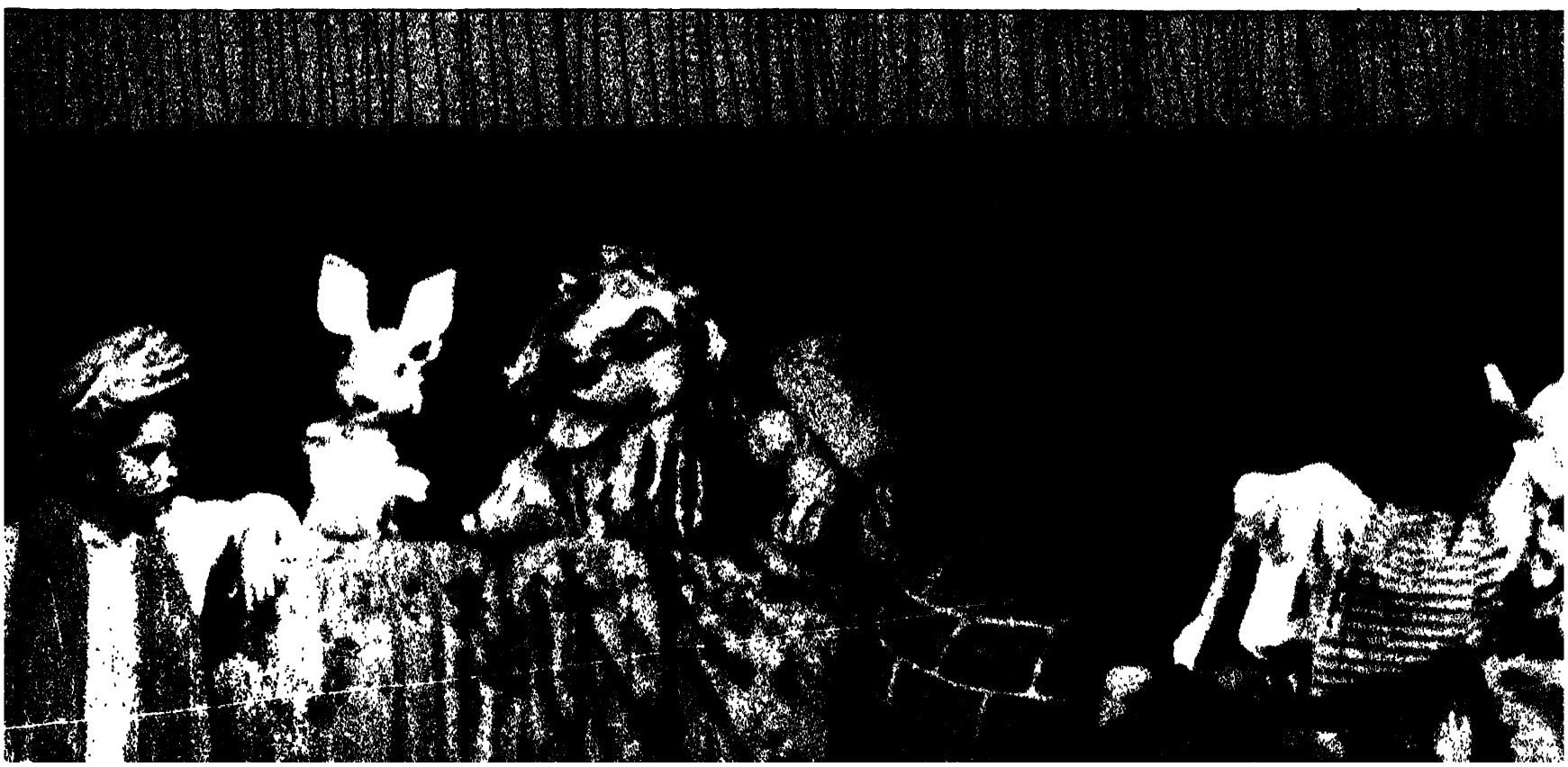
"OF India more than of any other country in Asia, it can truly be said that puppetry is indigenous theatre," says J Tilakasiri, the Ceylonese scholar on world puppet theatre.

Bharatiya Natya Sangh, established in the mid-50s to popularise and perpetuate Indian arts, formed a group called *Naiyka* for promoting theatre and other crafts, among them puppetry. It was meant to provide to traditional puppeteers a forum for inter-regional and international exposure. The group disintegrated just as BNS got disoriented and what remains of *Naiyka* today is a small production cum-sales unit at Mehrauli and a sales outlet at Rouse Avenue in New Delhi, of marginal tourist interest.

Then followed Sangeet Natak Akademi and the Bharatiya Kala Kendra, with great zeal and little persistence. But the Calcutta Puppet Theatre, Udaipur's Bharatiya Lok Kala Mandal and the Puppet Wing of the Darpana Academy in Ahmedabad, where Meher Contractor continues to do her good work in the field of educational puppetry, have survived. So have the names of such individuals as Devi Lal Samar, Raghunath Goswami, Leena Mangaldas, Chittoprosad and Prasanna Rao.

The country, however, had to wait till 1980 for its first professional repertory. Panna Bharat Ram, who was keenly aware of a gap in her cultural milieu, decided to brave a Rs 2-lakh budget to provide entertainment to the city's youngest generation soon after she became Executive Vice-Chairman of the Shri Ram Centre for Art and Culture. The repertory performs every week-end at the Centre—when not on tour—striving also to step out into the capital's municipal parks and streets. It is headed by 31-year-old Dadi Pudumjee, who has had his training at Ahmedabad's Darpana Academy, the Marionette Theatre Institute and Var Theatre, Stockholm.

Pudumjee's "Sutradhar" the holder of strings, proclaims its self-evident title in much the same way as the traditional drummer who announces nonchalantly the opening of his street shows in sharp contrast to the essential self-effacement of the unique entertainer who conceals



himself behind the screen or under a hooded black baggy uniform to merge into the dark oblivion of the rear curtain.

Self-abnegation, which perhaps is the keyword to all manipulation, has nevertheless proved a deterrent to the revival of the art, specially since the contemporary cultural environment nourishes only its superstars. Significantly, it is in Communist countries that puppetry, that offers gratification under cover, has thrived. Dadi Pudumjee maintains that there is a reaction against the elaborate theatre apparatus that countries like Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union use in super-sized auditoria where they project their shows like minor marvels. Technical virtuosity, which curbs improvisation and mobility, achieves such a high degree of naturalism that it induces complete identification. This, in its turn, renders the young impressionistic minds totally captive.

In contrast, Pudumjee's theatre is simpler, more intimate and closer to his roots. He believes—with the Indian tradition—in the conscious distancing of his audience. To achieve this he employs conventional and unconventional methods of alienation: the customary narrator, the favourite singer, also, the innovative, unhooded manipulator who bursts upon the stage in a spontaneous celebration of the happy end. Finally, when good has vanquished all evil and it is time to go home, Pudumjee invites his little spectators backstage in order to help them lay their lingering ghosts.

THE MANIPULATOR IS VISIBLE, the repertory being influenced by the Japanese Bunraku technique. Seen in the picture (right) is the dancer Giarsibai and her puppeteers.

PAKHANDI SHER, (below left), with the rod and glove puppets—the Hare and the Lion.

MADHO AND THE COW, (below centre), rod and hand puppets in "Rangila Rakshasa".

MOTU KI MOONCH, (below right), the repertory's first production.

Sutradhar has a regular staff of seven manipulators and two musicians, besides the Director. Nathuram, who plays upon the ravanhatha, a bow and string instrument of considerable sophistication, comes from the Bhopal tribe of balladeers. Though his authentic music is an alluring complement to this folk-based theatre, integration at a more personal level, with a group essentially urban, has been traumatic. First, it was the shock of anonymity which he, as an accompanist, had to suffer—in his own environment as a ballad-singer he had grown up in the limelight. Second, it was a loss of caste. This latter is consequential to a special demand of Pudumjee's theatre, where human actors appear upon the stage masked or unmasked, alongside his puppets. And acting to the Bhopa, is taboo!

The Bhatt brothers, Jagdish and Puran, who belong to the Rajasthani community of puppeteers, have no such compunctions. Jagdish is a superb manipulator and Puran, an excellent craftsman. It is in fact, with Puran's advent into the repertory that Pudumjee has been inspired to work on some stock characters of the Rajasthan repertoire. The wide ranging movements that put these four-string puppets in a class apart, involves great dexterity in technique. They are very different from the inspid main puppets of

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Photographs by Dadi Pudumjee.

GLOVE PUPPETS FROM PAKHANDI SHER the fox the pundit and the ram

a Rajasthani show The latter's single or double string operation is elementary Among the most popular of the exotic characters are the *nartaki* the *ghursavar*, the *kalabaz* and the *sapera* who provide entertainment in long interludes of extraneous showmanship But Pudumjee intends utilising them only as curtainraisers in short solo items

Vijay Prakash Shastri the percussionist takes care of the rhythm on the sophisticated *naal* and the legendary *dhup* Sushma Pandit Om Gosain Madhu Thappa Pushpa Gautami and Anil Saxena who comprise the rest of the team hail from versatile urban backgrounds Unlike traditional puppeteers they manipulate as well as deliver the dialogues simultaneously Their training entails the severe exercise of the deadpan face while voices register nuance and render characterisation Exercises designed specially for the shoulder neck, limb, wrist and finger joints are a part of the daily discipline Rehearsals which last about 10 weeks for their 50 minute shows lay as much emphasis on the study of human behaviour as on the specific technique

Pudumjee who has produced 6 plays to date wants to start a 3 month training course on modern puppetry There is also a plan to invite reputed international puppeteers as guest directors

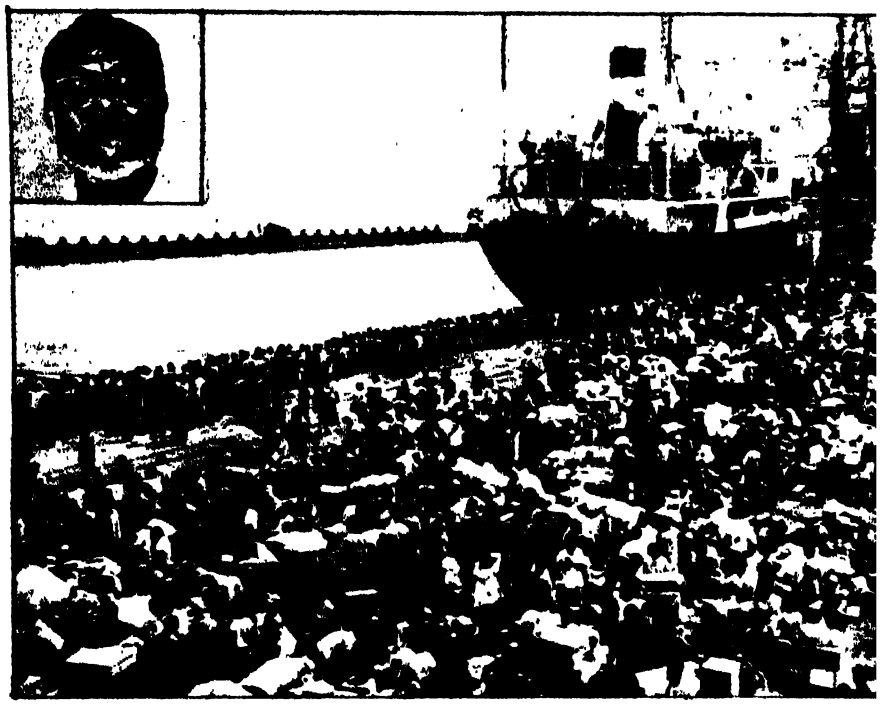
In the meanwhile the Centre's workshop continues to make colourful puppets in papier mache and thermocole packing They all have extraordinarily alive faces with eyes oozing emotion Pudumjee's perception and his skill elevate his work to the level of a sculptor's, the difference perhaps being in the restrictive demands of his medium and the limitation of his material The oversized noses on these slightly droll faces, which appears to be his Parsi signature, convey his sense of fun without degenerating into wanton caricature

Traditional Indian puppetry comprises basically four forms string, rod, hand or glove and the shadow puppets from the Southern States and Orissa Pudumjee is greatly influenced by the Japanese Bunraku technique where the manipulator keeps himself visible This he combines with the rod, hand-and-glove puppets, sometimes bringing into it the play of strings Though he has not gone all out for the elaborate southern forms he has adopted the idea of the *Tholu Bommalu* of Andhra Pradesh in a simplified version in his latest play *Rangila Rakshasa* He has captured the quicksilver quality of the colour stained perforated leather puppets in shadow and silhouette effect and "pasted" it upon a bamboo screen in a floral design to provide the permanent background of a jungle scene

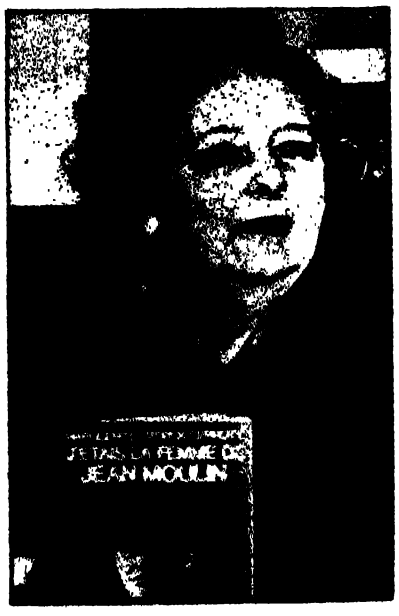
The highly successful *Rangila Rakshasa*, written by the well-known translator J N Kaushal, calls for two observations one, the need to employ good script writers two, the necessity of addressing exclusively, though intelligently, the child in the audience As points of contrast, one refers to *Ek Tha Jooto* and *Motu Ki Moonch Jooto*, which was evolved during rehearsals, gave contemporary theatre an original puppet—the shoe—yet it ended up being structurally very weak *Motu* which aimed at both the child and the escort fell between two stools The moral Do not try to exploit this inherently naive form for the family planning programme, please! ■

THE WORLD AROUND US

HAIL CHIEF. General Simha Pratap Shah, Chief of Army Staff of The Royal Nepalese Army, inspects the Guard of Honour which met him at the Defence Ministry in Whitehall, London.



"A NATIONAL CRISIS." This was how Ghana's Interior Secretary, Johnny Hansen, (inset), viewed Nigeria's expulsion of one million Ghanaians. Picture shows Ghanaians at Lagos port, with their belongings, waiting to go home.



NAZI SYMBOLS painted on the statue of Christ in the St Peter cemetery in Nuremberg, the West German city made famous by the post-war military trials. Below left: *Renee Moulin, widow of former French Resistance fighter Jean Moulin, with her book entitled* I Was Jean Moulin's Wife. *Moulin was tortured to death by Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyon".*

SINGING SENSATION Karen Carpenter, 32, died of a heart attack in Downey, California. Karen, with brother Richard, has sold over 80 million records and tapes worldwide, and the pair have won three Grammy Awards.

Technological Gap

by SK Aggarwal

Need For Modernisation

IT is creditable for our country to have built up, during the last three decades, a massive infrastructure of industry in all sectors—steel, petroleum, fertiliser, power and aluminium and so on but it was equally important for us to have consolidated our gains by modernising these enterprises and utilise their capacity fully Since replacement of equipment or modernisation of one plant means lucrative orders for another, our failure to do so on the requisite scale has taken a heavy toll of the country's industrial capacity with the result that, at any given time, capacity utilisation has been a mere 40 per cent. Operational failures or absence of effective maintenance systems continue to dog the industrial sector

What to talk of modernising our industries in the eighties, we are even bidding good-bye to whatever technology was acquired since Independence. The Government awarded the contract for the Thal-Vaishet fertiliser plant in Maharashtra to Haldor Topsoe, a Denmark-based firm, ignoring the Sindri-based Projects and Engineers India Ltd, the brain trust of the entire fertiliser industry within the country

In the power sector, we have entered into a package deal with Northern Engineering Industries (NEI) UK for the Rihand super thermal power station

It is said that if one totals up the power project tie-ups, equipment to install 5,460 MW of capacity is in the pipeline BHEL stands to lose at least a year's turnover as a result of these foreign collaborations.

The R & D Gap

Our expenditure on R & D is merely Rs 700 crores per annum ie, 0.78 per cent of the Gross National Product (GNP) of which the private sector's share is 10 per cent and the public sector's 90 per cent There is no attempt to adopt or improve upon the indigenous technology as the Japanese have done with dramatic results inspite of the fact that we have the third largest force of scientific and technical manpower in the world—just after US and USSR.

One of the most blatant and well known automotive sector. The Toyota Motor Company of Japan and a leading Indian auto firm started their operation simultaneously three decades ago. While the former has grown into a giant—making fuel-efficient, light weight fibreglass cars—the Indian company is still struggling with outdated models

Let us now examine the gaps in our agriculture and industrial sectors

On the agriculture front, we have done fairly well particularly in wheat production, although our performance is far from being optimum. The agricultural growth rate, which was 2.97 per cent during the 1950-69 period, has come down to 2.14 per cent This has not kept pace with our population growth of 2.5 per cent and is naturally causing concern.

The utilisation of irrigation facilities, created at enormous costs, is no more than 30 to 35 per cent. We have yet to reclaim even half of the 180 million hectares wasteland and bring the area under the plough. Mechanisation of small holdings is still a crying need. Soaring prices of inputs like seeds and fertilisers continue to retard agricultural growth.

There has been no worthwhile technological breakthrough in the production of rice—one major food crop Our rice productivity of 1,380 kg a hectare is one of the lowest among leading rice producers in the world. Pakistan's rice yield is 1,600 kg, Indonesia's 2,320 kg, China's 2,825 kg, Japan's 3,780 kg and South Korea's 4,150 kg The contrast is glaring.

The shortfall in oilseeds and pulses production is causing an avoidable drain of Rs 600 crores to Rs 800 crores a year in precious foreign exchange now for nearly a decade The average rate of growth of oilseeds production, which was 3.46 per cent during the period from 1952-53 to 1964-65, declined to 1.62 per cent between 1967-68 and 1978-79.

With oilseeds self-sufficiency as elusive as ever, rice bran can be used as a potential source of edible oil in the country. Japan, for instance, uses 80 per cent of its total bran oil output for human consumption as against 15 per cent in India. What is more, while Japan squeezes all its bran, India's actual output is one-tenth of the potential.

At the existing level of paddy output, the country has a potential of producing five million tonnes of edible oil a year. Against this, the current bran oil output ranges between 1,00,000 and 1,50,000 tonnes, the bulk of which is unfit for human consumption and hence is put to industrial use A measly amount of 15,000 tonnes is used as edible oil.

The main reasons why the output of rice bran oil has not attained its true potential are technological: (a) the method of dehusking the paddy is primitive and (b) the presence of the enzyme lipase which increases the free fatty acid content of the bran and renders the resultant oil unsuitable for edible purposes.

The first problem can be overcome through modernisation of rice mills by increasing the pace of replacement of "hullers" by shellers.

As for the second, scientists have already developed three techniques for stabilising bran: cold storage of the commodity, its admixture with anti-lipase chemicals and heat treatment. Why can't these methods be adopted nationwide?

The production of pulses has been the weakest link in the agricultural development programme. Except in 1975-76 when there was an all-time record in pulses production of 13.4 million tonnes against nearly 11 million tonnes in 1955-56, production has fluctuated between eight to ten million tonnes for the last two decades or so.

The decline in pulses output and the decline in per capita availability requires immediate attention. Against a nutritionally desired requirement of 60 gm per head per day, the availability of this important source of protein has slumped from 70.4 gram in 1956 to 30.1 gram in 1980!

TECHNOLOGICAL OBSOLESCENCE View of an outmoded textile mill shows the run-down condition of most of the textile units. Their production is far below their normal capacity.

The decline in pulses production is attributed to farming in marginal areas where the soil is infertile and irrigation facilities are inadequate. Besides, the plants of almost all pulses plants are very vulnerable to pests and fatality.

The Indian Agriculture Research Institute has developed new gram varieties but these are still in an experimental stage. But improved varieties of *arhar* the second major pulse crop, have been already developed. These varieties can ripen within a period of five and a half months instead of ten months. They need to grow on an exclusive scale.

In large segments of our industry today, 70 per cent of the machinery is old and needs immediate replacement. Productivity is low, costs high and quality poor. In our zeal to expand, we have even ignored our traditional industries such as sugar, cement, textiles, paper and jute which are so vital for our export earnings.

Modernisation in these industries has been slow due to five predominant factors: price control; depreciation based on historical costs; high rate of corporate taxation; doubling or even tripling of the costs of machinery, both at home and overseas, in the last decade; and, finally, lack of adequate credit on soft terms.

That is not all. Many owners have neglected the modernisation of their entreprises even during periods of prosperity and even siphoned off profits to invest elsewhere. This is particularly true of sugar, jute and textile industries

According to the Indian Sugar Mills Association (ISMA), out of a total 314 mills, 130 are 25 years old and more than half of them are incurring losses.

Sugar was the first industry to be made eligible for modernisation assistance. The modernisation funds requirement of the industry was estimated by the Sugar Inquiry Commission in 1968 at Rs 76.71 crores.

The present-day cost of modernisation is estimated at Rs 187 crores. In 1977 out of the assessed requirement of Rs 120 crores, nearly Rs 44 1 crores were sanctioned by soft lending institutions but only Rs 6.7 crores were actually disbursed.

The story of the jute industry is no different. India, once the monopoly supplier, is facing the worst recession and competition from Bangladesh Jute Synthetics.

In 1977, the industry had estimated its funds requirement for modernisation at Rs 250 crores of which Rs 100 crores were earmarked for imported equipment. The soft loans by Industrial Development Bank did not measure up to the requirement.

The Textile Plight

The textile industry is virtually a "slum". About 63 per cent of spindles and 82 per cent of the looms in a total of 700 textile mills are 15 years old.

The contribution of our textile sector in the country's export earnings has been Rs 700 crores to Rs 800 crores a year. But today, textile exports are declining. Not only is it facing competition from the rich nations, the industry is also loosing ground to the not-so-developed countries like Taiwan, Hong Kong, South Korea, Pakistan, Algeria and Philippines.

The cement industry has been reeling under burden of administered prices. Losses have generally overtaken retention prices. The inadequate return on capital employed and the absence of provision in the price structure for mod-

emisation has accentuated the problem. As a result, modernisation has been negligible and sickness is creeping in.

The impact has been evident on the rate of growth in the cement industry which has come down from 19 per cent in the first plan to 11 per cent in the second, 6.3 per cent in the third and 5.8 per cent in the fifth plan.

The industry has 27 units with 26.58 million tonnes installed capacity 71 out of 104 wet and semi-dry process kilns are operating at a very poor efficiency.

The capacity of wet and semi-dry process plants of 600 TPD and above in 18 kilns can be converted to dry process by incorporating the precalcinator know-how—enhancing the capacity to 1,500-1,800 TPD. The conversion cost is esti mated at Rs 279 crores.

The precalcinator know-how is being largely followed by Japan and has revolutionised cement production there. The technology can work on low grade coal and requires less capital investment.

The import of the engineering industry can hardly be exaggerated, its weight in the industrial production index is 29.85. It provides a base for any sound industrial structure. The engineering enterprises "grow old" faster—generally after five years Seventy per cent of the capacity in engineering industry is 70 years old. Only Rs 63.5 crores were actually disbursed for its modernisation out of a sanctioned amount of Rs 163.5 crores

Steel industry did fairly well during the '50s and the '60s, steel production during this period ie up to Third Plan rose from 1 45 million tonnes to 6.20 million tonnes.

But stagnation and sickness set in during the '70s with the production remaining static at 8.7 million tonnes. This has been due to gross underutilisation of capacity. As a result of poor production, we have been importing steel for the last one decade: over nearly one million tonne a year.

The latest technology which is being increasingly adopted in the West to modernise steel plants is continuous casting and direct reduction method. Direct reduction process for steelmaking can work with either natural gas or non-coking coal which is advantageous for India

The latest technology which is being increasingly adopted in the West to modernise steel plants is continuous casting and direct reduction method. Direct reduction process for steelmaking can work with either natural gas or non-coking coal which is advantageous for India as it has abundant well-dispersed non-coking coal reserves.

Other sectors in which we are woefully backward and need immediate modernisation is professional electronics and computer service. Electronics is vital for defence and the computer for all around efficiency of our industry.

All in all, the need of the hour is to utilise meagre resources to get the maximum utilisation of the existing capacity rather than fritter away funds in establishing new capital-intensive units ■

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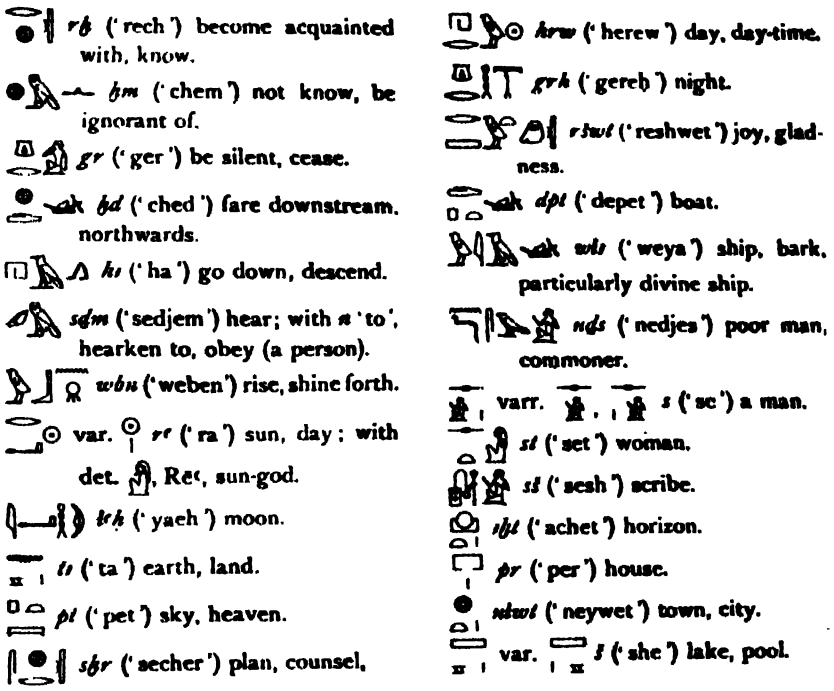
Breaking The Script

VOCABULARY



For thousands of years, hieroglyphics—the sacred writing of ancient Egypt—remained a mystery to the world. It was Jean Champollion who solved the riddle in 1822.

by Asoke Gupta

THE cradle of civilisation was in the near east, especially in Egypt and Mesopotamia (in Central Asia) and on the coast of the Aegean Sea.

The culture of ancient Egypt lasted for nearly 3,000 years, from the beginning of the 3rd millenium BC to the last century AD. This period gave birth to the most beautiful system of writing ever—hieroglyphics—which was used by the king and his priestly viziers. It appeared at a time when the human race was beginning to think in terms of history; this gave rise to the need to record names and dates. The discovery of writing thus constitutes the beginning of Egyptian history.

Hieroglyphic writing is based on the image of words. Words like "mountain" or "house" are written by using their respective pictures. Such picture writing was not bound to a language and was therefore universal.

'Sacred Carvings'

The word "hieroglyph" means "sacred carvings". This form of writing was a professional secret of the priests and was used to transmit the solemn proclamations of the king. With the advent of Christianity and the collapse of pagan religion, the hieroglyphic tradition flickered out. It resisted oblivion longest on the island of Philae, near the first cataract of the Nile, where fanatic Nubian clergy defended the cult of Isis in dilapidated temples. Here the last hieroglyphic inscription was recorded in 394 AD.

For thousands of years, the sacred writing of ancient Egypt remained a mystery to the world. No attempt was made to decipher this unknown language. But during the Renaissance, Western scholars became interested in hieroglyphs. In 1419, Leon Battista Alberti made a first attempt to reconstruct hieroglyphs from written descriptions. In 1499, Aldus Manutius wrote *Hypnerotomachia Poliphilli*, which contained hieroglyphic emblems. One of the most modern authorities on hieroglyphs was Giovan Pietro Della Fosse, who was fascinated by hieroglyphic problems. During his lifetime he wrote 58 books on the subject.

However, the most ambitious attempt to decipher hieroglyphs was made by Jesuit Althansius Kircher. He was a profound scholar of his time, author of books on cryptology, and for several years a professor of mathematics. According to Kircher, Coptic—which had been replaced by Arabic—was the last form of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Kircher also said that the knowledge of the Coptic language would be needed to decode hieroglyphs.

After Kircher, few attempts were made to decipher the sacred writing of ancient Egypt. However, interest in the subject remained high. The Great Seal of the United States, designed in 1790, depicts an Egyptian pyramid capped by an eye, the supposed hieroglyphic symbol of divine justice. This can be seen on the back of every United States dollar bill.

The Rosetta Stone

In 1799, an Egyptian labourer named Dhautopul was engaged in the construction of a fort for the French conquerors of a town in the Nile delta. While digging, his eye fell on an irregular slab of fine-grained black basalt, either lying on the ground or built into an old wall he was demolishing. It was covered with three bands of writing—demotic hieroglyphs, which had evolved from hieratic, a simple form of hieroglyphs and Coptic.

Although several translations were made of the Greek text, the discovery of the Rosetta stone did not make for an automatic solution. First, an attempt to read the meaning of the writing was made by Sylvestre de Sacy, a professor of Arabic in Paris. He tried to locate the meaning of the Greek text in demotic language but failed. He then handed over his research work to a Swedish diplomat, John David Akerbald. Using the same method of de Sacy he managed to solve many of the problems in just two months.

In 1814, the Rosetta stone came to the notice of Thomas Young, a British physician, whose hobby was science and who revived the wave theory of light on the basis of the discovery of the Principle of Interference. Young knew many modern languages. He made some progress with the demotic inscription and then turned to hieroglyphics. Though he had managed to read correctly six of the 13 signs he had identified, and three partly correctly, he admitted his failure to read the hieroglyphs.

Spell Broken

However, it was Jean Champollion, a young student of Grenoble, who solved the mystery. He made an intensive comparison of three kinds of writing. He proved that hieroglyphs represented sounds and that each hieroglyph was merely the symbolic expression of an idea.

It was in January 1822 that Jean Champollion brought out an almost complete translation of the hieroglyphs which gave the names of rulers of Egypt from Alexander to Anonius Pius. First he deciphered the word Ramses. Champollion knew the sun was called "Ra" or "Re" in Coptic, and that the three-pronged sign on the Rosetta stone hieroglyphics represented the complex words meaning "be born" or "engender"; that added up to birthday. It flashed before him that he was reading the hieroglyphic form of the name of the most famous Pharaoh—Ramses—and the name meant something like "child of the sun". At the same moment his eyes fell on another cartouche containing an ibis—known as the bird of God Thoth, the three-pronged sign and a shepherd's crook; he realised in a dazzling instant that this was "Thutmose", another well-known Pharaoh whose name obviously meant "child of Thoth".

The spell was broken and the mystery of hieroghyphs had been solved at last. In a fever of excitement Champollion rushed to his brother's office nearby, threw his papers on the desk and shouted, *"Je tiens l'affaire"*—I have got it.

Within three years he had arrived at an understanding accurate enough to enable him to translate an early Egyptian inscription of Amenophis III. He discovered that hieroglyphic writing was essentially the same as rebus, though overlaid with many refinements.

Champollion died in 1832 at the age of 41, less than ten years after his achievement. But he had had the satisfaction of having resolved the riddle which the silent Sphinx had guarded since time immemorial.

Solution Of Cuneiform

It is not only the dead men of Egypt who told their tales. Decipherers have also studied the annals of ancient Babylonia. Their decipherment of cuneiform is a more astonishing feat in a way than that of hieroglyphics because it was achieved without the aid of bilingualism. The solution of cuneiform was started by a 27-year-old schoolteacher of Gottingen, Georg Friedrich Grotefend, who had written a book on a universal language. Independently, an English scholar, Henry Rawlinson, found a series of signs that he recognised as the names of kings. He recovered more of the alphabet than did Grotefend, and this provided the key to the next and far more important step: the solution of syllabic cuneiform, the language of Babylonia and Assyria. In 1857, the Royal Asiatic Society sent a newly discovered cuneiform inscription to four experts—Rawlinson, Hincks, William Fox Talbot and Jules Oppert—with a request to work on it independently. The four sealed envelopes containing their solutions were opened at a formal meeting. In all essential points, their translations agreed.

Within 15 years the world was reading in shocked surprise the epic of Gilgamesh, in which a story of a flood parallels the Biblical narrative down to the detail of the release of a bird to check whether the waters had subsided.

James Princep, professor of Sanskrit at Oxford University, who died in 1840 at the age of 41, solved two important ancient scripts. He first unravelled the Pahlavi script and then turned his attention to the inscription of King Asoka who in the third century BC ruled the greatest empire that ever existed in India. They were written using the then unknown Brahmi alphabet in the common language of the people, Prakrit. In 1837, Princep saw a number of brief inscriptions on objects found in a temple near Bhopal and concluded that they meant somebody's "gift" to the temple. Equating known sounds of the Prakrit word for "gift" and of Prakrit proper names with particular letters, Princep worked out the the oldest known writing in India.

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MR H.P. Nanda, Chairman, Escorts Limited, could perhaps lay claim to the title of Motorcycle King. Coming up from the rear, Escorts has overtaken Royal Enfield of Madras and Yezdi of Bangalore to emerge as the country's top motorcycle manufacturer, accounting for 55 per cent of the market in 1982. Technology is Mr Nanda's watchword, and he has been at it in collaboration with Yamaha of Japan.

Now Escorts is simultaneously moving towards a bigger (350 cc) and a smaller (100 cc) motorcycle compared to the 175 cc Rajdoot it has been making and marketing. Who will buy the Rs 20,000 two-wheel giant, whose booking will start in March? Mr Nanda is obviously aiming at the connoisseur and the army and the police.

As for the smaller machine, the idea is to improve mileage and cut prices without compromising too much on sturdiness, which is the hallmark of a good motorcycle. "Nearly 80 per cent of our market is in rural and semi-urban areas," says Mr Nanda. For the time being, he is not going in for mopeds, although these are also included in his new licence.

The technology is again from Yamaha—$ 500,000 down payment plus 3 per cent royalty. Perhaps the R & D at Escorts could strive to graduate from adaptation to innovation so that some day Mr Nanda might be able to say: "The technology is all ours."

However, it is about the Escorts Heart Institute and Research Centre that he can talk with pride, claiming that it will be the largest of its kind in the world. To be located at Okhla on the outskirts of Delhi, the Institute will be directed by two young New York-trained cardiologists, Dr Naresh Trehan and Dr Parves Ahmed (son of the late Mr Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed). Surely it is a blow, albeit a mini one, for reversing the brain drain.

Ostrich Complex?

A thesis propounded by Dr Subramaniam Swamy, economist-turned-politician, who cherishes his Scarlet Pimpernel act during the Emergency as a feather in his cap, evokes interest even if it does not carry conviction. It runs thus: repayment of the huge IMF loan will commence soon after 1983-84 at an annual instalment rate of about Rs 1,000 crore. This will aggravate the resources crisis. A massive dose of additional taxation is, therefore, inescapable. The current year will be a year of reckoning because scope for additional taxation during the run-up to the Lok Sabha elections next year will be limited.

Be that as it may, there is no respite from governmental gimmickry. If work expands to fill jobs, you have Parkinson's Law in operation. If everybody in a bureaucratic organisation finds his own level of inefficiency, you have the Peter's Principle in full cry. But if a government tries to hide its inaction and inertia behind a plethora of committees and commissions, what do you have—an ostrich complex?

Perhaps someone will come up with a more appropriate term. We do not need another committee of economists. What is lacking is not reports and ideas but the will on the part of the Government to take the requisite action. Nothing is to be gained by adding more wheels to the juggernaut when those in the driver's seat refuse to step on the accelerator.

SBM Survives Crisis

The strike in Bombay's textile mills is a year and one month old, and there is no solution in sight. Not only has it thrown the 2.5 lakh workers out of work but has also affected many ancillary industries. Such is the crippling effect of the work stoppage that most textile machinery manufacturing companies have had to resort to retrenchment, lay-off and salary cuts.

One exception seems to be the SBM Group of Industries which manufactures a full range of textile processing machinery. Though it, too, was affected initially by the strike, it started exploring other markets for its products. Thus, in December, it executed a Vietnam order worth Rs 55 lakhs. Last month, it started delivering machinery worth Rs 70 lakhs ordered by Bulgaria. The group had earlier executed orders worth Rs 1 crore from that country and for a similar amount from Indonesia. More foreign orders are in the pipeline.

One reason for SBM's survival—even progress—in these days of hardship created by the strike, recession and credit squeeze is its penchant for updating the technology, claims the SBM chairman, Mr A.J. Shetty. For example, its new stenter, ES-2000, has a device to save fuel up to 30 per cent. Also, it has ventured into project selling in silk and hosiery.

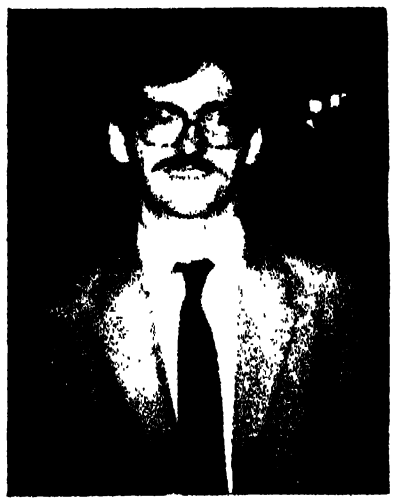
The group, which entered the textile machinery market rather late, has recorded an enviable average annual growth rate of 300 per cent, capturing 30 per cent of the local market as well as landing many foreign orders.

It has now entered into a joint venture with a Danish firm for making micro processors, automatic control systems, package dyeing, etc. This project will help not only SBM but also the European partner affected by a dull EEC market caused by severe recession in the West.

MR A.J. SHETTY, Chairman, SBM Group of Industries

Male Chastity Belt

Mr Patrick Murphy, Regional Director (Marketing), Pan Am is an unprepossessing, small-built man who nonetheless compels attention because of his fetching candour. Considering the nearly 0.5 per cent growth in tourist traffic in 1982, his remarks deserve notice. Mr Murphy does not mince words while attributing the recent sluggishness to the newly introduced visa system which is putting off many American and other tourists. First it was the Asiad, now the Non-Aligned Conference. Perhaps the security bit has been overdone. The tourist trade is hoping that the barriers will be again lowered after the New Delhi talkathon.



MR PATRICK MURPHY, Regional Director (Marketing), Pan Am

Neither is Mr Murphy mealy-mouthed about bemoaning the low priority India gives to tourism compared to countries like Nepal, Sri Lanka and Thailand. The other reasons he mentions are, of course, by now well-worn cliches: poor publicity and poor tourism infrastructure.

Could it also be that India lacks night life, being, in the eyes of many foreigners, the nearest approximation to a male chastity belt? Mr Murphy demurs. "Your cities may not be like Las Vegas, Singapore or Bangkok, but then India has so much more to offer which other countries don't." Anyhow, Pan Am has done pretty well in India, earning a revenue of $ 66 million, which may encourage the airline to add more flights.

One-Sided Trade

The South Korean economic miracle conjures up the names of three giant business groups; Daewoo, Samsung and Hyundai. The first is on a strong wicket vis-a-vis India, having increased its exports from $28 million in 1981 to 65 million in 1982. To an export list of steel, cement and chemicals have now been added ships, offshore equipment and chasses for railway bogies. Little wonder, therefore, that Indo Korean trade is so one-sided, our imports being $300 million and exports only $70 million.

"Now we want to have joint ventures in India as well as with Indian parties in third countries," says Mr Y.S. Hong, Daewoo's self-effacing manager. As the world's largest single garments exporter (its exports in 1982 touched $500 million), it is only to be expected that Daewoo would evince interest in our 100 per cent export units scheme for garments. It is talking to Siddhomal & Sons of Delhi. Explains Mr Hong: "With our technology we can bring down cost and jack up quality. Then, we have the expertise of the American market and you have contacts in the East European market. So both sides will benefit. The Indian party has also agreed to our holding controlling equity at 51 per cent, but the progress is slow."

What is the hitch?

"The minimum scale for us should be at least five to six million shirts a year, and at present it is not clear whether the required quota would be available through the Apparel Export Promotion Council." As for third countries, Daewoo and the Birlas are collaborating to set up a power mill in Zambia.

Reflationary Policy

Dr Freddie Mehta of the Tatas has been talking about the need for a reflationary policy provided there is an adequate foodgrains buffer stock. Now Mr M.L. Nandrajog, Secretary-General, Punjab, Haryana, Delhi Chamber of Commerce and Industry, has picked up the thread to explain a refinement. He says "Industry cannot lift itself by the boot-straps without incentives, particularly in the form of relaxation of credit curbs and lowering of interest rates. The inflationary impact of this reflationary policy should not cause economic distress to the common man provided there is an adequate buffer stock to ensure his basic necessities at reasonable prices."

Theoretically, Mr Nandrajog's idea is well conceived. But where is the sort of public distribution system he visualises? The business lobby will have to do better than this.

MR M.L. NANDRAJOG, Secretary-General, Punjab, Haryana, Delhi Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

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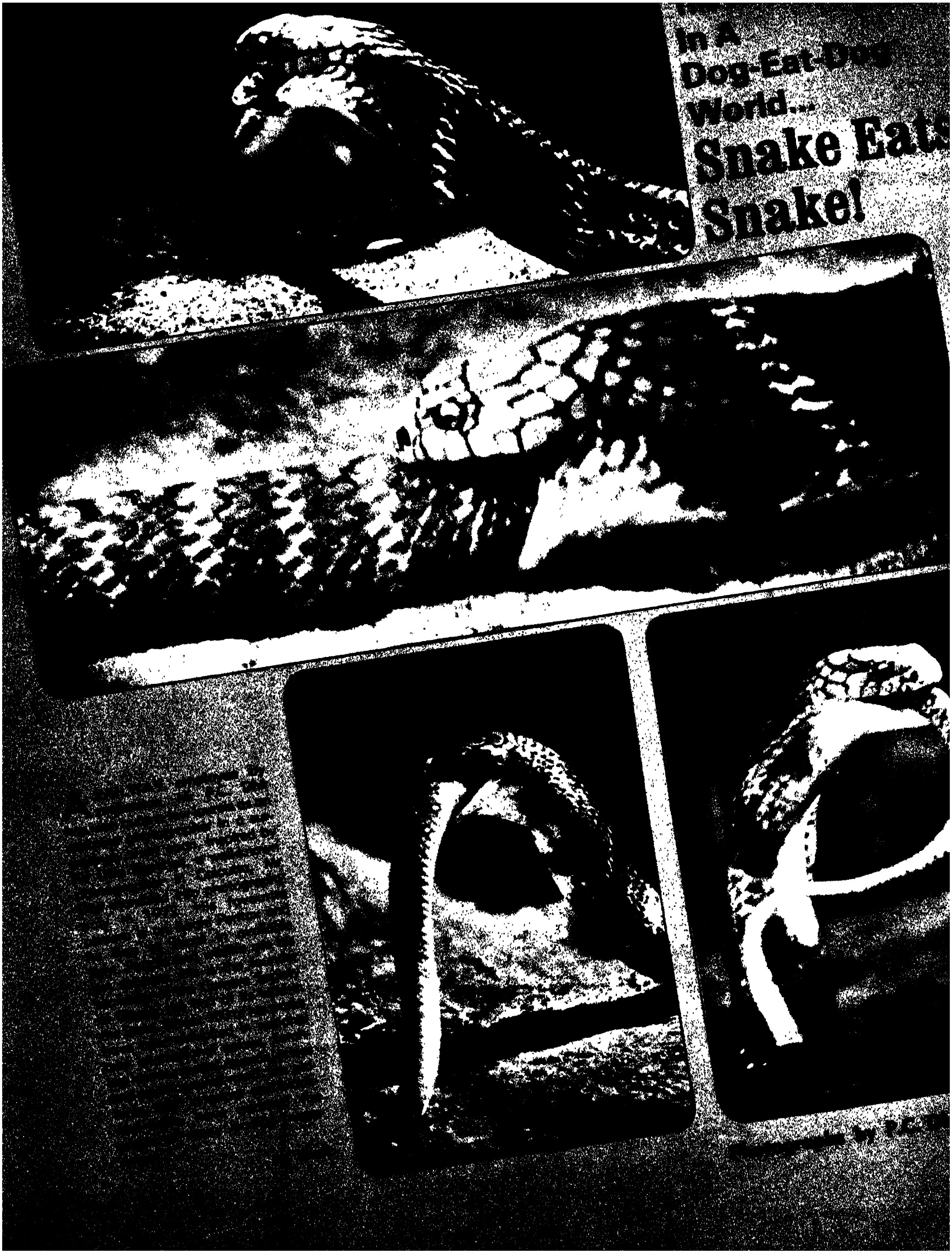

In A
Dog-Eat-Dog
World...
Snake Eats
Snake!

Prayer Without Hope

Where the head is held high and the mind is without fear of the National Security Act.

Where the Ministers are not corrupt and arrogant and do not move about in imported cars while professing deep concern for the poor.

Where tireless striving does not stretch its hand towards bribes.

Where the Prime Minister is guided solely by reason and the interests of the nation, and is not preoccupied with establishing dynastic rule.

Where the heads of state do not go abroad with a large retinue of doctors, nurses and relatives for expensive medical treatment while tender children with bright eyes are dying for want of a few rupees worth of drugs.

Where essential commodities are available freely and at reasonable rates, and Government fair price shops do not mix pebbles and dirt with grain besides cheating on weight.

Where shaving cream tubes are not half-filled with air.

Where seats in medical colleges are not auctioned to the highest bidders.

Where cement earmarked for bridges and dams is not sold to building contractors for a huge profit.

Where the police, cowed by threats or lured by promotion, do not forget their duty and become the musclemen of the party in power.

Where the voice of freedom is not stilled by hired *goondas*.

Where patriotism does not make a mockery of itself by seeking *tamra patras*, pensions and seats in professional colleges for children and grandchildren.

Into that Heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

—**P.A.C. Rao (Bangalore)**

Breath

You showed me as a boy
who our people were,
pointing to the tyrewala,
the vulcanising man,
the tailor
and the library clerk,
and asked me not to forget them.
I nodded my head solemnly
and made my filial pact.

But then I went to school
to learn the declension
of every clever word,
and college
where they transformed straight
questions
into learned gestures.
The clouds
descending round my eyes
brought unseasonal rain.

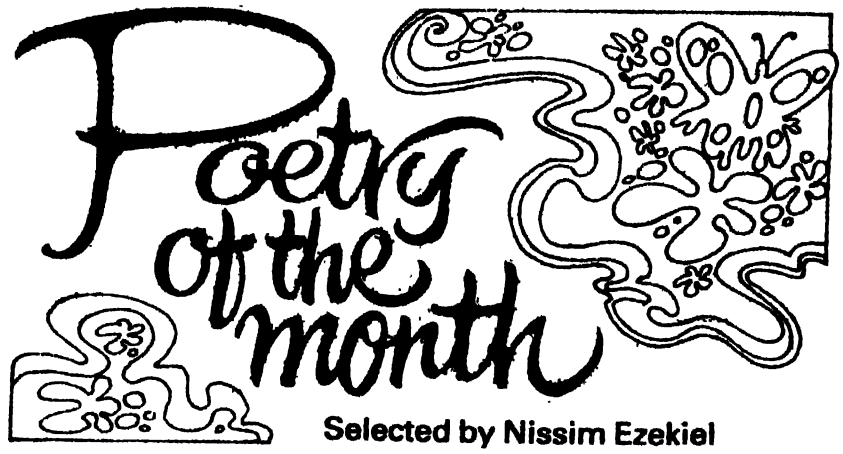
Meanwhile you trudged on
Sun Mill Lane
for thirty years
and lined your lungs with soot
as you took in the vapoured smoke
from Dhanraj Mill.

I remember
later how you leaned
against the table to breathe,
and on walks
your grip tightened on my shoulder
that I might pause
in your breathlessness.

Now that you have quietly
dissolved yourself
in this turbid smoke
and ride a wayward draft,
you will never more yearn
for elusive oxygen.

But I go scurrying around
collecting funds for the textile strike
and hope
that things will turn out so
that no fighting worker
will ever have
to bend to breathe.

—**K.K. Theckedath (Bombay)**



Selected by Nissim Ezekiel

Portrait In Grey

My grandmother's house evokes the indignity of age.
Its crumbling walls the ineptitude of resignation.
Her body is frail as loosened plaster.

The windows, once large, are closed to the seasons.
She opens the door each evening to a deceptive breeze
and sees through a shapeless cataract haze.

She prays to the faded photograph of the man she never loved
as she wipes the furniture cracked with the dust of years.
She mutters at her servant's desertion, loss of grace.

Her face has lost its contours, her memories their form.
She lives resigned to an endless mortality:
the morning ritual, the evenings of nothingness.

Her grandchildren are old enough
to remain unmoved by pocket money, slices of cake...

Grandchildren who snigger at her senile speech.
She has nothing left to fight their casual ways.

All that's left now is an irritation with misplaced keys.

—**Havovi Ankleseria (Bombay)**

Going Back

Every morning the sun's light rests
warm and honest on my shoulders.

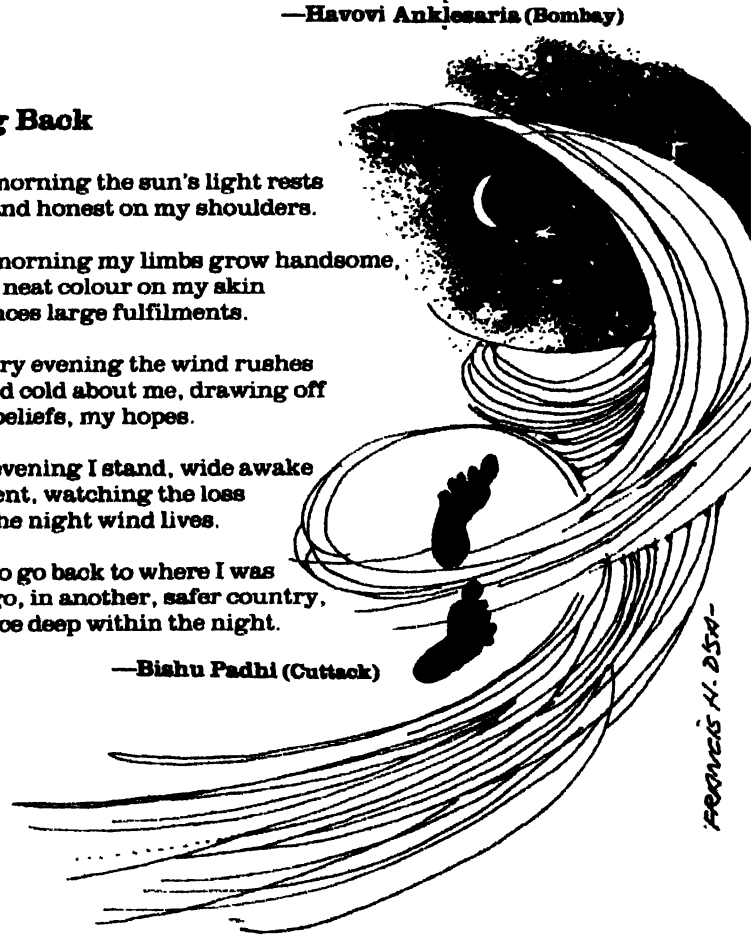
Every morning my limbs grow handsome,
while a neat colour on my skin
announces large fulfilments.

But every evening the wind rushes
mad and cold about me, drawing off
all my beliefs, my hopes.

Every evening I stand, wide awake
and silent, watching the loss
while the night wind lives.

I long to go back to where I was
long ago, in another, safer country,
to a place deep within the night.

—**Bishu Padhi (Cuttack)**



Firaq: With Contempt For Hindi And Happiness

by P.D. Tandon

As long as men have love for literature, high sensitivity and original thinking the name of Raghupati Sahai "Firaq" will shine with a lustre all its own. He died on March 3, 1982 and was a legend in his own time. He was a creative genius, who had a great impact in the world of letters.

Neither age, nor year of confinement to bed, due to illness, nor loneliness had in any way dimmed Firaq's extraordinary brilliance as a poet. He used to discuss problems with great vivacity. He was a determined detractor of Hindi, and loved Urdu more than most Muslims. During talks, his eyelids rolled in their sockets rapidly, and his countenance was lighted up with a vigour all his own. He was the greatest poet in Urdu in India and Pakistan. His creative poems are timeless and not topical or transitory.

I used to meet Firaq every now and then, but when I interviewed him the last time he was very brilliant, but very bitter and disgusted too. He was full of sadness, anger and helplessness and yet talked animatedly. I told him that I would like to put some questions to him and I would be glad to have his replies. He readily agreed, and said, "As many questions as you please."

Q. How has life treated you as a man and as a poet?

A. I had many personal misfortunes which made my life tragic. I had a very unhappy married life which led to the destruction of my home and family. My wife was a worm of human size, without any compensating factor.

As a poet I have no complaints against anybody. However, the destruction of literary culture has greatly distressed me. At times it makes me very miserable. In hating English, people destroyed other languages.

What is your concept of happiness? Are you a happy man?

I do not believe in happiness. I hate all who believe in happiness. A happy man is the most pitiable human creature, but I wish to avoid misery.

You were a teacher for long. What do you think of the teaching profession? And what do you think of professors?

My impression or half-impression is that in colleges and universities usually the teachers are not equal to grade fourth clerks, though the profession of teaching is indispensable.

Don't you think that is a rather harsh judgement?

Harsh only to those who do not know the reality. I have given you my opinion and I think I am right.

What do you think of the conditions in India today? Where is our civilisation going?

In our Indian civilisation decadence has set in incurably and we are incapable of producing things even slightly better than insects.

Firaq Sahib, what is your highest ambition now?

I hate ambitions and more than that I hate men of ambition, I consider ambition a contemptible instinct.

Would you be a poet again if you were reborn, and had a choice?

In a way poets and politicians are not high class people. If reborn, I would like to be a decent citizen. The noise about poetry is much worse than poetry itself. Poetry as a career is abominable.

Could you recall some of your saddest moments?

Since I am not a self-centred person, I do not bother much about sadness.

Please recount to me some of your happiest moments.

The word "happy" rouses murderous instincts in me. All self-respecting persons hate happiness. Only a fool deserves to be happy.

Will you please name the people you like very much?

I liked Jawaharlal Nehru, Lajpat Rai, Sarojini Naidu, Aurobindo Ghosh and Iswarchandra Vidyasagar.

Unconventional Poet

A Jnanpith literary prize winner Firaq was very unconventional and original. He continued to be his old self, despite age and illness. (To use his own phrase he was 'vindictively himself'.) Once a veteran journalist asked him about the influences that worked on him. Firaq stated, "I have never been influenced, I have influenced myself My story is the story of myself versus the universe. This is the triumph and the tragedy of my life."

Firaq was a creative artist. His powers of interpretation were enormous. He was hyper-sensitive. He once told me, "My mother used to say that from infancy I refused to sit in the laps of ugly men or women. Love of beauty was in my blood."

Firaq's genius as a great poet was never in doubt, but what lent lustre to him was his profound knowledge of the English language and his striking originality as a writer and speaker. When he spoke, he was passion personified. What he liked most in life, he once told me, was intellectual satisfaction. He had a supreme knack of making the worse appear the better reason.

A conversation with Firaq was a delight, even if you did not agree with his unusual and at times one-sided views. He was always involved with the things happening around him. He did not relish talking about himself. Yet, one day when I asked him when he discovered that he was a poet, when he composed his first poem and how he felt about it, he said, "I have not yet discovered the doubtful fact that I am a poet, though I have been writing poetry for half a century I have too great a reverence for the word 'poet' to believe that every verse-writer is a poet. Fortunately, I have more than half forgotten all about my first efforts at verse. The growth of my poetic mind and what little poetic power I have been able to evolve has been very slow. About two decades of painful effort went in to the making of those first poems of mine which won recognition from people competent enough to judge All genuine literary creations seem to be the result of the mysterious working of a writer's creative faculty. So has been the case with me."

Lonely Man

Firaq was a very lonely person. He always sought company He was at his best in the midst of intellectuals. He was frank about his personal life. He once told me that his love was not of the common type. It was a painful journey in search of pleasure. In his own words, "I sought love from youth, the sensuousness of my physical as well as imaginative personality. I was a plaything to storms of sexual passions from early boyhood. Sexual instincts and passions were tearing me to shreds, yet in the midst of all these tempests, I felt that I was seeking through sex something beyond sex and was stretching myself towards the ideal beauty."

Firaq was not a mere poet. He was vigorously alive to dynamic changes in modern life. He took a lively interest in political affairs. Once when he was in the Congress, he courted imprisonment He used to react to political happinings with great sensitivity.

"What makes you miserable and do you see any signs that justify hope?", I once asked the poet. He became pensive and after a few moments stated, "So far as India is concerned the confusion about aims and ideals is very trying. Then I feel that there are no opportunities in the present day Indian set-up for men of thought and fruitful ideas to prove effective. Even the more prominent of Gandhiji's followers who gave to his freedom movement what great or little strength it had and their successors who resembled them, are entirely unfit, to make the freedom they won yield results. We now need not Gandhi-ites but the Indian equivalent of the best talents in Europe, not for the freedom of India but for the building of India But do we have such Indians? Our freedom fighters cannot be our nation builders."

Firaq aimed at perfection He often felt dissatisfied with his poetic efforts. Ye yearned for the creation of more poems of such quality as *Midnight (Adhi Raat)*, *Shadows (Parchhaiyan)*, *Fireflies (Jugnu)*, and *The Cradle (Hindola)* He often wished he were less harrassed in his old age with economic worries, illnesses, loneliness and helplessness and to be able to leave behind him a few thousand more lines and a hundred poems of moderate length on the lines of the great English odes as well as in blank verse as in English poetry

During the last years of his life, however, he had no economic worries of any kind. He had more money than he needed and got more whenever he asked for it or felt that he needed it However, he could not escape, illness and loneliness. He was always surrounded by people and yet he felt a little lonely Once he told me, "Even in big gatherings, I feel very lonely. Once he told me, sometimes desolate. You can see loneliness reflected on my face." Whether his poetic longings were fulfilled or not he alone knew it. But he always suffered from divine discontent.

Firaq had, it seemed to me, worked up a hostility against Hindi. In season and out of season he denounced Hindi poets and writers. He comments against the Hindi language were violent, almost mad. Few agreed with him, but many enjoyed his powerful and amusing denunciation of the great Hindi language.

At my daughter's wedding, my nephew asked Firaq for an autograph. He took the book in hand but the moment he saw poet Sumitranandan Pant's autograph, he flung it aside angrily saying, "Will I ever sign on a book which carries the autograph of Sumitranandan, that Hindi poet?" All those present were shocked at Firaq's crudity, but he could often be rude and crude

Firaq had a very unhappy domestic life. He never concealed his feelings about it. He talked of it with cruel candour Once he told me, "I have disliked my home and my domestic life which has been one long tale of hatred, disgust and misery. Only by a constant and heroic effort have I saved myself from going to pieces Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru during one of his sojourns at my place advised me that I should patiently face this terrible trial and his words gave me great strength."

Firaq was a genius and he was aware of it. He had an ever-growing mind. Age had added an edge to his brilliance. His greatest contribution to Urdu poetry was 'his use of ordinary words to give expression to extraordinary nuances of thought and feeling'. Name and fame caused him embarrassment. He wanted to be one with the common man. Firaq considered innocence a great virtue and a blessing. His poems reveal a highly sensitive and original mind at work.

Firaq's sensationally original poems were universally recognised. As a poet he was really great and contributed much to Indian literature, but as a man he was very earthy. Often one wondered how such a genius who talked of beauty on such a high level could be so ordinary in human affairs However, he lived a life of vigour and powerful passions and was always "vindictively himself", concealing nothing, revealing everything about himself ■

The Weekly Pick

Forest Farming, J Sholto Douglas, Robert A de J. Hart, G. Shankar Ranganathan, Natraj Publishers, Rs 85.

With all the destruction of forests in the last decade for firewood, timber and other allied industries, trees have certainly been in short supply. The authors aim at increasing the *Prosperity For India* (as the sub-heading says) and discuss the role of forests in economic progress. The chapters *Revitalising The Rural Areas, Designing A Forest Farm, and Fields For Expansion Deserts*, are attractive even for a non-technical environmentalist like this reviewer. The use of forest resources, checking of pollution, stopping erosion and expansion of desertland are some of the pleasant side-effects that arise from forestry for better economy.

India And The Atom

Birla Institute of Scientific Research, Allied Publishers, Rs 50.

India's nuclear programmes and its achievements and failures are systematically covered in the book. The last four decades have witnessed great scientific efforts in the field of nuclear energy and this book presents the role of science in widening our horizons and utilising our natural resources. Nuclear technology for peaceful purposes and nuclear weapons and national security are expansively discussed.

Folk Tales Of Himachal Pradesh

Som P. Ranchan, H.R. Justa, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs 15.

The book represents a small section of mythic material that .Himachal folk-culture is rich in feminine wisdom, motherhood, sympathy and freedom from demonic influences and evil. Folklore, myth, legend and reality are woven together and each story has a special message. Each shrine or holy place has a story behind it and the author brings out the essence of these through the characters, setting, and story-telling technique.

International Relations as a Social Science

Ekkehart Krippendorff, Radiant, Rs 75.

The author is well known for his exhaustive knowledge of International Relations and has written numerous volumes on this subject. This particular study examines war and the role of armaments, Soviet socialistic foreign policy and the world market apart from the other topics. The meaning of history and international politics is analysed, and his work is all the more interesting as he writes with the religious, social and even the anthropological background in view.

Julie

Return Of Leela Naidu

Leela Moraes (Leela Naidu a long time ago and recently Editor of the now defunct *Keynote*) is looking forward to playing Amrita Sher gil in a forthcoming film. Her preparation for this "role of a lifetime" includes a frantic search for a hair-dye to match the beautiful painter's hair down to the last tint. At least no one will be able to say she didn't take any trouble!

—Celebrity

India Amuses Goldie

Goldie Hawn is hardly a typical tourist. On her first trip to India, she and her boyfriend, Yves Regnier, spent four days at a camel fair in Pushkar, where they stayed in a tent, just like the locals. "Of course, I didn't buy a camel," the actress hastened to explain. One group of women was fascinated by Goldie's golden locks. "They had no idea who I was other than some weird blonde person," she says. We just began to communicate and laugh. Despite the poverty they are very happy people. I found myself laughing all through India."

—Newsweek

Bardot's Cruelty

Brigitte Bardot was cleared of defamation charges by a court which ruled she acted out of sincere "indignation" when she called a woman "a slut" because she thought the woman had beaten a cat to death. Bardot devotes her time to campaigning against cruelty to animals. The defamation suit was filed by florist Odette Giraud, who lost her demand for the token sum of one franc damages and 8,000 francs in court costs.

—International Herald Tribune

Danton Controversy

Danton, Andrzej Wajda's film about the French Revolution, has touched off a storm of controversy in Paris because it overturns traditional French teaching on the two key figures—Danton the corrupt and Robespierre the executioner. Many say the film is a thinly-veiled metaphor on the present situation in Poland. Many have drawn parallels between Solidarity leader Lech Walesa and Danton, and between General Wojciech Jaruzelski and Robespierre. Wajda himself told an interviewer for the Socialist daily *Le Matin* that even though he had planned to make the film four years before the Solidarity movement was born, "I could not have made this film had I not been to Poland in 1980 and also if I had not known Lech Walesa. The clash between Danton and Robespierre is exactly what we are experiencing today."

—AP

Jackie

Educational Aids

If the venture of six young men clicks, college students will be taking their lessons from a different professor—a tape-recorder.

The team led by Umesh Ashar, claim their "Ed-Aids", employing cassettes and printed material, will help students to learn "at will and at their ease".

Each subject is covered by a 90-minute cassette, in the form of question-answers. They have already turned out 1,500 cassettes, "teaching" Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Economics and French for second year Junior College Students. The system has been "experimented" in three Bombay colleges. Ed-Aids will be marketed through bookstalls.

—The Daily

Maneka Underground

If Rajiv Gandhi kept a low profile during the Delhi elections, one person who went completely underground was Maneka Gandhi. Flush from victory in Andhra, it was widely expected that Maneka and her Sanjay Vichar Manch would be quite vocal and prominent in the campaigning. It is believed that Maneka kept out of the elections because she felt if she did enter the fray she would have to publicly align with the BJP—something she is reluctant to do since she believes her party can exist and prosper independently. Moreover, Maneka is at present preoccupied with responding to the innumerable charges Mrs Gandhi's henchman Yunus has made against her and her mother. She is taking legal advice on whether she can haul Yunus up in court without doing too much damage to her own reputation.

—The Sunday Observer

Wages Without Work

You may not have your cake and eat it too, but you can draw your salary and still not go to work, if you happen to be a nurse in a Primary Health Centre in some rural area.

Ever since the Primary Health Centre of Kapulakanuparthi was started four years back, there has not been any doctor. The nurse is the only person on the staff.

But recently she has moved to Warangal, a more crowded town, and opened a private clinic of her own. While the Primary Health Centre of Kapulakanuparthi is now totally devoid of staff, the nurse continues to receive her salary and runs her own clinic.

—The Daily

From Small Places

A 38-year-old autorickshaw driver, N. Vasupal of Mysore has obtained a Ph.D. degree from Mysore University for his thesis "The Concept of Soul in Jain Philosophy".

When his scholarship to work under Indologist Dr A.N. Upadhya came to an end in 1977, he found himself jobless. He took advantage of a loan offered to him by the State Bank of Mysore and bought an autorickshaw to eke out a living.

Besides the degree, he was awarded two gold medals.

—The Times of India

Goldie

Luxury For Luxury's Sake

If, as Maurice Chevalier once put it, the secret of success is to last, Marc Bohan of Dior has made it—he celebrated his 25th anniversary with the house. So, for that matter, have Givenchy (who celebrated his 30th anniversary last spring) Yves Saint-Laurent, whose 20th anniversary was last year, and Jean-Louis Scherrer, whose house also turned 20 recently.

At Dior, Bohan celebrated his anniversary with a collection that was like "Remembrance of Things Past." From the sharply outlined suits to the strapless long-torsoed evening bubbles, it looked like a clever updating of the late 1950s. The strong-backboned, well-pulled together collection was also more Dior than the shows have been in a long time if you associate Dior with luxury for luxury's sake.

—Hebe Dorsey

Barnard To Quit Surgery

Christiaan Barnard has announced that he will retire from active surgery at the end of the year because of worsening arthritis in his hands. The surgeon who performed the world's first heart transplant in 1967 told the *Sunday Tribune* newspaper of Johannesburg: "I can't pull my weight any more." He said the disease made operating increasingly difficult and painful. Now 60, Barnard also pioneered the "piggyback" operation, in which a second heart provides a booster for the patient's ailing heart. Barnard said he would participate in medical projects overseas after his retirement.

—IHT

"Incompatible"

The word is *incompatible* and it has Madrid and its top-heavy population of civil servants aquiver.

Being "incompatible" in today's Spanish political jargon means getting more than one monthly paycheck from the government. That, say the Socialists who came to power in October, is wrong. So under a law that took effect on January 1 there is now only one government job and one government paycheck per person, at most.

—Victor de la Serna

Gig

The Man-made Heart Is Here!

by Dr. Aspi F. Golwalla

"If a man can grow a heart, he can build one."

(Dr William Kolff)

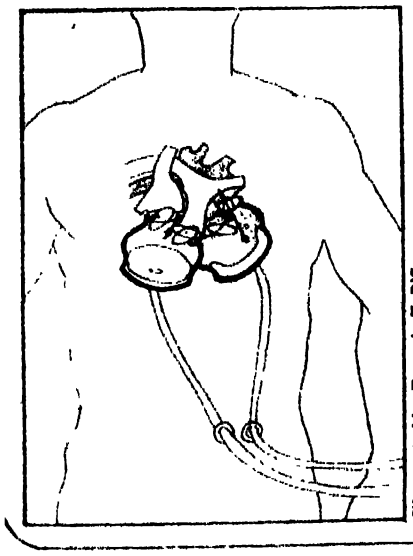
IN Salt Lake City, USA, hovering between life and death, was 61-year-old Barney Clark, a retired dental surgeon from Washington. In early 1979, two years after his retirement, an obscure viral infection damaged Clark's heart muscle which became flabby and dilated and unable to pump blood to the body. In such cases, the patient becomes bedridden, and eventually dies. In medical jargon this affliction is called *cardiomyopathy*.

There is as yet no effective medical treatment for this disease. Conventional drugs like digitalis and the water pullers (diuretics) were tried on Clark but proved ineffective after some time. The alternative was heart transplant, but Clark was too old for such a major operation. Only an artificial heart could give him a new lease of life may be of hours, days, months, or with luck, a year. Clark was courageous enough to try the artificial heart, and Dr. William De Vries, the 38-year-old brilliant heart surgeon from Utah, took up the challenge of transplanting an artificial heart in a human being. Clark was operated upon on December 1, 1982, and but for his artificial heart would not be alive today.

Akutu and Koluff had implanted a total artificial heart (TAH) in dogs for the first time in 1937. Because of the success recorded in animals with robot hearts, the possibility of implanting a man-made heart was eagerly anticipated. Dr. R. H Dastur in his book, *Are You Killing Yourself, Mr Executive?* had written in 1975, "Brother Coronary, do not despair, for in the next ten years you can discard your old, diseased heart, and have it replaced by a new glistening artificial one. Preserve your heart for the next ten years, for artificial hearts are coming, sooner than you think."

De Vries has made this fantastic dream a reality. The artificial heart called JARVIK 7 is devised by Dr. Robert Jarvik. It consists of a cumbersome 170 kilo power unit—more than double the weight of an average (75 kg.) man. Whatever Clark does or wherever he goes, he has to carry his new heart-on-wheels with him. Many would question if life is worth living by carrying such a heavy burden twenty-four hours of the day? Only Clark can decide. But he will go down in history as the first living man with an artificial heart.

THE ARTIFICIAL HEART and channels connecting it to the Heart Driver.



Illustrated by Francis H. D'Sa

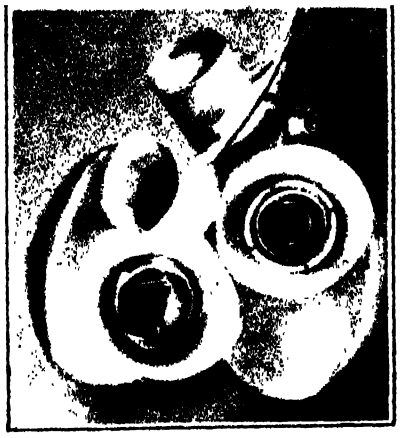
September 4, 1896 was historic in the annals of heart surgery, because Dr. Ludwig Rehn, head of the surgical department at the City Hospital in Frankfrut successfully stitched a wound in the heart of a young man who had been stabbed in a drunken brawl. In one stroke, Dr. Rehn dispensed with the doubts, prejudices and mysticisms that had surrounded the heart.

Nowadays to repair a hole in this vital organ or to change its incompetent and damaged valves has become commonplace, as also bypassing thickened and diseased coronary arteries with venous grafts.The surgeon can stop and start the heart as he pleases by having an artificial heart-lung machine take over its functions during surgery. In our modern throw-away society, the concept of life is to use and discard, be it clothes, furniture, and even worn out organs like the kidneys, heart, lungs and liver. Technically, grafting new tissues in the body is not a big problem. French Surgeon Plexis Carrel had transplanted the heart of a small dog into the neck of a larger dog in 1945, and it had beaten successfully for over an hour. For this feat, Carrel was honoured with the Nobel Prize.

Pre-eminent in this field, has been the Russian surgeon Demikhov who transplanted a heart from one dog to another, the second heart being placed parallel to the original, and beating in unison with it. The heart kept beating successfully in the new body for ten days, then stopped suddenly, and the animal died. The obvious reason was the body's rebellion against the new graft and its destruction. A lot of problems and difficulties encountered in spare parts surgery is due to incompatibility between the graft and its receiver.

Clinical application of Carrel's and Demikhov's feats was not possible until 1960, when Shumway of Stanford University reported a series of eight canine orthotopic transplants, that is, total removal of the animal's heart. Five of these eight dogs lived for 6 to 21 days. In 1964, Dr Hardy performed the first human orthotopic cardiac transplant by replacing the heart of a 65-year-old man dying of cardiac disease with the heart of a 96 lb. chimpanzee. But the operation was unsuccessful as the small chimpanzee's heart could not pump enough blood for the patient's 96,000 kilometre circulatory system.

Seven years after Shumway, the eminent heart surgeon Dr. Christian Barnard attracted world attention by performing the first human cardiac transplant in Cape Town, Africa, in 1967. However, heart transplants had to be abandoned until recently due to the high fatality rate—almost 98 per cent of patients died within a year of the transplant operation. This is because all transplant patients have to be given large doses of powerful immuno-suppressive drugs to prevent the body's tissues from rejecting the transplanted heart. In doing this, the drugs reduce the body's resistance to infections which were responsible for the majority of deaths.



THE JARVIK Total Artificial Heart, a prototype of which was implanted in Barney Clark's chest.

But recently, heart transplants have staged a come-back with the development of a new drug called cyclosporin. The new drug acts only on those white blood cells which are responsible for rejecting the "foreign" heart.

Significant progress has also been made on the artificial heart which eventually saved Barney Clark's life. Backed by over 20 years' intensive research, the Jarvik 7 was awaiting the US Food and Drug Administration authorisation, which has very strict criteria for choosing a patient on whom an artificial heart can be transplanted. The volunteer has to be a heart patient who would certainly die without surgery, and on whom conventional surgery has failed. TheJarvik 7 has successfully kept cows alive for long periods.

Made of plastic and aluminium, the Jarvik 7 is the same size as a natural heart but has a pneumatically powered pump connected by two 80 centimetre long tubes to the right and left ventricles (heart's lower chambers) of the TAH. These tubes emerge through the abdominal wall, and are attached to the heart driver which is about the size of a portable TV set. The ventricles contract when the air from the compressor is pumped into them and presses the diaphragm. Says Jarvik, "Eventually, we hope to develop an electric total heart which will give the patient complete mobility." Dr De Vries and his team performed the operation by making a 45 cm long incision through Barney Clark's skin and breast bone. He spread apart the ribs and found the dentist's enlarged heart flickering faintly and irregularly. A heart-lung machine was attached with one tube in the aorta (the main artery which carries blood to the body), and the other in the right auricle (heart's upper chamber). The machine pumped blood and maintained circulation while De Vries removed both ventricles, and stitched the robot heart to the two auricles he had left intact, the aorta and the pulmonary artery. A little later, the heart-lung machine was switched off. Clark was now living on Jarvik 7, and history was made.

Cures That Endure

It's your heart... handle with care

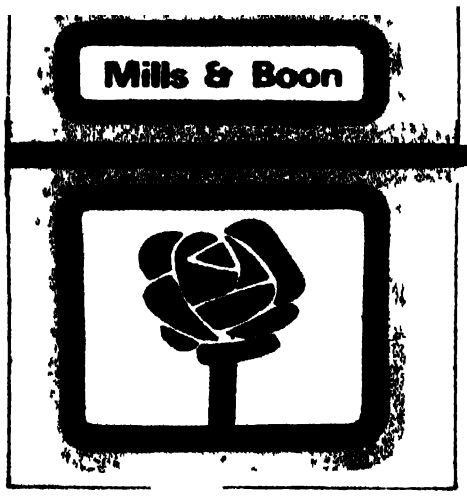
"ITS only heartburn!" The first symptom of heart disease is often strong chest pains accompanied by a burning sensation. And is often misjudged (unknowingly or otherwise) as an *indigestion* problem. The target spot is usually a persistent pain in the centre of the chest, just behind the breast bone. It may be discerned from the pain in the chest, arms, neck, spreading at times to the jaw; make no mistake, it may very well be a heart attack. And the cardinal rule is not to panic. But do not deny reality either or try to convince yourself or the victim that it is only a minor problem of the digestive sysem. Gently and firmly insist on taking him to hospital first.

In order to avoid this crisis state, it can be worthwhile to examine the reasons that usually lead to a heart attack. Of the cardiac disorders that plague us today, *hypertension* comes first on the list. The cause of this notorious disease is an increase in the pressure of the blood flowing in the arteries. This in turn is caused by a thickening of the artery walls and a consequent increase in the pressure of blood flowing through the thinning passage in the arteries. Worry, anxiety, tension, the increasing stress and strain of a rat-race existence certainly helps in aggravating the situation. The ace symptoms of hypertension are techycardia (palpitation), weakness and severe headaches accompanied by insomnia and giddiness. The most severe form results in cerebral haemorrhage and paralysis.

As in any disease,in hypertension too, tracing the origin is of utmost importance for correct treatment. If you believe in natural cures try the following. take four pearly pods (if small) and two (if large) of garlic, every morning religiously for the rest of your life. The odour should not bother you. And do not cook it, please, then the efficacy of the herb is ruined. There is another wonder cure for the condition. *Sarpagandha;* the powdered root of this herb is absolutely remarkable, and has a 4000 year-odd history of being used frequently in our subcontinent.

Of course, you must cut out the cigarettes and liquor from your life, and avoid *all* hydrogenated fats which should be treated as poison. Vigorous exercise and physical strain should be avoided, but do take the long walks recommended . the fresh air and gentle increase of circulation does wonders for your vital pump .. your heart.

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee



The Rose Of Romance

Fantasies To Order

by Girija Prabhakar

INSTANT romance is yet another 20th century phenomenon and it comes in many different packages Of these, at 75, Mills and Boon is perhaps the oldest Even so romantic fiction, soon to be a mature 40 years of age was a fairly late arrival in this publishing house

Today, however the name Mills and Boon is synonymous with romance A recent foray into "keyhole crime', in an attempt to diversify its publications, having failed, the firm resolved to stick to what has always been and still is its forte—romantic fiction And, each new month is marked by the unfailing release of 23 new titles These fall into four broad series—Contemporary Romances, Best Seller Romances (favourites of yore), Doctor/Nurse hospital stories and Masquerade historical novels And together, they account for a worldwide sales far exceeding 250 million copies Interestingly, the books are both authored and edited exclusively by women, nearly all of whom make their home in the United Kingdom The head of the domain though, is a man--Mark Abbott, who became the company's Chief Executive and Managing Director in 1982

The Word *Romance*

What makes a book a romance? In a literary sense, the word *romance* would refer to works with an emphasis on the fabulous or legendary more broadly, it would apply to those novels which are of an allegorical bent Popular usage has however, endowed it with an entirely different connotation In this case *romance* refers to fiction whose prime concern is the *affaires de coeur* And these affairs of the heart remain Mills and Boon's chief interest

So if Jane Austen believed that 'a single man in possession of a large fortune must be in want of a wife" Mills and Boon believes, that a single woman, fortune or no fortune wants to be wooed and wed Accordingly every single Mills and Boon romance denotes a hundred and ninety two pages to the story of how a man meets a woman, how he courts her wins her love and then seals the pact with a ring on her finger It is a story divorced from the realities of life, a story which describes what seldom if ever happens, a story rooted in fantasy Yet, it is precisely because it allows the reader the luxury of a few moments in a world of make-believe that it is so immensely popular

The values that Mills and Boon preaches are the eternal values of love and marriage, values that 'transcend all national barriers", values that afford the reader "a form of security and reassurance' by the constant reiteration of the same All the same, says Mark Abbott, ' Mills and Boon does not aim to set standards ' For he feels, "that, that is something for society alone to do"

As a rule, all Mills and Boon romances share very many common traits First the hero is normally tall, dark and handsome with broad shoulders and lean hips While the heroine, usually, is the perfect English rose with a complexion that is peaches and cream fair hair blue eyes, and a delightful heart shaped face

Second they meet as strangers and almost instantly take a violent dislike to each other But then, as hate is akin to love, the denouement comes as no surprise The pair wind up madly in love with each other

Third, love conquers everything—even unforgiveable physical violence Sex is becoming increasingly important to Mills and Boon romances The word "bed' first appeared in 1971 "Crumpled sheets" followed a couple of years later And, nowadays, the heroine is left to brave the treacherous responses of her own body Publisher Abbott acknowledges this ' steamier" trend and attributes it to the prevailing environment, to which even authors are not immune

Mills and Boon books abound in superb markets but they are still taboo in the conventional bookshops of Britain "Literary snobbery" is the reason for this exclusion says Dr Peter H Mann, Reader in Sociology at the University of Sheffield Snobbery and feminism notwithstanding, market research surveys reveal that 84 per cent of British women, from a cross section of the country's female population, and only *two* per cent of Britain's men read Mills and Boon

In our own country over 40 per cent of Indian women read romantic fiction in English And in India, Mills and Boon, books are distributed exclusively by Macmillan India In fact Mark Abbott's current visit was prompted by the desire to explore and exploit the potential of the Indian market For, India is one of the largest publishing outlets in the world

Mills and Boon is certainly not the most elitist of romances and there are many who are quick to deride its quality But it is an established name and it fetches some of its writers a good income of some £ 50,000 a year Still others, who are more prolific writers, earn as much as a quarter of a million pounds per annum Not a bad proposition, that

All said and done, in today's dog eat dog world, Mills and Boon furnishes the reader with ready made fantasies Fantasies which afford her the satisfaction of dreaming of what might have been or of what the future holds, as even teenagers read Mills and Boon Fantasies which help the reader, including this writer, to relax and unwind in today's mad, mad, mad world ■

Taming Of The Bulls

On January 16 all roads lead to Alanganallur, a village in Tamil Nadu, for the festival of Jallikattu where the men prove their physical prowess and courage by taming fierce bulls.

by Prema Raghavan

MATADOR MACHISMO. Egged on by an enthusiastic public, including foreign tourists (above), the 300-year-old festival of Jallikattu is an exciting event in the life of the villagers. Left, a fierce bull with its proud owner.

MAN always wants to exhibit his physical prowess, valour, courage and ability. In fact, a display of masculinity always boosts his ego and so such macho games for men continue to thrive. From time immemorial, the villagers of Tamil Nadu have been proving their bravery by taming fierce bulls on Mattu Pongal, the day of harvest meant for venerating cows. The age-old custom continues till this day, egged on by an enthusiastic public,including foreign tourists.

At Alanganallur, a major village near the temple city of Madurai, the festival of Jallikattu is organised by the villagers two days after Makar Sankranti in liaison with the tourism department.

Crowd Of 30,000

Alanganallur Jallikattu has been held for the past 300 years; it is an organised form of bull taming in which bulls are let loose one by one into an inverted L-shaped arena where the bull tamers wait. It is different from Manju Virattu, where all the bulls are let loose at the same time into a big ground; it is a free-for-all and anybody can tame any bull and carry away the honours.

On January 16 all roads lead to Alanganallur. People come on foot, on bicycles and on overloaded bullock carts to be in time for the event. By 2 pm a crowd of 30,000, mostly villagers, has gathered around the arena. On either side of the arena, *machan*-type structures are erected for the general spectators, two special rostrums are also raised at vantage points—one for the tourists and the other for the VIPs. People perch themselves everywhere—on walls, rooftops, treetops and even on electric poles. Men in *dhoties* or half-pants, head and hair covered with dust, wait anxiously for the event to begin. Village elders and the proud owners of prized cattle sit near the entrance to the arena.

The bulls—150 of them—are bathed and decorated with painted horns, and *dhoties* and towels are wound round their necks which are already adorned with flower garlands. Owners hold them proudly in an enclosed space near the arena. Some bulls carry a garland of rupee notes. Some of them look so fierce that they instil fear in one's heart. Elders who are seated on wooden poles near the *wadi* entrance gate start waving towels and the crowd greets the bulls with wild catcalls and whistles.

The trumpet sounds and the temple bull enters the arena with all the honours, marking the start of the game; nobody catches it due to respect and custom.

The game is on. A bull is let loose. It gets frightened by the jeer of the crowd and charges ahead in a bid to escape. It runs so fast that the people are unable to catch it. A prized bull refuses to come into the arena. The owner has to drag it in. People howl and hoot, but it does not budge an inch. The bull tamers try getting near it but the fierce bull wards them off with its horns. An intelligent man lies flat on the ground and the bull is unable to pierce him. It charges ahead. People fall and get injured in the process.

Keen Competition

The sun is very harsh and the air is musty with the smell of dust and sweat. A man gets a hold on the hump of a fierce bull and succeeds in untying the towel The crowd roars. A foreigner calls him over and gives him Rs 100 for his bravery. Movie and TV cameras whirr as thoughtful film producers decide to use such scenes in their films. The foreign tourists, who wear garlands for the festive event, throw them in appreciation to the winners and they in turn toss them back. Scuffles ensue in the keen competition between the bull catchers and those witnessing the event. People become so enthusiastic that they block the way to the *wadi* and police have to step in to clear ther way for the bulls. The victorious heroes are carried on the shoulders of the enthralled public.

Suddenly, a bull charges into the crowd of onlookers and injures several persons, it then lifts a man with its horns and tosses him up in the air He falls to the ground almost dead. The injured people are removed immediately People are not worried about their injuries, they simply clean the oozing blood with a bit of cloth, tie it up and again get ready for another catch. There is stiff competition to catch the bull with the rupee garland for there is a Rs 50 prize for that one. The prize money is not much compared to the risk involved, but it is the honour which counts The heroes use the towels as a turban as soon as they make the catch. Some brave young men are able to catch a numbers of bulls. The elderly villagers cheer lustily for it takes them back to their own youth when they had caught bulls and been acknowledged as heroes.

Human Toll

The game comes to an end around 5 pm. The villagers return home chewing sugarcane on the way. This year's event left one dead and 150 injured—much the same as always. But the accidents and toll of human life never dampens the crowd. The pride in conquering the bulls or even having one of their bulls chosen for the event will be the talk of the village shanties till next year when, once again, a crowd will gather for the ritual Jallikattu. ■

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THEY ARE COMING!

by SAMAR JHA

That night when the star fell, not many gave it even a curious glance. October was the month of falling stars, the time when the heavens gave their annual restrained display of fireworks, So the curved parabolic trajectory of the burning body did not raise many eyebrows.

It came in from the northern sky and traversed the vast inky expanse, disappearing somewhere in the north-east, leaving a trail of dying sparks. It left in its wake a few surprised star-gazers but no hint of the times to come.

THE two friends walked together on the tar road, the moon bathing them in a cool light. A mild breeze was blowing from the north. It heralded the coming of winter. There was a hint of dew in the air.

They were talking as they walked down the almost deserted highway, when suddenly one of them stopped short. He thought he had heard something from the fields beyond the road. "Did you hear that? It sounded like a groan to me." They stood and listened. They heard a distant moan clearly. Exchanging a surprised look, they hesitated for a moment then rushed down the embankment towards the field.

At a distance, they saw a body lying in an awkward position. When they reached the supine figure they were panting from the exertion. The man was unconscious and obviously in pain. "Surely he has not been hit by a passing vehicle," said one of the friends, more a question than a statement. The moonlight, the dark shadows and the sounds of pain conspired to evoke an eerie atmosphere.

The friends decided to be good Samaritans. They picked him up as best they could and struggled towards the highway. There would soon be someone along to give them a lift to the hospital.

They did not have to wait long. An empty cycle-rickshaw came down the road and they engaged him, promising to pay well for carrying a third person. The rickshaw quickly covered the distance through the deserted town and in a short time the friends and the injured man were in the Civil Hospital.

"What are your names?" asked the white-coated, stethescaped young man who was obviously in charge of emergency.

"Why do you need our names?" queried one of the men.

The doctor waved a few sheets of brown cyclostyled paper at them and said, "I am sorry but we have to complete a few formalities."

The names were reluctantly divulged.

"How is he related to you?" asked the interrogator, his eyes on the form.

"He is no relation. We don't know who he is. We found him lying near the road which cuts through Karimnagar and joins National Highway-2. We were taking a walk," said one of them, remembering the face of the man, first revealed clearly by the lights of a passing car: heavily lacerated, but still recognisable as that of an Adivasi. But how had an Adivasi come to these parts? They normally stayed away, unless they were lured into town to make some quick money.

"We have to inform the police," the doctor said, motioning to an attendant to do the needful.

The man had been carried into emergency on a stretcher and was now on the examination table. He was moaning softly. While the attendant proceeded to get in touch with the police, the doctor began a preliminary examination of the patient. The room was lit just by one bright lamp over the table. The man lay breathing heavily. A shot of morphine was given to counter the shock and the doctor began his clinical examination.

Pulse 120. Blood pressure 150/100. Temperature normal. Pupils slightly dilated. Except for superficial cuts and lacerations on the face, legs and arms, no other external wounds were visible. No broken bones, but the possibility of internal haemorrhage could not be ruled out. To be kept under observation, he decided. Just then, the patient stirred. He was mumbling something. The doctor bent over him. The whispered words became clearer: "Oh Durga... Oh Durga *maa*. Take me with you. I love you, *maa*. Take me with you."

"Do you want to say anything or see someone?" the doctor asked gently. Getting no response, he asked again and again.

Abruptly the man's eyes flew open and he stared, horror-stricken. "Where am I? Where have you brought me?" He looked around, rolling his eyes. The attendant, who had returned after making the phone call, put a restraining hand on him. "Leave me alone. Leave me alone. I want to go with them." The man was bare-bodied and had only a loin-cloth on. A shiver ran down his body and he fell unconscious.

It was then that the doctor noticed the metal ball. The man held it tightly in his right hand. The doctor had to prise it out from clutching fingers. And then he almost dropped it, out of sheer shock. The ball was weightless.

The strange spheroid was shown to the friends. "Does this belong to you?" the doctor asked. The two men cringed when they beheld the tiny object. Why did it look so sinister? What was it? "We have never seen it before," they said.

"Then this, too, is a matter for the police." Saying this, the doctor put the ball on the table and looked at it, shaking his head in disbelief. Could a metal ball be feather-light? The surface of the object was spotless. The people in the room did not care to verify the doctor's statement about its weightlessness. And they failed to notice that the ball was rotating slowly on an axis inclined to the vertical. There was no point of reference on its surface to convey the knowledge of motion.

→

A week later, on a bright sunny morning at the Ootacamund Radio-telescope Centre, ORC for short, the Director was glancing through some reports compiled the previous night. One caught his eye. He skimmed through its contents and blood rushed to his head. At such times, people said behind his back, he looked like a mandrill because of the blood and the blue veins standing out in his cheeks and temples.

The author of the report was summoned urgently from his home where he had retired two hours earlier after a hard night at the observatory

"Explain yourself," said the Director to the groggy scientist.

"I hesitated to put that down..." the unfortunate astronomer began.

"Then why did you? This is serious business, boy. What are you planning to do? Make a laughing-stock of the ORC?" he fumed.

"How could I ignore my observations? I took the readings thrice in the past week and every time the results pointed to the same conclusion."

The Director lost all patience. "By God, young man, do you want to tell me that you have observed the violet-shift? What will you tell me next, the sun revolving round the earth?" The astronomer squirmed in his seat. He knew that what he had reported had never been observed before. Scientists had known for long the phenomenon of red-shift in the spectrum of light, and radio-waves from stars and galaxies receding from earth at speeds close to that of light. But the violet-shift, that was an impossibility as far as known facts were concerned. It could only happen if the galaxies started coming back towards earth at light velocities, which would, of course, be a triumph for the oscillation theory of the origin of the universe. But even for that, the violet-shift had come too early by several thousand billion years. And the report spoke of only one light source displaying the violet-shift.

"Take away your report and don't let me see it again. There is no room at the Centre for inventiveness," said the Director coldly, pushing the papers towards the hapless scientist, who picked up the sheaf and walked out silently

That evening, an astronomer on the day shift, studying the same area of the sky reported an identical event And when a third report came, the Director sat up. He could not damn all his astronomers. They were a competent lot He went through the reports again, consulted senior, experienced scientists, made a few observations himself and the next day a tiny news item appeared in the papers with the heading, *Violet-shift Discovered* Very few people read it.

ONE news item that had caught the media's attention was the strange case of the "accident" victim. In spite of publicity, no one had come forward to establish the man's identity, which made him good copy for the papers The man's condition had deteriorated. Yet it was confirmed that there was no internal bleeding. All manner of investigations were done but every report was negative. What was wrong with him?

"Leave me alone, leave me alone... Why are you keeping me here? Let me go. I want to go back to Them. They have come to take me with Them. They are beautiful, oh they are beautiful. They are God. Shut off the light. Shut it off. They will kill you if you don't let me go. They will... They...."

The neuro-surgeon switched off the light. He had been unable to detect any signs of head injury The lumbar-puncture report was normal He considered the case for a while, scratched his ample baldness and wrote on the case-sheet, *Psychiatric Department*.

The metal ball recovered from the man had been handed by the hospital authorities to the police Since it appeared to be of no great value and was an intriguing object, the local police chief, who had a background in science, decided to send it to the scientists of the National Academy of Science. The laboratories of the Academy were situated in the outskirts of the city. Like its owner the "accident" victim, the ball, too, was kept under observation.

Its arrival created a flutter among the scientists Its physical properties were measured quickly, with growing disbelief at every stage. The material's hardness was found to be greater than that of diamond The sharpest tool could not scratch its surface. Elasticity was negligible. And, of course, its weight was zero. It almost appeared that the ball was smeared with a kind of anti-gravity paste. And yet, when it was dropped, it would fall slowly and come to rest on the ground. X-ray photographs revealed an assymetrical molecular structure, but no internal machinery as the scientists had expected.

The sensitive instruments of the laboratory had detected the spin, which was another puzzling factor. Where was it getting the energy from? Why did it spin at an angle to the vertical? Another strange finding with the use of sophisticated thermo meters was that the surface temperature of the ball was always a few degrees higher than room temperature All these curiosities perplexed the scientists and left them groping for answers. A number of hypotheses were propounded to explain the strange material. But none tried to interpret one attribute of the ball: it exuded a sinister quality which made a person avoid touching it. The ball came to be increasingly referred to in the campus as the "little devil".

It often falls upon a scientist to subsequently wear the mantle of honour for the very discovery for which he was initially belittled. A similar fate awaited the discoverer of the violet-shift. Reports had started coming in from other observatories confirming the existence of the phenomenon. Papers had even begun to refer to it as the Bansal Shift after his name.

The strange observations had thrown the astronomers' fraternity into confusion. No theory could explain the source displaying the shift Later observations had revealed an even more puzzling event—the light source was increasing in speed, approaching the maximum velocity permitted by nature, that of light. Such was the excitement created by this discovery that all the telescopes of the world seemed to be observing this one source.

Within fifteen days of its discovery, the first photographs taken on optical telescopes were available. Apparently, there was nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding stars and galaxies. Its colour, of course, was different. It was agreed that the source must be a quasar or quasi-stellar object since it was "visible" both to optical and radio telescopes. But what kind of quasar was this?

Within twenty days, more had been written about it than man's closest galaxy, Andromeda. Yet all the data gathered was foggy and unexplained. Like the metal ball with the Academy scientists, the astronomers, too, had an enigma on their hands.

Temperature measurements had revealed that the surface temperature of the source was lower than that of neutron stars. Then one night, a fresh set of optical exposures were taken. The photographs on special plates disclosed not one but a number of sources in a cluster; was it a glaxy coming through space? Attempts were made to measure the mass of each individual source but were given up because ridiculous results were being obtained. In every case, mass was found to be a few hundred tons only, which was absurd since the radio-waves emitted by the sources had the fingerprints of medium-sized stars.

As if to match the quandry of the star-gazers, the scientists at the Academy were increasingly befuddled by the properties of the metal ball. Geiger-counters had detected traces of gamma-rays emanating from the substance. As this could pose a health hazard, it had been put in a lead container. There was no explanation for the mysterious properties of the object. In fact, the riddle had deepened when it was discovered that the surface temperature of the ball was rising slowly, an imperceptible half a degree every two days. The angular velocity of its spin was also increasing. The source of energy for the ball's spin, temperature or the gamma-rays remained unknown.

An enterprising reporter, looking for the unusual, had got wind of the strange object and largely owing to his persistence the reading public was fed its first story of the metal ball belonging to the "accident" victim under the headline *Mystery Ball — Where Did It Originate?*

The condition of the Adivasi had, meanwhile, become worse. He was now kept in an isolated room of the psychiatric ward and guards had been placed inside and outside as he had at times become violent. Physically he seemed to have picked up, but most of the time he was either unconscious (it was not clear why) or in a trance. When he spoke in his native tongue it was always with an intensity that frightened his listeners. And he invariably said, "Let me go, let me go. If you don't leave me They will come and destroy you. They are very powerful. They are God. I curse you, the Gods will destroy you. Let me go. Leave me alone. Leave me..." He spoke of Gods. He spoke of "Them" as if he had met them. He attributed great powers to "Them". But, who were They?

Three months had passed since the light source with the violet-shift had been discovered. Now it was not one source, but at the last count over three thousand, all in a cluster but arranged in an orderly manner. They appeared to be in some kind of formation. The scientists had long ago discarded the theory that it was a galaxy gone berserk. The individual sources were not ordinary stars, that much was established. They were over 400 million light-years away, still too far away for closer study.

Then one night, without a warning, the mysterious sources suddenly disappeared all at once. The entire world of astronomers and astrophysicists was bewildered. The most sensitive instruments could not detect a trace of the sources that had intrigued the scientific community for more than three months. Here was a mystery that beat all the enigmas of the universe.

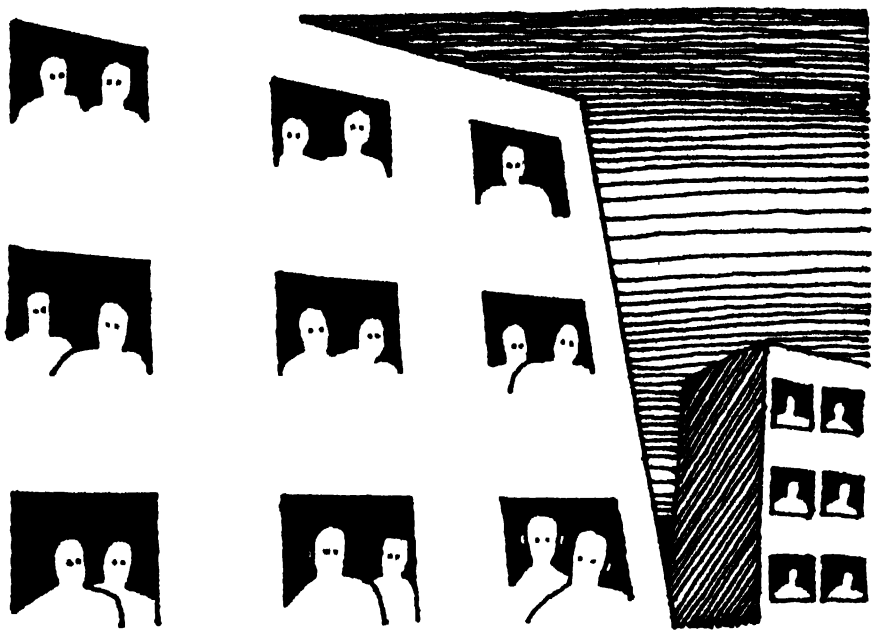
The general consensus was that for some reason the sources had exploded all of a sudden, most probably because of their high velocity. But there were fundamental doubts regarding this explanation. And the entire hypothesis exploded

in the faces of the scientists when suddenly after two days, the sources, more numerous now, reappeared again, much brighter, even faintly visible to the naked eye.

Quick calculations were made and the results shook the world—they were now half a light-year away from earth, travelling at the speed of light. How had they covered the enormous gap of almost 400 million light-years in just two days? The sources seemed to be heading straight for earth. Then it was that the first whispers of the truth began to nag the minds of the far-seeing.

The rantings of the "accident" victim, who had by now assumed the role of a prophet of doomsday, added to the doubts of the perceptive. The man was becoming more and more restless with each passing day. He now stayed awake most of the time. A haunted look on his face and his three-month beard gave him a frightening countenance. None could communicate with him any longer. He was kept in a padded room where food was served to him thrice a day. He was heard to mumble all the time, as if conversing. Some nights he would let out blood-curdling screams. Whenever anyone approached the room he would chant: "They are coming. They will destroy you. They are strong. They are God."

The doctors had all but given up trying to diagnose the illness. He was no longer reffered to as the "accident" victim. He was now the "mad man". As there was no progress in diagnosing his malaise, the routine Press report put out by the Registrar of the hospital was briefly: "no further change". Soon interest in this strange case was lost. The approaching



light sources and the puzzling behaviour of the metal ball held the attention of the reading world.

The temperature of the ball had started rising steeply, the spin becoming faster and faster, the spheroid developing a slight wobble. The scientists directly responsible had by now given up trying to understand their charge. But they continued to observe and record the condition of the ball. Incredulous scientists took readings of the increasing temperature. Now very few people agreed to go anywhere near the object. At least two scientists sought jobs elsewhere on account of the "little devil". It was as if the metal ball were a ticking time-bomb.

Independently, in many parts of the world, people arrived at the truth. The sources of light were nothing but spaceships. Aliens from another end of the universe were coming to earth. With what purpose, no one dared guess.

The Adivasi was their first "convert", perhaps won over by aliens in a surveyship which had preceded the main fleet. It was now that some remembered the falling star with a curved trajectory. The function of the metal ball was unclear but if it was an indicator of their level of technology, earth was in the stone age in comparison. All this was pure conjecture on available information, but almost everybody believed it. Fear and panic spread like forest fire.

"Let me go, let me go. I have to welcome Them. I have work before They arrive. They are coming. They are angry with you. They will destroy you." The gaunt, bearded figure paced the padded cell like a caged animal and beat the walls with his fists. His peculiar condition seemed to be building up to a crescendo. Whenever he was brought outside his cell he would peer at the sky, be it day or night.

IN the morning of the fourth of May, the Adivasi's heart failed him while he was screaming at the top of his voice. The same night, the metal ball became red-hot. The scientists were unable to go within ten feet of it, such was the intensity of its heat.

The fifth of May dawned upon the sun's third planet like any other day. But that afternoon, quite inexplicably, total radio blackout engulfed the earth. Excepting for cable transmissions, all other forms of communication broke down. The naive turned their eyes to the sun, looking for sun-spot activity. Most people, however, guessed the truth. Every home became a little island cut off from the rest of the world. There men and women sat, their eyes rivetted to the sky, waiting.

"They are coming," the man had said. They would destroy the earth. It would be the end of mankind. But why? And who were They? The stars twinkled, but gave no answer. ■

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"I'M not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest," murmured the supreme egotist as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

"MY best friend dined with us on Sunday and was so impressed by my bride's cooking that he sent her a carving set."

"That was nice."

"No. He sent her a hammer and a chisel."

"PA," said Johnny, "what's a monologue?"

"It's a conversation being carried out by a man and his wife," growled his father.

JONES had occasion to reprimand his wife.

"I think, my dear, that you're an awful liar."

"Well, it's a wife's duty to speak well of her husband now and then."

A School inspector said to a pretty teacher: "Do you teach observation?"

"Yes."

"Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes and sit still." The inspector made a slow smacking sort of noise and said, "Now, children, what did I do?"

One little boy piped out: "Kissed teacher."

SHE: "Are you fond of nuts?"

He: "Sure. I'll marry you any time you want."

MOTHER: "Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more."

Son: "Heck, ma, she ain't wild. In fact, anybody can pet her."

THE car skidded around a corner, jumped in the air, knocked into a lamp post, smacked three other cars, ran against a traffic island and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck.

"Oh boy, darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss."

"It doesn't really matter if no bed is available."

"MAMA, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie. Why do you ask?"

" Cause I heard Dad call the hired girl an angel. Will she fly too?"

"Yes, dear. Tomorrow."

MOTHER: "Why did you strike your little sister?"

Young Bobby: "Well, we were playing Adam and Eve and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself."

SHE: "I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest things living."

John: "Yes, my lamb."

PUBLISHER to author: "I think this is extremely promising. You tell your story well, your characters develop convincingly, and you have a very dirty mind."

AN Englishman and an American were out on a walk. After half an hour's silence, the Englishman remarked, "Spring in the air."

"Why should I?" asked the American.

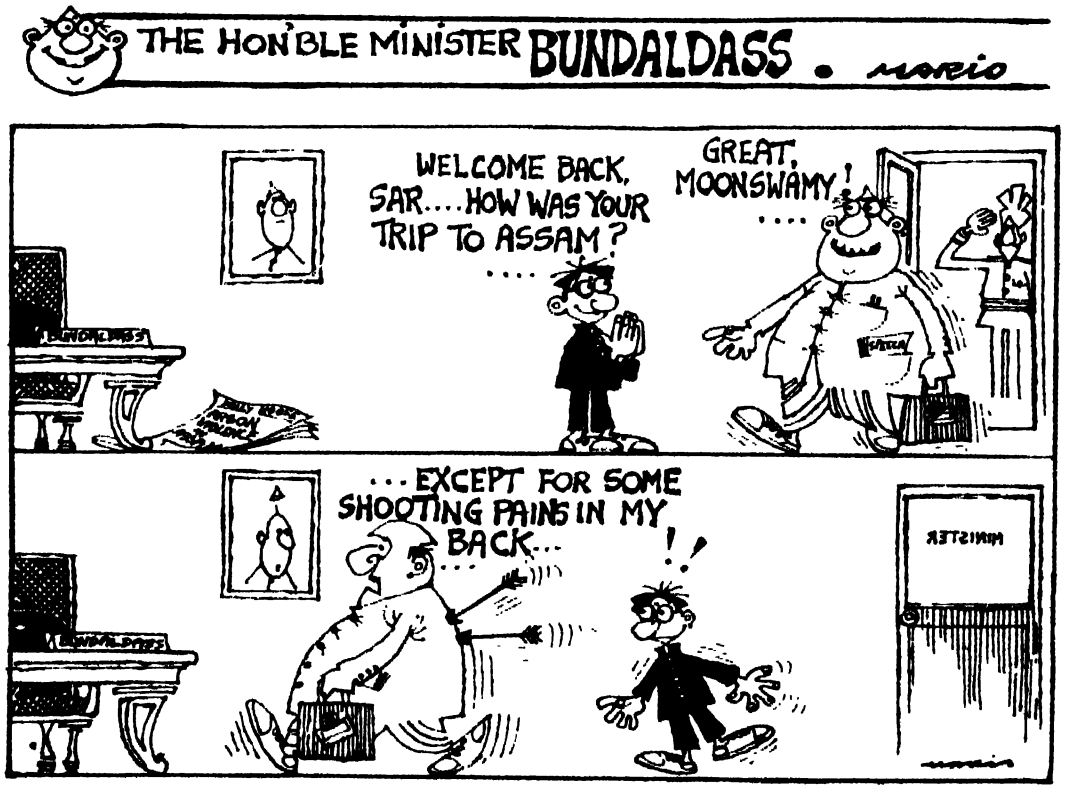
"SOME men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

"I know something that everybody thirsts after."

"What's that?"

"Salted peanuts."

A MOTHER of a large family was explaining why she dressed her children alike, right down to the youngest baby. "When we had four children, I dressed them alike so that we wouldn't lose any of them and I dress them alike now so that we won't pick up any that don't belong to us."



HAS your son's college education proved to be of any real value?"

"Yes, indeed. It has entirely cured his mother of bragging about him."

MANAGER of shop: "Why didn't that man buy anything? What did he want to see?"

Pretty salesgirl (blushing): "Me. Tomorrow night at eight."

"I MUST have a holiday," said the pretty waitress, "I'm not looking my best."

"Ridiculous!" said the manager.

"It's not ridiculous," said the waitress. "The men are beginning to count their change."

"WHAT's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

"YOUR wife looks stunning tonight. Her gown is a poem."

"What do you mean poem? That gown is two poems and a short story."

TEACHER: "Tell me, what's more annoying than seeing a lot of banana skins lying on the pavement?"

Pupil: "Not seeing them, miss."

"WHY are you crying?"

"Father called mother a waddling goose."

"Well?"

"And mother called father a stupid ass"

"But why are you crying?"

"Well, what am I?"

TOMMY: "Dad, our teacher says that we are here in this world to help others."

Dad: "That's right, Tommy."

Tommy: "But, why are the others here, then, Dad?"

BOY (about to be spanked): "Dad, did grandpa spank you when you were little?"

Father: "Yes, son."

"And did grandpa's father spank him too?

"Yes, son."

"Well, don't you think it's about time to stop this inherited brutality?"

MOTHER: "How in the world do you expect to make a living?"

Son: "By writing."

Mother: "Writing what?"

Son: "Writing home."

"DADDY," asked Ram, "Is ink expensive?"

"No, what made you ask that?"

"Well, Mummy was most annoyed this morning when I spilt some on the carpet."

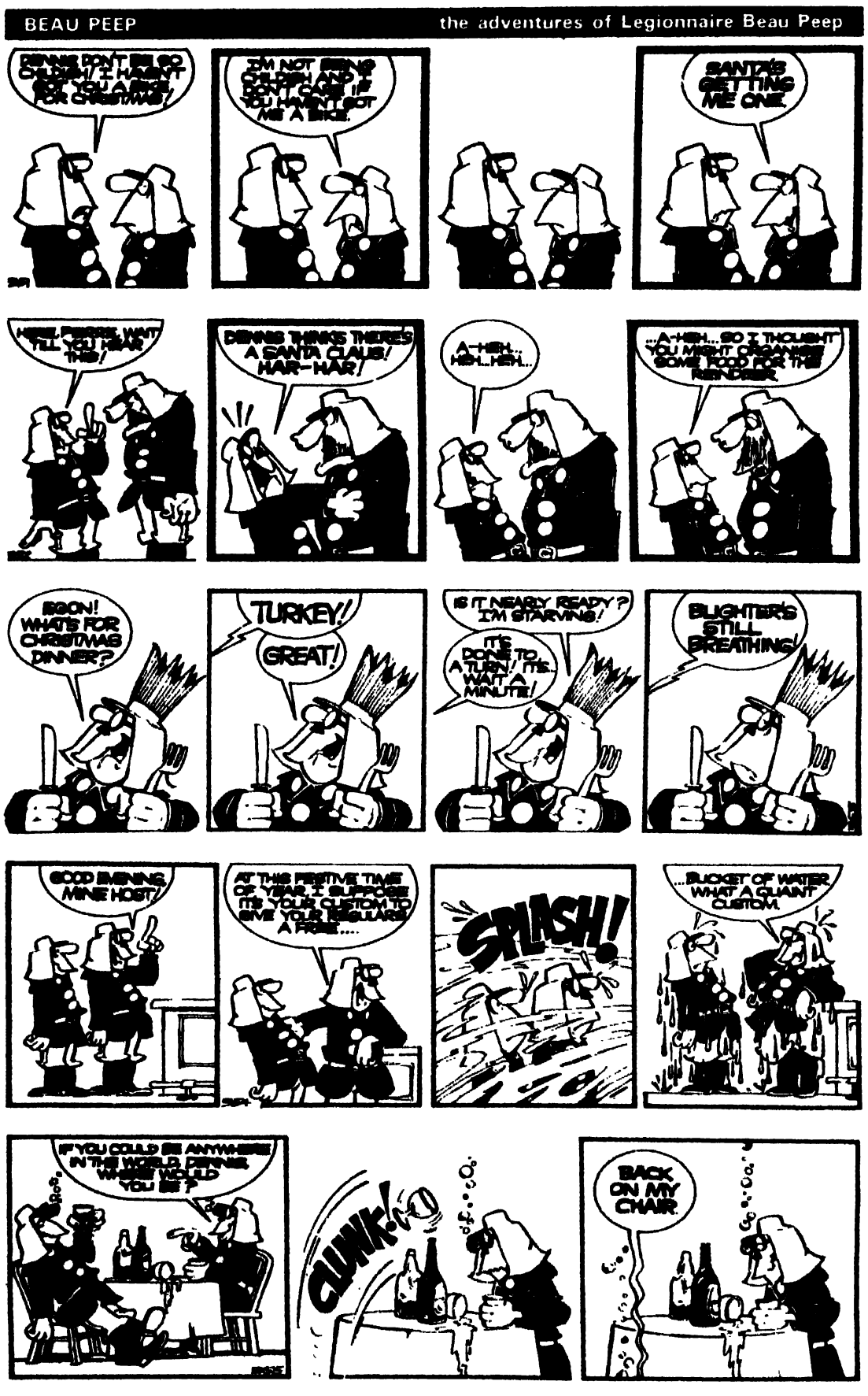
A DOCTOR coughed apologetically at his patient. "I don't like to mention it, " he said, "but that cheque you gave me has come back."

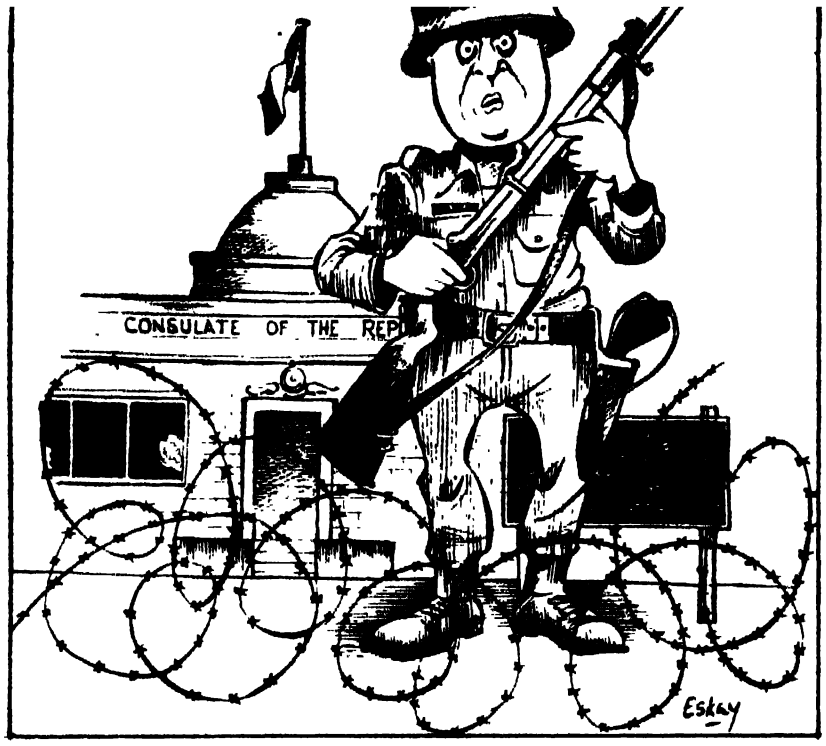
"That's all right," was the reply, "so has my rheumatism."

"WHY did you state you were a physician when you are an undertaker?"

"I never said I was a physician. I said I followed the medical profession."

Compiled by Pramila Rodrigues.





The Security Game

by H. Jesse Kochar

I HAD to get hold of a colour picture of Khomeini, so I decided to pay a visit to the Iranian Consulate.

First, the police contingent outside the building wanted to know why I couldn't do without a coloured Khomeini. It took me some time explaining to the blokes why a tinted Ayatollah is better than a black and white Ayatollah.

Inside, the Islamic Revolutionaries with wild eyes, short beards and long rifles frisked me, snapped a couple of my buttons, unscrewed my pen, inspected my watch and even ordered me to show the inside of my holed shoes.

That was my first brush with diplomatic security.

The fever apparently has spread to the entire local diplomatic community. There is a whisper in journalistic circles that the importance of a consulate increases in direct proportion to the padlocks, chains and guards outside. So the race is on.

The British Consulate, being a veteran here, was bent upon beating the Iranians, Americans and the Soviets at the game. The Royal Secret Service therefore sent the latest gadgets off its shelf. One of the gadgets now in use, lovingly called Maggie, is a TV-guided, remote-control door lock which automatically snaps shut the consulate doors if any Briton who wears a turban, or, looks darker than Princess Di is seen approaching the entrance.

Unfortunately, I know very little about the local Soviet security. You see, they haven't opened their doors and windows since they moved in. The other day a pigeon accidently pecked at the Consulate's secret ventilator. The people in the neighbourhood said they had never heard such a commotion in the Consulate before. The security hooters, set off by the pigeon, were heard half a kilometre away.

At a Press Conference that evening, the Soviet Consul blamed the local CIA boys for using homing pigeons to read his mail.

The Americans hate to lag behind the Soviets in the matter of security. They are convinced that besides Ronnie, their public library here is on someone's hit list. Last week I popped in there for an annual membership. Actually, it is a nice place to escape from the heat. But one has to bear with the tough guards, with their Bald-Eagle gaze who manage to upset library users.

For the timid visitors there is a huge blow-up of the gun-toting President.

Mr Brahms (Brahma Swaroop before he did his library science in Ohio) is in-charge of the Membership Desk. Being an ex-guard himself, he is even more security conscious than the guards. Staring at my application card Brahms launched his interrogation.

"Has your wife, child, father, mother or brother ever travelled to Libya, Afghanistan, USSR, Nicaragua, Angola, Kampuchea....?"

"Thaaamboa," I said, "Stop! no one in my family has ever travelled abroad.. except my father."

"To Libya?" Brahms was off the stool. (The noise of course woke up a couple of chaps dozing over *The New York Times.)*

"No, no," I said, "he was a contractor supplying goats to our jawans when the Chinese pounced on him. That's the only time anyone in my family ever went abroad."

"Aaahaan! China?" Brahms sang, "that is good, very good. Our friends after all..."

"Chineeez, our friends?" I remembered what they had done to our poor goats, I began to roll up my sleeves.

"No, no, no!" Brahms decided to retreat, "I meant, friends of my boss," and he jerked his thumb at the picture on the wall—a man with a ten-gallon hat and a red shirt; a lookalike of Ronnie.

In three minutes flat Mr Brahms made me a member.

Then, last week I went to the East German Consulate. Apparently the "Pigeon Affair" had also shaken them badly. As soon as I rang the bell a voice crackled above the door. The loudspeaker asked, "What do you want?"

I tried to locate the microphone but it was neatly hidden. "Comrade PRO, I want a copy of the GDR Review," I said.

There was a rustle near my feet. A copy of the magazine came sliding under the heavy door. ■

Vive L'Amour

by Madan Gupta

THE Vedas are a storehouse of knowledge not only of the religion and philosophy of the Hindus in ancient India, but also of their beliefs and behaviour. The Atharva-Veda, for instance, dwells at length on diverse subjects including the inevitable problems created by the much maligned, much misunderstood and yet much sought after goddess of love. The lack of male progeny which has incensed men and women over the ages is also not neglected. The Atharva-Veda gives detailed recipes for getting a male issue. Special foods, charms, mantras and special coitus techniques are recommended to ensure a male child. For instance it is stated that the consummation of marriage should take place on the fourth day. An amulet called *parihasta* should be used and the woman should take a special drink *garbhakarana*. Charmed food called *agamakrsara* (rice cooked with sesame) is prescribed for the fourth day after the menses. The ritual and the diet is not restricted only to the woman. Adam has also to play his part. Special mantras have to be recited by him in the act of coitus. If all this is diligently done, a son can be ensured to perform one's last rites.

The Atharva-Veda analyses a number of situations as far as relations between men and women are concerned: a girl pining to get married but unable to do so on account of physical defects, a spinster unable to find a husband, a co-wife wanting the attentions of the husband, a man unable to get his love reciprocated or a girl in a similar situation. Remedies are given for banishing discord and potions are suggested for taming the shrew. The most quarrelsome of women can be made to speak honeyed words by performing certain rituals and by reciting specified hymns. The eating of the flesh of cow, sprinkled over with some sour juice (*amla rasa*), is one of the remedies suggested for bringing harmony into a strife-torn household. To secure the love of a woman, a love spell with a sweet herb is recommended. In the rites for the consummation of marriage, is prescribed an amulet of the madhu tree, powdered and dipped in the fat of a bull. The mixture is to be charmed with the recitation of a hymn and is to be besmeared on the body on the nuptial night. The sweetness of the wood, *madhu*, would create love between the man and the woman.

All Is Not Black And Bleak

For the unfortunate lover whose love is not responded, life need not be black and bleak. A mixture of salve *(anjana)*, sweet wood *(madhugha)* and *kustha* will cause love and longing in the mind of the beloved. Similarly special hymns can help a lovelorn woman to force her man to love her. An amulet of the *sauvarcala* plant put on while entering the village in search of the lover and the flower of *Sankhapuspi* creeper tied to the head are also prescribed. The hymn in praise of *sauvarcala* states that the plant draws to the woman the eyes of the lover and brings tears in them. A spinster is advised to offer *ghee* to Aryaman in the morning before the crow caws and then place the *bali* (offering) within the corners of the house. From the direction that the crow comes, would be the direction which would bring the spinster her husband.

There is hope even for those who are barren. The *pumsavana* rite prescribes the recitation of special hymns to be accompanied by breaking of an arrow on the head of the woman. A potion, made out of plough-share *(phala)*, the milk of a cow which has a calf of its own colour, mixed with *yava*, *vrihi* and two *adhyandas* (*pamapnaka* plant) or with the leaves of *palasa* and *vidari (velapatvaska)*, is suggested for putting in the right nostril of the woman by the man, with his right thumb. The performance of these rites accompanied by the recitation of specified hymns may beget a barren woman progeny. All these rites are to be performed after the woman has laid aside the garments soiled by her menses and under the male constellation. Another prescription is the recitation of an appropriate mantra, offering ghee in the lap or the sex organ of the barren woman and feeding her on the flesh of the red she-goat, cooked rice, wine and water duly charmed.

For Greater Virility

For the passionate woman who is not fully satisfied by her male, there are rites and prescriptions to make the male more virile. An amulet of *arka* is suggested. By its magic power, the male organ *(sepa)* is made to suit limb to limb to that of the woman—to be as stout as that of a deer, an elephant, a donkey or a horse. The amulet of the *arka* tree is to be tied with its fibre. An amulet of the skin of a dark antelope along with the hair of the antelope is also suggested.

The Atharva-Veda holds that matrimonial happiness depends on the superiority of the husband! Perfidy—unmitigated, undiluted—undoubtedly. Male chauvinism at its naked worst. ■

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec 21-Jan. 19

A new friendship formed recently will help in the fixing up of a marriage or a new partnershhip. Group activities will bring you to the limelight in the next few weeks. Artists and sportsmen will be at their best in the early part of the week. A new relationship will be further strengthened and will bloom and thrive.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

You will go in for a lot of show and pomp just to invite the attention of all those around you. Whether you like it or not you will be drawn into group and social activities. Business connected with fashion goods, ornaments and cosmetics will propser in the next six weeks. Clear the backlog by the weekend.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

In the next couple of weeks you must lay more emphasis on building up goodwill and developing new ties. Proposals for tours and travel abroad should be considered carefully. A marriage proposal will take concrete shape in the early part of the week. Sort out the various pending jobs and clear all backlog.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Businessmen are better advised not to invest or speculate in a big way and to hold back the opening of new branches for the next two months. Politicians and social workers should not count upon the support of followers and collegues. Do not be too generous with financial loans. Curb your expenses midweek.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

The lighter side of your personality will come to fore and you will mix freely in various and assorted groups of both the sexes. There will be some amount of mental tension while making new friends and getting to know new personalities. Give your schemes wide publicity. Clear all domestic backlog.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

In the next few weeks you are likely to recede into the background. Tighten up your social activities and restrict expenses. Industrialists may face labour problems in the next few months, the seeds of which are likely to be sown in the next few weeks. Build up capital and secure new sources of finance.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Domestic life is blissful. Updating of the drawing room, gardening, overhauling of vehicles and many other domestic tasks keep you occupied. Sale and disposal of property may prove profitable. Those in service may take leave for a pleasure trip. Midweek finds you exhibiting your skills.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

A brief romantic interlude brings pleasure. Friends from abroad keep you busy and you find yourself mixing business with pleasure Rare achievements bring scientists and research scholars into the limelight early in the week. Midweek should be reserved for disposing off important issues. Clear all backlog.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

Make the most of your opportunities now and do not waste precious time in building castles in the air. Industrialists can take important steps to widen and expand present activities in the early part of the week. Group activities bring you into the limelight. Doctors and judges will be at their best this week.

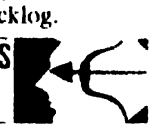
LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept. 24-Oct 23

Your romantic and sporting spirit gets the upper hand in this and the next few weeks. Do not involve yourself too deeply in matters strictly not your concern. Youngsters are likely to acquire a new profession, vocation or job. Seniors will be keen on celebrating a marriage or some other occasion.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov 22

You will have to be necessarily secretive about certain moves in the personal as well as professional sphere. Strangers and newcomers keep you busy. You are inclined towards breaking existing ties but do not be too hasty. Secret information coming your way opens up new business prospects.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20



A lucky and fortunate period in your life begins this week. A marriage or some other happy event takes place in the near future. Sportsmen, artists and writers will be at their best this week and their skills will come in for much praise and applause. The early part of the week is financially lucky.

STAR FOCUS

Your Finances In 1983 — III

Virgo: Unlike the previous years, this year is luckier and brings far better prospects. A majority of your burdens will be reduced in July and thereafter your days will be carefree. Besides between August and October your hobbies and part-time jobs will add substantially to your finances. Sale and disposal of property and worn out machinery will be profitable.

Libra: You will off-load various responsibilities including those concerning finances. The emphasis should be on clearing debts by curbing domestic expenses. You will have to loan money to your family. This policy holds good until August. In October/ November money in the form of scholarships, awards and cash rewards come your way.

Scorpio: A year full of various restraints and constraints. Till July most of your plans will be shelved on account of unfavourable circumstances. After September things look up but you will be in an expansive mood and go in for lot of luxuries. Exert some control on your finances in the last quarter of this year and upto March 1984 or else you may go broke.

Sagittarius: A pleasant and happy-go-lucky year. You will be too generous and others will exploit your generosity in order to better their own prospects. Be on guard especially in mid-1983. Your spouse will strain your purse strings in August/September. The last quarter is excellent in every way. In October/ November money comes your way.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, March 6

A most interesting twelve month period lies ahead of you. Eligibles will settle in life and career. Business will run smoothly. Finances are satisfactory. Move cautiously in July, August and November.

Monday, March 7

Judges, artists and writers have a splendid year ahead. Sportsmen too will make a mark in their career. Your financial requirements will be easily met, except perhaps in July, August and November.

Tuesday, March 8

The initiative, courage and efficiency at your disposal will help you to gain success in all the moves you make and the profits will be beyond expectation. Financially, you will do very well.

Wednesday, March 9

Slow but steady progress this year brings you much prosperity. Keep elders happy and pleased for you will secure some benefits from them. Maintain cordial relations with family members.

Thursday, March 10

Most of you can look forward to a propitious and interesting year. Those connected with the law, the judiciary and the army will be rewarded for their efforts.

Friday, March 11

This is a year full of achievements Gymnasts and sportsmen will do exceptionally well. Even businessmen and professionals will make rapid strides. The existing partnership should be maintained.

Saturday, March 12

This is going to be a year of steady progress. Do not act whimsical in and outside home in August, November and December. Conserve financial and physical resources throughout the year.

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Grasicrimp blended with **Polyester**

The inherent properties of Grasicrimp fibre invest the blended fabrics with a number of advantages

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PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

HRZ..
HZZ..
RZZ..
HZZ.. HOW LUCKY YOU FOUND A MATE... THE ONLY CAVE MONSTER FAMILY ON EARTH...

POOR STEGY.. NONE OTHER LIKE YOU ANYWHERE... YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A BACHELOR...OR AN OLD MAID.. I'M NOT SURE WHICH...

AS HIS FRIENDS OF EDEN WATCH.. HE SWINGS ACROSS THE PIRANHA-FILLED RIVER...
SY BARRY 10/10

..WHERE OTHER FRIENDS AWAIT HIM.
DEVIL.. HERO.. TIME TO GO HOME!
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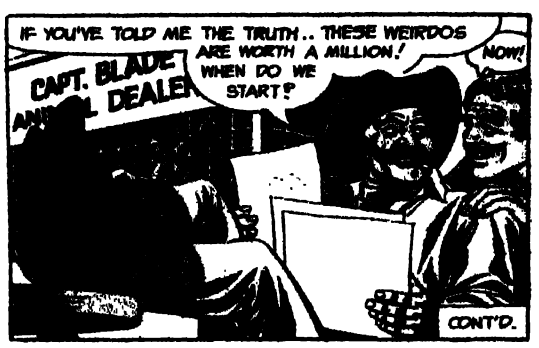
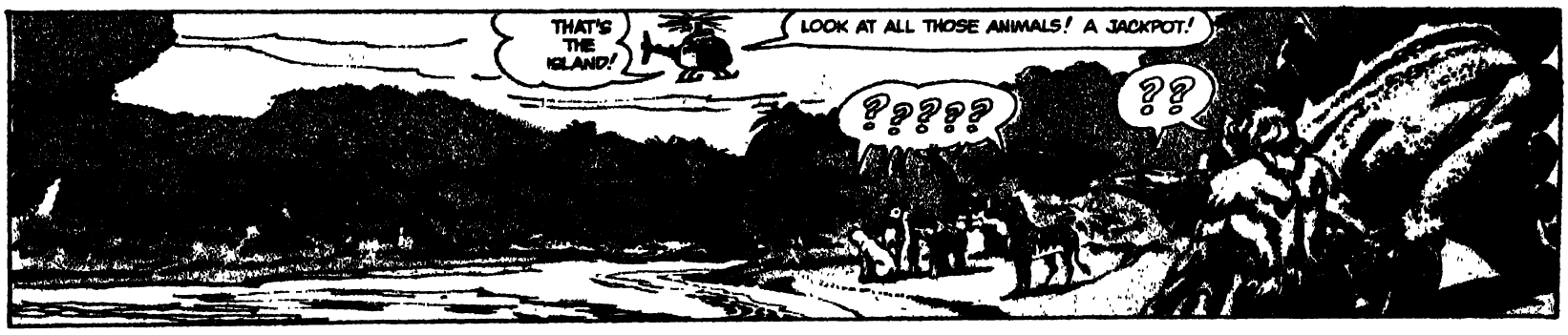
MEANWHILE... A FEW THOUSAND MILES AWAY...
THAT'S NOT A FAKE! I TOOK THAT PHOTO!
I SAW HIM!
BUT.. THAT'S A STEGOSAURUS.. EXTINCT FOR 100 MILLION YEARS!

WHAT'S THAT THING?
WE DON'T KNOW.. SOME KIND OF WEIRD APE.

IT'S ALL WEIRD! THINK I'M AN IDIOT.. TO FALL FOR THOSE FAKE PHOTOS? GOOD DAY!
SAME TO YOU! WE DON'T NEED HIM, CON. I KNOW A GUY...


IF YOU'VE TOLD ME THE TRUTH.. THESE WEIRDOS ARE WORTH A MILLION!
NOW!
WHEN DO WE START?
CAPT. BLADE
CON'T'D.


THAT'S THE ISLAND!
LOOK AT ALL THOSE ANIMALS! A JACKPOT!
????
??

THE GENTLE ANIMALS OF EDEN FLEE AT THE STRANGE SIGHT AND SOUND.. ALL EXCEPT THREE...
THERE IT IS... WHAT DID HE CALL IT.. STEGOSAURUS! EXTINCT.. 100 MILLION YEARS!
HRZ???
HRRR..?
HZZ..?
SY BARRY 10/17
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NEVER MIND THAT ONE.. LOOK AT THEM.. A FAMILY! THE MISSING LINK! WOW! WORTH A FORTUNE!

THE DARTS'LL PUT THEM TO SLEEP.. WE'LL GET THE FAMILY FIRST.. THEN THE CRAZY RHINO.. WHATEVER YOU CALLED IT..
STEGOSAURUS..

KNOWING ONLY THE PHANTOM AND HIS MORY HELPERS...
HRZ..?
HZZ!!
..THE ANIMALS OF EDEN HAVE NO FEAR OF MAN. THE DART BOUNCES OFF HARMLESSLY..

?
DARTS DON'T EVEN SCRATCH! HIDE LIKE IRON! QUICK! INSIDE!
CON'T'D

A nutritionally complete feed should contain all the nutrients in the right proportion...

Cerelac provides a nutritionally complete feed –in one delicious form.

When your baby is about four months and ready for solids, consult your doctor about Cerelac. You'll find it reassuring to know that every Cerelac feed you give your baby is nutritionally complete.

Which means every Cerelac feed has all the necessary nutrients, proteins and calories he should get from a single solid feed. You do not have to supplement it nutritionally.

Cerelac owes this nutritional completeness—and taste—to its delicious blend of wheat flour, full cream milk and sugar. Cerelac provides proteins for body building, carbohydrates and fats for energy and all the essential vitamins and minerals for all round development.

Give your baby Cerelac—for his full, healthy growth.

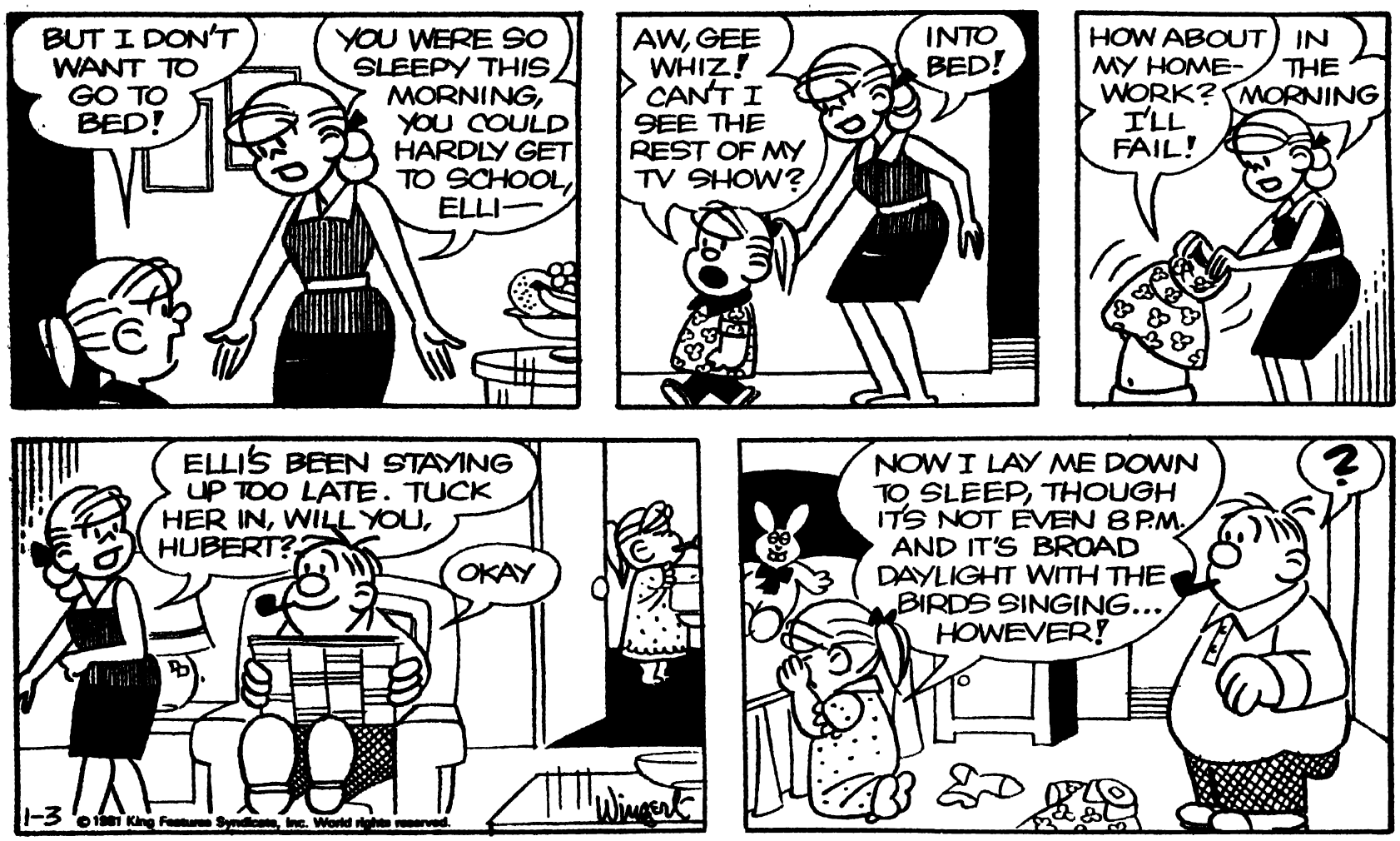
Cerelac is so easy to make. Just add it to pre-boiled, warm water. Mix, stir and serve.

Cerelac®
Already contains milk

SAA/FSL/2670

HUBERT

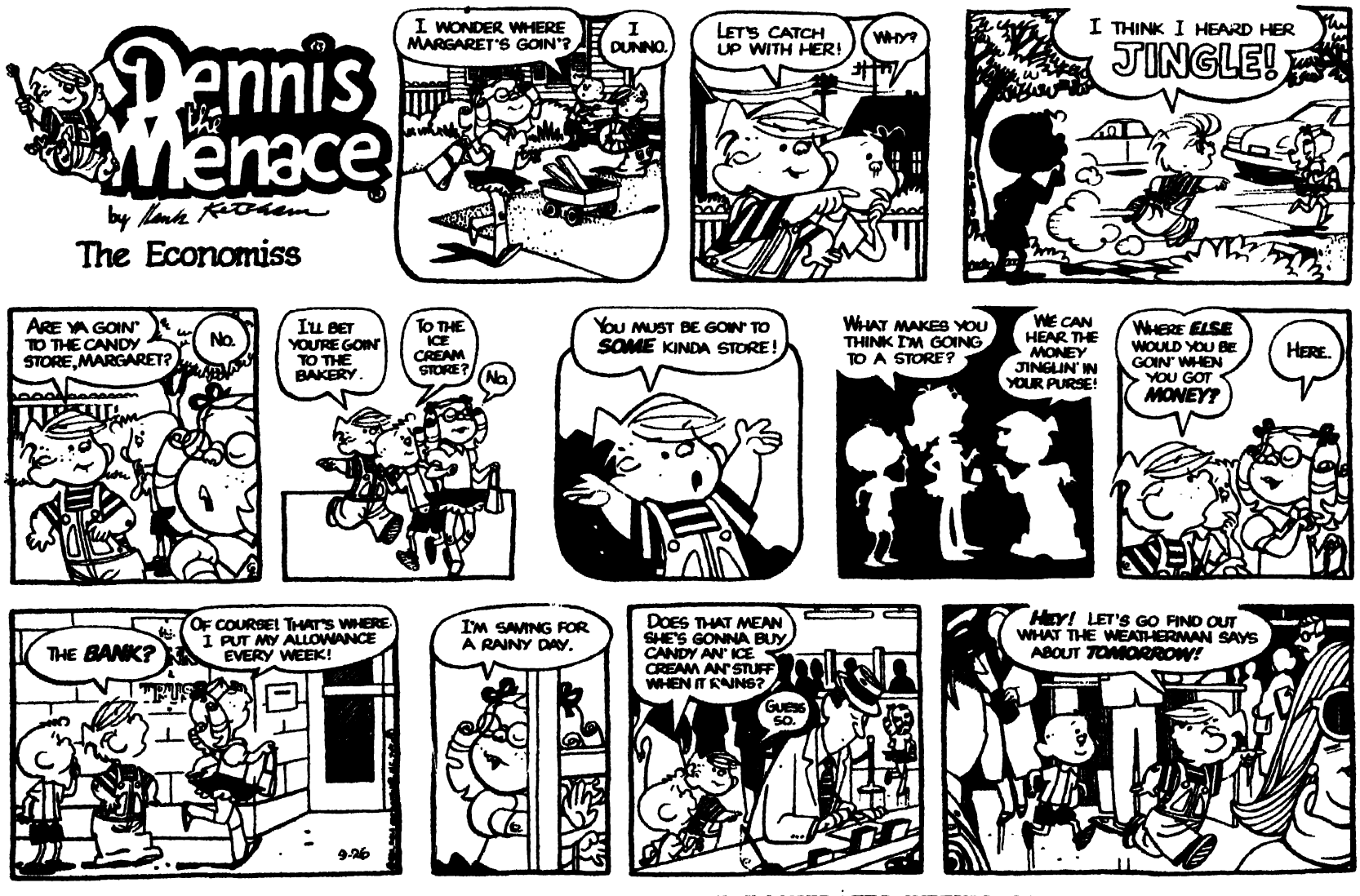
by Dick Wingert



Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham

The Economiss



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And for those who have little time to read much else, there's a comprehensive listing of national and international developments, essays on major current issues and discussions on various subjects to keep you well-informed and on the go!

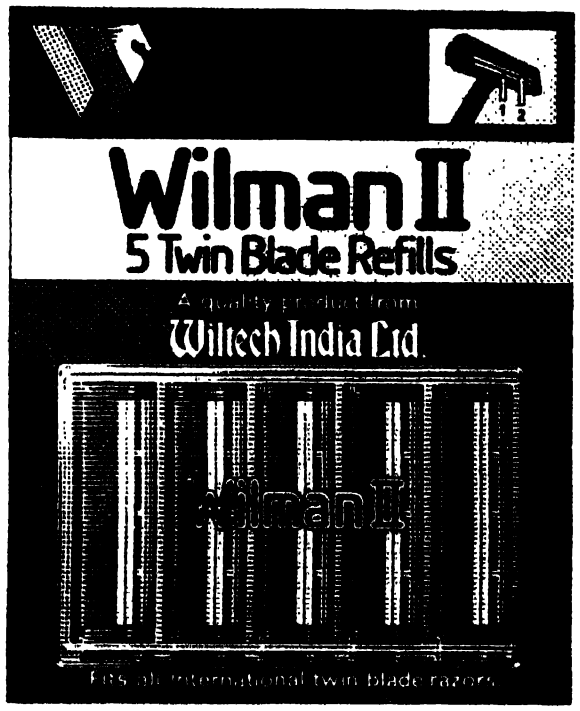
The magazine that spells success.

Career & competition times

A Times of India Publication

ARMS/D/608-F

Now, Wilkinson technology gives you the smoothest, closest shave every time.



Each cartridge has two gleaming ultra-sharp blades presented at the perfect shaving angle.

These cartridges are made by Wiltech India Ltd. in technical collaboration with Wilkinson Sword, U.K. On machines designed by Wilkinson Sword.

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ITR WIL-8495

This Week's Bridge

Calcutta Invitation Tournament — II

THREE foreign and 13 top Indian teams were invited by the Saturday Club and the West Bengal Bridge Association to the first ever International Invitation tournament held in India

Pakistan, who had won universal acclaim by finishing second in the 1981 World Championships, played Tamil Nadu's Nagappan in one semifinal match Indonesia, a World class team, winners of the 1982 Far East Championships, played Anand Mehta

Since I was playing our semifinals match, I could not watch the Pakistan Nagappan match which was a ding dong battle Neither team ever had a substantial lead, and when the smoke cleared the desperately unfortunate Nagappan had lost by just one imp, over 64 boards This board, towards the end, was interesting

West dealer, Both Vulnerable

	♠ Q93 ♥ 92 ♦ AQJ109865 ♣ Void	
♠ K1062 ♥ AK8 ♦ Void ♣ AQJ1063	N W E S	♠ A754 ♥ QJ4 ♦ K3 ♣ K982
	♠ J8 ♥ 107653 ♦ 742 ♣ 754	

In the Closed Room Pakistan had bid briskly to the cold six Spades by West, and Jagannathan had judged remarkably well to take the save in Seven Diamonds, down 4, for 1100 to Pakistan

In the Open Room, Nachiappan West and Manikant Shah East also overcame preemption to reach six Spades, by East North, Masood, doubled for a Club lead, although that would have been at the cost of his natural trump trick Manikant Shah judged to remove to Six No Trumps, as East, leaving Zia, South, on lead

For once, Zia found the normal lead of a Diamond not foreseeing the void on the table With won his Ace and Manikant tabled his cards for 12 tricks, 1440 a swing of 8 imps to Nagappan I remember, on Vu Graph, the commentator speculating that had South not led a Diamond declarer would not have had his twelfth trick And so it seems but I have no doubt that Manikant Shah would have found the winning play

Win the Heart or Club lead and cash out 9 tricks, 6 Clubs and 3 Hearts ending in the East hand, leaving this position

	♠ Q93 ♥ Void ♦ A ♣ Void	
♠ K1062 ♥ Void ♦ Void ♣ Void	N W E S	♠ A7 ♥ Void ♦ K3 ♣ Void

Immaternal

North, who must keep three Spades is reduced down to his bare Ace of Diamonds A low Diamond from East goes to the bare Ace, and East's hand is high This squeeze, called the 'squeeze without the count' because no trick has been conceded earlier to 'rectify the count' works whenever North has any three Spades and the Ace of Diamonds

On the very last board, Manikant Shah, in a simple contract of One No Trump, hastily claimed seven tricks If he had played out the hand he would have easily made eight tricks to leave the match an exact tie, and force an 8 board replay Poor Manikant—he'll never forget that board!

In the other semifinals, Indonesia played Anand Mehta's quartet of Anand Mehta—Orlando Campos, Avinash Gokhale Jaggy Shivdasani Campos whose usual team Ruia couldn't come to Calcutta was a welcome addition to our team since we had only three players ourselves—Kejriwal joined us only on the penultimate day We jumped off to a 35 imp lead in the first 16 boards thanks to a laydown slam bid by Jaggy and I which Yasin—Munawar missed and a thin vulnerable game we bid which should have been beaten but wasn't

In the next 16 boards though Indonesia came roaring back picking up 37 imps A lazy bid by Anand Mehta caused a laydown slam to be missed overzealous competition by Jaggy and a razorsharp double by Lasut costing us 500 and a vulnerable game eluded us which on different competition was easily bid at the other table

The third set of 16 boards put the match away Jaggy and I and Campos-Kejriwal outscored Indonesia by an incredible score of 68 11!

Both Easts played this in 4 Hearts, doubled by South

	♠ Q42 ♥ J7 ♦ Q10653 ♣ Q103	
♠ 5 ♥ Q862 ♦ J42 ♣ KJ972	N W E S	♠ J1076 ♥ AK9543 ♦ K9 ♣ 8
	♠ AK983 ♥ 10 ♦ A87 ♣ A654	

When Kejriwal was East Lasut South led the Ace of Spades and continued with a low Spade Kejriwal ruffed in dummy entered hand with a trump and played a Club South won his Ace and tapped dummy with another Spade Kejriwal pitched a Diamond on the Club King, ruffed a Club to hand ruffed his last Spade with the Queen and claimed after playing the good Jack of Club ditching his Diamond as North ruffed

At the other table where partner had bid One No Trump on my One Spade opening I led the Ace of Spades and switched to the Ace and another Diamond This should have made life very easy for Ferdy Waluyan but he produced a confused line of play playing Jaggy for doubleton Spade and eventually went down when Jaggy was able to over ruff the fourth Spade!

Thereafter we were always ahead in the match picking up a 1400 from the hapless Waluyan pushing them over board in a vulnerable game and although in the last set Kejriwal misdefended to present Waluyan with a no hope vulnerable Grand Slam we ran out winners by 30 imps to meet Pakistan in the Finals ■

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess

Fight In The g-File

THE games of position Nos 307 and 308 illustrate the use the g file after casting Both players work to open it, but it is White who succeeds in exploiting it combinatively

The first game was played in the Women's World Chess Olympiad in Luzern 46 3-player teams (and one reserve) participated in 14-Round Swiss system and the final placings were USSR 33/42; Roumania 30, Hungary 26 Poland 25½, GDR and China 24½, Sweden 24, Netherlands and India 23½

Liu (China)—Guggenberger (Columbia)

1 e4, e5 2 Nf3, Nc6 3 Bb5, a6 4 Ba4, Nf6 5 00, b5 6 Bb3, Be7 7 Re1, 00 8 c3, d6 9 h3, Na5 10 Bc2, c5 11 d4, Qc7 12 Nbd2, Nc6 13 d5, Nd8 14 Nf1, Ne8 15 a4 Rb8 16 axb5, axb5 17 g4, g6 18.Ng3, Ng7 19 Bh6, f6 20 Qd2, Nf7 21 Be3, Bd7 22 Kh2, Ra8 23 Rab1, Qc8? 24.Rg1, Kh8 25 Rg2, f5? 26 exf5, gxf5 27 gxf5, Nxf5 28 Qd3!, Nd8 29 Rbg1, Nb7 30 Bh6, c4.

Position No. 307:

31.Nxf5!!, Bxf5 32.Bxf8!!, 1-0

11 Qc7) Ruy Lopez, Chigorin Defence

12 Nc6) Many lines branch off from here with 12 cxd4 13 cxd4, Nc6, 12 Bb7 12 Bd7, 12 g6, 12 Re8 etc

13 Nd8) Geller Fernandes, Las Palmas 1980 13 Na7 14 Nf1 Bd7 15 a4 Rfb8 16 Ng3, Nc8 17 a5 c4 (1 0 40)

15 a4) Kurs Dyebutov gives 15 g4 reaching practically similar position at move 20 with Kh2 and Rg1, but without Qd2

23 Qc8?) Cautious is 23 Kh8 getting ready for Rg8 Then, instead of planning f5? which opens the g-file and the b1 h7 diagonal for White, a better idea would be Qd8/ Ng5

28 Qd3!) This move pins the Black Knight against mate threat on h7

29 Nb7) If 29 Rf7 30 Nxf5, Bxf5 31 Qe2, Bxc2 (or 31 Bf6 2 Rg8ch, Qxg8 33 Rxg8ch, Rxg8 34 Bxf5 with Queen for two Rooks and a piece ahead) 32 Nxe5!, dxe5 33 Qxe5ch, Bf6 34 Bg7ch, Bxg7 35 Rxg7 wins

31 Nxf5!!) After 31 cxd3 there follows 32 Bg7ch, Kg8 33 Nh6 mate

32 Bxf8!!) And now 32 cxd3 is met by 33 Rg8 mate

Kasparov-Jusupov USSR Ch. 1981

1 d4, Nf6 2 c4, e6 3 Nf3, Bb4ch 4 Bd2, a5 5 g3, 006 Bg2, b6 7 00, Ba6 8 Bg5, Be7 9 Qc2 Nc6 10 a3 h6 11 Bxf6 Bxf6 12 Rd1 Qe7 13 e3 Rac8 14 Nfd2 g5? 15 Nc3 Bg7 16 Nb5 Qd8 17 f4, Ne7 18 Nf3!, Nf5 19 Qf2 c6 20 Nc3 gxf4 21 gxf4 Bxc4? 22 e4 Nd6 23 Ne5 f5? 24 Nxc4, Nxc4 25 b3 Nd6 26 e5 Nc8 27 Bf3 Kh7 28 Bh5 Re7 29 Kh1 Rg8 30 Rg1 Bh8

Position No. 308 31 Ne4!! fxe4 32 f5! Rg4 33 Rxg5 hxg5 34 f6 Kh6 35 fxe7 Qxe7 36 Bf7 d6 37 Rf1 g4 38 Bxc6! Qxe6 39 Qh4ch 1 0

3 Bb4ch) Bogo Indian Defence

8 Be7) Lerner Makarichev USSR 1982 8 Bxc4 9 Ne5 Bd5 10 c4 Bb7 11 Ng4 Be7 (½ ½ 55)

14 g5?) Offers White a target 14 g6 may be preferable

23 f5) Better Ba6 b7 preparatory to f5

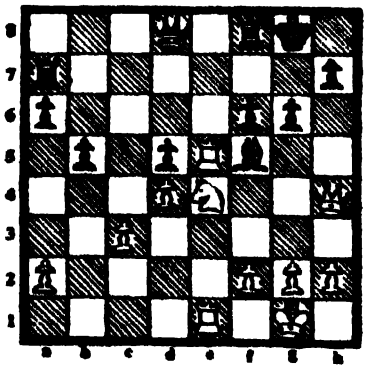
31 Nc4!!) Black must accept the sacrifice in view of Nf6ch

32 Rg4) If 32 Reg7 33 Bg6ch Rxg6 34 fxg6ch Rxg6 35 Rxg6 Kxg6 36 Rg1ch decides

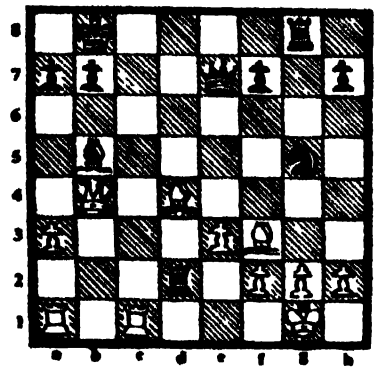
34 Kh7) 34 Re8 would result in quick mate 1 e 35 Qe2 d5 (or Kh6) 36 Bf7 Bxf6 37 Qh5ch Kg7 38 Qg6ch Kf8 39 exf6

39 Qh4ch) 39 Kg7 40 Rf6 wins

R.B. SAPRE



No 309 White to play



No 310 White to play

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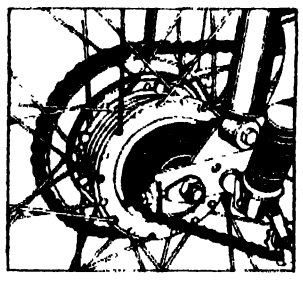

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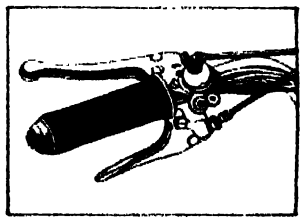

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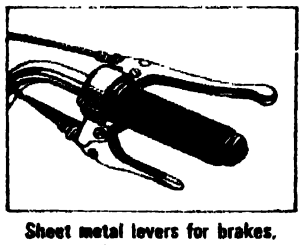

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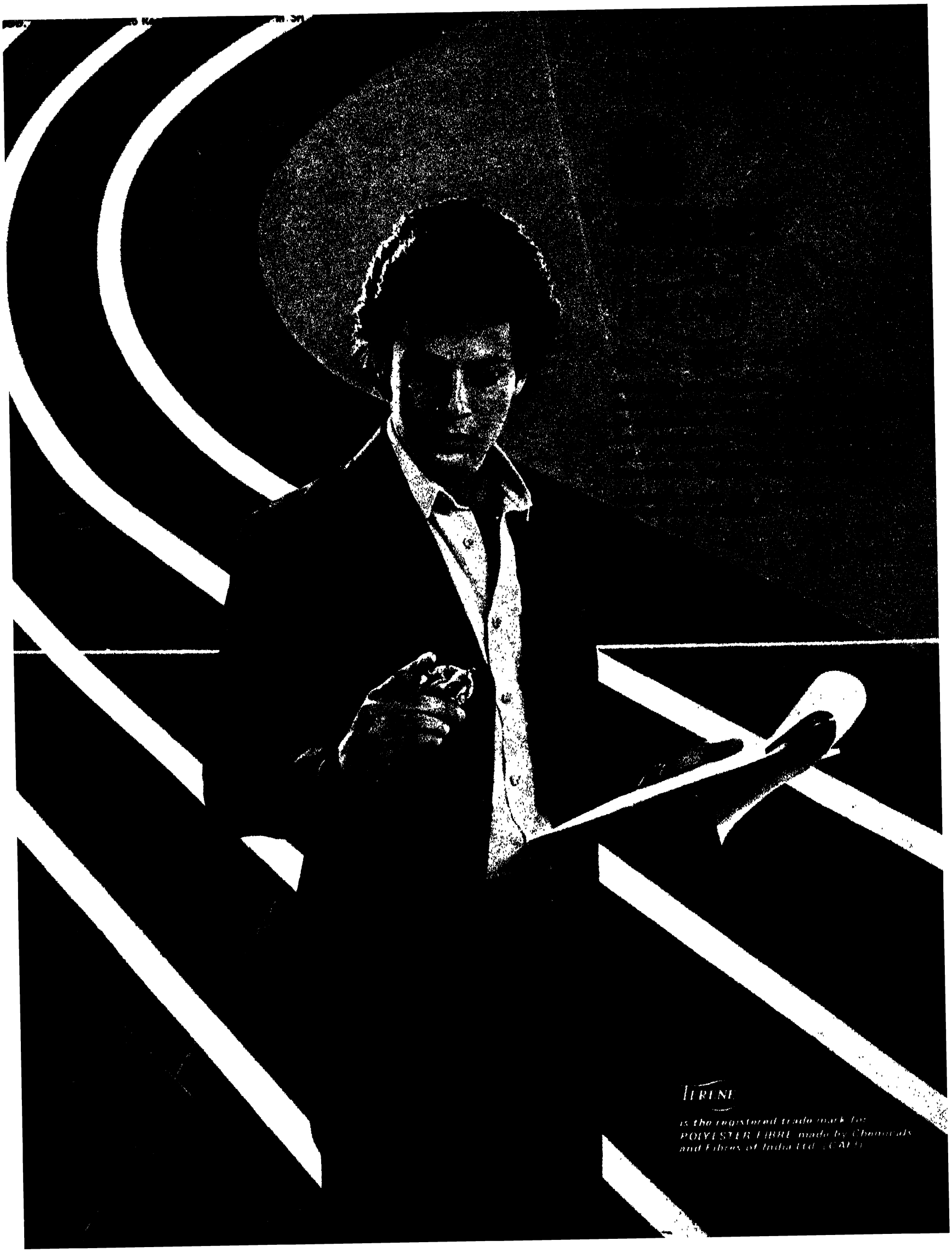
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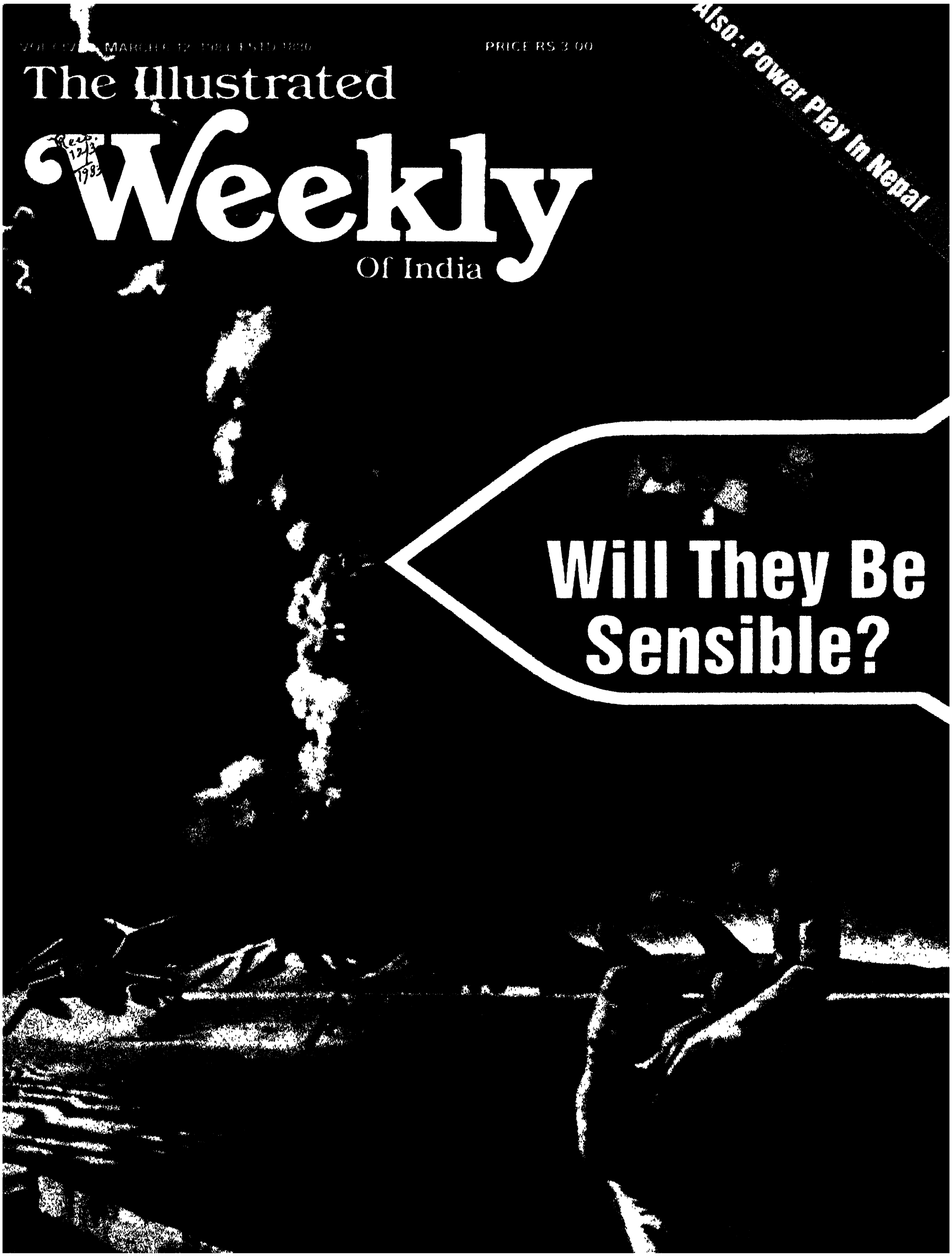

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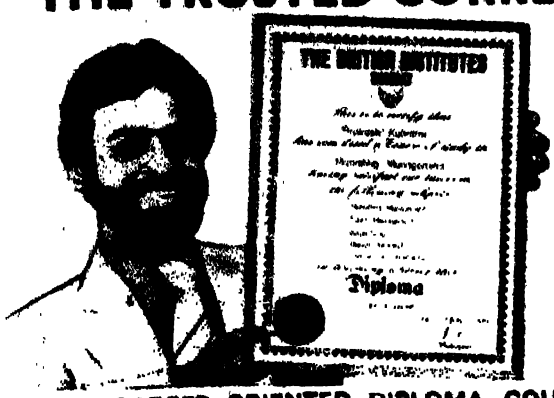

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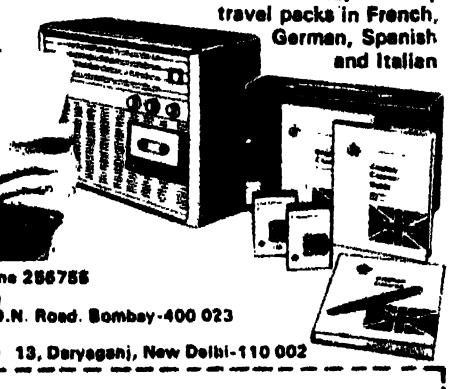

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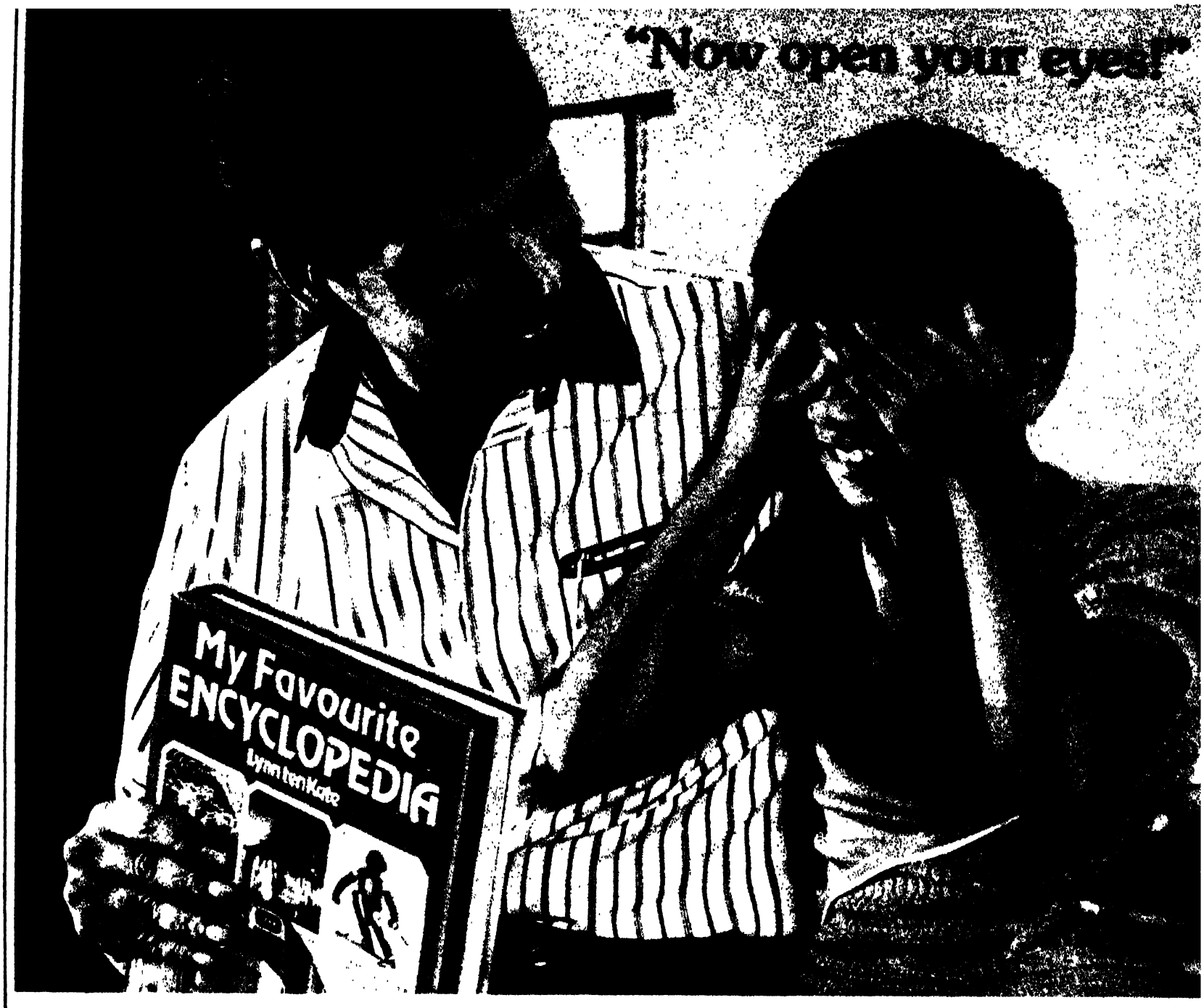

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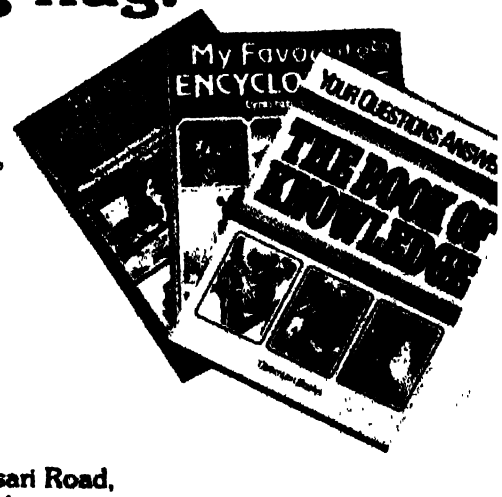

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Bohras Protest

Sir—The article "Struggle Against Authoritarianism" by A. Engineer (February 13) is based wholly on an aberrant and erroneous belief. His Holiness Dr Syedna Mohammed Burhamuddin Saheb (T.V.S.) is a benevolent and revered diginitary. He is a personal friend of several heads of state. The Dawoodi Bohras love and respect him. His blessing is the most valued treasure that a follower can ever have.

Zoeb Baxamusa
Calcutta

Sir—The feature on Dawoodi Bohras distorts facts and truth. More, it deliberately avoids reference to the basis by which one is a Dawood Bohra. No one is *born* a Bohra. One enters the brotherhood *voluntarily* through the act of *Misaq* and so accepts the beliefs of the religious brotherhood. One such belief is that the *Dai* has complete authority over all areas of the life of the follower. This is because he is the guardian of the faith whose leader, the Imam, is God-given and chosen. The followers so obey all the orders of the leader.

The author and his ilk are not accepted by the *Dai* or the Community as members of the fold. They have either not given the *Misaq* or have forsworn it. The author's following of 25,000 "Asghariyas" is a figure that is exaggerated to earn a modicum of credence.

A million Bohras domiciled in all parts of the world venerate the *Dai* who is striving to maintain the identity of the Community and its own standards and morals and refuses to lower them to the corrupt standard set up by 20th Century ethics and morality which the world at large readily confesses has seen a steep decline. As a leader the *Dai* must lead. He cannot change fundamentals.

For the caucus of "Asghariyas" masquerading under the high-falutin title of "The Central Board of Dawoodi Bohra Community"—of which not a single Dawoodi Bohra is a member—the Nathwani Commission Report is a showpiece that gives them existence and an ego. It is the Marxist Manifesto of that breakaway new faction. But to the discerning who are aware of the facts and circumstances, the Commission from the very first seemed more a political charade than an exercise of justice. The Report rested solely on a series of allegations and confessions. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. The Commission's hyperbole on its sense of impartiality and search for truth came close to being fiction. The Commission was a grim perversion of the investigative system. It bordered on the ludicrous especially when the Commission's nasty impulse and anti-Muslim wrath was exposed. The Commission did not even succeed in gaining its political end.

The Bohras, the author admits, "are progressive and dynamic". Leave it to them and their good sense to decide whether they are being "turned into a very static and obscurantist role". We do not want non-Bohras to set themselves up as our guardians and sit on judgment on our beliefs and community way of behaviour and functioning.

Tyebally A.A. Davoodbhoy
Bombay

Travails Of The Tibetans

Sir—"Tibetan Exiles: Too Rich to Go Back" (February 6) K.N. Sud gives the impression that Tibetans in India are too rich to want to go back to Tibet. While Mr Sud's observations on the Tibetans in Dharmsala may have some truth," it does not follow that all Tibetans in Dharmsala, much less all Tibetans in India, do not want to return home. The longing for one's homeland is imperishable. You can never really substitute it with anything. Mr Sud also conveys the idea that Tibetans in India in general are affluent. This is far from the truth. Mr Sud has made the mistake of taking Dharmsala as the standard. This error would be as serious as taking the Tatas, the Birlas and the Dalmias to represent the average Indian. For a true picture of the Tibetans' economic well-being or plight (in India), one needs to visit the Tibetan "settlements" scattered all over India (by the Indian Government for obvious reasons)—in Karnataka; Norgeyling, Bhandara (Maharashtra); Fendeyling, Mainpat (Imp.); Phuntsokling, (Orissa); Kunphelling, (Sikkim); Dhargeyling, Tezu; Tenzingang, Bomdila; Chocphelling, Miao (all in Arunachal Pradesh); Sonamling and Changthang (both in Ladakh), etc, which would account for about 90 of the Tibetan exiles in India. The economic condition in these settlements is far from satisfactory; the daily struggle for survival is so all-consuming that there is little energy left in the people for anything else.

Mingyur Dorji
Madras

Panegyric To A Poet

Sir—Apropos P.K. Nijhawan's article "Chakbast: Poet For All Times" (February 6) we have denied Pt Brij Narain Chakbast the recognition he deserved richly. The noted Urdu litterateur's virtuoso pieces certainly would have died out, had Kali Das Gupta "Riza" not undertaken the painstaking task of reviving the poet's works.

Pt Chakbast is charged with plagarism, but I do not agree with the idea entirely.

Ashutosh Kumar Jha
Ranchi

Forgive Them...

Sir—In her article "Textbook Muddle: With An Absence of Malice?" (January 30) Sushila D'Cruz says, "Fr Nereus Rodrigues, Diocesan Inspector of Schools..... stated that He (Christ) had always identified Himself on a par with God. This is documented in the New Testament of the Bible, precisely in Chapter 14 of the evangelist, Mark."

I wasn't able to locate this anywhere in the Bible! My reading of the Bible seems to suggest that Jesus Christ never claimed to be equal to God. Instead, you have his words recorded: "My father is *greater* that I" *(John Ch 14 Vs 28)* Also, "Jesus said to them, 'Truly, truly, I say to you, *the Son can do nothing of his own accord,* but only what he sees the Father doing' " *(John Ch 5 Vs 19)*

If history should be taught as history and not as "religion" as suggested by Fr Rodrigues, it should be recorded that Christ never claimed to be equal to God.

Jaspal Singh
Calcutta

NTR's Ram Rajya

Sir—NTR's dramatic success will probably inspire other regional parties to rise against Congress (I).

However you have to be very optimistic to take NTR's promises seriously ("NTR's Rama Rajya—January 30). At the same time you also cannot ignore the former celluloid hero.

Jaydip Mishra
Rengali Dam

Silence!

Sir—Noise pollution has become the curse of modern times ("Scourge of Noise", January 30). According to a study, constant exposure anywhere above 100 decibles is enough to drive human being insane. Out of 1,200 factory workers, nearly one fourth were found to be suffering from noise-induced hearing loss in one or both ears.

The indiscriminate use of loudspeakers is a major "mental killer" in Indian society. No religious or social function is thought successful unless it is accompanied by blaring loudspeakers. Doctors say living in noisy environments is bad for heart patients and persons with psychological and nervous troubles. To check the use of loudspeakers and their volume action should be taken against those who violate the law.

R.C. Gupta
Ghaziabad

Indians in Britain

Sir—From Taya Zinkin's letter from London (January 30) one gets the impression that the three quarter of a million Indians are doing well in UK. Considering that not more than three quarter of a thousand Englishman live in India, the process of reverse colonisation is secure.

R.D. Sinha
Calcutta

Plain Speaking

Sir—In "Threats to Our Freedom" (January 23) K.C. Khanna has done some plain speaking. It is time we realised that the totalitarian powers threaten our liberty.

The Western countries do not wish to recolonise our land. Instead, 10 million Indians have flocked outside, most of them in the West. Notice how the US, after defeating Japan, helped it on its feet. So much so that the disciple today threatens the benefactor. In contrast, the Soviet Union has not freed Eastern Europe. It plainly exploits the Indian market. It has occupied Afghanistan. Its next targets? Pakistan and India!

Raju Bala
Dhanyakuria

Politically Biased

Sir—Dr Ashok Mitra's diatribe against the IMF loan is politically motivated (January 13). Mrs Gandhi has got into financial problems precisely because of socialist policies as recommended by socialist advisers like Dr Mitra.

K. Susrita
Calcutta

Tower of Babel

Sir—In "Foreigners Stand Between Poll and Peace" (January 23) the caption to the photograph of a memorial in Tezpur is inaccurate. It is a memorial to students who died in a language agitation not an agitation against foreigners.

Sanjoy Chodhury and Tridib Kr. Gupta
Tezpur

Perplexing Perfidy

Sir—I was perplexed to read James A. Nathan's "CIA's perfidy in Australia" (January 23). Why has the author dug up a 11-year-old story and presented it under a banner headline?

His thesis seems unconvincing, it is full of conjectures and clever insinuations. Even if we are to admit CIA's presence in Australia, so what? Is not the KGB also not operating there? What about the Pseudo-Leftists? They were very much there to fight for the survival of the Whitlam Labour Government.

The fact is that democracy and the electoral process work in Australia. And but for the wishes of the people expressed through the ballot box, the Whitlam Government would not have fallen. Why credit CIA with a job done by the people of Australia? Or does Mr Nathan assume that it was the duty of the people and also of the CIA to ensure the continuance of Whitlam Government?

Jaganmoy Mitra
Calcutta

Your Affairs

Sir- Any sensitive person will shudder at the haphazard way Dehra Dun is spreading. The once beautiful town is being choked with buildings which are sprouting like mushrooms—even on the roads and footpaths. The beautiful compounds and lush stately trees are disappearing fast and Dehra is sliding towards the dubious distinction of becoming yet another dirty town of Uttar Pradesh. Now they are even eyeing the Parade Ground for a stadium. This small open area in the heart of the town, besides enhancing the beauty of the surroundings, is the lung of the city! Here people of all classes, young and old and babies in their prams gather for a breath of fresh air. Dehra has enough vacant land. Any other suitable site should be selected for a stadium.

Please do not deprive us of the parade ground.

Padma Kumari Devi
Dehra Dun

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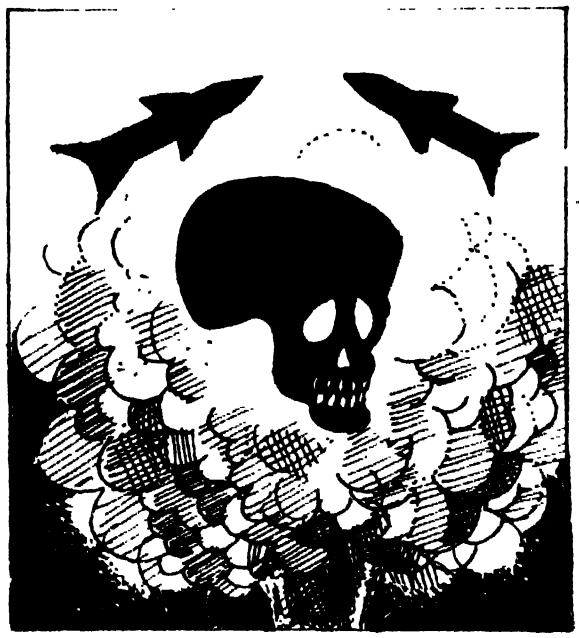
CONTENTS



8 **COVER STORY**: ***Arms Reduction: Propaganda Befogs Prospects.*** The "public relations" blitzkrieg unleashed by the two superpowers is obfuscating the real issues at stake in the arms limitation talks. By S. Nihal Singh.

10 **ALSO**: ***Traffic In Death.*** Satyabrata Rai Chowdhuri on how the Big Powers use military aid to spread their hegemony.

11 ***Nuclear Pulse That Could Paralyse The Nation.*** William J. Broad explores the perils of an electromagnetic pulse resulting from a nuclear blast in the atmosphere

18 ***Letter From Hiroshima.*** The renowned Italian author, Alberto Moravia, on the dangers of a nuclear holocaust.

13 ***On The Slopes Of A Nuclear Vesuvius.*** Nuclear stockpilling only increases the risk of accidents. By Arun Kumar.

31 **CRIME**: ***"Taming Of The Shrew".*** Vithal C. Nadkarni on the Dacoit Queen Phoolan Devi's surrender.

26 **INVESTIGATION**: ***Bihar Colleges: Dens Of Corruption.*** Is it already too late to stem the rot? By Sheela Barse

16 **INTERNATIONAL**: ***Power Play In Nepal.*** Will the new leaders of the Nepali Congress succeed in fulfilling the late B.P. Koirala's dream of national reconciliation? By Kedar Man Singh.

30 **IN THE STATES**: ***The Bellary Rape Case; Is The Hooghly Bridge "Falling"?***

21 **PARANORMAL**: ***Moon Mysteries:*** Can the waxing and waning moon affect you? By Judy Newmark

46 **SPORTS**: ***New Captains For Old.*** In the last 50 years, except for Tiger Pataudi, no India captain has ever been allowed to settle in his job. A survey by Raju Bharatan.

29 **HAPPENINGS**: ***Calcutta Letter.*** Sumita Sandilya focuses on poll violence in Assam; illegal *khatals*; conditions in Dum Dum Jail and Gen Ershad's manoeuvres.

32 **ART**: ***Treasure House Of Tribal Art.*** Shamsuddin on Poet Mahawar's priceless collection of Bastar art

44 **ESSAY**: ***Intellectuals As Agents Of Change.*** By K.K G. Nambiar

35 **OPINION**: ***Russian—Language Of 21st Century.*** Is it edging out English as a link language?

ALSO: ***"And Then Man Created His God"***

49 **FICTION**: ***"The Colonel And Napolean"*** by Cherry George.

27 **DEVELOPMENT**: **Sukho Majri: A Punjab Village Shows The Way.** In a man-made lake in Chandigarh, the villagers discovered self-sufficiency. By Maj-Gen K.S. Bajwa (Retd)

38 **THIRD EYE**: ***Picture-Poems*** *by Rajiv Tiwari*

41 ***MEDIA: Early Printing In India.*** Nirmalendu Das traces its history from 1556.

25 **MUSIC**: ***A Melody From Iran.*** Bindu Tandon profiles Bijan Khadem-Missagh.

54 **HUMOUR**: ***The Famous And Their Foibles*** by Surendra

37 **ARCHAEOLOGY**: ***Temples Of Baroli*** must be protected, says Dinanath Dube

Plus: The World Around Us 15, That's Business 34; Health 43; Books 45, HA! 52; Stars 55; Comics 57; Bridge & Chess 61

Next Issue

Assam On Fire

There have been instances of atrocities against the Assamese people, but the Assamese themselves have allowed their once-peaceful movement to become violent. Killings on both sides have been enormous. Today, it is difficult to recognise who the real underdogs are, says Sujata Anandan, after a visit to the trouble-torn State.

Are IITs Any Good?

On the occasion of IIT Bombay's Silver Jubilee Celebrations, Minnie Vaid examines the Institute's claims to being a "centre of excellence" and surveys the gap between expectation and fulfilment.

Heir-Apparent To The Tata Throne

The *Weekly* presents a new series, "Young Entrepreneurs", with a profile of Ratan Tata by Hashim Khairullah

...And Now British Film-Makers Invade Rajasthan.

Report on the shooting of the film based on M.M. Kaye's *Far Pavilions.* By Dinesh Sharma

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Arms Reduction

Propaganda Befogs Prospects

The issue now central to arms reduction is the stationing of 572 Cruise and Pershing 2 intermediate range nuclear missiles in West Europe. Any compromise, the author feels, will only revolve around the informal understanding worked out by the two sides, viz the reported Nitze-Kvitinsky agreement. According to this, the US would deploy 75 Cruise missiles alone in Europe; while the Soviets could deploy 75 SS 20's.

by S. Nihal Singh

PROPAGANDA offensives on arms reduction, vigorously launched by both the Soviet Union and the United States, have tended to obscure reality. The crux of the problem is the stationing of 572 Cruise and Pershing 2 intermediate-range nuclear missiles in West Europe, beginning in December this year, if there is no arms agreement with the Russians.

The main battleground for the propaganda war is West Germany, where the missiles are first to be installed, because it goes to the polls on March 6. All the 108 Pershing 2 missiles and the 96 Cruise missiles are to be installed in West Germany between December 1983 and December 1985.

In fact, the propaganda war has assumed such proportions that the real issues have been pushed to the background. Do the United States and the Soviet Union want arms reduction, and, if so, on what terms?

The answer to the first question is a qualified "yes" on both sides. As for the terms, each side is seeking to obtain the best deal it can get. The importance of the outcome of the West German election lies precisely in indicating how far each Super-Power can go in pushing its case at the expense of its adversary.

The Russians have won an initial propaganda advantage, but the battle is far from over and, recently, has been lustily joined by President Reagan in his characteristic fashion.

First, the facts. It was a NATO decision to install the 572 Cruise and Pershing 2 missiles in West Germany, Britain, Italy, Belgium and The Netherlands starting in December this year in the absence of an agreement with the Russians. These missiles will be under the command of the United States, with the West Europeans exercising no control.

President Reagan's accession to the presidency merely helped to intensify the widespread unease in West Europe on the proliferation of nuclear weapons, and, is most dramatically illustrated by the anti-nuclear Green Party's acquisition of strength in West Germany. The President's pitch was that the US should negotiate with the Russians from a position of strength and he called the Soviets cheats and liars.

President Reagan's rhetoric and, more significantly, the whopping increase in the US defence budget were fertile ground for Soviet propaganda in West Europe. It was easy enough to paint Reagan as a warlike character with his finger on the nuclear button. To damp down this growing anti-nuclear sentiment, President Reagan proposed the so called Zero Option. He said the U would forego the deployment of all th Cruise and Pershing 2 missiles in Europe the Russians dismantled all their 34 SS20's and some older SS4's and SS5's.

Since the US knew perfectly well thc the Russians would not agree to any suc thing, the primary purpose of the propos al was to make it easier for the allie governments in West Europe to tackle th anti-nuclear sentiment in their countrie They enthusiastically espoused th American proposal.

The Russians, for their part, grasped central fact behind the proposal. If th people of the countries where the ne missiles were to be installed vehementl opposed them, the Americans woul have nothing to bargain with in seekin Soviet missile reductions. And, the Rus sians began working overtime to achiev this maximum objective.

UP IN ARMS. Above: An estimate twelve thousand persons, many womer formed a human chain around the nin mile fence at Greenham Common USA base near Newbury, England, to protes against the Thatcher Government's plan to allow the siting of 96 Cruise missiles a the base.

The arms reduction talks between the US and the Soviet Union, meanwhile, were not making much progress. The Soviets had little incentive to negotiate seriously because a delay would probably work to their advantage. And President Reagan was handicapped by his strong defence strategy from making genuine new proposals.

Against this background, Brezhnev's successor, Yuri Andropov, exploited his advantage to the hilt by making a new proposal. The Soviets would leave in their European part only as many SS20's as Britain and France had—a total of 162. Both Britain and France rejected this proposal, the latter more vehemently because it said it would amount to its independent nuclear deterrent being integrated into the NATO structure, something it has opposed since De Gaulle's time. Britain and France call their nuclear missiles, weapons of last resort against a nuclear blackmail.

These reactions, as well as the US opposition, were no surprise to the Russians whose proposal was directed at influencing West European public opinion. And Moscow followed it up with Andropov receiving the new head of the West German Social Democratic Party, Hans-Jochen Vogel, who came away from Moscow with the impression that the Soviets were serious about negotiations. He also suggested that the Russians might agree to reduction in warheads on each missile, which they have never confirmed.

With an eye on the March election, the Social Democrats had trimmed their sails on the nuclear issue although they had firmly supported the US position when in power. The visit of the Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, to Bonn, was chiefly to buttress an image of sweet reasonableness and to fuel the anti-nuclear sentiment in West Germany and further afield.

The concentrated and largely successful Soviet propaganda offensive had two significant consequences. The West European leaders, even the staunchest US supporter, Margaret Thatcher, began hedging their bets on the Zero Option. Secondly, the Reagan Administration came to realise that the Russians were running away with a propaganda victory.

President Reagan, meanwhile, had suffered a self inflicted wound by sacking the Head of the Disarmament and Arms Control Agency, Eugene Rostow. The Conservatives in the Republican Party had been gunning for Rostow for some time because they did not trust him and Reagan himself seemed to have had second thoughts on the value of keeping a target of attack from the right in an exposed position.

West European reaction to Rostow's dismissal was predictably adverse. It was also leaked at that stage that, under Rostow's guidance, his arms negotiator, Paul Nitze, had made an informal agreement with his Soviet opposite number, in Geneva, on the two sides having 75 intermediate range nuclear missiles each in Europe. This understanding was repudiated by both Moscow and Washington, and it was suggested, in the US capital, that Nitze had exceeded his authority.

Rostow's dismissal and the leak made it all the more essential for President Reagan to meet the Soviet propaganda offensive. While still pleading for strong defence and proposing a nine per cent real increase in the defence budget he submitted to Congress for the new financial year, he tempered his anti-Soviet tone. Reagan suggested that the US was serious in seeking a real arms reduction if the Soviets matched their words with deeds.

Additionally, President Reagan took two initiatives in the propaganda field. He formed a high-level committee with, his campaign advertising manager in the 1980 election, Peter Dailey, at present US Ambassador in Ireland, overseeing the task of putting across the American perspective on the nuclear question in West Europe. Second, he sent Vice-President Bush to underscore US seriousness on arms reduction. To heighten its effect, Bush unveiled an "Open Letter" from Reagan to the people of Western Europe promising to meet Andropov any time anywhere to sign a treaty banning *all* land-based intermediate-range nuclear missiles on earth. The proposal, of course, is strong on rhetoric and pretty thin in substance.

President Reagan also sent his Secretary of State George Shultz to the Far East. Although the main purpose of this visit was to revive a flagging Chinese enthusiasm for a strategic consensus with the US, Shultz tried to pick up some pieces from the fall out of Andropov's proposal in Tokyo and Beijing.

Both Japan and China are understandably worried that a compromise agreement on intermediate-range missiles in Europe would be made at the expense of stationing more of them in Asia, especially aimed at Japan. Since they are the only two countries in Asia that count for something in US decision making, it has been Shultz's effort to reassure them that any agreement with the Soviet Union would not be made at their expense, with what success remains to be seen.

This then is the state of the game today. There is little doubt that the two sides will try new propaganda tricks before the West German election in March. It stands to reason that serious negotiations will not begin until after the results of this election are known.

Once the West German election is behind us, where will the two parties stand? Even assuming that the US position is not dramatically eroded in West Germany, the Zero Option on missiles is dead. The American problem is that Washington cannot formally give up its position without a serious Soviet counter-proposal.

President Reagan also has a domestic problem. At a time of serious recession in the economy, with more than 12 million people unemployed, his big defence spending programme is not exactly popular. Although Reagan's political shrewdness has thus far helped him to retain the essence of his defence build up at the cost of some frills, he needs to convince his countrymen that he is a man of peace rather than war.

The Soviet objective is centred on warding off the deployment of the Pershing 2 missiles. As opposed to the slower Cruise missiles, the warning time the Russians will have in the case of the Pershing 2 is six minutes, which represents an unacceptable risk for them.

President Reagan's objective seems to be to achieve an arms agreement with the Russians by the end of this year. In tactics, he is seeking to emulate Richard Nixon by sending out signals for serious negotiations once he has buttressed US defence.

Whatever the harvest President Reagan would gather from such an agreement, should he decide to run again, the Soviets know that the compulsions of presidential election politics would almost rule out an accord in 1984, apart from the December deadline for the start of the missile installations. Since the Soviets are, for their own reasons, interested in an agreement on missiles, they will grasp an acceptable compromise if they can obtain one.

The essentials of a compromise have still to be defined. But it is clear that once the fog of propaganda is dispelled sufficiently for serious negotiations to begin, the contours of a compromise will revolve round a variation of the informal understanding worked out by the two sides, to the apparent chagrin of their Governments.

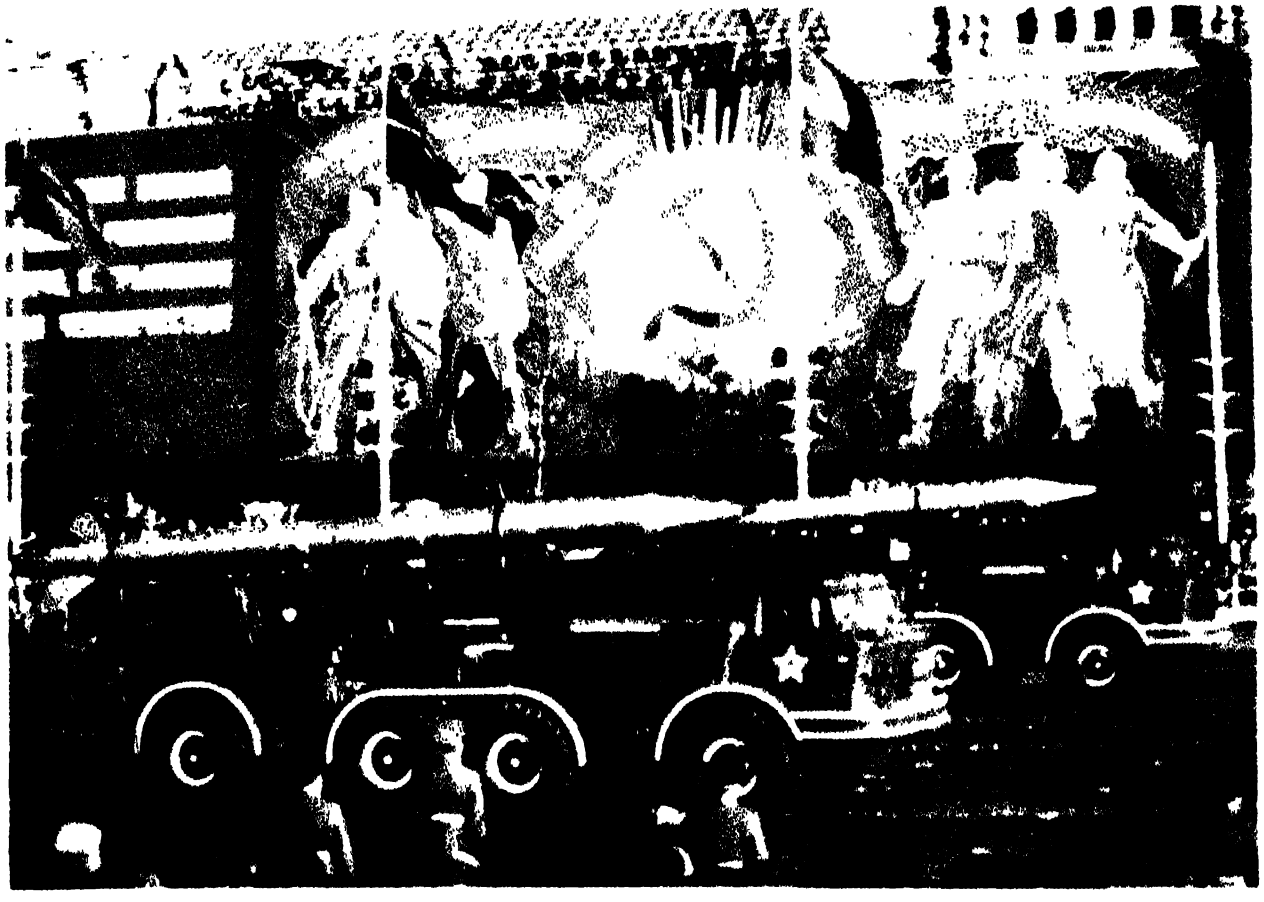
The reported Nitze-Kvitinsky agreement has the following components. The US would deploy 75 Cruise missiles and no Pershing 2s in Europe. Each Cruise would have four warheads and the US could also deploy 150 medium-range bombers.

The Soviets on their part could deploy seventy-five SS20's, each with three warheads, aimed at Europe and freeze the 90 or so SS20's they have in Asia. They would also be entitled to 150 medium range bombers.

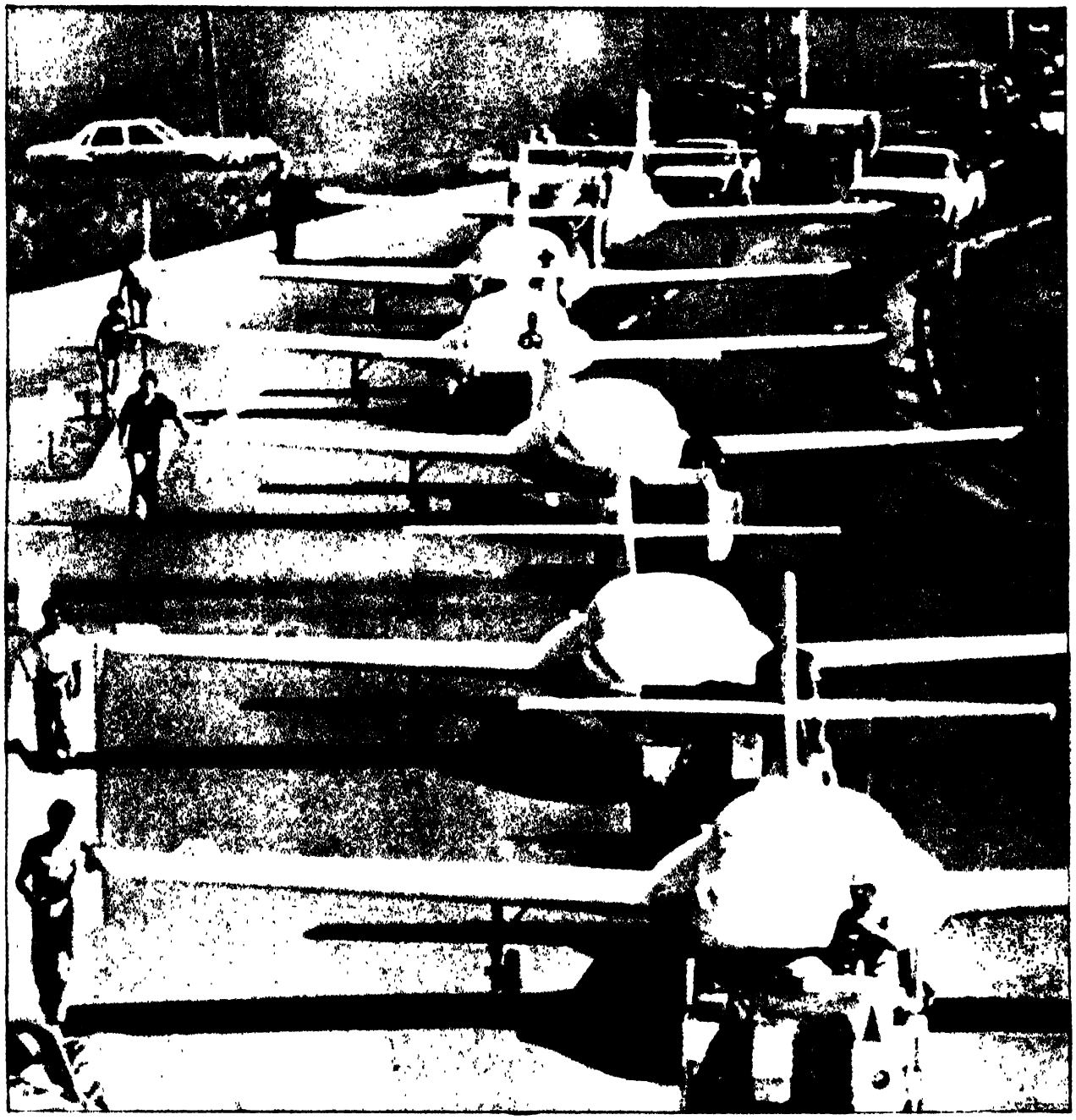
The Zero Option was never a serious proposal because it would not only leave in place the British and French intermediate-range nuclear forces but the following array ranged against the Soviets: F 111 fighter bombers stationed in Britain, US Sixth Fleet aircraft carrying nuclear weapons, the Poseidon missiles assigned to NATO defence and the proposed deployment of sealaunched Cruise missiles on attack submarines and surface ships. As Gromyko put it during his recent Bonn visit, the Zero Option would destroy "parity in armaments" evolved over many years.

Parallel Super Power arms reduction negotiations have been intermittently held in Geneva. One concerns medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe and is still led by Nitze on the American side. The other, more recently resumed, is in the region of the longer range strategic arms reduction talks (START). On the table at the latter talks are US and Soviet proposals.

Progress in the START talks will depend upon how quickly the two sides can agree on medium range nuclear weapons in Europe. The outlook is not as pessimistic as the furious propaganda unleashed by the two sides would imply. ■



PROOF OF THEIR AWESOME STRENGTH. Soviet armour and missiles, seen at this Red Square Parade, bear testimony to the USSR's tremendous military power and are a telling reminder of the proliferation of nuclear and conventional weapons.



JETS BOUND FOR PAKISTAN, which is a leading recipient of American arms.

Traffic In Death

Military aid is used by the Big Powers as an instrument for establishing their hegemony over the client states, says the author.

by Satyabrata Rai Chowdhuri

THROUGHOUT 1982, most countries of the world had to face a bewildering array of economic and financial problems ranging from high unemployment and falling production to sagging trade and huge debts. Though the recession has not been as severe as the Great Depression of the '30s, the persisting slump in output has raised questions on whether things can get worse. There are many who go by historical precedents and assert that it may last till the mid-'90s. If the prognosis comes true, the world might face the worst ever crisis in the near future. And the Third World countries will certainly be the worst affected.

At a time when almost everyone was afflicted with recession in varying degrees, the arms industry never had it so good as in 1982. In the secretive world of arms manufacture and sales, actual figures are not easy to get, but what is already known is staggering. In fact, the race for arms, particularly in the Third World, is fast outdistancing the search for peace. Hardly a week passes without the announcement of a new weapons deal somewhere in the Third World. This has triggered off a cycle of action and reaction in which each side now strives to better the arsenal of the other by acquiring some of the world's most sophisticated weaponry. This has raised the potential destructiveness of a war between two Third World countries to chilling heights.

As 1982 drew to its close, the world's principal arms suppliers to the Third World, like the United States, the Soviet Union and France, were competing for major arms deals. The year 1983 promises to be a happy year again for the industry.

The Reagan Administration is estimated to have sold nearly 30 billion dollars worth of conventional weapons to the developing countries during 1982. Pakistan is a leading recipient of American arms supplied to it mostly at highly concessional terms.

One estimate puts the money spent by developing countries on arms purchases in the past decade at over 268 billion dollars. 61 per cent of the Third World's weapons originate from the United States and its allies, the remaining 39 per cent coming from the Soviet Union and its allies, according to a report based on the United States Congressional Research Service.

In its first year in office, the Reagan Administration announced arms deals worth 250.3 billion dollars, excluding a number of sales below the level requiring Congressional approval. Above that, there was another 3 billion dollars-worth of private sales, adding to Washington's largest marketing operations for seven years.

Between 1976 and 1980, the United States signed arms agreements with Third World countries worth 49.7 billion dollars. The Soviet total in the same period was 42.8 billion dollars, said the report of the Congressional Research Service. However, the United States State Department maintained that Russian and West European arms sales were higher in most categories of weapons. American supplies included 7,446 tanks to the Third World countries in the past decade compared with 13,220 from the Soviet Union, the State Department said, adding that the sale of supersonic aircraft ran to 1,540 by Washington and 3,705 by Moscow.

But the report quotes White House figures to indicate that in the past ten years, America sold to Latin American countries 21 submarines, 38 warships, 15 supersonic and 185 subsonic planes. Washington also sold 50 military aircraft to Black Africa along with 35 tanks and 275 large field guns. In the Middle East and South Asia, it sold more than 10,000 armoured cars, 300 helicopters and 7,290 surface-to-air missiles.

Unstable Regimes

The combined efforts of major arms suppliers have ensured that we now have to live with a large number of unstable regimes having, among other things, 3,180 tanks, 54,555 artillery pieces, 6,630 supersonic warplanes and 35,735 guided missiles.

The situation is disturbing because military hardware provided by the Big Powers to the developing countries of the Third World, many of which are already riven by local tensions and hostilities, is a dangerous virus that has now infected the entire political, economic and social bloodstream of these countries.

Since 1950, the General Assembly of the United Nations has adopted a number of resolutions appealing for an overall reduction of military spending by the developing countries and utilising the funds thus released for their economic and social development. But Milton Leitenberg and Nicole Ball have recently prepared a list of 96 Third World countries to show that as many as 53 of them are devoting between 10 and 74 per cent of their national budget for military spending. Herbert Wulf and Peter Lock have also compiled an exhaustive register of arms procurement by the developing countries to suggest that there is a crucial connection between the increasing arms spending and underdevelopment of these countries.

More disturbing than this trend is the fact that the purposes for which arms are bought are usually not the same as the purposes for which they are sold, especially by the Big Powers. Moreover, the process of accumulating arsenals has been repeated over and over as existing weapons have been replaced by more

technologically advanced and more costly models and as technological developments yielded entirely new types of weapons to be accumulated in addition to the existing types.

Five countries—the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France and China—are primarily responsible for stocking the arsenals of a large number of developing countries with a variety of military hardware including modern horror weapons of infinite destructiveness The Chinese, who have entered the race rather late, have provided an estimated 350 million dollars of weapons to the Third World countries since the early 1960s. Nearly three-fourths of this total has gone to Pakistan which has been receiving from China MIG jet fighters, IL-28 jet light bombers, light and medium tanks and a wide variety of ground forces, communications and support equipment

Varied Motives

The motives of arms supply to the weak and developing countries have been varied and in some cases they have operated simultaneously Basically , the primary motive has been to preserve or create a kind of political order that permits the donor State to derive some definite short-term or long-term political advantages In other words, the State supplying arms seeks to affect and influence the foreign policies and power position of the other State to promote its own national interest

This motive sometimes encompasses a concern not only for ideologies, but also for specific political regimes and personalities In short, military aid is used by the Big Powers as an instrument for gaining access to or establishing hegemony over the client States Instances are not rare when the arms giver seeks to enhance its prestige around the world that may be gratifying to its national ego China's military aid to the African countries like Tanzania, Ghana, Guinea and Mali is a prime example of this motive

It is interesting to note here that although the diplomacy of arms aid has been characteristic of the cold war syndrome of the 1950s, between 1950 and 1970 exports of military hardware have increased sevenfold According to a study prepared by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI), they are currently roaring along at an average of 7 5 billion dollars a year

By providing the countries of the Third World with such huge quantities of weapons, the Big Powers also incur some grave risks The SIPRI study underlined two such dangers in particular First, by developing a kind of control over and identification with the client States, they tend to get indirectly involved in local conflicts Secondly, such indirect involvement is likely to drag them step by step into direct confrontation with other Big Powers True, such a confrontation did not take place in Vietnam, but the danger was ever present

But why do some of the developing countries of the Third World acquire arms which they can ill afford? They justify their acquisition in the name of defence and security But curiously, they are anxious to stock their arsenals with "prestige weapons" which are of little use to them in localised conventional wars Pakistan, for example, acquired a huge quantity of sophisticated military hardware both from the United States and China But its army, trained to handle weapons of World War II vintage, lacked both support services and technical knowhow that were necessary to operate and maintain these arms Not surprisingly, these weapons became more a liability than a source of strength when war broke out with India

As pointed out by the SIPRI researchers "The complexity and sophistication of the Pakistani Patton tanks and F-104 fighters are said to have been a handicap to Pakistan The Pakistanis reportedly proved incapable of operating the automatic control needed to fire the guns of the Patton tanks, which considerably slowed down their offence"

Another such example is the Russian weapons supplied to Somalia The arms provided by the Soviet Union to Somalia between 1963 and 1966 largely consisted of sophisticated weapons MIG fighters and T-34 tanks These were of little use in prosecuting Somalia's border wars and the infrastructure of the Somali economy proved too weak to absorb the weapons Maintenance, interest payments and other costs were high and by the end of 1966 shipment of arms and other equipment were left to rust in port

Appalling Burdens

These two cases clearly illustrate one of the most appalling burdens that acquisition of sophisticated arms imposes on the developing countries Underlining this burden, the SIPRI study expresses concern that each year increasing quantities of resources in developing countries are devoted to the procurement of weapons from abroad The gross national products of all developing countries have grown at an average rate of 5 per cent a year since 1950 Their military expenditures have grown at an yearly rate of 7 per cent while their major weapon imports have grown at a rate of 9 per cent

The trade in weapons, the study says, also absorbs other kinds of resources In particular, the infrastructure of skilled manpower needed to maintain a major weapon in operational condition is quite considerable To repair and maintain a tank in an advanced country 400 man-hours are required per year For a destroyer, 45,000 man hours are required For each aircraft, four men are required full-time for operational maintenance and six men for overhaul These figures do not include the costs and the skilled manpower requirement for establishing repair shops, nor do they include the various support services necessary for an effective field organisation

Besides these running costs, the developing countries, once they start acquiring prestige weapons, have to divert a substantial percentage of their vital national resources to the development of military-industrial complexes Usually, this is done with the help of foreign financial assistance and technical knowhow

This dependence is economically unjustifiable, socially harmful and politically counterproductive As modern military-industrial technology is concentrated almost exclusively in the developed countries, the militarised developing countries inevitably become dependent on them for the flow of technology, capital goods and technical services with the result that the gap between the two groups in indigenous technological capability tends to become increasingly accentuated This is the price the developing countries have to pay for stocking their arsenals with modern weapons ■

The Nuclear Pulse That Could Paralyse A Nation

An electromagnetic pulse—EMP—from a nuclear blast high above the earth could burn out all power and communications, virtually paralysing a nation without killing one person Here, the author examines the EMP phenomenon and its implications And, because careful control of arms is impossible without communication, EMP, he says, makes the notion of a "limited" nuclear war "mere wishful thinking"

by William J. Broad

"ALL of a sudden a greenish-white flash lit up all of Hawaii," recalled a witness "The sky started turning pink, then orange, then red The heavens were filled with a ghastly light"

It happened one July evening during an atomic test in 1962 A rocket lifted off from Johnston Atoll a speck in the Pacific 800 miles southwest of Hawaii At a point in space 248 miles above the earth, the rocket turned into a ball of nuclear fire

Not just the heavens inspired awe that evening Something so unexpected happened that today two decades later, military planners still ponder its dark implications for the fighting of nuclear war

A second or so after the flash the Hawaiian Islands were plagued by problems with things electrical In widely separated parts of Oahu, 300 streetlights winked out, their fuses blown Burglar alarms started ringing and power lines went dead Honolulu headlines the next day attributed the breakdowns to a nuclear "shock wave" It was not so easily explained

Mysterious Agent

The mysterious agent was EMP, an electromagnetic pulse given life by nuclear blasts EMP is an intense burst of electromagnetic energy that can travel halfway across a continent at the speed of light and still pack enough punch to burn out electrical systems

Its disruptive power is frightening An EMP attack would be the ideal first step in a massive atomic assault against the United States A single Soviet warhead detonated 250 miles or so above Nebraska would blanket the nation with EMP having peak fields on the order of 50,000 volts per metre — almost certainly strong enough to shut down all power and communications Though the pulse would do no direct harm to humans, it would throw the United States and its armed forces into confusion

Recent changes in US defence policy have made this vision all the more menacing Today the Pentagon foresees the possibility of a prolonged or "limited" nuclear war This takes for granted exceedingly good communications throughout the military, especially between the president and his troops But EMP renders this assumption mere wishful thinking and turns the notion of limited nuclear war into fantasy

Understandably wrestling with the EMP threat is a top US priority To "strengthen and rebuild our communications and control system," President Ronald Reagan has earmaked $20 billion, much of it for grappling with EMP.

Sparse Hard Data

But with hard data about EMP still sparse, a deluge of dollars may not end the questions So like a physician treating a disease of mysterious origin, the Pentagon is trying to erect more than one line of defence Besides protecting communications links around the world, the Pentagon has assigned a top-secret mission to a special team in the vaguely named Joint Program Office to create an altogether new communications system that will work reliably amid the chaos of nuclear war

Considering that the events on Hawaii took place two decades ago, why has it taken so long to awaken to the threat? What do the Soviets know of EMP? Can the United States defeat the electromagnetic crippler? The answers are buried deep in the history of the nuclear arms race

The 1962 test a 1 4-megaton blast known as Starfish Prime, was one of the last held aboveground A few months later President John F Kennedy and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev agreed to ban nuclear tests from the atmosphere and space, ending the possibility of observing EMP in peacetime Unfortunately, the US military misread the hints already at hand Military scientists knew there had been a strong electrical pulse on the Hawaiian Islands But they felt reassured by the fact that power failures had been scattered, not total, and that most telephone systems had gone right on working

By late 1963, military physicists had come up with an explanation for the pulse On earth the atmosphere quickly absorbs the gamma radiation and x rays unleashed by a nuclear blast In the airlessness of space, however, this high energy radiation travels unimpeded over vast distances at the speed of light A blast 50 to 500 miles above the earth sends radiation into the upper atmosphere, knocking myriad electrons out of air molecules The electrons twirl around and down the lines of force of the earth's

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THE FEARSOME FOXBAT. In 1976, a Soviet pilot, Lt Victor Ivanovich Belenko (inset), defected with his MiG-25 to Japan. The plane (right), which relied on vacuum tubes, was the Soviet warplane most feared in the West. One year after it landed, the Pentagon revised its EMP bible, The Effects Of Nuclear Weapons, *to include the warning: "It may be advisable to design equipment with vacuum tubes rather than solid-state components."*

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magnetic field. The spinning electrons act like a radio transmitter, beaming out a powerful pulse spanning the frequencies from zero to about 100 megahertz — a range that takes in everything from power-line frequencies to most AM and FM radio and many television channels. The higher the blast, the greater the area on earth covered by the EMP broadcast.

Semiconductor Revolution

The physicists who looked at EMP in 1963 were not particularly concerned, for they could not foresee the host of vulnerable devices waiting to be spun off by the semiconductor revolution. Vacuum tubes, still in widespread use in 1963, have thick metal parts, separated by a near vacuum, that can handle a high-voltage surge and operate as if nothing had happened. Solid-state devices, on the other hand, are built up of successive layers of silicon thinner than a human hair. Something akin to panic came in the 1970s when military engineers discovered that solid-state integrated circuits are a billion times likelier to be destroyed by EMP than vacuum tubes.

Physicists at the dawn of the EMP era also had faith that the pulse could be tamed, especially by shielding. Key systems would be covered with a thin sheet of metal that would siphon off the high-voltage surge. But there is no way to test the reliability of a coast-to-coast communications link short of detonating a warhead high above the atmosphere.

The implications of the shielding problem dawned on the military during the construction of the $5.7 billion Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) system, started in 1969. Safeguard's nuclear interceptors were to confront Soviet warheads high above the atmosphere, sending EMP surges across most of North America. The military initially considered EMP a bothersome side effect. But after trying vainly to build an invulnerable transcontinental phone line between Safeguard and the president, military planners began to see EMP as potentially fatal.

Are the Soviets so careless? Evidence came to light shortly after Safeguard's demise that the Soviets are preparing for the pulse quite seriously. In 1976 a Soviet pilot defected with his MiG-25 to Japan. Then-CIA Director George Bush exulted that it was an "intelligence bonanza." The plane, an interceptor known as a Foxbat, had been clocked at three times the speed of sound, and was the Soviet warplane most feared in the West.

Peals of laughter soon rang throughout liberal circles when it turned out the fearsome Foxbat relied on old-fashioned vacuum tubes. But a few Western defence experts were far from amused. One year after the Foxbat landed, the Pentagon quietly revised *The Effects Of Nuclear Weapons*, its EMP bible, to include the warning: "It may be advisable to design equipment with vacuum tubes rather than solid-state components."

Some defence specialists, including George J Keegan Jr past chief of Air Force Intelligence, say the Foxbat indicates the backward state of the Soviet economy. But Edward Teller, an architect of the hydrogen bomb and an outspoken Sinophobe, points to the Foxbat as an example of Soviet superiority. "That plane was designed by a person as crazy as a fox," he recently told a group of electrical engineers at the Air Force Weapons Lab in Albuquerque, N.M.

Even if antiquated technology has been forced on the Soviets by their economy, the implications are eerie. Their radars, tanks, radios and planes may be more resistant to EMP than those of the United States. Soviet manuals and magazine articles are rife with such references to EMP as this passage: "To achieve surprise in a modern war... high-altitude nuclear explosions can be carried out... to destroy the system of control and communications and to suppress the anti-missile and anti-air defence radar system...."

Vacuum Tubes

Can the United States protect itself? Vacuum tubes cannot be used in every military device that has to function during a nuclear war. Energy-efficient, reliable, compact and cheap, solid-state devices are irresistible to designers.

One possible way around the conundrum would be to rely on shielding only in small systems that can be fully tested for EMP hardness, or impenetrability. So as transcontinental land-based communications lines lost their lustre, military planners turned their attention to airplanes. But can airplanes be made impregnable? The president and his generals have many airborne command posts from which they might orchestrate a nuclear war. The president has four specially designed Boeing 747s. The Strategic Air Command flies a fleet of two dozen Boeing 707s for the control of Minuteman missile fields alone.

Yet the doomsday fleet might not survive an EMP attack. The painful evolution of the presidential planes is a case study. In the early 1970s Boeing took three 747s off the production line and tried to protect and shield individual systems. Bundles of wire cabling and thousands of key electrical systems were wrapped in special metal shielding. Pulse-limiting devices were installed in important circuits. The upshot was depressing. Tests showed that up to 11,500 essential solid-state circuits would fail if the planes were hit by EMP from a nuclear explosion half a continent away.

A few years later, Boeing, with another 747, tried to make the aircraft's hull one giant shield. It worked but cost five times more than a commercial plane — so only one airborne command post in all the US military is considered reliably "hard."

There is intense debate over the theoretically maximum power of the EMP pulse. The Pentagon states it is 50,000 volts per metre no matter how big the bomb. (The Soviets once detonated a device more than 4,000 times bigger than the bomb that levelled Hiroshima.) But some French physicists, among others, envision a pulse of about 100,000 volts per metre. If they are correct, the nominal protections the Pentagon has tried to build into communications networks, missiles, radars and radios would almost certainly be useless.

As part of President Reagan's programme, the Air Force is now trying to

harden some satellites Shielding does not work well; much of the radiation that causes EMP in space passes right through a thin metal covering. So engineers are designing special circuits, filtering antenna inputs, and fabricating cables from aluminum and other metals with low atomic weights, since they release electrons less readily than copper Such limited protections will work only if the satellite is far from a nuclear blast — just how far, the Pentagon will not say A relatively small explosion of 2 megatons just outside the upper atmosphere at an altitude of 50 miles to 75 miles would damage an unprotected satellite in orbit 22,300 miles above the earth

Potential Nuclear Nightmare

At worst, EMP adds up to a potential nuclear nightmare The United States is frequently crisscrossed by picture-taking Cosmos satellites at a height of some 150 miles Just one of them, carrying a few pounds of plutonium instead of a camera, could knock out key US military satellites and, as radiation from the blast slammed into the earth's upper atmosphere at the speed of light, touch off coast-to coast pandemonium

In a worst-case scenario, the powerful surge of EMP would trip circuit breakers throughout the nation's network of power lines, silence telephone lines, lobotomize computer memories and throw the armed forces into disarray Civilian and military planes alike, their solid state controls and radios knocked out, would attempt, perhaps successfully, to make emergency landings Most of the military would be out of electricity and thus out of action Backup power would kick on deep within Cheyenne Mountain in the Colorado Rockies, the nerve center of the North American Aerospace Defense Command Yet here, too, chaos would rule

The president might get to his hardened airborne command post to learn too late, that the prediction of a 100,000 volt peak, with double the expected destructive power, was correct Even if his plane got off the ground, its radio range would be sharply reduced, the satellites used to relay its messages would be out of action

Perhaps the most troublesome parts of the EMP story will never be heard by the public Even today the Pentagon still will not declassify an old Air Force movie that describes EMP in outline

But what troubles nuclear physicist Theodore B Taylor are the nuclear effects other than EMP that Pentagon specialists have succeeded in keeping under wraps Strange and top-secret effects that might considerably complicate the fighting of a nuclear war have been brushed aside, he says Taylor, who directed the Pentagon's first effort to examine the exotic effects of nuclear weapons, and now speaks nationally in favour of a nuclear freeze, says that Pentagon officials have not admitted the threat posed by these nuclear spectres He counts roughly 50 exotic effects from a nuclear blast, including many types of EMP, gamma radiation, x-rays and electron effects from bomb debris The laws of classification, he says, forbid him from elaborating to the extent he would like

A point Taylor does feel free to address is the fallibility of human understanding "One of the most dangerous situations in the world occurs when people think they really understand the effects of nuclear weapons," he says soberly "I especially worry about the politicians" ■

(By special arrangement with Science 83)

On The Slopes Of A Nuclear Vesuvius

The more nuclear arms a nation has, the more insecure it becomes due to the increased risk of accidents, claims the author.

by Arun Kumar

IT is the early morning hours of a sultry August day The American President is sleeping after an exhausting late night discussion with his aides, probably about the Soviets' latest moves in the Middle East Everything is as fuzzy as usual, there being as many opinions as there are experts

At 03 02 hrs a coded message preceded by the special symbol is received in the White House Control Room It is from NORAD (the North American Air Defence Command), and decoded it reads

"CONDITION RED REPEAT CONDITION RED BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System) HAS PICKED UP SEVERAL HUNDRED OBJECTS OVER THE NORTH POLE COMPUTERS PREDICT IMPACT ON USA IN TWELVE MINUTES - ICBM (Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles) IDENTIFICATION PROBABLE sac (Strategic Air Command) ALERTED CD (Civilian Defence) SIGNAL HOLDING"

A messenger rushes to the President and the latter is awakened The President still thinks he is dreaming—there were some puzzling developments in the past two days all-right, but nobody thought anything serious was in the offing Meanwhile the special plane to take him to his nuclear hide-out is getting ready at the Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington What to do? Can it be an accidental launch? You can't expect the Russians to be very efficient after all He asks for the hot-line to Moscow An answer in moments flashes back—No, Kremlin does not know anything about it Could they be lying or is it a Chinese attack, nobody knows who is in charge there Hope those ICBMS are "unarmed" (i e without nuclear warheads) But if they are not, should he wait for "them" to score a clear "first-strike" or should he push the BUTTON for the USSR

Suddenly another flash from NORAD comes in—"HOLD HOLD OBJECTS IDENTIFIED AS METEORS NO ATTACK REPEAT RADAR OBJECTS ARE METEORS NOT MISSILES'

This happy ending "hypothetical" scenario appears in Ralph E Lapp's book "Kill or Overkill" published in 1962 One would say it was good science fiction, but is the American control system so inefficient as not to be able to distinguish between meteors and missiles? Moreover has it ever happened in real life?

To answer these questions let us for a moment return again to our hypothetical situation, and compound it by placing it in the years when there was no hot line to Moscow In this form this scenario occurred in real life on October 5 1960[2]—Mr Lapp a distinguished nuclear scientist certainly did not want to be hauled in by the American security services for disclosing classified information

The possibility of having such a hair trigger situation on hand today is more real than ever but with the Super Powers' capability of destroying the world several times over, this represents a terribly dangerous situation Yet the dillydallying in Disarmament negotiations is going on as usual, SALT I (whatever be its worth) has already expired, SALT II is not even worth the paper it is written on, and in general the arms race is showing no signs of abatement whatsoever

However, the ironical result of all this is that today an inverse relationship has been established between armaments and a nation's security—the more nuclear weapons a nation has, the more insecure it is, because of the proportionately increased risk of having accidents launching an accidental war, or simply losing a few bombs to some daring terrorists Churchill s prediction that "by a process of sublime irony, the world would reach a stage where safety will be the sturdy child of terror and survival the twin brother of annihilation" may thus come true any day but it will be in another way— 'terror and annihilation' will have precedence over safety and ' survival

We need not remain content with just philosophising in this context as there are enough spine chilling incidents of false warnings nuclear accidents etc which have somehow been able to penetrate the heavy veil of military secrecy and which when even simply catalogued tell their tale with stunning effect

False Warnings

• **Febuary 20, 1971**—NORAD accidentally released a message authorised by the proper code for that date directing all radio and TV stations to cease normal broadcasting[3] The order was to be issued only in grave national emergencies And NORAD is also responsible for launching a nuclear attack

• **1971**— On two occasions, US Polaris submarines accidentally released "Submarine Emergency Communications Transmitter Buoys signalling that they had been sunk by enemy action

It can be taken for granted that many more such incidents of false alarms have occurred which have never been reported to the outside world Obviously they have all been so far quite innocuous but if one of these had happened during the Cuban Missile Crisis or during the October 1973 world wide US military 'alert" the consequences could have been unimaginable The degree of international tension would make any hot line redundant as the parties may be too suspicious to believe the other side Moreover the hot line itself is not free from malfunctioning During the 1964 66 period six separate accidental interruptions were publicly reported[5] And what if an accidental attack is really launched? It would indeed take a high degree of self-control to "absorb ' the demolition of one American city and pardon the mistake like a true Christian What if after such a "mistake" the American President or his Soviet counterpart as the case may be, egged on by some hawkish vengeful elements in his cabinet, decides to let one of his side's missiles "stray' and commit a similar "mistake" in the territory of the other side? ⟶

A MACE MISSILE (below), overflew Cuba "by accident" in 1967 Spine-chilling incidents of such nuclear accidents and false alarms only support the author's contention that an inverse relationship has been established between arms build up and a nation s security

Let us again take up some of the reported incidents

• 1960—A US Matador missile after a flight towards mainland China from the direction of Taiwan crashed into the Straits of Taiwan

• 1967—A Mace missile overflew Cuba Khrushchev too once admitted to Nixon that an errant Soviet missile heading towards Alaska had to be destroyed in its flight

• During the 1967 Arab-Israeli War the US ship "Liberty" was attacked It took thirty minutes to discover that the attack ers were not Soviets One hour later, it was realised that the culprits were the Israelis !

• May 1968—An American Scorpion" nuclear submarine with 99 men aboard mysteriously disappeared Several expla nations were offered Probably the submarine had struck an underground moun tain or had been scraped by a surface-ship A malfunctioning torpedo may probably have exploded inside it But the most dangerous possibility was that of a Soviet attack on the submarine After four months of extensive search, the wrecks were found under 10,000 ft of water Reasons the submarine had simply dived to greater depths than was good for its health

• In 1946, the late Louis Ridenour, an imaginative and able nuclear scientist wrote a little play called "The pilot lights of the apocalypse" Its setting is a missile command post deep underground The American President visits the post and has the following colloquy with the officer in Command

"The President General, have you had any exciting times here you can tell me about?

Brigadier Yes, sir Every time a meteorite comes down—a shooting star, you know—our radar boys track it, shoot it down and send us an alert We have a few bad moments until we get a spectrographic report If it's iron and nickel—as it always has been so far—we know God sent it, and relax Someday it'll be uranium and then we'll have to push the button'

In the play the world's major cities are identified by lights on a board, and a red light flashes when a city is destroyed Suddenly, San Francisco turns red attacker unknown The Brigadier excited ly turns to his aides

'First we need an enemy Who s got the highest negative rating in the latest State Department Digest?"

The world is uncomfortably close to this hair trigger set up, and in real life, the button pushing decision is not going to be as neat as in the play where the defenders annihilated one enemy city in retalition and waited for the enemy's reaction Today pressing the button may lead to total annihilation Khrushchev's words in the World Conference on General Disarmament and Peace on July11 1962 ' (the accumulation of weapons) is reaching the critical point where as we used to say, the guns start speaking of their own volition and, as we can now say where rockets with thermo-nuclear warheads will start flying" remain as valid today as they were when first uttered And, when the identity of the attacker is not known then as Deng Xiaoping once pointed out to Cyrus Vance, ' the balance of terror however absurd but real is undermined

Undoubtedly, nobody wants accidents to happen and usually all possibilities are explored to formulate responses in advance But all the multivariate analysis and decision trees become shaking reeds under the overriding force of the mischievous Murphy's Laws, which read

1 If anything can go wrong it will
2 When things go wrong anywhere, they go wrong everywhere

If somebody is still skeptical, he should ask the astronauts of Apollo 13 for comments

To the above duo, Garett Hardin adds another law

The safer the system, the greater the risk, because when a system works well, human vigilance is relaxed, but then the failure of a few vaccum tubes or transistors would be determining the fate of a disproportionately large number of human beings

Personnel Factor

This is of course, not to suggest that men are infallible In fact as Hardin puts it, "if wishes were horses, beggers would ride If caretakers were priests, atomic energy would be safe " The commanders of a nuclear weapon base are supposed to release their missiles only when they receive a series of coded electronic signals originating from the head of their country But what if the commanders in anger or madness decide to go ahead all by themselves?

And this possibility of insubordinate behaviour is treated very seriously at least in the USA In each year from 1963 66 the annual report of the US Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) had the phrases, "Research was also conducted with the objective of providing improved devices for installations in nuclear weapons to prevent unauthorised employment "

The "Revolt of the Generals" of French forces in Algeria is an incident worth recalling in this context This revolt occured when the 4th French nuclear test was in progress, and the possibility of the nuclear device falling into the hands of the rebels was considered to be so real, that the scientists exploded the device *ahead* of schedule and without the per mission of the military commander of that site

A variation on the above theme can occur in the case of "unfriendly friends" For example, during the July 1974 Cyprus Crisis it was feared that the large number of nuclear weapons stationed there would be seized by the two warring factions The *New York Times* (September 22, 1974) reported that the US Sixth Fleet was asked "to be prepared to send in a Marine detachment aboard helicopters to recover the atomic warheads " Similar ly, countries like South Korea can indulge in political blackmail if the Americans make too much of an unfavourable noise Some of the nuclear warheads there are also vulnerable to seizure by the North Koreans, as they are stationed within 35 50 miles of the demilitarised zone

Coming nearer "home" can the one-man, i e the American President or his Soviet counterpart who has been given the right to pull the nuclear trigger, be completely relied upon? History warns that statesmen have often resorted to war to distract their countrymen's attention from their internal problems, and if one recalls Nixon's threat during the Watergate crisis "to go into the next room and push the button", one cannot say with conviction that such things will not happen in the nuclear age The experience with other kinds of personnel also points quite a gloomy picture In 1972, nearly 20,000 people had access to US nuclear weapons or responsibilities in their nuclear release process Out of these, about 3,65647 had to be removed later on the grounds of indiscipline, alcoholism, mental-illness, drug-abuse etc Similarly between 1972-73, nearly 1247 NATO personnel employed in similar capacities were removed for similar reasons Drug abuse alone figured in 20% of all such cases

In brief, the world is today undoubtedly sitting on the slopes of a nuclear Vesuvius, the possibilities of whose eruption is not to be taken lightly And the fact

KHRUSHCHEV'S WORDS "the accumulation of arms is reaching the critical point where rockets with thermonuclear warheads will start flying" are as valid today as they were when first uttered in 1962

remains so regardless of our inability to predict the mathematical probability of launching a nuclear war as this exercise would call for a detailed investigation of the design and operation of the com munication response system of all pro tagonists possessing nuclear weapons, which because of the heavy military secrecy is a hopelessly impossible task

Pure Accidents

One can also take up the cases of isolated and unambiguous accidents in this context which thereafter affect the lives and properties of the nationals of only one side In other words, if the picture of a bomber dropping a Hydrogen bomb on one of its own cities is easier and more palatable to conjure, one can have a go at this also

Let us again take up some of the publicly reported incidents

• January 23, 1961—A B52 bomber crashed in North Carolina, USA, with two 24-megaton A-bombs aboard When the Air Force experts reached the scene, they found that in one of the bombs five of the six safety mechanisms had been trig gered Thus only one switch had prevented the spread of fire and destruction over a wide area

• January 17, 1966— A B-52 bomber crashed near Palomares (Spain) jettisoning four hydrogen bombs One was recovered undamaged, but another fell in the Mediterranean Sea and could be found only after a 3 month underwater search The conventional explosives of the other two had detonated scattering plutonium over a wide area, necessitating the removal of 1,750 tonnes of soil and vegetation Needless to add, this last part was necessary because plutonium is the most toxic element in the world The "International Commission on Radioactive Protection" has laid down the maximum permissible amount of it in the human body at about four nanocuries or 0 0000000652 gms, 0 002 ounces of it is definitely lethal for man and since the minimum critical mass of plutonium in the nuclear weapon is about 11 pounds, it should theoretically suffice for 880,000 deaths Even if one per cent of this toxic potential is dispersed, it will cause 9,000 deaths in a short time, while less doses will cause more deaths in the long run with acute suffering

• January 23, 1968—A B-52 bomber crashed in Greenland The three hydrogen bombs aboard were never found!

SIPRI yearbook 1968-69, has catalogued a detailed list of 33 major accidents, in two of which nuclear bombs had fallen out while in 14 cases the nuclear-bombs had sustained damages According to Mr Lloyd J Dumes (*the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* May 1976) between 1971 73, three major accidents had taken place that involved nuclear weapons, in 20 cases nuclear-capable delivery systems were totally destroyed and in six cases these delivery-systems had sustained serious damages Apart from these, 150 accidents have occurred resulting in total destruction of smaller nuclear capable delivery vehicles Between 1950 1973 , 63 serious accidents were publicly reported, which makes an average of approximately 2 5 accidents per year Out of these only four have been attributed to the USSR and China , but if their experience has been anything like that of the West, the total number of serious accidents should exceed 100 In fact, in March 1960, a tremendous explosion was heard near Helsinki, which experts suspect, destroyed the Soviet ICEM base near the Soviet-Finnish border

It has been only our good luck that none of these publicly reported incidents resulted in actual detonation But how long can we wish for the non-application of the Murphy's Laws? The enormity of the threat can be gauged from those series of "readiness tests" conducted by the US Air Force on Minuteman III missiles between 1965-68, *all* of which had failed! In one case the failure was attributed to a substandard resistor in the launch power supply, while in another, one single malfunctioning capacitator had aborted the experiment But then, how can one be sure about the quality and the infallibility of the safety mechanisms in nuclear weapons?

Tartaglia, the great ballistics expert of the 16th century had in the preface of his book, "The Art of Projecting Bombs", guiltily written

"One day meditating to myself, it seemed to me that it was a thing blameworthy, shameful and barbarous, worthy of severe punishment before God and man to wish to bring to perfection an art damageable to one's neighbour and destruction to the human race "

It is only to be hoped that the "moral guardians" of our world will soon, in a similar spirit, decide not to legitimise their piling up of lethal arms through disarmament agreements, and will *actually* reduce the armaments ■

THE WORLD AROUND US

A WELCOME FOR A QUEEN. Ken Jackson, a resident at the Arnold House Cheshire Home in Enfield, England, types out a message of welcome. The Queen opened a new wing at the home for displaced persons.

BRITANNIA STILL RULES... especially in the Falklands. And when sculptor David Norris's clay figure is cast in bronze, it will be shipped to the Falklands where it will stand on top of a 20 ft column in Port Stanley, a memorial commemorating the British victory over the Argentinians.

ICECAPADES? David Hempleman-Adams plans to be the first person to walk across the Arctic Ocean to the North Pole solo.

CALENDAR GIRL. Eighteen-year-old model Corrine Russell, from Redditch in Worcestershire, has featured on calendars.

Power Play In Nepal

Ironic Twists And Turns

Fearing a revival of the Nepali Congress the ultra-nationalists are demanding the ouster of Premier S.B. Thapa for his moderate policy towards the late B.P. Koirala's group.

by Kedar Man Singh

KATHMANDU: Hardline votaries of the partyless Panchayat System of governance in this Himalayan Kingdom have reacted strongly to the first-ever convention in more than 20 years of the Nepali Congress held in Kathmandu recently

These so-called ultra-nationalists are angry with the Thapa Government for allowing the country's premier political party to hold the convention (between November 30 and December 2) despite the official ban on party political activity. They want Thapa to crush the Nepali Congress with an iron hand

Impartial observers, however, interpret the move as an allowance to the late Bisweswore Prasad Koirala's faction of the Nepali Congress to stage the conference as a significant liberal gesture by Harvard-educated and youthful King Birendra who exercises tremendous political power through the partyless Panchayat (Council) System under which members of the national legislature are elected on the basis of adult franchise

NEPALI PM S.B. THAPA, under pressure from the ultras to rescind the concessions given to the Nepali Congress

The extreme ultra-nationalists in the National Panchayat were beginning to breathe a little more easily after the death of the Nepali Congress's undisputed leader, B.P Koirala, in July last year Fearing a revival, they have now launched a virulent attack on Thapa's policy towards the Nepali Congress and openly demanded his removal in order to save the country and the Panchayat System.

But the three remaining stalwarts in the Nepali Congress -Ganesh Man Singh, Krishna Prasad Bhattarai and Girija Prasad Koirala (B P Koirala's youngest and only surviving brother) have since pledged that they would follow in the political footsteps of their late leader and try to make his reconciliation move a success Following his return to Kathmandu in December 1976 after eight years of self-imposed exile in India, Koirala was asking the rank and file of his partymen to adopt the path of "national reconciliation" which meant reconciliation with the King, to persuade him to amend the constitution and restore parliamentary democracy in Nepal The King had granted amnesty to the Nepali Congress activists earlier

THE MASK OF SWETA BHAIRABH near Hanuman Dhoka, in Kathmandu.

People's Verdict

In 1980 he held a national referendum that turned the verdict, by a narrow margin, in favour of the continuation of the partyless Panchayat System and against the multi-party parliamentary form of government that the Nepali Congress favoured. The National Panchayat was elected in May 1981 and is now the country's unicameral legislature No political party is officially represented in the Panchayat

Koirala died on July 22, a frustrated man but still believing that his goal of "national reconciliation" and change through steadfast peaceful endeavour is the only way to ensure stability and progress in Nepal He wanted to bring about an understanding between the monarchy and the democratic forces and often said "monarchy can be stabilised by democracy and democracy strengthened by monarchy."

In order to achieve the aims of their departed leader, the three stalwarts of the Nepali Congress evolved a two-pronged strategy On the one hand, they decided to support the Panchayat System in the cause of national economic development and, on the other, to continue their struggle for the restoration of full-fledged parliamentary democracy in the country but through "peaceful means" Thus the party's cadres were mobilised to go from door to door to explain to the peace-loving rural folk the importance of the "national reconciliation" advocated by the late B P. Koirala

Some 600 cadres and 250 observers attended the party's national convention in Kathmandu. They discussed at length the socio-economic and political situation in the country after the death of Koirala and also prepared a comprehensive programme to fulfil the dream of their leader

The local administration initially did not want the conference to be held in Kathmandu since it was planned to coincide with a 18-nation ministerial meeting sponsored by the United Nations Industrial Development Organisation (UNIDO), to discuss the prospect of aid to the world's least developed countries and Nepal in particular It felt that a party convention, at a time when ministerial delegations from India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, China and several other Asian countries were meeting, would be seen by the visiting dignitaries as evidence of internal political discord.

However Ganesh Man Singh, the most vocal and fearless leader of the Nepali Congress decided to hold it at his own residence and post militant students and party cadres of the gate. Eventually, the Thapa Government did not interfere with the convention, though it barred the Nepali Congress from holding a public rally at the "open air theatre", the usual venue of such political rallies in the heart of Kathmandu.

MARICH MAN SINGH, Chairman of National Panchayat and also Chairman of the high-power Panchayat Policy and Evaluation Committee.

KHADGA BAHADUR SINGH, hardliner of the Panchayat system who does not want any reforms which would encourage the multi-party system in the country.

NEPALI CONGRESS delegates (left) and cadres attending the party convention, first of its kind in over 20 years.

Photographs by author

B.P. KOIRALA, who died a frustrated man at his inability to bring about a national reconciliation.

Evidently, the Government gave the nod to the Nepali Congress to counter the growing influence of left-wing extremists in the organisations of students and teachers. They are also believed to have "infiltrated" massively into the Government-run development programmes, mostly in the educational field. Since the banning of party politics in December 1960, they took the opportunity to spread their tentacles clandestinely.

Ironically, even Mana Mohan Adhikari, the leader of the banned pro-Peking Nepal Communist Party and elder politician, is worried. He has cautioned that the emergence of left-wing extremists is a threat to national security and has moreover induced the Government to take a lenient attitude towards the Nepali Congress. He also said that the diehard fascist elements in the National Panchayat were opposed to any move towards its liberalisation and democratisation of the prevailing system.

The Thapa Government is well aware of the threat posed by the left wing extremists. It detained more than 35 of their student activists. They retaliated by launching a wall poster and leaflet campaign in Kathmandu to denounce "the unity between the Fascist Panchayat and the Nepali Congress". The *Rastra Pukar*, the pro-Congress Nepalese language weekly, published from Kathmandu, in its recent issue warned that the solidarity of the Maoist and Leninist groups of students and the banned all-Nepal Nationalist Students' Circle is aimed at fighting the democratic forces in the country.

The Thapa Government, in the meantime, has even returned the Nepali Congress's impounded property, including the four-starred party flag confiscated 22 years ago when the ban on all political parties went into effect. The restored property included party files, furniture, and documents.

Paradoxically, the ultra-nationalist diehards in the National Panchayat and their sworn enemies, the left extremists, have now a common goal: to oust the Thapa ministry.

Emboldened by the Nepali Congress's example, the National Democratic Party, led by Dr Dilli Raman Regmi, another banned party, announced its intention to hold a national convention. But the Thapa government decided that things had already gone too far. It barred Dr Regmi from doing so and also from holding a public rally in Narayani Zone, 140 kilometres south of Kathmandu in early January.

A couple of days later, another public rally in Jatpur district (280 kilometres south-west of Kathmandu) organised by the youth wing of the Nepali Congress to observe the anniversary of the "Reconciliation Day" was broken up by the Armed Police. The local administration was alleged by Girija Prasad Koirala, to have deployed 100 helmeted policemen to disperse merely 250 students and youths, including several girl students. Girija was among the 180 persons injured in the police crackdown on January 7. He claimed that the police launched a merciless attack on the unarmed students and that he himself was lucky enough to have miraculously escaped a serious "kidney rupture".

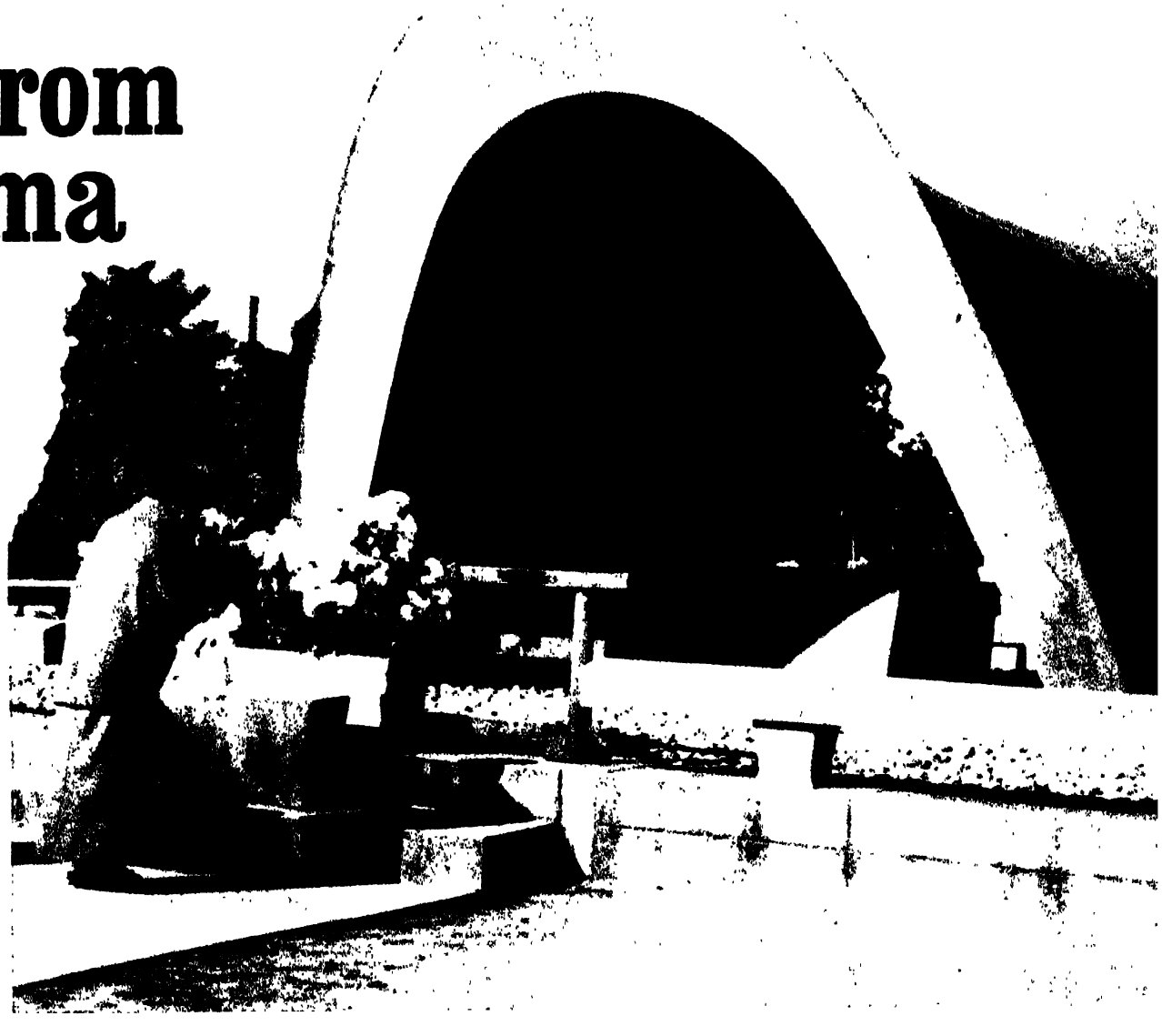
Bhattarai, however, was less strident. He said "Inspite of our sincere efforts to pursue a policy of reconciliation, the Thapa Government has responded with coercive action. Even so, we shall continue our door-to-door campaign to educate the people about the importance of the reconciliation move initiated by the late B.P. Koirala." But he demanded a public apology from the Government for its "barbaric act" and also an assurance that such "blunders" would not be repeated.

Despite renewed attacks from both the right and the left extremists, the Nepali Congress seems to be recovering from the trauma of B.P. Koirala's death. The national convention unanimously elected Bhattarai as the party's interim President until a new leader can be chosen more "democratically" by representative delegates from 75 districts of the kingdom. Some attempts were made to create a rift in the leadership but, thanks to the enthusiasm generated among the rank and file by the first whiff of freedom in many years, they came to nought. ■

GANESH MAN SINGH, the most vocal and fearless leader of the Nepali Congress. Singh's demand had always been for Constitutional Monarchism in Nepal.

GIRIJA PRASAD KOIRALA (with sunglasses) addressing the press conference denouncing the lathi-charge at Jitpur in Rupendehi. To his right is K.P. Bhattarai.

Letter From Hiroshima



Is the destruction of the planet by a nuclear holocaust written in mankind's history as its logical end? Was the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki a mere error and will it be repeated again? Celebrated Italian novelist and political commentator Alberto Moravia went to Japan, the only country to have been subjected to atomic fire, to try and find the answers.

by Alberto Moravia

HIROSHIMA: Here I am, at Hiroshima, with startling news: I am no longer the same individual as before, a man named Alberto Moravia, an Italian, but a mere member of the human species. And apparently, a member of a species doomed to an early extinction

This truth flashed through my mind while bowing with a floral tribute in front of the memorial for the 200,000 victims of the atomic bomb. In that precise moment, the monument commemorating the most infamous day in mankind's history, brought about a major change in me In a flash, I realised that the monument wanted me to stop being a citizen of a particular nation, a determined culture, and become instead a simple member of the human species

There is nothing human wisdom can do against the appearance of the atomic bomb. Even the famous sentence of the Ecclesiast "nothing new under the sun" is no longer valid because the atomic bomb can achieve the destruction of the entire species It will be a great achievement if we live on for another twenty years, until the year 2,000. Therefore it must be strongly emphasised that once man becomes aware of belonging to a species, it means that he becomes conscious of death and the imminence of death.

The question facing mankind is whether there is some logic in history that pushes it inevitably towards the bomb. Or has the bomb been a mere error in the history of mankind?

The Japanese, the only nation to have suffered atomic death, are optimistic. On the monument for the 200,000 Hiroshima dead, they wrote these enigmatic words which, at first sight, appear a huge understatement "Rest in peace because we will not repeat the error"

But was the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki really an error? There are some troublesome facts. The Supreme US Command had always been dropping leaflets on Japan warning the population of an impending air raid But in the event of the atomic bomb, there was no warning, no leaflets.

The interim committee in Washington, running "Project Manhattan",code name for the atomic bomb, and chaired by Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, recommended that the bomb must be used against Japan as early as possible, that it must be aimed at targets with a great concentration of not only military establishments, but civilian housing and that in no case should a warning be given about the bomb's destructive force.

End Of The World

The thought that comes to mind in the event of the error committed at Hiroshima, is that at a certain point in history, mankind might try to get rid of its own history, by committing suicide because of excessive tiredness, according to the poet Eliot, the man who best described in his work this great fatigue of our civilisation, who said that the world will not end with a bang but with a whimper. But Eliot was wrong. The world will indeed come to an end with a bang from a possibly not too large a number of atomic bombs.

Prof Shuichi Kato. who teaches Japanese history at the Tokyo Sophia International College and is a noted literary figure, told me that considering the continuation of the nuclear arms race, there was no reason to believe that an atomic holocaust could be avoided.

"It is highly difficult if not impossible, to avoid such a race and thus, implicitly, we continue heading towards disaster."

The United States, he explained, does not fear war since it has never seriously suffered from war on its own territory. The Soviet Union, by contrast, had suffered greatly during World War II and keeps arming itself to be ready for a possible new conflict.

Military Rivalry

Considering the military rivalry, the military-industrial-scientific complex is gaining importance in both countries thus fanning further the rivalry not only in the military, but also the psychological field, Kato says.

The industrial revolution, says the Professor, has strengthened or directly created a number of values such as rationalisation, efficiency, productivity, competition which may steer the world towards a nuclear war.

"We must achieve a nuclear disarmament," he says, "and to arrive at nuclear disarmament, one has to start with unilateral disarmament. To force governments to disarm unilaterally, it is necessary to launch and build up anti-nuclear popular movements."

Prof Kato said he was skeptical about the possibility of limiting the use of nuclear weapons in a conflict, though President Reagan had said there might be only a limited nuclear war.

Most influential Japanese religious, political and scientific figures believe, that there is nothing inevitable about a nuclear war. The majority of the Japanese believe that nuclear war can be avoided if popular masses throughout the world are fully conscious of the threat facing mankind and make political leaders share their apprehensions.

THE HIROSHIMA PEACE MEMORIAL for the 200,000 victims of the atomic bomb, bears the following inscription: "Rest in peace because we will not repeat the error"

Talking about war, Carl Gustav Jung, the celebrated Swiss co-founder of psychoanalysis told me many years ago that he saw German soldiers in 1914 leave for the war with flowers adorning their rifles. "They were going to die," Jung commented, "yet they were happy." They were happy about being united in a wedding of blood (Bluthochzeit) with death.

In other words, Jung wanted to explain that in the subconscious of the marching soldiers flourished a feeling of annihilation which Freud had called "the instinct of death." The soldiers "wanted" to die and as a result, some of the folly and absurdity of the First World War suffer no other interpretation than the one provided by Jung.

Such an interpretation, widespread in our decadent Europe, is nowhere to be found in Japan which is the only country to have been subjected to atomic death. In Japan, no one believes that a nuclear

war might be inspired by an instinct of death, but all consider that such a war is a problem which can, or cannot, be solved in a practical manner.

Most influential Japanese religious leaders, for example, think that the programme of an atomic war must be handled in a pragmatic way, though some of them are more pessimistic than others about the possibility of forestalling it.

Religious Values

The Reverend Shimizu, the rotund, astute and exuberant leader of the Tenri-Kyo Buddhist sect said that in his view the emergence of nuclear weapons indicated that science had now gone beyond the limit of its usefulness and that only a return to religious values can save humanity.

"Human life has been greatly improved materially by science," he said, "but the time of the usefulness of science for man is over. From being useful science has become harmful and dangerous like in the case of nuclear weapons and problems raised by genetic manipulations."

Shimizu rejected Western religious theories which consider the end of the world as certain and Western historical thought which seems to point logically to the inevitability of a nuclear war.

"Today, people are left alone and powerless in the face of these problems," he said, "they have no grasp of the reality, only the political leaders have that knowledge. Only the latter know what would happen, only the government leaders meet among themselves and talk about those problems. It can no longer continue like this. People must all be informed."

The celebrated Japanese Bonze Morimoto is less confident about man's possibility of warding off the threat of a nuclear holocaust thanks to religion, though he does not believe in the annihilation of the world the same way people do in the West.

Generalised Genocide

"In the East," he said, "our idea of time is one of a wheel, turning endlessly. Western religious thought is horizontal, Eastern religious thought is circular. The end of the world is a point of arrival in Western thinking. In Oriental thinking it cannot be the finishing point."

The atomic bomb, Morimoto said, was the most cruel weapon ever invented by man, against which religion could do nothing.

"It may destroy peace all around the world," he said, "short of the arrival of a Saviour, there will be a generalised genocide."

Masao Maruyama, an author who wrote a book on Japanese fascism, who witnessed the destruction of Hiroshima, having served as a soldier in a unit headquarters outside the city, believes that the first thing that should be done to prevent a world-wide nuclear holocaust is to abandon the idea that a nuclear balance of power was the only possible deterrent to nuclear annihilation.

"How does one know that there is such a balance?" he asks. Maruyama says another myth to be combatted is the attempt to minimise the atomic bomb's destructiveness. There should be an end to such talk as "a limited war, limitation of bombings to military targets, first-strike theories, strategic and tactical bombs etc," he said.

He said the Japanese Government itself tried to hide the truth from the population after the dropping of the American A-bomb on Hiroshima, describing the bomb as "a weapon of a new type" rather than identifying it as an atomic bomb.

"What is needed above all," the Japanese author said, "is for popular masses to put pressure on political leaders from below. If the leaders are scared and lose their heads, then there is no remedy."

He said that everyone should be made aware of the effects of nuclear weapons though, Maruyama admitted, incomplete, slanted and provocative information may in fact fan fears and thus help trigger a conflict.

He quoted one of Japan's 12th century thinkers as saying, "Many preach the need for profound knowledge so as to gain salvation. But I believe that the opposite is true. Only when we recognise that we are unknowing fools can we possibly save ourselves."

Maruyama said the world should be run by a genuine United Nations Organisation which would be composed of two chambers — an upper house composed of sovereign nations and a lower house elected directly by the populations of the entire world.

Prof Shigeto Tsuru, who teaches economics at Tokyo University, is one Japanese who believes a nuclear confrontation between the United States and Soviet Russia may be avoided.

"If the atomic war is started," he said, "it will come because unlike conventional wars, a nuclear war cannot be controlled. It will be started by mistake or by incident. In any way, I believe that the probability of an atomic war will be decreasing in the future, because the two Super-Powers will tend to increasingly resemble one another in many aspects."

Planetary Domination

Like Prof Tsuru, Prof Yoshikazu Sakamoto, Secretary General of the "International Peace Research Association" and political science teacher at Tokyo University, believes that a possible reason for a nuclear war might be the struggle between the United States and Soviet Russia for planetary domination.

"The possibility for a limited war is minimal," he said, "even in a conflict with conventional weapons, communications would be interrupted and then, it would become difficult to control the war and not to move from a limited war to a generalised war. A great amount of mental health is needed to avoid a nuclear war. Not everyone has it. For example, Hitler didn't have it."

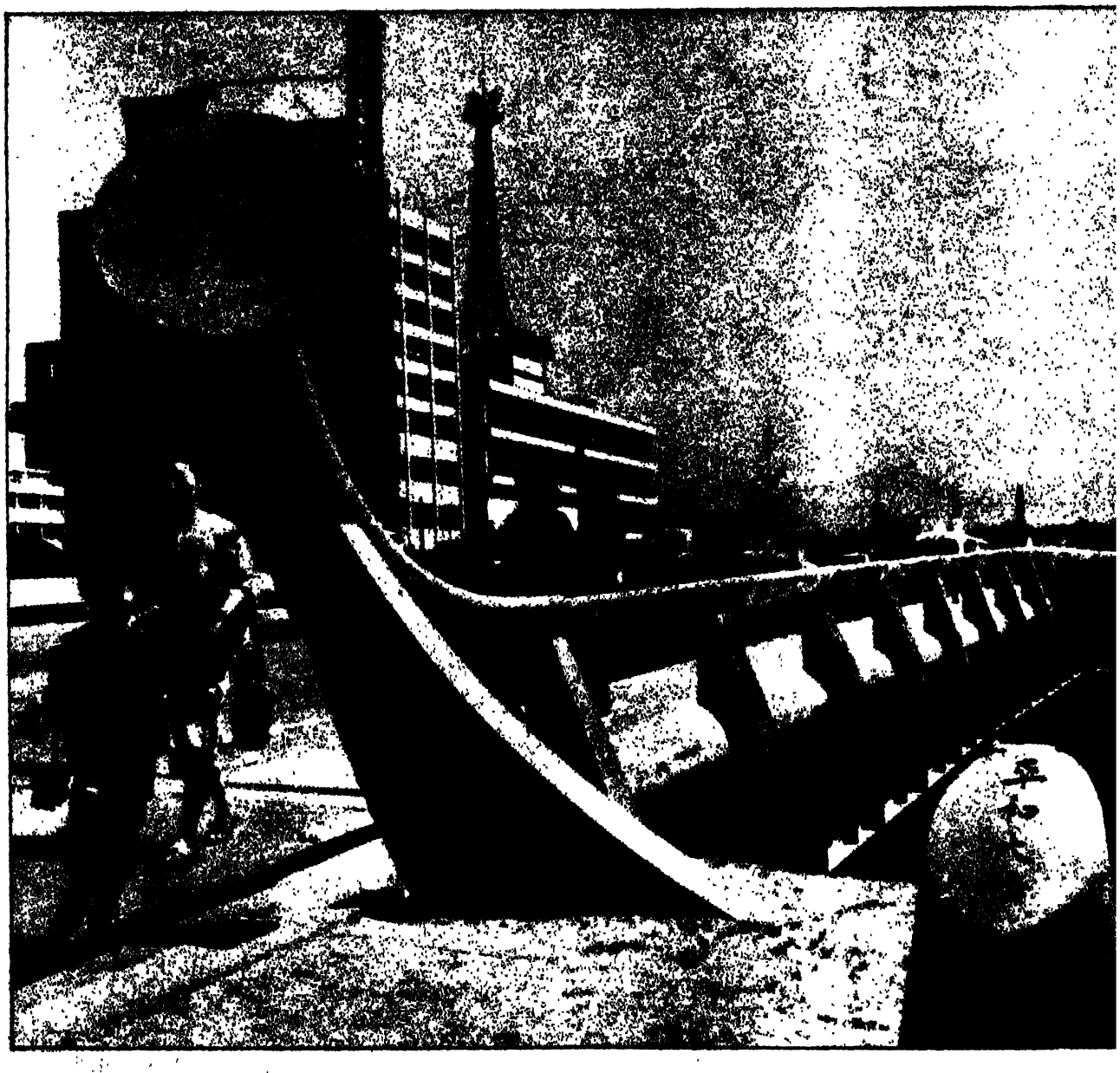
Wide-ranging talks with Japanese leaders lead to the following conclusions:

—A nuclear war is not a traditional war with winners and losers. But in the best of things it is genocide and in the worst case, the end of mankind, in other words, of the world.

—There is a good amount of mistrust as to the ability of political and military leaders. To these might be applied the conclusions reached by the "Independent commission on disarmament and security" headed by Swedish Socialist leader Olof Palme, that in a certain way there has emerged in leading circles a certain complacency about the dangers of a nuclear war and thus, about the dangers of the present international situation.

This tendency is above all, detectable among the military, the scientists, the diplomats and politicians who have to occupy themselves with nuclear danger. No one, the commission said, can at the same time plan a nuclear war and foresee the horrible events which would follow if their plans were put into effect. The human mind acquires individual tranquility by considering a nuclear war merely in a superficial or mechanical light, the document concluded. ■

BUILDING ANEW. The reconstruction of devastated Hiroshima 20 years after the atomic explosion.



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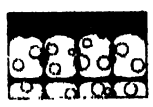

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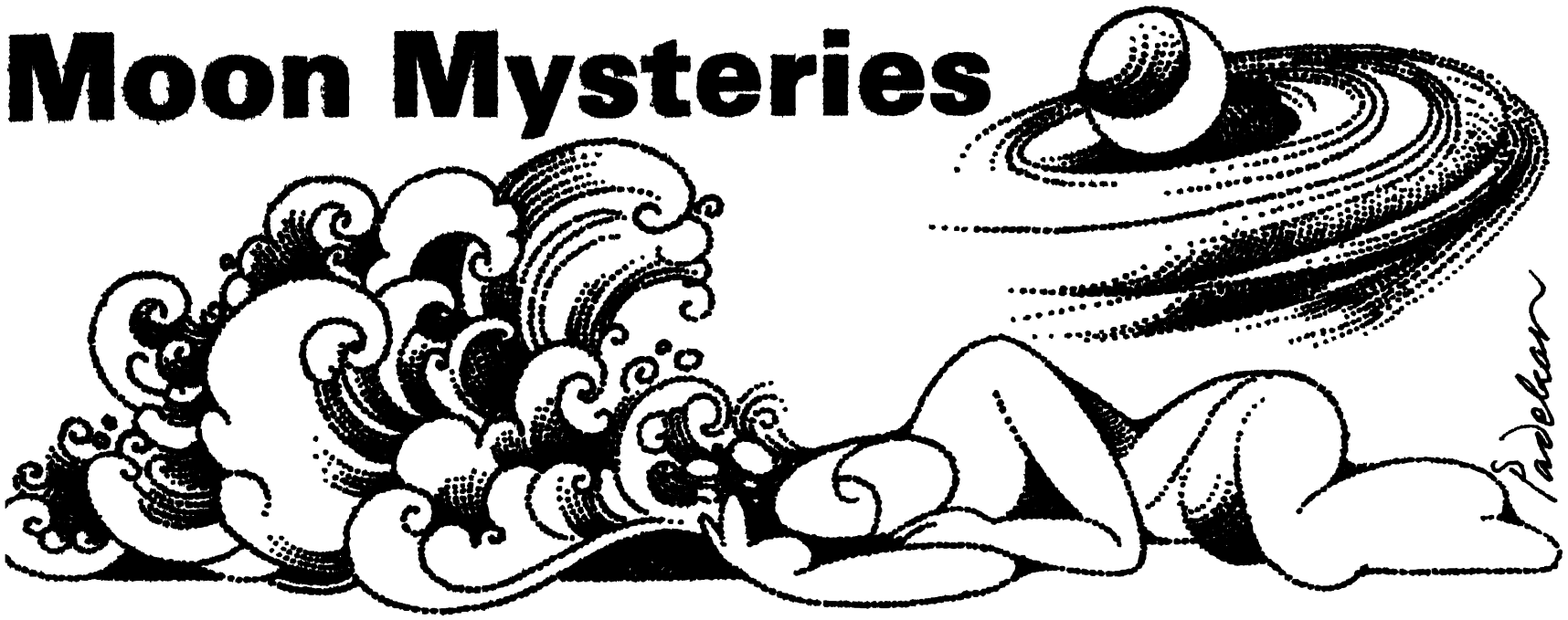
Moon Mysteries



The moon can cause insane behaviour, internal bleeding, crime waves, and more. According to hotly contested, controversial reports, moon madness exists. It agitates the body, helps plants grow faster, causes ulcers to bleed, and makes people commit murder. Or maybe it doesn't. Experts are arguing about what the moon does or does not do, with new evidence coming in all the time. The battle rages on over an issue of great importance to anyone interested in his own body, worried about when he can safely walk the streets at night, or just curious about one of the great controversies of modern science.

by Judy J. Newmark

ALONG with all the little ghosts and goblins who look up, shuddering with the ancient thrill of unknown mysteries linked to the fullness of the moon, is a sober, middle-aged man in Colorado He thrills more than any of them—because he was there

"The moon changed my personality," says James Irwin, the astronaut who walked on its rocky surface on a 1971 Apollo mission "Part of me is *still* there I'm more spiritual now, more a creature of the universe than just an earthling.

"I've not thought about how it might affect others But I think it does "

There are those who have thought about it Some of them believe that because the human body is mostly fluid, it may be affected by the moon's gravitational force, a kind of personal version of the ocean tide In his book espousing that belief, *The Lunar Effect*, psychiatrist Arnold L. Lieber holds this force responsible *for* a wide variety of physical, emotional and anti-social conditions And, he says, it is most noticeable when the moon is full

"Feeling funny?" Dr Lieber writes "Take a look at the moon. It's probably full."

But many scientists scoff at Lieber's book "That's little better than a crank book," responds George O Abell, a professor of astronomy at University of California, Los Angeles. "It's terrible "

Professor Abell has attacked Dr Lieber's ideas in several forums, including *The Skeptical Inquirer*, a magazine published by The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal. "The correlations Lieber finds are superficial, incidental and flukes," Abell says "I don't even know how sincere he is himself "

Others also voice doubts "From a physics point of view, the tidal effect on the body is negligible," says Peter Phillips, a professor of physics at Washington University at St Louis "But I'm not ruling out obscure influences of the moon that we have no understanding of All I'm ruling out is the effect of water nd gravity I don't think that's important at all "

"As an astronomer, it doesn't make sense to me," says Douglas Duke, a professor of physics at the University of Miami who instructed Dr Lieber in astronomy "It's like astrology—a stab in the dark, in my opinion You can't even call it a theory that can be verified afterwards

"But I think one has to be a little humble here I remember when I was a teen-ager A summer night, the full moon. sure, it made me feel different!"

Despite the critics, the hold of the full moon on the human imagination goes on And, some say, so does its hold on our lives

The claims are many The full moon causes an upsurge in violence, it worsens some psychiatric disorders, disturbs sleep and meditation, increases bleeding, aggravates stress and stress-related diseases The full moon is also said to be tied to an increase in births and to make healthy, normal, non-violent people act "weird"

Some of the presuppositions are even built into the language, with words like "lunatic" And, re enforcing the belief in lunar power, are gripping old stories of vampires and werewolves Dr Lieber discussing the intensity and persistence of werewolf myths, suggests that the stories echo man's ' racial guilt" over the hrror our gentle, vegetarian ancestors felt when they had turn to the "way of the wolf", hunting meat, to survive

Not everybody with opinions is an expert laden with degrees and statistics Ray Fox, for example, is the bartender at the Old Absinthe Bar in New Orleans' French Quarter "Maybe it's imagination or an old wives' tale, but when the moon is full, people get drunk faster, act goofy," he said "Most bartenders and waitresses would agree "

One who doesn't is Gus Vlahos "There are a lot of strange people around anyway, a lot of characters," said Vlahos, bartender at The Pump Room in Chicago "Maybe if something strange happens, people attribute it to the full moon "

Exactly, says Richard W Heuermann, assistant director of the McDonnell Planetarium in St Louis "People who work in hospitals have said to me, Oh, it must be a full moon, here come the nuts They have experiences I don't Perhaps they tend to notice weird stuff more when a full moon is shining in the window "

Nevertheless, physical explanations have satisfied followers of Ananda Marga Yoga for years On the *ekadashi*—the eleventh day after a new moon—and after a full moon, they fast in order to reduce the amount of fluid in their bodies on the days of the new and full moons Some followers fast on those days too

"The moon exerts a gravitational effect on the body, not just the planet and pulls body fluids up to the head said Ed Melanson at Ananda Marga's North American headquarters in Denver "It's a very subtle process You could meditate if you didn't fast, but it wouldn t be as effective You couldn't concentrate on your mantra There are people in India who still fast according to lunar schedule "

An Ananda Marga monk called Danesh Ananda notes that the fast days serve other purposes too including 'cleansing the body of poisons' and exercising self discipline "We try to have a very rational approach to our spirituality ' he said 'We don't believe in God as the Supreme Dictator We believe there are scientific answers to every question Fasting on a lunar schedule is science from thousands of years ago

Science today generally looks at it a little differently say Heuermann Prof Abell and others They say that the notion of a lunar tide effect on individuals is based on a fundamental misunderstanding of hov the tide works How does it work? The most important factor is the moon's differential gravitational pull on its nearest neighbour Earth

The tides are changes in the water level of the Earth's oceans and seas, Heuermann explained As the Earth turns different parts of it are at different distances from the moon Areas of the Earth closer to the moon feel a slightly stronger gravitational pull from the moon than parts farther away

Tides are not directly caused by gravity, but by differences in gravity—the changing distance between the centre of the moon and particular points on the surface of the Earth On a large object like the Earth, such differences in distance can be considerable

But, scientists say that pull is virtually constant over a small region, such as a person's body "Tides only happen because the Earth is about 8,000 miles in diameter ' Heuermann said 'But people are only a few inches through

But this is not widely understood, Prof Abell said, which is why other theories can sound persuasive Is there a connection between violent crime and the full moon? Like the legendary werewolves famed for their lunar-linked rampages this idea seems very unwilling to die And, according to some, it shouldn t

The whole subject came up again with spectacular publicity a few years ago when it was observed that the Boston Strangler tended to kill during the full phase of the moon The timing was noted by a forensic panel that was assembled during the killings to try to profile and thus help capture, the murderer

The panel failed its assignment, but it did write a paper "Our primary interest

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in writing was how all the scientific tacks to try to track down the strangler were fruitless," recalled Dr E.A. Janino, who served on its steering committee. Most of the paper dealt with conventional forensic techniques, such as examinatination of bloodstains. The one paragraph that dealth with the moon, added for "completeness," was "taken out of context and blown all out of proportion," he said.

"But don't get me wrong," Dr Janino added. "I'm not one of those stupid people who has fixed ideas. There may be something to it. I've got an open mind."

So does Dr Leiber, who studied homicide rates in Dade Country, Florida, and found a peak with the full moon, and in Cuyahoga Country (Cleveland), Ohio, where his peak lagged the moon by about three days.

A St Louis detective says she doesn't need any statistics to know that the full moon makes a difference. "More people are out when the moon is full—different from the people we normally run into," she said. "There are more crank calls. Weekends are also busy, and the days the checks come out. Any time you get people with money, and the weekend, and the full moon, it's like a triple play. It really gets wild."

But Dr Mary Case, the city's deputy chief medical examiner, doesn't see the connection. "I'm familiar with the idea, but I don't know of any studies that have ever shown the moon affects behaviour, that certain types of violent crime occur more often.

Professor Vessey, a biologist at Bowling Green State University, spent several years in Puerto Rico studying rhesus monkeys. Usually, the monkeys sleep quietly all night. But Prof Vessey noticed that during the full moon, the monkeys move around more and make more noise. The youngsters keep on playing, and sometimes the adults copulate, almost always a daytime activity.

Was it the lunar force? Prof Vessey suspects it was simply the increased light that made daytime activities seem suddenly suitable.

In Dr Edson J. Andrews' office, it started out as a joke. "I'd come in late from surgery, and the nurse would say, 'I bet there's a full moon'," recalled the Tallahassee physician. "Sure enough, there was. She was an old country girl who had been brought up on phases of the moon, all those superstitions. You know you can't get a farmer to castrate his animals on a full moon."

He decided to look into it and determined that there was, indeed, greater surgical bleeding around the time of the full moon—not. worrisome enough to change his schedule, but enough to notice. But Dr Andrews has said that since he published his work in 1960, "I've got a file a foot high of letters from all over, corroborating it. Other surgeons have noticed it, too.

"And a nurse wrote to tell me that during World War II, she was in charge of a women's restroom at a big factory. During the full moon, they couldn't keep sanitary napkins in stock. Not scientific, but it's interesting, isn't it?"

The farmers who won't castrate animals during the full moon may use the moon's phases for other schedules, too. The most famous, of course, is planting according to the lunar cycle: aboveground crops planted from new moon to full moon, and root crops from full moon to the next new moon.

Only a folk tale? Dave Murray, chief meterologist for KSDK-TV in St Louis, doesn't think so any more. "It was astounding," Murray said. "The plants I planted according to the moon phase were real healthy. The ones I didn't, the radishes didn't do well at all, and the lettuce never came up. I'm a firm believer now.

"These ideas are real, real old. The way I understand it, the moon affects all fluid—in people, plants, any organism. It's not like the moon has tremendous pull. But it is enough to affect some things, mainly water."

The word "lunatic" says it all: moon madness. At London's infamous Bethlehem Hospital (Bedlam), inmates were routinely chained during the full moon. And a nurse with years of experience in modern psychiatric hospitals suspects she knows why.

"I couldn't document it, but the patients seem to become more agitated with a full moon," she said. "There's more acting-out behaviour. People who have hallucinations and delusions seem to experience them worse. On units where there are a lot of disturbed people, they all seem to experience them at once."

A secretary at a large newspaper sees the same thing at a milder level: when the moon is full, she gets more "nut calls" "People are simply not themselves," she said. "They are very vague, demanding and sometimes quite short-tempered. We get many more calls for anything and everything—for the she said. "They are very vague, demanding and sometimes quite short-tempered. We get many more calls for anything and everything—for the most weird things."

The emotional component in many physical disorders links two of the most popular moon beliefs: that the full moon increases bleeding, and that the full moon exerts an emotionally disturbing influence, particularly on people who are upset to begin with. The link: bleeding ulcers.

Professor Ralph W. Morris, a pharmacologist at the University of Illinois College of Pharmacy in Chicago, has spent years collecting data on hospital admission dates of patients suffering from bleeding ulcers (and no other disorders). By now he has no doubts. In Chicago there are two peak periods: the month of January (when Christmas bills are in) and the period around the full moon every month.

Regardless of the "real" effect of the full moon, few doubt that, emotionally, it can have a lot of impact—enough impact to change the way people feel

"I don't think there's any hope at all in trying to explain this by tidal forces." said Prof Philips. "But psychological reasons? We did evolve under the moon. And 'there are more things on heaven and Earth...'." ■

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Remember, elastics and girdles are merely flimsy imitations, which just squeeze the fat in. But the SAUNA SYSTEM takes it off... fast! It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and it can work for you, if you order now!

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Abhi

In a world of make-believe
you come on like a breath of fresh air
BINNY

A Melody From Iran

by Bindu Tandon

A GREAT artist, whether he be a weaver of words, a user of crayons or the drawer of a violin bow, is an enigmatic creature. On the one hand, he is impelled by his magnificent obsession—his art, the perfection of which brings the wealthy and influential to his door, humbled and admiring. On the other hand, he is a more than fallible human being, flawed and given to all the weaknesses that flesh is heir to.

It was this mystique that I went to discover in Bijan Khadem-Missagh, the virtuoso 34-year-old violinist, composer and conductor from Vienna, who was on a visit to India (incidentally his wife's native land). I heard him at a concert organised by Philips India at the Tata Theatre, Bombay, in January and was intrigued by his Iranian ancestry, Baha'i faith, Viennese domicile, Indian wife and, most of all, his universal music—pure and stirring violin strains playing Schubert and Saint Saens, Bartok and Bijan Khadem-Missagh.

His music, he says, springs from his faith. He believes that the mainspring of any art, anywhere in the world, has been man's humanity, compassion and humility. His parents brought him up right, though he was a child prodigy—at 12 he made his debut as a soloist with an orchestra—"they saw to it that I knew about the more basic things of life like etiquette and morals which are important for spiritual development as well as music"

Quoting Toynbee, Bijan says, "Every culture is based on a religious impulse." And it has enlarged his music because his view of the world is not restrictive. Thus his own compositions have an Iranian melody, though set to a fully rigorous Western classical form, complete with rhythm and harmony. Eastern influence enriches his music, as did the transcription of Hungarian folk dances into Western classical music by Bela Bartok, or perhaps the French and Spanish influences in Saint Saens's pieces.

Talking of contemporary composers, he says most of them are "experimenting", using less rigorous musical forms by dispensing with the one or the other of the four important elements of Western classical music: form, melody, harmony and rhythm. Illustrating the difference, he says, "There had been perfection in the compositions of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn's music, for instance, because they used all four elements in a structured form." Philosophically, he adds that "in music, as in anything else, in the beginning there are laws and then gradually the threads unravel and old structures mutate"

Referring to modern pop, jazz and rock, he says that increasingly today's music is using a lot of electronic gadgetary. This interferes with the purity of the sound. The music has less of an opportunity to touch one, coming as it does through a non-human, non-emotional intermediary.

On the subject of inspiration, Bijan says, "It is not in this world that one composes." Here he relates an interesting anecdote about Brahms, who on his death bed said: "I have dared not to tell you this before, but all my compositions were given to me from another source. I did not compose them; God gave them to me." And this spiritual dimension is the source of all really great music.

Bijan is a practical man, however. He conducts the Tonkuenestler Chamber Orchestra, Vienna, the International Music Festival, Austria, and the Midsummer Music Festival in Sweden. He also conducts courses in the fields of technique and interpretation. He teaches the conditions and laws of playing ensemble through practical experience in a course called Badener Beethoven.

Does this mean that Bijan plays more from the head than the heart? "Many years of practice have to go into learning, but to make an artist of a performer there has to be a spark." But many people, he says, "have a wonderful musical talent that is not discovered early enough and, like a candle in the wind, it sputters and dies. If their parents had a less narrow view of education they could have developed it. None of us are born better. An artist has to be like a flute. Only after the maboo has been emptied out and holes have been burnt into it does it produce beautiful music"

So this is an artist, world renowned, but also a man who does not let his music divide him from a healthy perception of life and living. He is an artist who has learnt to be a human being first. ■

—Leonard Aarons

—Leonard Aarons

"IT IS NOT IN THIS WORLD THAT ONE COMPOSES." Bijan Khadem-Missagh (left), the Iranian-born violinist composer-conductor from Vienna. Below with his Indian wife and two children

Education

Bihar Colleges

Dens Of Corruption

The poorest State in India, Bihar has a 26 per cent literacy rate. Its eight universities are infamous for arson, looting, cheating, politics and murders. The system is so consumed with canker that there is no hope for improvement.

by Sheela Barse

THE wall of the secretariat in Patna is deluged with urine. Its heavy, pungent stink stabs the dusty atmosphere and the continuity of wet patches assaults your eyes. As you go through the crowded corridors of the education department, you have to walk past urinals whose doors are open, floors are wet—the overflow of water mucks up the corridors too--and whose facilities are being used by men who do not see the need to respect the value of privacy.

To say that this nauseating physical reality is symbolic of the state of higher education in Bihar would, however, be an understatement. Things are actually much worse. One does not know where to begin—with the students who kill, with the professors who incite violence, with the politicians who employ students to capture booths, with the astute upstarts who set up education shops illegally, with the lecturers and students who "capture" accommodation belonging to universities and do not pay any dues, with the parents who bribe educationists to push the careers of their wards or with the corrupt vice-chancellors?

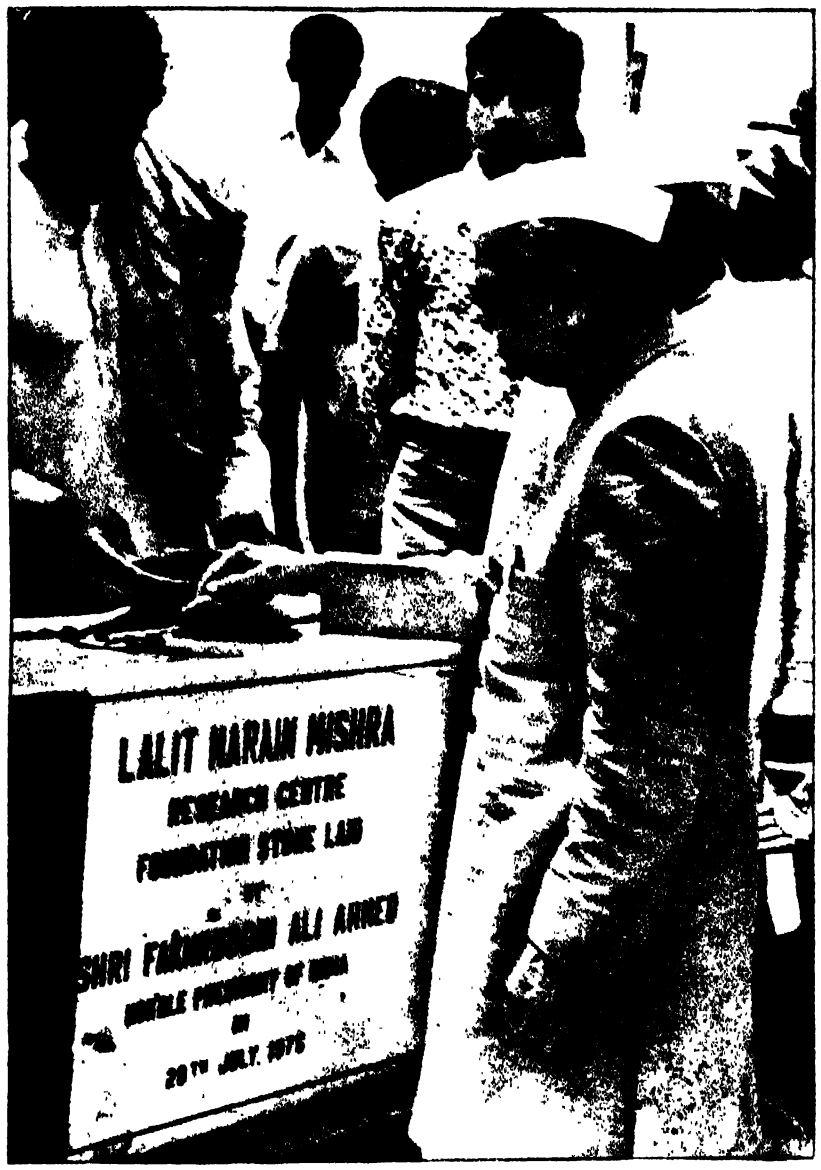
Let us begin with some data.

The poorest State in India, Bihar has a 26 per cent literacy rate and eight universities. The universities are: Bhagalpur, Bihar, K.S.D. Sanskrit, L.N Mithila, Magadh, Patna, Ranchi and the Indian School of Mines which is deemed to be a university by the University Grants Commission.

In 1981-82, 1,66,473 students were enrolled in Bihar's 417 colleges [261 Constitutent Colleges (CCs) and 156 Affiliated Colleges (ACs)] In addition, there are nearly 400 institutions that illegally call themselves colleges One of these days, the Bihar government will regularise these "colleges" because as a high ranking UGC official told me, "Unfortunately anything that is started in this country cannot be closed down." According to the Mishra government's statement in May 1982, it has regularised over 200 institutions so far!

Unethical Operators

In Bihar, the setting up and running of shools and colleges is masterminded by astute, unethical operators. None of them, of course, ever dream of providing a spacious, well-designed building, a well-stocked library, a good laboratory, a music room, a meeting hall, sports facilities or even a women's room or canteen. In fact, some of the "colleges" exist only on letterheads while others are mobile and still others—the most respectable—nothing more than a rented room or two to hold coaching classes. In his own way, Dr Jagannath Mishra, the Chief Minister, is devoted to education. He used to lecture to students of Bihar University until he joined the State Cabinet in 1972. (He is said to have secured his job in the University by contriving to pass a law that a man who joins active politics as an elected representative should be deemed to be on leave.)



Courtesy Blitz

A 'DEVOTION' TO EDUCATION Bihar Chief Minister, Dr Jagannath Mishra has no less than five institutions of higher learning associated with the family name.

More to the point, Dr Mishra first became an MLC in 1968 and since then he has seen to it that the family name is associated with no less than five institutions of higher learning. Thus Bihar now has the Lalit Narayan Mithila University in Darbhanga (named after his deceased brother L.N. Mishra), the Dr Jagannath Mishra Institute of Technology, Darbhanga, the Dr Jagannath Mishra Institute of Competitive Studies, Muzaffarpur, the L.N Mishra Institute of Economic Development and Social Change, Patna, and the L.N. Mishra Institute of Business Management.

It is pertinent to recount what is going on in other so-called colleges. In December 1982, three students were murdered within four days in Patna and Dr Mishra himself fumed, "Lawlessness in Patna colleges has crossed all limits!" The rot usually stems from the top. The landlady of a building in the Gadarbaug area of the State capital, for instance, wants the "college" which rents her building to vacate. The "college" proprietor wants governmental and political intervention to help him strike a bargain: he will vacate provided he can buy the open space adjacent to the building so that a structure can be erected on it to run the college The open space measures 600 yards!

Rented Premises

Worse, the Singhbhum Mahila College was declared a constituent college of Bihar University in 1981, though to date it does not have its own land, premises, laboratories or library. It started functioning on a rented place and was absorbed into the University within months of its birth.

Gangadevi Mahila College in Patna was less lucky. It was started in 1971 and became affiliated to Magadh University in Gaya in 1978. The college boasts of 8 ft by 10 ft classrooms jammed with fewer than a dozen benches, no desks for the lectures, no space between the benches and lecturers who simply dictate notes. I happened to push open a door which led to a 5 ft by 8 ft bathroom, complete with pump, tap, drum and 2 ft by 2 ft washing place, and found that a lecturer was holding her Hindi honours class there! Two girls comprised the total strength of the class!

Gangadevi College is supposed to have 800 students on its rolls and 80 lecturers. Given the limited space, two shifts are held: the first one starts at 7 am according to the registrar and 8.30 am according to a lecturer! When I reached the college at 10.15 am, I wondered if the first shift starts at all!

And, believe it or not, the lecturers who joined Gangadevi College in 1971 are paid Rs 160 per month The other lecturers are paid Rs 100 per month. During the first year at college, a lecturer is not paid during the vacation months. After a year he gets half his emoluments for the duration. It seems once this college gets the CC status, the teachers will start getting the UGC pay scales. The lecturers work in this hope.

The JD Women's College in Patna, a CC of Magadh University, is run from the first floor of two buildings with a street in between. The main building has only five 10 ft by 10 ft and 10 ft by 12 ft classrooms, but, incongruously, it sports a brightly illuminated board (during the daytime too) screaming UROLOGY to advertise a medical consultancy on the ground floor. The other "wing" has laboratories and is on top of a shopping centre!

The college was started with three students on its rolls in 1971 by Ram Autar Singh, a tracer in the public Health Engineering Department. He owns 12 schools, and since JD College became a CC he has opened another college, Siddharth Mahila College, quite close to JD Until then lecturers of JD, too, earned a salary of Rs 100 per month.

Grossly Overstaffed

In a State where there are hardly any employment opportunities for the educated, candidates pay the education trader anything from Rs 7,000 to Rs 10,000 to get this pittance in the hope of securing the attractive UGC scale which begins with Rs 1,000 per month take-home pay. The trader who starts a college often does so with this bribe in his kitty.

So it comes about that many of the so-called colleges are grossly overstaffed It is in the interest of the promoter to get as many posts sanctioned, whether the department needs them or not. He therefore pays the university officials and

(continued on pg 28

Sukho Majri

A Punjab Village Shows The Way

In Sukho Majri, the hills and people were both naked at one time. The hills are now covered with raiments of green-gold. The people are now clothed in smiles. Collective will has shown the way to emancipation and human dignity.

by Maj Gen K.S. Bajwa (Retd)

IT sounds odd to talk of sovereignty in a remote hamlet nestling at the foothills of the Sivalik ranges near Pinjore. It would appear especially so after the annual extravaganza of the anniversary of the Indian Republic. But does the annual blare of trumpets affirm the existence of meaningful liberty and equality in the day-to-day lives of the people? How effective is the freedom of political choice and the faculty of moral discrimination when weighed down by hunger and want?

A plethora of government controls puts a severe damper on self-generating enterprise and has bred monumental corruption. The populist distribution of huge funds to weaker sections without promoting a participative and self-sustaining momentum tends to make the poor and the deprived even more dependent on the Government. It is a vicious circle. Abject dependence severely limits the effective participation of the people in their own governance which, in turn, opens increasing avenues for the State apparatus to arm itself with arbitrary powers. Is it then far-fetched to talk of a fresh struggle for freedom from the insidious fetters of economic slavery and social injustice? But the people of Sukho Majri have mustered their collective will to point the way for their emancipation to self-reliance and human dignity.

Rape Of The Hills

Dr Parshu Ram Mishra, a forester-turned-conservationist, talks of confusion in the concepts of conservation and development. The Sukho Majri model emerged from the efforts to save the man-made lake in Chandigarh from silting up. From a catchment area of 40 sq km, ravaged hills, stripped of their vegetative cover, were pouring down into the lake at an average annual rate of 55 hectares, the dredging of which would cost a crore of rupees. Urgent measures, which were no less costly, were launched by government departments to restore forest cover and check water run-offs.

But, as elsewhere in the country, the reality of a centuries-old feud between the people living in and around the catchment area and those in the hills was not fully grasped. The urgency of saving the Chandigarh lake was meaningless to the aggressive peasants and the foraging Gujjars, who attacked the tired hills with renewed vigour as they yielded less and less. The abstract idealism of conservationists, and the drive to keep distant pastures green was beyond their ken. Neither could they understand the logic of helping the Government to preserve a whole cake of the hill and forest resources at their doorstep for the uncertain promise of a slice being given sometime in the future. If a 35 ft wide fertile agricultural field belonging to Sarwan was rendered into a 30 ft-deep gully by rain water from just four hectares of hillside in one season, it was shrugged off as an evil visitation of nature. The need for forage and fuel was here and now, and the rape of the hills continued.

—Vipan Kumar

—Vipan Kumar

Vipan Kumar

BEACON OF HOPE. Daulat Ram and Paras Ram (above), once outspoken sceptics and now the leaders of a new social order. "Socially fenced" hills (left), barriers rooted in self discipline and community conscience. Below left, Krishna makes rope from babbar grass which earns her more than Rs 600 a month.

Dr Mishra and his devoted band at the Chandigarh station of the Institute realised that a new concept had to be evolved. A peace plan was needed to bring the brain and muscle power of the poor into productive harmony with the bounty of the hills and the rain water. A Hill Resources Management Society was promoted, comprising all residents of Sukho Majri. The Gujjars were motivated to give up grazing their cattle and take to stall feeding. The forest department was persuaded to permit the cutting of grass for a nominal charge, and common land of the village was pressed into service for collective benefit. The extraction of fuel wood was permitted without cutting down any trees. Dr Mishra and his colleagues firmly believed that the Government's fiats and physical barriers bred distrust and revived the age-old syndrome of covert defiance.

'Social Fencing'

They introduced a refreshingly innovative concept of "social fencing", a barrier rooted in self-discipline, community conscience and social enforcement. Daulat Ram, a grizzled 60-year-old Gujjar, once

an outspoken sceptic and now an acknowledged leader of the newly emerging social order, says: "My father used to trudge 10-15 km every day to bring in a headload of grass, and now we can cut it at our doorstep. We used to have 144 goats in the village; now only 34 are left. The number of buffaloes has gone up to 400. Milk yield has more than doubled. All animals are stall fed and there have been hardly any backsliders."

The hills and the poor people both were naked. The hills are now beginning to hide their pain and scars in raiments of green-gold. The people burnish their faces with smiles. From a "socially fenced" hilltop already well launched into regeneration, the weird moonscape across the *nallah* stands out in stark contrast. On the hillside no trees have been planted, but a host of vegetation is coming up under nature's own dynamics of recovery. There is evidence of grass having been cut, but the roots, like foundation garments, girdle the slopes firmly. On the other side is a shimmering sheet of water, impounded behind an earthen dam, built by the villagers themselves with a grant of one lakh rupees, a sum that also covered the cost of a network of irrigation pipelines. Below the dam is a spread of emerald gold.

Paras Ram, a teacher in a nearby rural school and treasurer of the Sukho Majri Hill Resources Management Society, proudly says: "The dam is like our bank and we share its riches evenly—the landowners and the landless. The latter can barter their share of water for a share of the produce. Whereas we used to buy grain and fodder, we are now self sufficient and even have some surplus to sell for cash." Undoubtedly, the hills and the water have helped grow more than crops—priceless pride and self-respect.

Wonder Tree

Much more than mere self-sufficiency in grain and fodder is needed for sustained growth and a satisfying social development of a community. The answer is sought in the wonder tree of Subabul, the *babbar* grass and a model of vertical productivity. The Subabul is one of the fastest growing trees, with an average growth of four to five metres annually. Its leaves make for protein-rich cattle fodder; the branches and trunk provide firewood, paper pulp and timber, ready for sale in three to five years. Nearly 200,000 saplings will be planted in panchayat lands this year. Already men, women and children are busy raising a nursery. After two to three years, the plantation will yield an annual income of nearly Rs 15-20 lakh to the society. The *babbar* grass has been planted on hill slopes and is being extracted for cattle fodder and for the cottage industry of rope-making. Prem Chand and his wife, Krishna, are earning Rs 600 a month from rope-making, in addition to their other pursuits.

Vertical productivity holds out great promise in the prevailing pattern of small land holdings. It envisages growth at three levels: tall eucalyptus trees all around, papaya plants in the fields and, underneath, garlic or ginger or turmeric, all of which grow well in the shade. Dr Mishra calls it the "lakha model" (promising an income of Rs 1 lakh per acre per year), and Daula is already well set to prove this claim. A self-generating and self-enriching society is being born.

Beacon Of Hope

All is not smooth sailing at Sukho Majri, though. Both bureaucrats and politicians view the development with suspicion. They fear that the growing self-esteem of the villagers will loosen their hold and diminish their stature in the rural society. And many of the planners, drawing their inspiration from the Western models that are far removed from the real India of our villages, are equally perturbed. But they are plainly barking up the wrong tree. Western political organisations and practices focus on the individual and his growth. In India, with its widespread and endemic deprivation, the Western model will not only require massive resources to work but also enormous time. Meanwhile the freebooting ethos, so much in evidence, will heighten the disparities. Moreover, individual development and a purposeful and smooth social organisation go hand in hand. It is, therefore, vital for us to promote small and self-generating segments of society to grow in harmony.

The pace of development at Sukho Majri has yet to gather an all-embracing momentum. But a spark has been lit in an area of total darkness, which promises to become a beacon of hope for national survival. Already Harijan Nada and Dhamala have organised their own societies. Perhaps in the not-too-far-distant future, the true concept of an Indian democracy—that of a covenant between free people with dignity and a government that governs the least—will become meaningful. In this context, it is relevant and vital to talk of emerging sovereignty at Sukho Majri. ■

(continued from pg 26)

ministers, among others, to get the posts sanctioned. An impatient VC, not wanting to wait for candidates to overcome their shyness and approach him, worked out a wonderfully efficient technique. He visited ACs and CCs, tut-tutted that they seemed to be short of teaching staff, offered to look into their predicament personally and suggested that they apply to him. As soon as the applications arrived from the colleges, he sanctioned the post and sent the order with a lecturer attached! During his short tenure he is said to have made quite a packet.

Indeed, the Governor-Chancellor, A R Kidwai, had reason to ask two VCs to leave. One of the VCs he sacked, a Dr Shyamnandan Kishore, was so well-entrenched in the capitol of his fiefdom, Muzaffarpur, that when Mr Kidwai wanted to visit Muzaffarpur as Governor, Kishore got all the important officials in the town to advise the former to cancel the trip.

Ironically, just as Mafia hoodlums are often booked only for wrong parking or minor discrepancies in their tax returns, the VCs and other dignitaries working in various Bihar colleges get caught for minor misdemeanours like rigging a progeny's marksheet or making false TA claims. But the offences actually committed by them include unauthorised occupation of flats on campuses (a problem Bihar University has still not been able to cope with), misappropriation of funds from the scholarship pool for adivasi and harijan students or the sums sanctioned for purchasing equipment, collecting money for getting students admitted to colleges, selling answers outside examination halls (a crime especially lucrative during the medical college entrance exams, where the rates leap from Rs 10,000 to Rs 40,000 per student), rigging marksheets or arranging the rigging of marksheets (one good professor even rushed by car from examiner to examiner making pay-offs from his own plunder), and admitting and protecting hoodlums.

Active Politicians

Quite a few professors are active politicians and elected members of the State Legislature and Parliament. P.N. Sharma, Principal of Commerce College, Patna, is a Janata Party MLC and has been in politics since 1971; Dr Shailendranath Shrivastav, head of the Hindi Department of N.N. College is a BJP MLA and leader of his party in the House. Some of the other teacher-legislators are K.K Tiwari, Satyadev Singh Jogeshwar Jha and Ramdeo Pratap Singh. The last-mentioned also has an engineering college named after him. A heavyweight Congress(I) politician, Ram Lakhan Yadav, probably holds the record in the field. Dr Chetkar Jha, Principal of Patna College used to be an MLC (Congress-I).

Whereas with Dr Chetkar Jha, education comes first, with a majority of teacher-politicians politics comes first. Students who help politicians during elections do not have to attend classes, appear for exams or pass them. They try to stay in student politics as long as they can and their patrons help them to achieve this. They try and get exams postponed as well as results postponed. If they happen to pass, they join another course, preferably Law, so that they can remain students for another five years. They do not have to think of starting careers. Student politics is their career. They already have money, power and the backing of their parents and patron-politicians. This is the gist of analysis made by a number of Patna University students. These students have been waiting for nine months to finish their graduation.

The most dramatic activity of student politicians is capturing booths. They use illegally acquired arms and bombs to establish their rule in the election areas. Their patrons see to it that they are not accountable to anyone. These armed students also stay in hostels even if rooms have not been officially allotted to them and invite friends to stay in other rooms. With an estimated five million illicit arms in circulation in Bihar, a number of students acquire home-made guns (priced at Rs 150 each) quite easily. I met a schoolboy studying in Bhavanipur who had acquired both a gun and a knife which he eventually used to kill a fellow student.

"Many students have 'captured' hostel rooms in Patna University hostels, and two hostels of Bihar University are in the hands of *goondas*. They do not pay any charges, canteen included. A great many of them do not necessarily have political backing. But we cannot get them evicted. For their argument is to get the teachers who are illegally occupying accommodation on Bihar University campuses and are not paying their dues evicted first," bemoans an inter-university board official.

—K.M. Kishore

COLLEGE CAREERS Some students try to remain in college as long as they can. They do not have to worry about starting a career; student politics is their career.

Mere Threats

The UGC, which pays Rs 550 lakhs for a five-year period to seven universities in Bihar, threatens to stop its grants every now and then, but in the absence of any specific authority it is unable to enforce standards in universities which receive its grants.

The Vice Chancellor of Patna University, Sudarshan Prasad Singh, says that the only answer to the current state of affairs in the universities of Bihar is absolute non-interference by politicians in the field of education. Dr Singh is about to lose his job because he has lost favour with the Chief Minister.

The inter-university board official quoted above sent his children out of the State for their higher education—a solution preferred by those who can do so. But how many parents have the means?

Meanwhile, arson, looting, cheating, illegal occupation of hostel rooms and murders, about four or five every year, will rule scholastic life in Bihar. ■

Letter From Calcutta

On The Warpath

AMIDST the poll violence that rocked Assam, the Gohpur carnage stood out as a grim warning of the possible shape of things to come. The kidnapping of a tribal candidate (the Plains Tribal Council defied the boycott to contest 20 Assembly and two Lok Sabha seats) may have been the immediate provocation, but as in Tripura and Manipur, the violence expressed more fundamental strife.

Constituting two million out of Assam's 1971 population of 15 million, adivasis were bound to be infected by Assamese chauvinism, Muslim defiance and Bengali nervousness. The tribal entities of Arunachal Pradesh, Nagaland, Meghalaya and Mizoram were also once part of Assam, and the PTC, supported by Nepalese settlers and Chota Nagpur adivasi tea garden workers, wants its area to become a Union Territory.

The pattern is becoming familiar in West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa. Either cruelly exploited or callously neglected, India's Scheduled Tribes are waking up to a militant awareness of their rights.

Next To Godliness

MR Hidayatullah cannot have guessed when he casually remarked at the end of his visit that Calcutta was a beautiful but dirty city, that he was touching a raw nerve. Stung to the quick, the Minister for Urban Development, Mr Prasanta Sur, promised: "We will keep the city clean."

Time was when our streets were washed each dawn, when fleets of lorries whisked away the garbage and parks were immaculately manicured. A special army of municipal *malis* trimmed the grass on stone-edged pavements, *jamadars* trundling up wheelbarrows to remove what had been cut. All that is only a memory in this squalid, odoriferous, festering urban slum.

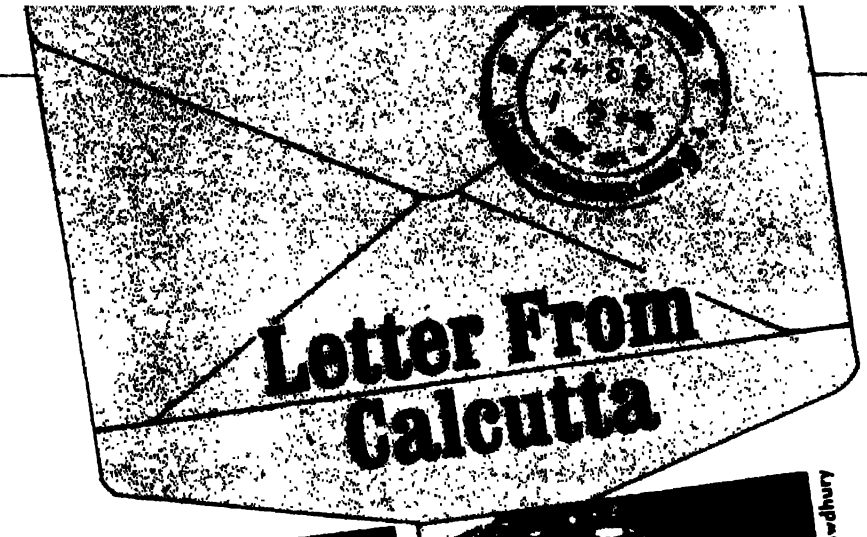
A Czech refuse incinerator, imported in 1945, has never been used and is rusting away. With 2,500 tonnes of daily garbage, there is no place left to dump it. The Corporation pays Rs 29 crores in annual wages to men who report only once a month to collect their pay packets. And to cap it all, this monument of municipal maladministration wants an armed battalion at its beck and call.

Govardhan

FOR years now it has been illegal in theory to keep cattle in the city. Now the Left Front has promised a Cattle Licensing (Amendment) Act to compel obedience.

Meanwhile, the Animal Husbandry Department says there are about 20,000 head of cattle in 2,000 illegal *khatals*. Stray cows are sometimes caught (there are four police pounds) but released when the owner pays a small fine and promises to send them away. But there is not a single animal in the nearby Ganganagar Cattle Resettlement Project, completed with Dutch aid over a year ago. Nor has desultory talk of marking seized animals so that second offences can be more severely punished, led anywhere.

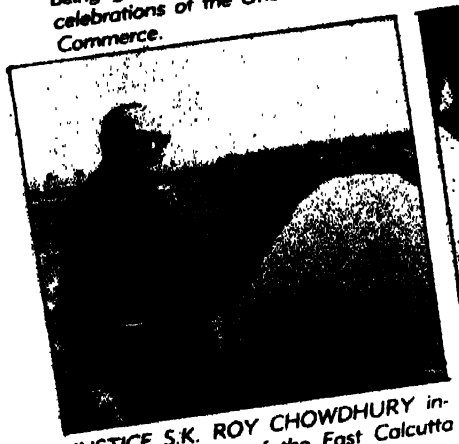
The demand for fresh milk (because of the unreliability of Government dairies) makes *khatals* a profitable business. It is also paying for the police to extort protection money from owners instead of driving them away. Finally, licences to sell bran (used as feedstock) are issued to people with influential connections and lucratively sold in the black market. All good reasons for preserving filthily insanitary *khatals*, ankle-deep in slush and dung.



VICE-PRESIDENT M. HIDAYATULLAH, being garlanded at the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Oriental Chamber of Commerce.

MAN AND BEAST, living together in a "khatal".

Photographs by Mona Chowdhury



JUSTICE S.K. ROY CHOWDHURY inspecting the site of the East Calcutta Development Project of CMDA.

MR ASHOKE KUMAR SARKAR, editor of the Ananda Bazar Patrika, seen immediately after a massive heart attack which led to his death on February 17.

Spot Inquiry

THE financial scandal of the CMDA's earth-filling contract — which cost Rs 4.5 crores instead of the originally estimated Rs 1.05 crores — has now acquired disturbing political overtones. A member of the ruling Left Front says that one of Mr Jyoti Basu's colleagues supplied details to the Congress (I) so that the row over Mr Prasanta Sur's actions distracts attention from murky goings-on in his own department.

Meanwhile, Mr Justice Salil Roy Chowdhury, the one-man inquiry commission, has visited the 480 acre site to see what it is all about. He has also heard the defence that the rate went up progressively because though tenders were awarded in May, 1978, work could not start until January, 1980. He was told too that the "CMDA culture" permitted the Minister for Urban Development to sanction higher payment on his own responsibility in anticipation of the board's approval.

Follow The Leader

ONE Bihar politician — Mr Sitaram Kesari — long ago decided that loyalty was best demonstrated by trying to look as much like a fine-boned and elegant Kashmiri woman as it is possible for a short, squat, dark man to do. And so he began to sport a silver forelock in his otherwise raven head. Now the Chief Minister of Bihar is trying his hand at a different kind of emulation by forcing so many of his ministers to resign. Mr Kesari's hairstyle did not save him from the recent purge in New Delhi. It remains to be seen how Mr Jagannath Mishra fares, and whether he will be rescued by the dozen or so astrological rings that he flamboyantly flaunts on his fingers.

Blind As A Brasshat

GENERAL Ershad's troubles probably began only after General Muhammad Saleh al Hammad, the Saudi Arabian Chief of Staff, visited Dhaka. The Bangladeshi ruler then promised an Islamic constitution, tried to make Arabic a compulsory school subject, attempted to tamper with the hallowed ceremonies observed on Language Movement Day, and talked of banning students' unions which are traditionally secular and radical.

Even earlier, there was talk of Bangladesh providing 10,000 soldiers to defend the Saudi throne. The Islamic Foundation, funded by Riyadh, has also begun to train 100,000 maulvis, the numerous mosques it builds are exempt from taxes and receive water and electricity free of charge. It is also suspected of subsidising youth programmes and students' associations that propagate Islamic fundamentalism.

But for these initiatives, General Ershad might have been perfectly safe and secure. But by trampling on his country's history, beliefs and mood to create a theocratic state that is alien to Bangladesh's liberal humane temperament, he may have given politicians just the weapon they were looking for.

Hot Wire

THIS column has already noted Mr Justice P.C Borooah's commendable initiative regarding abominable conditions in Dum Dum jail. Tribute is now due to the concern and courage with which the *Ananda Bazar Patrika* group is pursuing that lead.

First, the weekly *Sunday* published a number of horrendous pictures of life in that prison, defying Mr Borooah's orders and inviting a show cause notice from the court. Now *The Telegraph*, the group's bright new English language daily, has followed it up by reproducing those pictures, a leader page article titled "If the price to be paid for publishing these pictures is a trip to jail, so be it" and, facing it, an open letter to the Chief Minister under the heading "If you have tears, Mr Basu, shed them for these inmates of Dum Dum central jail..."

The paper's editor ends his missive with what is almost a warning: "I do expect a reply from you, Mr Basu — not a reply from a Chief Minister of a state, but a reply from a Marxist who has spent a whole life taking up the cause of the oppressed". It is sensational, even melodramatic, but may be effective. Results would justify the emotionalism.

Shirt On It

AT a recent seminar on Gandhi's contemporary relevance, organised by the Gandhi Smarak Sangrahalaya in Barrackpore in conjunction with Calcutta's Jayaprakash Narayan Institute of Social Change & Social Welfare, a speaker recalled the 50th anniversary of Nazi rule to quote a verse that was apparently popular in England in the thirties.

Hitler with his Brown Shirts
Riding for a fall,
Mussolini with his Black Shirts
Back against the wall,
De Valera with his Green Shirts
Caring not at all,
Three cheers for Mahatma Gandhi
With no shirt at all.

Sumita Sandilya

Rape Most Foul

BELLARY: On February 14, a 16-year-old girl, daughter of a mechanic and her escort, a 20-year-old young man, were returning home hurriedly after a pleasant evening: a dinner at a relative's house followed by a movie. The girl had no inkling of the nightmarish experience that lay ahead.

As the couple neared the fort area, they were accosted by the police and taken to the Cowl Bazar police station for interrogation. Once inside the station, the boy was separated from the girl. When he protested, he was severely beaten. And the girl was allegedly raped by six constables. When around one am, the girl lost consciousness, the police panicked and took her to a private doctor who could only provide first aid. He suggested that the girl needed treatment at the government medical college hospital, which was done. On the way back from the hospital to her home, the girl along with her parents was brought back to the police station and given refreshments and coffee. Also, they were threatened with dire consequences if they reported the event to anybody. The news of the outrage could not be suppressed; it spread like wild fire. On Wednesday morning, an angry mob of 2,000 persons collected in front of the Cowl Bazar police station. They found that no action had been taken although 36 hours had passed. An enquiry at the level of the Dy Superintendent of Police was held. The girl came to the station and identified the persons who had participated in the rape. One constable Thimmappa, was suspended and charged with raping a minor girl. But the mob was not appeased. A section of the crowd demanded all the six constables who were involved in the rape to be handed over to the public. When the situation went out of control, the police opened fire. Seven persons were injured.

Next day the students joined the fray. Defying the ban order they attacked the police station with stones and soda bottles which were directed only against the police and no public property was destroyed. But the tension enveloped the city like a fog.

It was then that the criminal elements crept in. Credibility and public esteem were never the virtues of the police It is also the second largest operating area for matka gambling, and for years has provided easy money to the police.

Recently there was a split in Bellary's underworld. Factions led by a 'Naidu' and by one 'Gafoor' were both vying for police protection. One of the group allegedly lost and was waiting to settle the score. A public outcry against the gang rape came in handy. The "miscreants", "urchins" and "anti-social elements" were indulging in arson and looting in no time. Shops and hotels were ransacked, petrol bunks were burnt, private vehicles were damaged, banks were invaded and its furniture and records were burnt to ashes. In the random police firing seven innocents lost their lives—a traveller returning to the city from Hyderabad and a rickshaw-puller were among them. Over a 100 persons were injured.

A judicial enquiry has been ordered, the local Superintendent of Police has been transferred. Chief Minister Mr Ramakrishna Hegde, who visited the city, was not far from the truth when he said "certain political elements and vested interests are behind the violence". There was a clear difference between the type of protest held near the police station and the arson and looting everywhere else in the city. And this spread to the nearby districts also. With the by-election to the Tarikere assembly seat not far away, the restlessness has assumed a political tone.

M.N. Chakravarthy

MOB FURY. Chief Minister Ramakrishna Hegde attempts to pacify an angry crowd in Bellary.

A Crying Shame

CALCUTTA: It is not the second Hooghly Bridge in Calcutta It will be the third. The first across the Hooghly was the Bally Bridge, opened in 1929. The second was the Howrah Bridge, built in 1943. In any case, the way the project has been handled is a crying shame.

SAD NEGLECT. Even seven years after the foundation stone was laid for a bridge over the Hooghly river, not a single brick was added to it. Seen here wells being built for the "second" Hooghly bridge.

In 1969, an organisation called the Hooghly River Bridge Commissioners was set up under a State Act for implementing the scheme but it was not before 1972 that Mrs Gandhi laid the foundation stone. Not a brick was added to that stone for seven years! Ultimately, the Bhagirathi Bridge Construction Company was chosen as the main contractor

The BBCC sub-let the contract to Gammon (India) and Braithwaite Burn & Jessop Construction Company. Gammon, according to the Vice-Chairman of the HRBC, entrusted with the foundation and substructure work, slipped up frequently. They were never in time with the detailed drawings, and in a project of this nature, mammoth and intricate in engineering, one should have at least nine months of drawings in hand to plan and allocate jobs, the Vice-Chairman, Mr M.M. Sen, adds.

The Project Engineer of Gammon, Mr S.R. Jadhav, explains: "Detailed drawings have to be sent to two foreign consultants for approval. Often, one does not agree with the other, which means preparing fresh drawings and sending them all over again to the two."

The less said about BBJ, entrusted with the superstructure of the new bridge, the better. Its very existence is uncertain, says Mr Sen. The Union Ministry of Heavy Industries, the administering authority, wants to wind up the firm or merge it, preferably with Jessops, because of the huge accumulated loss. According to one estimate, it is as high as Rs 5 crores!

Nonetheless, Mr Prasanta Sur, Chairman of the HRBC and West Bengal Minister for Municipal Affairs, sounds sure of himself when he contends that BBJ will be kept alive at least till the bridge is built! This is important, for BBJ alone is well equipped in the country to tackle the superstructure. Resentment among its staff can spell doom for the bridge, Mr Sen points out!

If the contracting firms have been slack, whatever the reason, the difficulty in importing several items of modern equipment, like concrete pumps and cranes, has also caused colossal waste of precious time.

Land acquisition at the Howrah end of the site has also added to the delay, even though there was just one court case, which too went in favour of the HRBC. But serious efforts at acquiring land were not made in the initial years; for instance, between February 1980 and October 1981, merely 17.5 acres were acquired out of the total 65 acres that would be required to clear the approaches to the bridge at Howrah. At the Calcutta end, however, there were no problems, because the land belonged to Defence.

But nothing could have been more frustrating than the tardy flow of funds from the Centre, which had agreed to loan to West Bengal Rs 57.13 crores. This was the project estimate worked out in 1977. The very slow pace of work and mounting inflation forced the HRBC to re-estimate the cost in 1980; it was Rs 126 crores and the year of completion 1983. Two years later, another re-estimate by the HRBC placed the project cost at Rs 141.10 crores. The Centre, which feels that the figure will not be less than Rs 150 crores, refuses to bear the additional cost. It points out that once the final estimate of a project has been approved, any cost escalation thereafter will have to be borne by the State concerned.

To date, the Centre has sanctioned Rs 48.99 crores, which includes the 1982-83 allocation. Under the original agreement, a sum of Rs 8.14 crores is still due. But how and when the remaining Rs 83.97 crores is to come to meet the HRBC estimate of Rs 141.10 crores is still up in the air.

Many of those connected with the project believe that if this Centre-State dispute continues any longer, the bridge cannot be completed even by 1986, the most recent target.

Gautam Bhaskaran

"The Taming Of The Shrew"

An anti-view of "Dacoit Queen" Phoolan Devi's surrender.

By Vithal C. Nadkarni

—Ajaykumar

THE redeeming moment of the tamasha, the "Dacoit Queen" Phoolan Devi's surrender in Bhind, came when a jaunty activist slipped past the police cordon, grabbed the mike on the dais packed with VIPs and started denouncing the "lionised thugs". The authorities promptly switched off the microphone, muzzled the speaker, who was identified as a State Yuva Lok Dal leader, and hoisted him off the scene For added measure, they assaulted the press photographer who was attempting to record this astounding performance going on before the Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister Arjun Singh himself! (He later said those responsible for the assault would be sternly dealt with Does that mean we are going to witness yet another surrender?)

Strange how familiarity makes the most macabre events seem mundane Take the Behmai carnage Two years ago it appalled the entire nation It was headlined in the strongest (and blackest) terms The then Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh, Vishwanath Pratap Singh, staked his job on the success of his one-point anti-dacoity programme He failed His own brother, a High Court judge no less, and nephew were gunned down by dacoits in an "accidental encounter" in the forest where Justice Singh had gone for shikar When dacoits struck again at Damastipur, V P Singh quit in disgust, thereby providing grist to the relentless monster that spews out headlines The resignation, however created an enormous backwash of public sympathy for Vishwanath Pratap Singh (Mrs Gandhi apparently took heed of this when she inducted him in the Central Cabinet after the recent reshuffle) Phoolan and her cohorts were being reviled more than ever before But public memory is proverbially short With newer (and "hotter") events capturing public attention, the sense of outrage created by the Behmai mass murders has inevitably waned And now it has been completely swamped by the euphoria and publicity following Phoolan Devi's surrender

So Phoolan rules the media waves—but only momentarily Her hold on the public imagination was more enduring when she was a "faceless beauty" unseen by anyone save her victims and paramours That legendary "Dasyu Sundari" (Dacoit Beauty) shrivelled and died the moment Phoolan stepped into the blaze of public scrutiny Left behind is a short, frumpy woman in a police uniform, full of tantrums and obscenities This girl with the chinky eyes, with the red headband and shawl, may look like a Dasyu all right But she is no sundari! (After seeing her some correspondents complained of a "letdown" But for this the Press itself is to be blamed for enhancing and distorting the myth of Phoolan Devi as a Circe, leading a pack of 'brutes.)

Perhaps in her "ordinary" avatar Phoolan is even more terrifying Because you don't have that nebulous fantasy to fall back on The mother of all that legendary terror is right before you—ill-tempered, abusive, defiant, wilful five foot shrew of a woman So when you meet her don't flinch Also don't even dream of reaching out to touch her she may snap your hand off or you might get clobbered by her friends!

Actually, *baghis* (fugitives, dacoits) in mufti look like ordinary folk And in the ravine-ridden Chambal where *chandols* (larks) rise like bullets from a Mauser into the sky, a *baghi* is nothing special You may cross the Jamuna with one and yet not recognise him in the gaggle of gossiping *gharwalis*, singing *mallahs* (boatmen) and *khewats* (fishermen) in your barge

Thus, lacking the distinguishing "Mark of Cain", any man or woman in the Chambal could be a *baghi*! (As Hitchcock has so masterfully shown, when evil wears an "ordinary mask" it becomes more terrifying By the same token, Klaus Barbie, the notorious Nazi Butcher of Lyons, who was recently arrested in Bolivia, produces greater shock and revulsion *because* he looks like a lovable old grandfather He is a travesty of all those nice silverhaired gents whom you meet in the park (and who are nice to children and animals!)

How to explain the pervasive power of the Phoolan myth? First of all here we have a female dacoit But then there are other women in the business of banditry The vital difference is that Phoolan has always been "close" to a gang leader, be it Vikram Mallah, Babu Gajjar, Baba Mushtaqueem or her current lover Man Singh Some of their macho has rubbed off on her And she has vicariously acquired power So much so that in public imagination *she* is the superwoman, the leader of the pack (Actually in one interview Phoolan Devi says the Behmai murders which made her most notorious were masterminded by a team member called Ramavtar)

Phoolan Devi's extra notoriety is also due to the fact that throughout her active career she was "faceless" The police did not have her picture So the myth of her extraordinary beauty spread and greatly romanticised her legend Hasina who was shot and stripped naked in a police "encounter" was more beautiful than Phoolan So is Kusuma Nain, the joint mistress of two bandit leaders But there is something catchy about the name Phoolan (flower), unlike 'Kusuma Nain' which means flower eyes Notice how an Amul butter ad effectively used it Stop Phoolan' Around!

Moreover, a promiscuous aura clung to Phoolan even *before* she became a dacoit It has obscured the tragic events in her life Her failed marriage with a much older man, the family feuds resulting in the loss of her property, the arrest (and possibly, brutalisation) by the police on an allegedly trumped up charge The men Phoolan turned to only exploited her There is some evidence to show that she resisted an impulse to commit suicide and the overtures of the dacoits who wanted to ' keep" her

But, even with all this, by Chambal standards, Phoolan's life was not exceptional It was only after Behmai, when she turned her wrath on the village where she was allegedly gang raped for 23 days, that her myth began to grow by leaps and bounds (or as a punster may say by rapes and rounds!)

Phoolan Devi's exploits take away your breath by their sheer effrontery and magnitude And they were not executed surreptitiously She took part in the slaughter of not one or two men but a whole herd of them in broad daylight, spitting as it were on the face of the law And what is more she got away with it She was always on the move—in Nepal in all the districts of UP, in the Jamuna ravines —always eluding the police (who as authority and establishment figures are saddled with a flat foot image the world over)

Some people see Phoolan as the gutsy "underdog" who bit back at a repressive, exploitative society Others write off the Behmai murders in casteist terms—it is the first and the only massacre of caste Hindus in the history of the Chambal valley! Our ambivalent attitude to her is such that no one comments when Phoolan thanks Bhagawati Maa (Goddess Durga) for having protected her However, the UP police say she should be thanking the MP police and also the Chief Minister Arjun Singh who got the maximum political mileage out of Phoolan Devi's "surrender" In recent months, Phoolan Devi was increasingly under pressure Her "fearsome" gang was reduced to a ragtag rump And the constant pressure by the police was beginning to tell Twice she escaped by the skin of her teeth In fact her capture or death was imminent when she dramatically surrendered

The unseemly row between the MP and UP police apart, the shrew has been tamed She can't revert to her wild ways now The stuff of her myths, once potent, has now been irreversibly denatured ■

**Interestingly, the moment Phoolan went to Raxaul (on the Nepal border) the Government of Nepal put up a prize of Rs 1 lakh on Phoolan Devi's head, while our State Governments were content with a few thousand rupees*

Art

A Treasure House Of Tribal Art

METAL MAIDENS (right and above)

by Shamsuddin

IN 1962 Niranjan Mahawar, a poet from Raipur, was on a visit to Jagdalpur, the district headquarters of Bastar. He was going to help his father, who had a rice mill there. "I was photographing a tribal girl combing the hair of her sister," says Mahawar. "She started laughing and her laughter was so natural—like a bubbling mountain brook. The girl had a comb made of bamboo spikes. I asked her who had made the comb and she replied that she had made it herself. It was a beautiful comb—a fair representative of tribal art. I offered her two rupees for it. At first she refused to sell it. But the people around persuaded her to give it to me. Ultimately she agreed and I gave her a ten rupee note. She didn't have change—in the whole village no one had change! The girl returned the note and gave me the comb free.

"It was an entirely new experience—a village where nobody had ready cash. The villagers had little things and small belongings in their huts. But they were happy, relaxed, so normal and so cheerful that I realised with a pang that here was a civilisation quite different from

ours. It was an idyllic way of life: one lived in harmony with the earth and the plants unencumbered by money or material needs."

Mahawar began to visit tribal villages during his business trips. He also began to collect their art. Today his house is a veritable treasure trove of tribal art. A number of experts unanimously agree that it should be preserved in a national museum. The shelves of Mahawar's drawing room are filled with the precious tribal creations. Mahawar says: "The art pieces are lying in every nook and corner of the house. All available space in the house has been occupied by cupboards, almirahs, trunks and boxes all full of my collection." Twenty years of searching and collecting have yielded over 1,500 objects from the length and breadth of Bastar.

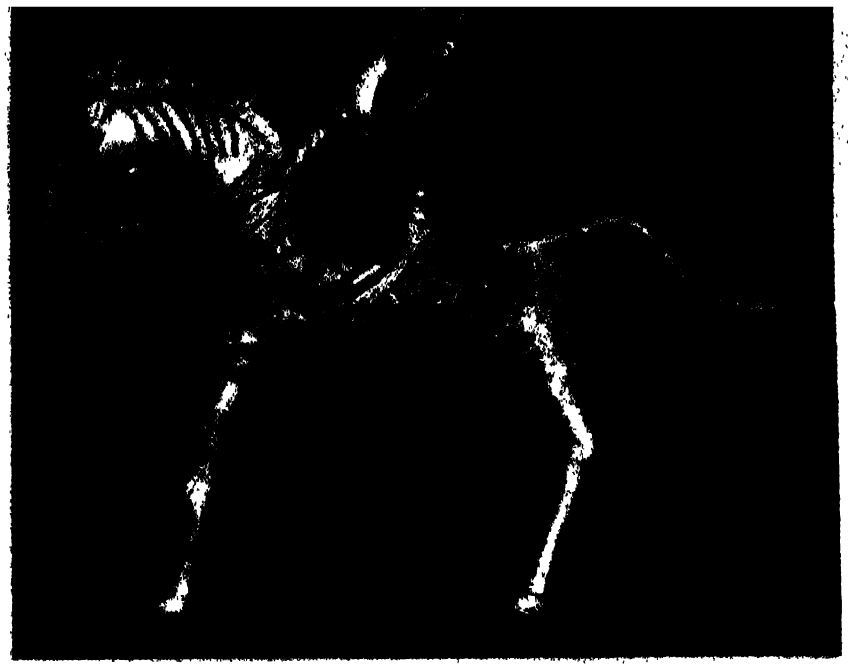
Mahawar says that Bastar has a very interesting tribal population free from "civilising influences". It still retains its "primitive" vigour, charm and simplicity. Handicrafts in that area are merely the outcome of their social needs. Hence the products have the quality of a living craft, in tune with the life of the people. In most other places including some parts of Bastar, this "living" quality has been lost as they produce their articles with an eye on the city buyer.

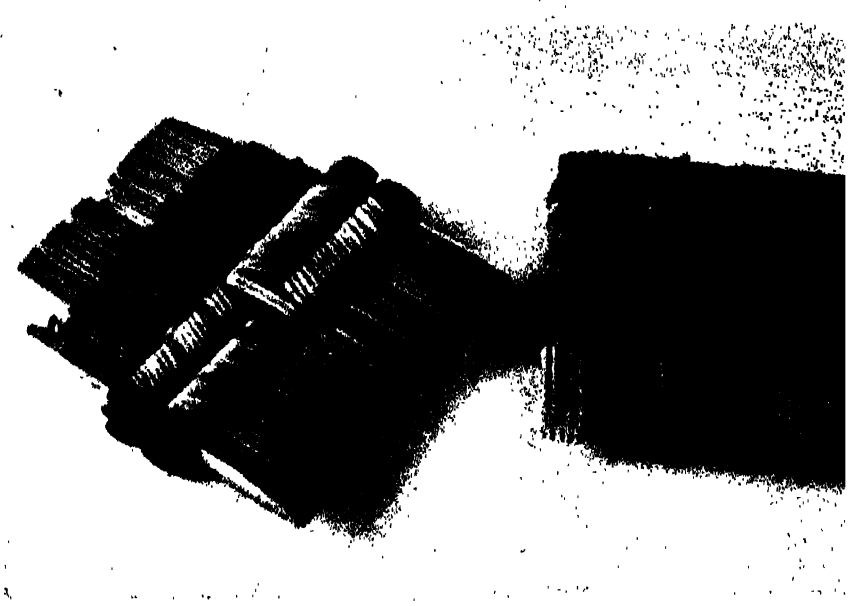
Mahawar's collection includes musical instruments, tobacco pouches, tools and weapons, ornaments and utensils, combs and hair pins, lamps, horses, elephants, camels, bulls, tigers, necklaces and even statues of gods and goddesses. They are mainly made of stone, wood, terracotta and metal. Bronze and brass are used for making metal objects. In rare cases copper is also used. The objects are balanced in composition, dextrous in line and deal with mythological and religious themes and they speak very highly of the technical skill and aesthetic sense of the tribal people. Their art depicts people's hopes and despairs, happiness and grief, fear and belief. It is an integral part of their life.

"This traditional craftsmanship is our link with the past and constitutes our cultural heritage," says Mahawar. "But, unfortunately, the inroads of 'civilisation' into tribal life are causing its extinction. As Dr Elwin points out: 'Open a school in a village and the people cease to carve, start a project and they remove their lovely ancient ornaments.' "

On being questioned about the various programmes being introduced in tribal areas, the poet confesses, "Nowadays so many programmes for their economic development and health have been launched. Special Tribal Community Development Blocks have been opened in which emphasis is laid on the promotion of tribal crafts and education along with better methods of agriculture, sanitation and health. The Government has found a good foreign market for their crafts and is endeavouring to improve the economic condition of the tribal people.

"But commerce has reduced good artists to artisans. Since the late '60s and early '70s after the Madhya Pradesh and the All India Handicrafts Board became active in Jagdalpur, there has been a steady deterioration in the quality of craftsmanship from Bastar. Foreign orders have ruined whatever individuality that remained and the artist today has been reduced to a human machine.





TRIBAL COMBS (above) *and* (top) *a deity.*

TERRACOTTA NANDI

"The artist produces the same kind of piece, from exact specifications, over and over again. It has killed his freedom, and what is worse, he earns only the bare minimum. All this is being done in the name of promoting tribal art! Moreover, modern civilisation which is a materialistic consumer culture, has total apathy towards tribal society. We think these tribals are *janglies;* they have no aesthetic sense, no music, no poetry, no literature, no drama, no dances and nothing of the fine arts. We have contempt for them. We don't want to know about them nor are we concerned about preserving their culture. And if some people come to 'know' about it, they do so with a sense of superiority. They tell the tribals to do things according to their 'civilised' ways. They meddle into art without knowing anything about it and its background. These city-slickers lack true appreciation of art. The 'crude' forms are looked down upon. Their toys, their sculptures, music—all are considered 'rustic' and of no importance.

"The urban elite is educated and trained in imported technology. The people from this particular class hold Government positions and are in decision making bodies. They hold the opinion that Indian villagers are backward because they are ignorant about modern technology and the latest scientific achievements.

"Actually, the British started art exhibitions in India. They also took the initiative in preserving our monuments and old ruins. They opened museums to preserve rare exhibits. There was a lot of art in our monuments, temples, mosques and churches. In villages music, fine art and magic flourished but tribal and folk art was neglected. This shows the cultural bankruptcy of our society. We are totally ignorant about it. Some people who were interested in tribal art gave it a commercial twist to earn foreign exchange. The All-India Handicrafts Board, without deep insight, exploited only the commercial aspect of their art and introduced new designs and motifs. They might have earned some money but they are solely responsible for destroying our rich traditions and cultural heritage. The sculptures of gods and goddesses, the intricate designs on textiles and the beautiful carvings are not crafts but they are fine pieces of art. These agencies, simply to spin money, have started manufacturing on a mass scale, of a standard size and weight and this has crippled the imagination and creativity of artists."

Mahawar has manifold problems about preserving his treasure which ironicallly is appreciated more by the foreigners. Mrs Jenevev Dourno, Curator of the *Museum of Man* in Paris, once came to India to record the tribal music of Bastar. Mahawar helped her in the recording. It was a great venture and as a result of that a long-playing record was prepared. Mahawar says, "When she visited my house, she was astonished to see my treasure and said that such a great treasure of tribal art should be preserved in a museum."

"Since then," Mahawar says, "I am worried about my collection because I don't have enough space to keep my objects; there is also the fear of pieces being stolen from my place. And now the greatest problem is how to preserve them all?" ■

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MR N. RAJAGOPAL, Joint Secretary, Union Ministry of Agriculture.

FOUR IAS officers of the joint secretary rank have resigned and gone into business. They are Mr N Rajagopal, Joint Secretary, Union Ministry of Agriculture; Mr S. Padmanabhan, Commissioner, Aurangabad Division, Mr Ranjit Singh Pal, Managing Director, Handloom and Handicraft Export Corporation, and Mr Ashok Mubayi, Special Assistant to the Minister of External Affairs.

Mr Rajagopal, it seems, could not make two ends meet on his salary as a joint secretary. This was, of course, before the recent pay hike, which has taken a joint secretary's emoluments to over Rs 4,000 plus perks. Mr Padmanabhan's squeamish nostrils could not take the stink any more during the heyday of the Antulay regime. Both have joined Bharat Forge of Pune, Mr Rajagopal as Vice-President, Business Development, and Mr Padmanabhan as Corporate Adviser. Mr Pal has joined Bombay Dyeing. Mr Mubayi's reason for quitting as well as his present pursuits are not clear because of his evasiveness, but it appears that he is trying for a toe-hold in some oil drilling contract

Started with technical collaboration from SISCO (USA), Bharat Forge is today a leader in steel forging and crank-shaft technology. Its new axle plant is coming up near Mysore. The company has also secured government approval or a brake systems plant, which would be located in Jalgaon, a backward district of Maharashtra, and built with technical collaboration from Bendix of USA.

Torrent Of Hypocrisy

A wag insists that he dreamt the following encounter with Mr Natwar Singh, Secretary-General of the Non Aligned Conference in New Delhi

Wag: A man from Communication Control Systems, a New York-based company, is looking for you.

N.S. What does he want?

Wag: You see, they are marketing their latest gadget, a portable electronic lie detector, which operates on the principle that emotional stress can be indicated by a disturbance in the normal pattern of voice impulse and gives a light signal to alert the operator about a deceptive statement.

N.S.. How do we come into the picture?

Wag: Well, they want to cash in on the torrent of hypocrisy that is about to be unleashed.

N.S.. Rubbish, what do you mean?

Wag. Well, day in and day out you chaps talk about economic cooperation, but how can there be any such thing when the oil haves among the non-aligned are breaking the economic back of the have-nots. Just try asking the haves for a preferential oil price for the have-nots and they will tell you where to get off."

India 'Partner Country' At Hannover

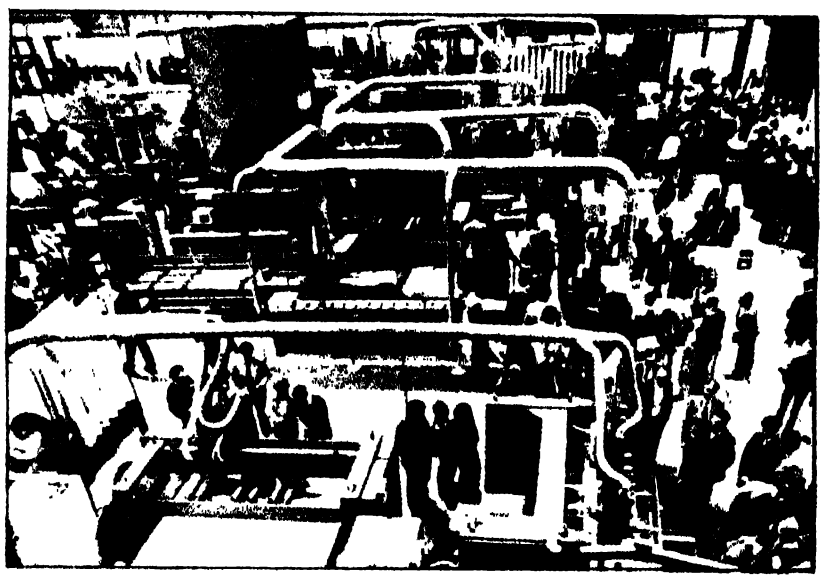
The week-long Hannover Fair, starting on April 13, threatens to become the biggest international exhibition so far of man's technological attainment. About 5,500 exhibitors from nearly 50 countries will display their latest wares over an area of 400,000 square metres. The organisers expect more than half-a-million representatives of trade and industry from well over 100 countries to visit the fair.

The companies participating from India are Larsen and Toubro (switchgears), Forbes (handtools) and K.G. Khosla Compressors (air compressors). This, admittedly, adds up to only a modest line-up, but what is of interest is the decision of the Hannover Fair authorities to adopt India as a "partner country" for 1984. The decision is undoubtedly a recognition of India's technological and industrial capability.

Explaining the concept of a "partner country", Mr K.V Schuurman, Regional Secretary, Indo-German Chamber of Commerce, says: "Participation in the fair is not country-wise but technology-wise. In 1980 it was decided to each year invite one country from among the group of nations which cannot be categorised as fully developed but which nevertheless has acquired notable industrial proficiency. The earlier partner countries were Brazil (1980), Greece (1981) and Mexico (1982). This year it is Portugal. The partner country is given a special hall where it can project all aspects of its industrial development. Brazil, for example, came with 200 companies. The Trade Fair Authority of India should not lag behind when India's turn comes next year."

MR K V SCHUURMANN, Regional Secretary, Indo-German Chamber of Commerce.

AERIAL VIEW OF THE HANNOVER FAIR which starts on April 13



Senseless Overregulation

That India, the world's largest producer of sugar, should have sugar control is an example of the sort of senseless overregulation that hangs like a millstone round this country's neck. It is estimated that the availability of sugar at the end of the current season will be 110 lakh tonnes, 80 lakh tonnes production plus 30 lakh tonnes carry forward stock. Yet, neither the Government nor the sugar industry is willing to countenance the suggestion of decontrol, thereby strengthening the impression that both have a vested interest in the continuance of a mutually profitable nexus.

If sugar is decontrolled, prices will fall, but not necessarily the heavens. Let us visualise the scenario. Domestic consumption should account for 65 lakh tonnes. At least 6.5 lakh tonnes could be exported under the international sugar agreement. The Government could make open market purchases to build a buffer stock of 18.5 lakh tonnes instead of dallying with a molehill of 5 lakh tonnes. That would still leave a surplus of 20 lakh tonnes. This would trigger a process of adjustment. The price of sugar would fall, the area under sugarcane would be curtailed and supply and demand would find their natural equilibrium at, say, Rs 3.50 to Rs 4.00 a kilo. Despite an initial period of dislocation, this would be an improvement over the present control-ridden, corrupt system.

MR DHRUV SAWHNEY, President, Triveni Group.

An articulate voice in the sugar industry is that of Mr Dhruv Sawhney, who belongs to the new generation of well-educated and sophisticated but pushy leaders of business. President of the Triveni Group, Mr Sawhney feels that decontrol at the present juncture would lead to a disastrous plunge in sugar prices, causing curtailment of production and scarcity, and cites the failure of the Janata experiment. But what he overlooks is that the Janata regime made the mistake of neglecting to build up a sizeable buffer stock. However, Mr Sawhney asserts: "There can be no question of collusion between the Government and the sugar industry. On the contrary, the industry is being squeeezed between the downward pressure on sugar prices and the high political prices of cane fixed by the States and is likely to run up a loss of Rs 400 crores. Unless the industry gets tax relief, something will give."

The Triveni Group, whose forte is engineering, has, in the face of global competition, bagged a $29 million turnkey contract to build a big sugar mill on the Indonesian island of Sulawesi. "We are running on schedule and hope to hand over the mill to the Indonesian Government towards end of 1984," says Mr Sawhney.

Arphi—Sound Business

Two decades ago, anyone needing a hearing aid had to get one from abroad. Today, he simply has to ask for an Arphi model. As pioneers in the indigenous manufacture of individual hearing aids, group hearing aids, speech trainers and audiometers, the Arphi group has set a pace that has taken its turnover to Rs 2 crore a year.

It all started with a parliamentary question in 1961, put to the then Union Health Minister, whether there were any manufacturers of hearing aids in the country. Since the Minister's answer was in the negative, Mr Phiroze Pestonjamas, Managing Director of Arphi Electronics Pvt Ltd, wrote to him expressing his willingness to embark on an enterprise if the Government would support him. Simultaneously, Mr Pestonjamas contacted a Danish firm, Oticon, reputed to be pioneers in the field of hearing aids.

Arphi's competitors consist mainly of indigenous manufacturers, like Novax and Elkon. Recently, however, Phillips has also entered the field. The domestic market is not without its problems. Import duties on essential components vary from 15 per cent to 160 per cent. Central excise is 30 per cent on loudspeakers. Even hearing aids, a welfare item, carry a sales tax of 4 per cent in Maharashtra.

Russian Language, Global Thrust

by S.K. Malhan

THERE are 2,800 living languages in the world today. Out of these, 200 languages are spoken by less than a million people, 70 by 50 million people and 13 languages are used by more than 100 million people. Russian is among the latter, more prolifically used languages. It is studied in more than 100 countries with a total number of more than 20,500,000 students. It has long since been adopted by the system of public education in 21 African countries, 10 countries in Southern and South-East Asia, 16 Middle East and 9 Latin American states. In advanced countries where English is more popular as a foreign language, some 2,500,000 school and college students study Russian. It is also a working language in the United Nations along with English, French,, Spanish, Chinese and Arabic. The number of persons with an adequate knowledge of Russian has grown from 500 million people in 1967 to approximately one-seventh of the world's population now, including of course the USSR, which constitutes less than one-sixteenth of the world population.

In the Soviet Union, Russian is the mother-tongue of 59 per cent of the population, and it is familiar in varying degrees to practically the entire adult population. Those who speak it fluently as their second language constitute more than 23 per cent of the population.

No polyglot could possibly master all the languages spoken and written in the USSR. Among these languages are 36 Iberian-Caucasian, 25 Turkic, 20 Ugro-Finnish, 24 Indo-European, 22 Mongolian, Tungus-Manchurian and Paleoasian and others. All of them are rated equal regardless of the number of people who speak them. All of them keep developing since none of them are allowed to die out. The internationalisation of the economies and cultures in the single system that has developed in the USSR makes it an effective means of communication between nations in the face of such linguistic diversity.

Third Most Used Language

Though citizens of the USSR are free to choose any language as a convenient instrument of mutual understanding, records have shown that Russian is by far the most suitable choice. Today the Russian language occupies the first place in the USSR and the third in the world (after Chinese and English) with regard to the number of people who use it. However, the number is not the only important factor.

Back in the 19th century many writers and translators claimed that Russian was "the most powerful of the Slavic languages", (Warnhagen von Ense, Germany), "the richest of the European", as if "especially created to express the subtlest shades of meaning", "possessing remarkable laconism combined with lucidity" (Prosper Merimee, France). "It is the language of a great nation" wrote the Belgian linguist Charles Sroleo in 1914. Not so long ago in his book "Profiles of the Future", Arthur Clark, a British scientist and science fiction writer, raised the question: "Will Russian or English be the principal language of the 21st century?"

At present more than half a billion people know Russian,in varying degrees. Together with a very limited number of other languages, Russian plays a very special role in the world as the vehicle of vitally important information: scientific, technological, ideological, literary and journalistic. More than one-third of the world's scientific and technological literature is published in Russian. Nowadays, with the free choice of languages for communication and education, a profound study of sciences is possible primarily through Russian. It also plays a tremendously important role in the political and economic spheres of international cooperation. Comprehensive economic and cultural cooperation between nations and exchange of political and technical knowledge leads to the enrichment of languages, and brings them up to the current level of social progress.

Simple And Easy

It has been confirmed through practical experience, that it is no more difficult than the other primary world languages. The London *Financial Times* also commented on the growing popularity of the Russian language in all countries. It is not only because tales of its being "extremely difficult" have been disproved but because people everywhere are becoming convinced that it is really worth studying in its own right as well as for the sake of the literature that it gives access to.

It is true that the Russian language has much to recommend for it. In the first place, local differences are hardly noticeable since they are expressed in a far weaker form than in the Chinese or German languages, for instance. They do not prevent people from understanding each other fairly well no matter where they live in the world. While in the Rhineland (West Germany) alone, dialectical contrasts are to be felt every 40 or 50 kilometres, making intercommunication between the local population and visitors quite difficult at times. The Ukranian and Byelorussian for example, have more in common with Russian than many of the German dialects have with each other.

What is more, almost 90 per cent of the words retain practically full identity with spelling and pronunciation, while in English and French, this is only about 10 per cent. Russian orthography is simpler and more perfect than any other language. It has no signs either above or below the letters and no combination of letters to express one sound—a characteristic feature of the Latin alphabet in all its variants. Many specialists believe it is the best alphabet ever to be created. Most of the alphabets used in the USSR are based on the Cyrillic alphabet considered by many to be the best ever created. It also differs considerably from many other systems, especially the hieroglyphic ones.

The diverse political and economic changes wrought by the 1917 October Revolution have also left an indelible mark on the Russian language. One of the major reasons for the popularity of the Russian language is the role it plays in helping the USSR in its relations with other countries, especially cooperation (economic and otherwise) with developing countries.

Secondly, with the increase of the numbers of newly-freed countries and the popularisation of national liberation movements in Asian, African and Latin American countries the English language is fast losing its status, to be replaced by national languages of the respective countries. Moreover, English in these countries, is considered a by-product of colonialism. On the other hand, Russian is looked upon more favourably.

Russian also has a very bright future in India. At present it is the second most popular foreign language, the first being English. In 1946, Delhi University opened the first centre which offered part-time courses in Russian.The Allahabad University followed suit in 1948. Since then the number of such universities and institutions are rapidly increasing. Today more than 50 universities and institutes in India offer courses in Russian, of one type or the other. That apart there are hundreds of private centres where Russian is taught.

Recently, a 16-member Indian delegation went to USSR to attend a seminar of the International Association of Teachers of Russian Language and Literature. It was attended by 70 teachers of the Russian language from 25 Asian, African and Latin American countries. Set up in 1967 not only with the aim of popularising the language but also of tackling research, scientific, methodological and purely organisational problems, it was named after A.S. Pushkin in 1973. The latest study-aids, glossaries and audio-visual courses are utilised at this institute which is also patronised by specialists in Russian studies who wish to undergo practical training at the institute. ■

....And Then Man Created His God

by Jatindra Mohan Ganguli

I OFTEN wonder why man conceived God in his own image, having his physical shape and form, and his feelings and sentiments, and his language too.

I look around. Nothing common to God and man appears in the creation. God can create, man cannot. He is mighty; He moves heaven and earth, stars and galaxies Man is so weak; he cannot defend and save himself from a little puff of wind, a little shake of the earth. There appears little indeed in the creation that points to any similarity and commonness in the work and activities of God and man—in their skill, ability and achievement.

In one respect, however, there seems to be some commonness—that in respect of cruelty.

Both are cruel, indescribably cruel. God's cruelty is unlimited and inconceivably hard, deep and penetrating. When He fancies to be cruel no softness, no hesitation stands in His way and halts Him. When He creates the blind, the cripple, the deformed; when He contrives sorrow, grief, misery and suffering He exhibits most subtle ingenuity. When He hurls a thunderbolt, or a devastating cyclone or shakes the earth a little for fun, a most fierce and relentless laugh is on His face. When he silently watches, unmoved, one creature killing and devouring another He shows how much harder than steel His heart is.

But his cruelty of His He gave to no other creature except man, and so in gratitude man gave Him his own physical form and worshipped Him.

Indeed, except man no other creature is cruel. All creatures kill for their food according to their nature, needs and requirements. They kill no more than what they need for living and not in excess of that and they never kill for sport and fun, and when they kill they kill as fast as they can.

Man kills not just for food, but also for sport and fun. And in killing he is callously indifferent to the pain and suffering caused to his victim by the manner of his killing. He will tie the legs of the fowl and carry it home, its body and head hanging down from his hand which holds the tied legs. He pins live butterflies and fixes them on a show-table in his drawing room. Man hides and waits under a tree in the dusk to shoot birds coming to nest on the trees. He feeds and tends lambs and calves till they grow up and then hacks them to pieces to eat. And so on. He kills for food, for dress, for sport, for curio collection, for so many purposes, meaningful or unmeaningful, and for no purpose also. He ties a goat to a tree on which he sits to shoot the tiger that comes in the night to pounce on the helpless goat and then boasts of his bravery.

Such and more callous cruelties of man are beyond enumeration. Pages of history are full of them, full of man's tortuous cruelties on animals and insects and on man also. In addition to the physical cruelties which he inflicts on other creatures and also on man, man shows such ingenuity and subtlety in giving terrible mental agony and suffering to other men as compared favourably with the ingenuity and subtleness of God in devising means and ways of giving bitter suffering and pain to His creatures.

Indeed, in respect of cruelty man has been true and faithful to his creater, and that justifies his own physical form to Him and endowing Him with his own nature, his feelings and emotions, likes and dislikes, sense and understanding. ■

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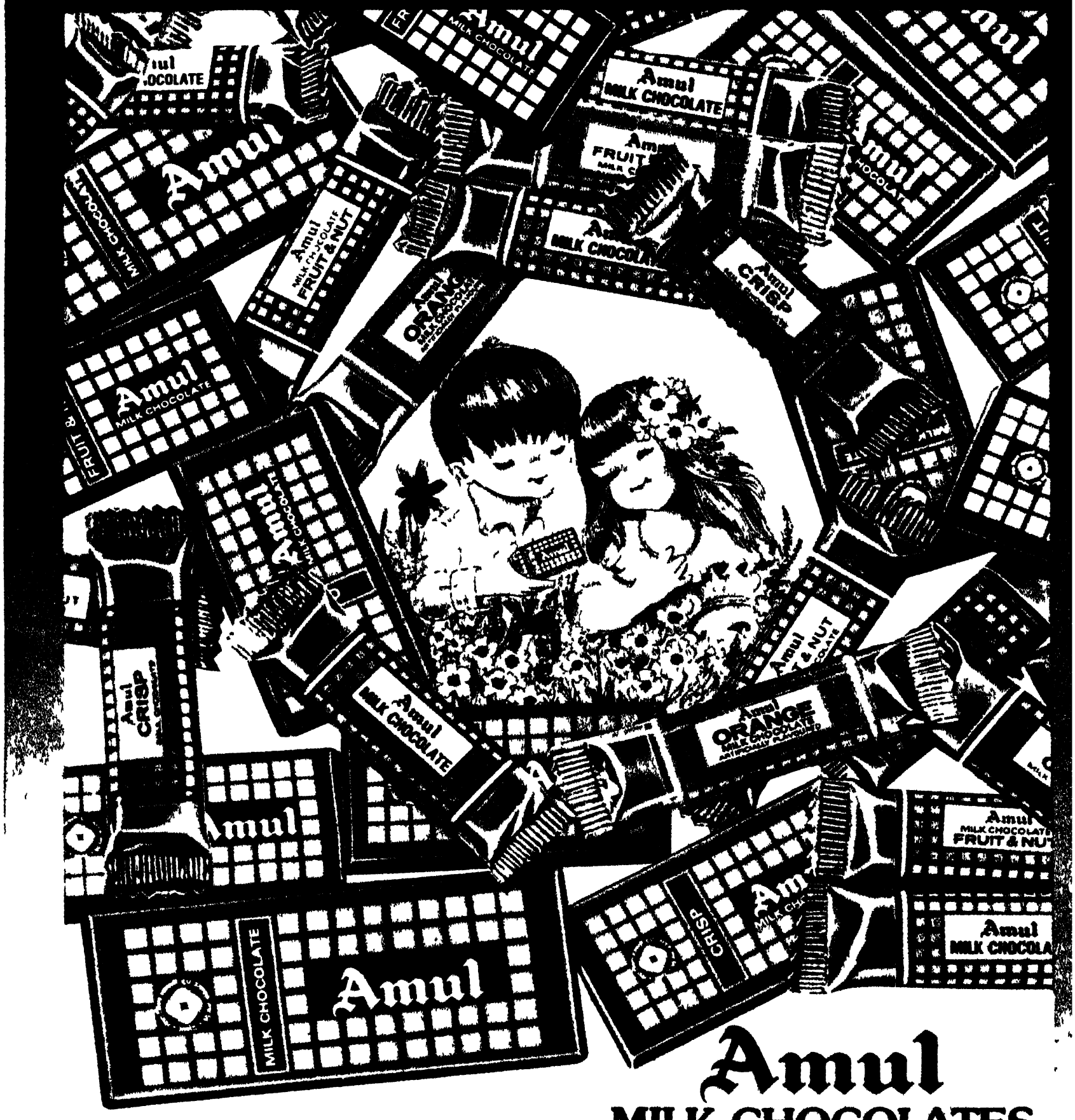

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Temples of Baroli

The magnificent 7th century temples of Baroli near Rawatbhata, in Rajasthan are in ruins and will disappear from our architectural map unless steps are immediately taken to protect and restore them.

by Dinanath Dube

A SCULPTURE IN RUINS at the Ghateshwar temple.

"TO describe its stupendous and diversified architecture is impossible; it is the office of the pencil alone, but the labour would be almost endless. Art seems here to have exhausted itself, and we were, perhaps now for the first time, fully impressed with the beauty of Hindu sculpture. The columns, the ceilings, the external roofing, where each stone presents a miniature temple, one rising over another, until crowned by the umlike *kullus*, distracted our attention. The carving on the capital of each column would require pages of explanation, and the whole, inspite of its high antiquity, is in wonderful preservation". This narration of Col. James Tod, taken from *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan* is about the temples of Baroli, located in a remote area on an extensive plateau of Mukundra, a branch of the Aravalli hills on the Kota-Rawatbhata road

In India, there are numerous temples dedicated to Siva and the important amongst them are located in Varanasi, Ujjain, Rameshwaram, Mahabalipuram and Hardwar. But besides these, there are other temples which are not well-known. Such is the one at Baroli near Kota in Rajasthan. In eastern Rajasthan, particularly in the Kota region and in Malwa in Madhya Pradesh, there is a chain of big Siva temples. The story of these temples starts from the 5th century and continues upto the 15th century. The Siva temples built during this period are Charchouma, Kansua, Baroli, Bhimchouri, Ramgarh and Nagada. The oldest temple is Charchouma built in the 5th century. The Kansua and Baroli temples date back to the 6th and 7th centuries.

Unique Temple

Hardly 30 miles from Kota near the Rajasthan Atomic Power Project, in Rawatbhata is a cluster of temples known as the Baroli Siva temple. This temple which stands on the banks of the Chambal river, is a unique blend of superb craftsmanship, architecture and sculpture. It speaks volumes for the devotional and artistic spirit of the people of the 8th century.

It is believed that Raja Hoon, master of Bhynsror, Fort, built this temple in commemoration of his love for a princess named Pingla, daughter of Raja Somchandra. Raja Hoon belonged to the Parmar dynasty who ruled over Chandrawati. He married Pingla and it may be that the princess ordered the temple in honour of their marriage.

The craftsmanship of the temple resembles Khajuraho. There are small shrines of Devi, Mahesh Murti, Narada and Ganesa around the main structure. The main temple faces east and is 58 feet high with an old-style *shikhar* (top) carrying a *kalasam*. The *shikhar* is replete with carvings. Of particular interest is a carving at the back of the *shikhar* showing a man climbing. The story goes that a thief tried to steal the gold *kalasam* but was turned into stone by Siva.

Nagara Style

The temples of Baroli come under the Nagara style and its architectural sculpture belongs to the period from the 7th to the 12th century. The temples of Baroli, a chain of nine temples come under three groups: (a) Three main temples near the water tank; (b) Five temples near the main temples; and (c) One temple known as *Mataji Ka Mandir*, located one km north-east from the main temples.

Four temples are dedicated to Lord Siva, in the form of Siva Linga, Trimurti, Ban-linga, Siva and Parvati. The remaining temples are dedicated to Lord Vishnu, Surya, Ganesh, Mahishasur Mardani and Vaman. All temples are built of stones, chiselled out of the close-grained quartz rock. The stone has eroded with centuries of wind and rain but even today, the sculptured edges are as smooth and sharp, as if it were carved only yesterday.

All temples have a large sanctum, a vestibule, a portico and a half-portico The main temple known as Ghateshwar

A NAYIKA adorns a pillar in the Ghateshwar temple

CARVED PILLARS in front of the Mahishasurmardani Temple

THE TRIMURTI TEMPLE, a view from the rear

(name of Lord Siva) facing east, is 58 feet high with a *shikhar* on the top of the spire. This *shikhar* of medieval style is adorned with carvings particularly with figures of monkeys in various poses. Lord Siva is depicted in all forms, expressions and actions—formally and symbolically.

The temples of Baroli comprise all principal gods and goddesses. The idols of Sapt Matrakas, Brahmi, Maheswari, Vaishnavi, Kumari, Aiendri, Varahi, and Chamundi are excellently carved. In these temples there are 42 and 22 representations of Lord Siva and Lord Vishnu respectively. The idol of Shesh Sayi Vishnu presently housed in the Government Musuem, Kota, is a large piece of sculpture measuring 7" x 41" Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was struck by its architectural beauty, when he visited Kota in 1962.

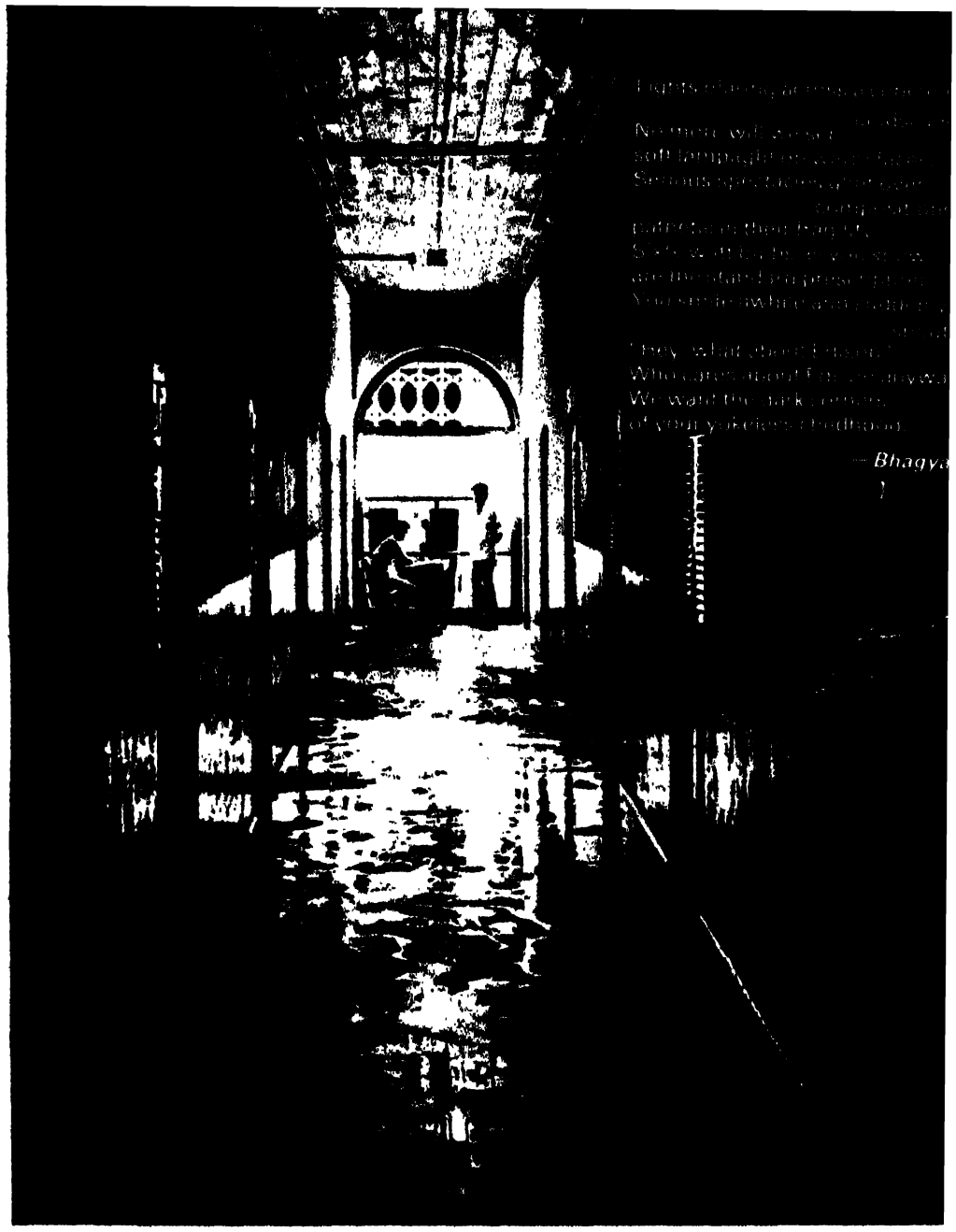
Beyond the main temple is a big portico supported by 18 feet-high decorative pillars. On its doors are images of the rivers Ganga and Jamuna. The great Tandav dance is beautifully depicted on the walls of the temple. *Shringar Chouri*, a 400-feet square structure is also a notable feature.

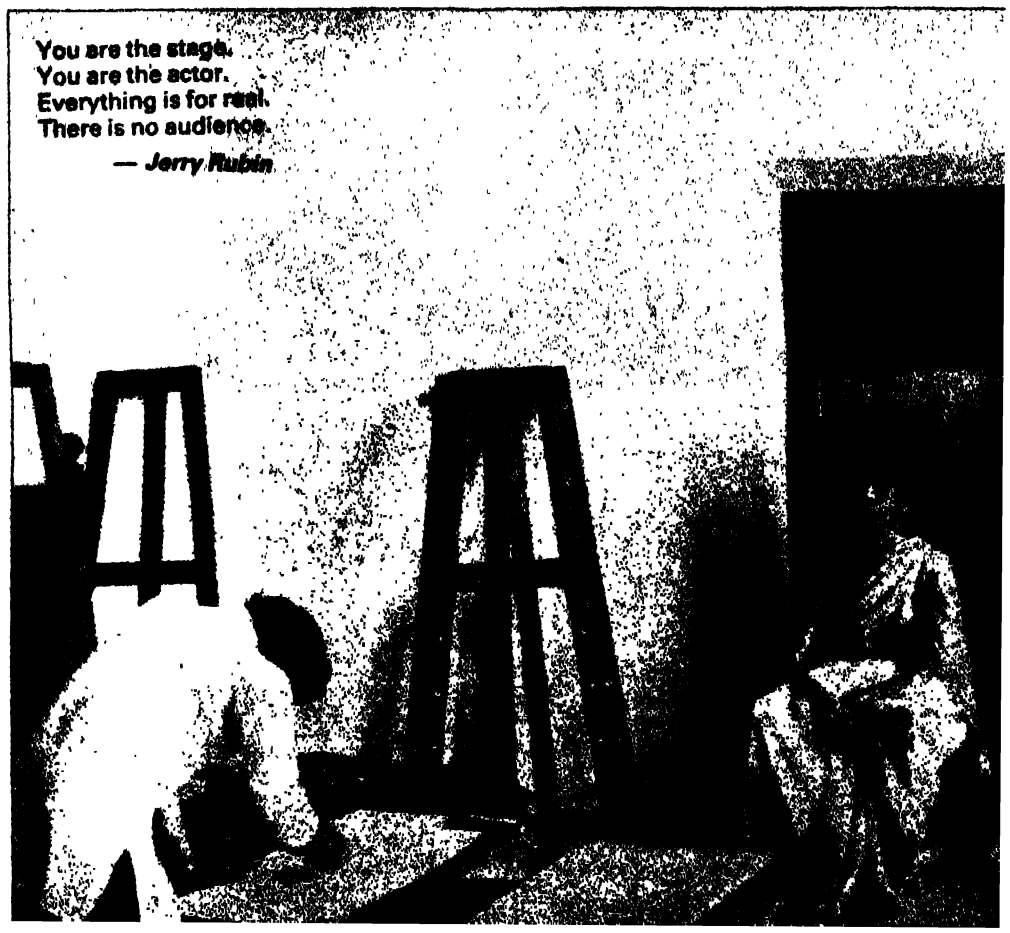
Badly Neglected

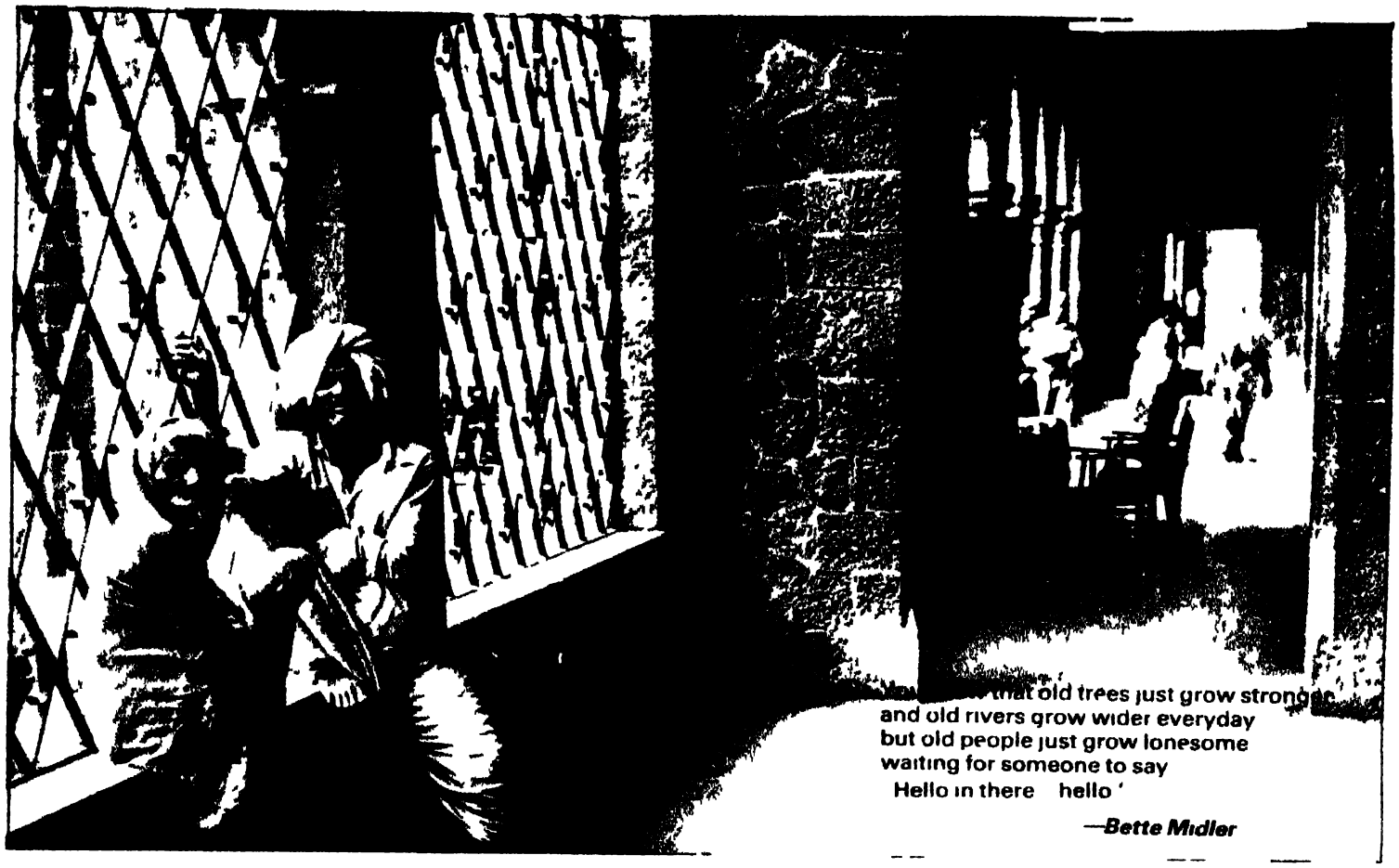
To sum up, Baroli which was glorious in the past is badly neglected at present. The Muslim rulers had damaged the statues extensively. In recent years, according to local residents, a number of statues lying in the temple premises have vanished. The remaining are covered with moss and are apparently uncared for. At present the temple is under the supervision of the Archeological Survey of India There is a lot of concern about the protection of our cultural heritage and promotion of tourism but on the contrary we neglect ancient and rich monuments like Baroli It is desirable that the State Government and the Archeological Survey of India should set up a Joint Committee urgently, to chalk out a plan for protecting the temples of Baroli. ■

Photofeature

The Third Eye Picture-Poems



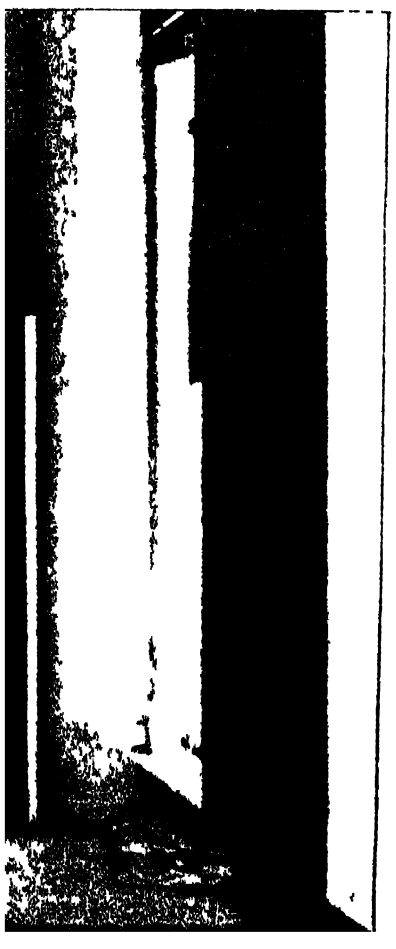




...that old trees just grow stronger
and old rivers grow wider everyday
but old people just grow lonesome
waiting for someone to say
Hello in there hello'

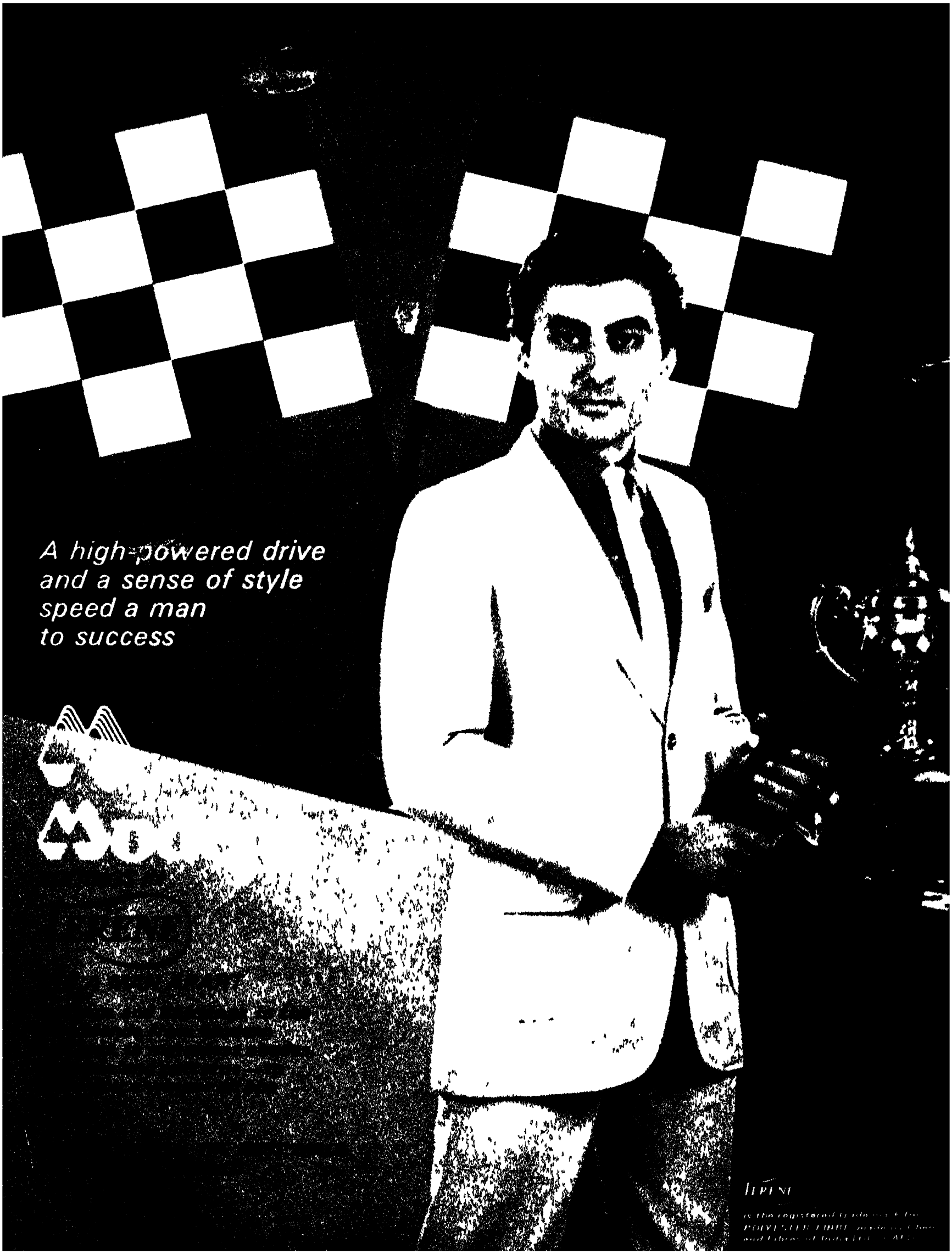
—Bette Midler

Photographs by Rajiv Tiwari



Before one goes through the gate
one may not be aware there is a gate.
One may think there is a gate to go through
and look a long time for it
without finding it.
One may find it and
it may not open.
If it opens one may be through it.
As one goes through it
one sees that the gate one went through
was the self that went through it.
No one went through a gate.
There was no gate through.
No one ever found a gate.
No one ever realised there was never a gate.

— R.D. Laing


A high-powered drive
and a sense of style
speed a man
to success

Early Printing In India

by Nirmalendu Das

THE concept of reduplication or reproduction, which lies at the basis of the technique of printing, has been known in India since ancient times. Both positive and negative seals have been recovered from the great Indus Valley Civilisation. However, the implementation of these ideas did not take place in India; the origin of the art of printing can be traced to China. It was the Chinese who first invented printed books and printed pictures by means of wood blocks and ink.

In Europe, printing with the use of movable types began in the 15th century, although block printing was known much earlier. But the technique of book printing with the help of movable types and a printing press was the real turning point in the history of printing. From the 15th century onwards, printing spread all over Europe, and to make printed books more attractive, publishers added printed pictures. All these printed illustrations and designs were made out of wooden and metal blocks using the technique of engraving and etching. Thus, the history of actual printing starts in Europe. The artists of this period, like Michael Wolgemut, Durer, Hans Baldung Grien, Hans Holbein and Pieter Brueghel took great interest in printing.

The technique of printing evolved in Europe required continuous research in the field. The technique of lithography was invented in 1796 in Europe, the use of photo-sensitive materials started during the 1820s; gravure and rotogravure in the 1890s. In 1904, the American printer Ivo W. Rubel discovered the process of offset. Serigraph started during the 1930s in Great Britain and the United States. With all these new techniques of printing, artists were able to explore their ideas in the field of graphic art.

Jesuit Pioneers

Among the Asian countries only Japan and China played a major role, especially in the field of colour woodcuts and wood engravings. It was on September 6, 1556, that the technique of mechanical printing by means of a printing press came to India for the first time. Of all the foreigners who settled in India, the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries in Goa were the first to think of printed books to promote Christianity. So they imported a wooden printing press and movable types from Lisbon. Soon the missionaries established two presses at the St Paul College and at Rachael (a village) in Goa. From 1556 to 1561, five books were printed in the local Konkani language with the help of movable types.

'VIRAT-SARUP', planograph, Ravi-Udaya-Vijaya Offset Litho, Ghatkopar, Bombay.

'SABITRI-SATYABAN' lithograph (stained in colour), Calcutta Art Studio, Calcutta

João de Bustamante, a Spaniard, who printed the five books, may therefore be considered the pioneer of the art of printing in India. The credit for preparing the first types of an Indian script goes to João Gonsalves, another Spaniard, who accompanied Bustamante to Goa. He was the first to make types of Tamil letters, which led to the first book in an Indian language, *Doutrina Christa*, printed in 1578 at Quilon.

Between 1556 and 1674, more than 25 books were printed in Goa. Most of them were in Roman and Konkani, the latter with Portuguese characters.

Like the European history of printing, the art of engraving illustrations was also developed for printed books in India. Some of the books printed in Goa bear historiated woodcut initials, ornamental woodcut initials and monograms. In 1568, the first illustrated cover page was printed in Goa. The illustration was made out of wooden blocks and followed the "relief" printing process. The credit for the first "intaglio" printing in India goes to the Danish missionary, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg. He published a book called *The Four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles*, printed in Tranquebar during 1714, and this book bears a printed design in brown, made from a metal plate. It marked one of the first illustrations printed in colour in India. During 1716, another book by Ziegenbalg, *Grammatica Damulica*, was printed in Tranquebar. This book is the earliest evidence of "intaglio" printing in India with pictures.

Printing activities started in different parts of India from the middle of the 16th century to the end of the 18th century. In Goa, Quilon and Cochin, printing was under Portuguese missionaries. In Bombay, from 1674 to 1675 it was under the efforts of Bhimjee Parekh. From 1712, printing activities were started in Madras by the Danish missionaries. In Bengal, a printing press was started by the British government during 1778.

→

Boost During British Rule

Printing seriously flourished in India luring the British rule. The 19th century vas a turning point in Indian history because of socio-economic, political and ultural evolution. With the growing demand for education among the merchant class and the middle class, printing developed into an important activity

Just as the Portuguese had started mechanical book printing in India, the British started printed pictures The reproduction of pictures on a single sheet of paper began in India during the last part of the 18th century in cosmopolitan Calcutta.

As the East India Company expanded its activities in the field of politics and commerce, they took special interest in scientific enquiries pertaining to geology, topography, natural history, ethonology, antiquities and the manner and customs of India

To record all these by means of drawings and paintings, amateur and professional foreign artists were attached to the East India Company From 1767 to 1820, more than 60 amateur foreign artists came to India They were of British, French, Dutch, Italian and German descent Apart from the professional artists attached to the East India Company, there were several foreign artists who started drawing and sketching in water colour, pencil and even in oil to record Indian scenes, antiquities, manners and customs. For the first time in India, drawings and paintings began to look realistic

To meet the growing demand for these drawings, the professional foreign artists in India began to publish albums of their original works by means of reproduction in etching, engraving and later on in lithography, which meant a wider circulation. Rodwell and Martin Smith Elder and Co of England printed the albums and sent them back to India William Hodges, a British artist in India, sent his works to England for reproduction in engravings, and his *Selected Views In India* was the first published album of its kind

The credit for publishing an album of 12 original etchings should go to Thomas and William Dannial, two British artists who came to Calcutta in 1786 Between 1786 and 1788, they published William Dannials' *Twelve Views of Calcutta* To publish this album they took the help of Indian artists and technicians whom they trained

Like the Dannials, William Baille and Solvyas also took the help of Indians for their work This was the way Indian artists and craftsmen learned the art of reproduction

Some of the foreign artists started teaching the art of graphics, oil painting, portrait painting, etc, in Calcutta and the technique of graphic art spread fast and wide

Book printing flourished due to the growing demand among the new educated and middle class society of British India To make printed books more attractive, publishers added printed pictures of Indian scenes and subjects Wood and metal blocks were used for such pictures. To fulfil the demand of the graphic market, a new class of artists was engaged for the art of reproduction They were Karmakar by caste, and the technique of engraving was their traditional family business

Graphic Art

Graphic art, especially engraving and etching, flourished in metropolitan Calcutta during the beginning of the 19th century One of the first printed illustrations by an Indian artist is in a book called *Annodamangal*, printed by Ferris and Co of Calcutta in 1816, the engravings on metal plates were done by Ramchand Roy.

During this period several books were published with printed illustrations done by Indians like Kashinath Mistri, Harihar Bondhopadhyay, Bishamvar Acherjee, Madhav Das, Birchandra Dutta, Rupchand Acherjee, Ramdhon Sarnakar, Ramsagar Chakravorty, Panchanan Karmakar, Manohar Mistry and others

The reproduction of a picture by means of lithography was started for the first time in Calcutta in 1822. During the 1830s, lithography became popular among the publishers of India due to its economy and easy facilities. Lithography spread all over India after 1840, especially upper and central India

The credit for publishing a picture album in lithography should go to Charles D Orly who started his private litho press named Bihar Lithography near Patna during the 1820s and published his album, *The Bihar Lithography Scrap Book*, between 1928-30

Artist John Grantz established his lithography press in Madras Presidency during the 1830s from where he published *Views of Madras* and pictures of Indian customs

From 1870, there were several private lithography presses well known for the reproduction of pictures by Indian artists Mention must be made of the Calcutta Art Studio, the Dinna Printing Press, the Imperial Art Cottage, the Kansaripara Art Studio, the Chorbagan Art Studio, the Bharat Chitrasala and the Chitra Silpi Company. In Dhaka, the Bengal Art Studio and the Kanak Kohinur Factory were famous, in the Bombay Presidency, the Raja Ravi Varma Press and the Ravi Udya Press; the Bolton Fine Arts Litho-works, the Chitrasala Press, the Deccan Printing Works and the Poona Litho Works in Pune and the Chitrasala Press in Kanpur

The reproduction of black and white pictures and even colour ones, from these presses soon created a special market in India. They began to publish on a variety of subjects, from mythology to science and from fiction to text books These lithographic pictures were popular among the middle and lower classes of urban and rural India

Graphic art was introduced as a subject in art schools around the country from the middle of the 19th century, especially in the Madras Government Art School, the J.J. School of Arts, Bombay, and the Calcutta Art School

Reproductions by means of the modern technique of half-tone blocks began in India during the second quarter of the 20th century

Printing as a creative medium began in Santiniketan in Calcutta during the 1920s The credit should go to Mukul Chandra Dey, the father of printing in India In 1922, the members of the Oriental Art Society organised an exhibition of the works of German expressionists More than 55 original graphics were displayed in the exhibition which brought contemporary Indian artists in contact with original creative printing for the first time. ■

It's A Stick-Up

by David Gunston

WOMEN in America have taken to wearing strips of it on their foreheads whilst doing their housework, believing that it prevents them frowning, and so stops wrinkles forming.

This is just the latest of the 1,000 or so known uses of the stuff, of which the world now uses many millions of miles every year Transparent sticky cellulose tape.

It has been around, incredibly, for over 50 years now. But we all take it so much for granted, accepting it as just another modern scientific aid to easier living, that we give no thought at all to its origins

Worse still, we pay no tribute at all to its American inventor, Richard G. Drew, who incidentally had hardly any of its present manifold uses in mind when he devised it. So here, for the record, is the cellulose tape story It is a tale of perseverance as well as of vision.

In 1921, Drew, fresh from college, was a young dance-band banjoist. He had some engineering training, and to his surprise was accepted from 15 applicants when he answered a newspaper advertisement inserted by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, of St Paul, USA, who wanted a second research laboratory assistant.

The firm then made sandpaper, and one of Drew's first tasks was to try out experimental batches of new kinds in local motor re-spray workshops In those days, the two-tone car was just coming in, and everyone wanted one, but the paint-prayers had no really satisfactory way of masking one half of each car as they sprayed the rest. They often made their own glue and gummed paper and tapes with it.

None of these tricks really worked, and some adhesives tore away the paint when the masking strips were removed.

Drew was impressed, and one day promised an irate paintman that he would make him a better tape, and with the sublime confidence of youth set about to do just that.

"This looks like flypaper," said the man when Drew turned up soon after with some wrapping paper strips coated with sticky vegetable oils. Together they tried it out on a big blue car. It worked fine—but still ripped off a blister of paint when removed.

The young inventor went back to his drawing-board undeterred, spending six months trying linseed oil, naphthas, resins and chicle gum without much success. Finally he modified ordinary cabinet-maker's glue, keeping it sticky with glycerine.

This mixture did the trick, but the next problem was how to keep the tape in a roll without it sticking to itself. Drew solved this—or so he thought—by inserting butter muslin between each layer.

With a masking tape two inches wide, this made a cumbersome roll, but it stuck well to the car bodies and peeled off satisfactorily after use. At first, the company applied only half-an-inch of adhesive to each edge of the tape, but when the workshop men commented, "Why be so Scotch with the glue?", they coated the whole surface—and exploited the complaint by christening their product "Scotch tape."

Unfortunately, further snags were to hit them and their keen young inventor. The muslin lining proved too bothersome, and when the masked car bodies were baked to set the cellulose enamel, the tape often melted.

After 18 months of fruitless work, the whole idea was shelved—and Drew went back to studying sandpaper

But he did not forget his brainchild, and soon was testing out a new plastic base for the transparent tape—and a new glue. A few months later he found what he wanted. It was now 1928.

One last snag remained to be ironed out. A way had to be found to roll up the tape into handy form without letting the glue stick to the reverse or uncoated side of the tape when it was rolled.

Drew took two more years to solve this final problem. In 1930 he triumphantly produced a tape coated on one side with the sticky adhesive and on the other—with nothing. For by using a special form of cellophane he had found that the glue stayed on one side and never came off on to the other.

Since then, of course, the all-so simple tape in one or other of its myriad forms—plain, coloured or fancy—has become part of life the world over. So next time you use some spare a thought for Dick Drew, the nicest man ever to say, "It's a stick up!" ■

Health

The Yellow Baby Syndrome

by Dhirendra Kumar Dixit

KHUSHNOOR, a 25-year-old Rh-negative Parsi woman was pregnant. A routine test revealed that the baby she was carrying was Rh-positive Her obstetric history showed that she had undergone two abortions before marriage. She delivered a baby that was severely jaundiced and anaemic. But for the timely medical help she received, the baby would have died soon after birth.

Salma, a 35-year-old Dawoodi Bohra woman, recently delivered a "yellow baby" with marked jaundice in a Bombay hospital. The new-born did not survive for long. The reason: Rh-factor. Her blood group was Rh-negative and her husband's Rh-positive. Earlier, she had lost some blood in an operation and was given transfusions of Rh-positive blood

How many Khushnoors and Salmas might be carrying potentially yellow babies is anybody's guess. "Though only five to eight per cent of the Indian population is Rh-negative, early detection of this vital factor in the mothers' blood can save the lives of thousands of children," says Dr Nirmala Mokadam, a leading obstetrician and gynaecologist of Nagpur. "Medical research has developed successfully pre-natal and post-natal treatment that can avoid complications like anaemia and jaundice."

The Rhesus Factor

What is this Rh-factor which could mean life or death for the child? In 1939, Levine and Stetson discovered a hitherto unknown anti-body in the serum of a woman, following a stillbirth. In 1940, Landsteiner and Wiener reported the discovery of Rh-antigen in human red blood corpuscles. This complex antigen was given the name Rh because of its discovery in the Rhesus monkeys. The majority of men and women are Rh-positive while some who lack this Rh-antigen are called Rh-negative.

If the pregnant woman is Rh-positive, no further investigation is usually necessary. But if she is Rh-negative and her husband is Rh-positive, there is some cause for concern. The woman has got to be tested for Rh-sensitisation or presence of Rh antibodies.

In a normal pregnancy, the placenta separates the circulations of the mother and the baby. In the last lap of her pregnancy and particularly during labour, "leaks" develop in the placenta and some of the baby's blood escapes into the mother's blood-stream. To an Rh-negative woman carrying the Rh-positive child, such red blood cells, containing Rh-antigen, are 'foreign invaders'. She, therefore, reacts to them by producing antibodies against them. These antibodies in subsequent pregancies, can cross via the placenta and destroy the red blood cells of the Rh-positive baby resulting in severe anaemia and/or jaundice in the baby.

The disease occurs in about 0.5 per cent of all pregancies and its frequency is often overestimated. The foetal mortality is almost 25 per cent and in addition about five per cent of surviving infants show evidence of permanent cerebral damage. On an average, out of, 100 married women, 17 will be Rh-negative and 14 will have Rh-positive husbands. The Rh-positive husbands can be subdivided into eight heterozygous (possessing only one gene manufacturing Rh antigen) and six homozygous (possessing two genes that manufacture the Rh antigen). All the offspring of the homozygous men and half the children of the heterozygous men will be Rh-positive.

No anti-Rh antibodies are found in an Rh-negative woman unless she has had a blood transfusion or an intra-muscular injection of Rh-positive cells or a pregnancy with an Rh-positive child. A blood transfusion of Rh-positive cells given to an Rh-negative will cause no reaction at the time, but it may stimulate the production of antibodies and the patient is thereby sensitised. In practice, it is found that about 50 per cent of patients become sensitised which may be severe or even fatal.

Less Powerful Stimulus

Pregnancy is a less powerful stimulus to antibody production. At least two pregnancies are needed in the majority of cases before antibodies make their appearance. In contrast, transfusion of even 10 ml (millilitre) of Rh-positive blood to an Rh-negative woman may lead to dangerously high levels of antibodies, even in her first pregnancy. The breakdown of red-blood corpuscles by the Rh-antibodies causes an increase in bilirubin which becomes evident as jaundice when the baby is born.

Today this problem of Rh-sensitisation can be almost totally avoided by giving the mother an injection of Rh vaccine (anti-Rh-immunoglobulin) soon after the delivery (within 72 hours) of a Rh-positive baby. The mother should be given the vaccine every time she gives birth to an Rh-positive baby. The cost of the Rh-vaccine is about Rs 400. The Rh vaccine consists of antibodies which destroy the baby's trespassing red blood cells. Thus there won't be any "foreign" cells for the mother to react to and subsequent delivery would be safe. It is also important to do blood grouping of all women seeking MTP (medical termination of pregnancy), so that this injection is given to all Rh-negative women after their abortions.

No Rh-negative woman should ever receive Rh-positive blood for any reason. Both doctor and patient must insist on Rh-typing of donor and recipient before any blood transfusion is given.

If an Rh-negative woman has not been protected previously by vaccine, frequent monitoring of the antibody-level in the mother's blood while the baby is still in the womb is a must. If towards the end of the pregnancy this level is found to be rising to dangerous concentrations the birth of the baby is sometimes brought on artificially by Caesarean delivery to spare it further exposure to the mother's antibody. The moment the baby is born, laboratory tests help to determine the severity of the disease and the need for an exchange transfusion which involves taking out most of the baby's Rh positive blood, together with most of the material antibodies in the baby's plasma and replacing these by fresh Rh negative blood (just like the mother's) from a suitable donor. A valuable technique is amniocentesis where the amniotic fluid surrounding the unborn baby is tested at intervals during pregnancy by putting a needle through the abdominal wall. Amniocentesis helps to decide whether to bring on the baby's birth prematurely or to let the pregnancy continue up to the full term. It also makes possible, in the case of very severely affected babies (these can't surive long after birth or can die while still in the womb) the dramatic and sophisticated intra-uterine transfusion ie blood transfusion through the mother's womb, long before the baby is born.

Misconceptions

In India, only one out of about 30 deliveries by Rh-negative women is likely to be jaundiced and/or anaemic. And yet, misconception and ignorance about "yellow babies" reigns supreme even in the minds of educated people. Many seem to think that an Rh-negative girl as a prospective bride is an unadulterated evil, that she will give birth to imbeciles and idiots. Even Rh-negative men insist on marrying only Rh-positive women, little realising that an Rh-negative woman marrying an Rh-negative man hardly poses the problem of Rh incompatibility. Thanks to such baseless prejudices, many Rh-negative marriageable girls try to conceal the fact lest they miss the marital bus.

It is amazing and deplorable that even in major Indian cities like Bombay, Rh testing of pregnant women is seldom advised or carried out. Women undergoing MTP hardly have the Rh testing done. And one never knows how many women with repeated abortions and miscarriages have already formed Rh antibodies. The risk increases with each subsequent pregnancy thus making the poor (who lose many babies and prolifically procreate) more vulnerable.

In the ultimate analysis, there is a strong case for screening or typing of blood groups of the boy and girl before marriage. It is ironical that while in the West they match the blood groups before marriage, here in India we match horoscopes! ■

Cures That Endure

Bleeding— Out, out, damned spot!

THE sight of blood is hardly bearable, and almost never pleasant for the normal person. Usually a little bleeding will occur in the course of daily chores those minor cuts, scratches and bruises can hardly be avoided And minor bleeding will stop within minutes, generally on its own accord; but if there is any fear on the sight of blood, it is wise to apply a pad or dressing on the point

But the more serious kinds of bleeding occur in the case of victims suffering from *haemoptysis, haematuria, haematoma,* and *haemophilia.*

Spitting blood or coughing up blood-stained sputum from the lungs or bronchial tubes, known as *haemptysis* is often caused by a host of lung diseases from tuberculosis to pneumonia, and sometimes from scurvy Whatever the reason, a doctor should be consulted as soon as possible as the diagnosis for haemoptysis has sometimes revealed even aneurysm and mitral disease of the heart!

Haematuria is the medical term given to the presence of blood in the urine, and can often be missed because there are only a few blood cells giving the urine a light pink colour and the victim may be completely unaware that he is actually suffering from an inflammation of the kidney or the bladder, which cannot be treated without correct medical supervision.

Haematoma is the result of a severe injury or a bruise and results in a clotted lump of blood in the tissues. The most common ones are the ones received at brawls, on the nasal septum. A far more serious one can be the result of a major accident, where there is a *haematoma* in the skull.

An inherited disorder, and fortunately a fairly rare occurence is *haemophilia* a congenital disorder, heriditary in nature, that makes the blood clot very slowly, so that the victim suffers prolonged loss of blood unless he receives prompt and effective treatment. The deficiency of AHF, the anti-haemphilic factor in the blood plasma causes this abnormality Cures are few, and medical attention and transfusions of fresh plasma are needed for even minor injuries and certainly for teeth extractions Currently AHF concentrates have been developed which help during surgery for haemophiliacs.

Generally, in an emergency, it is always best to make the victim suffering from severe bleeding, lie absolutely still while an ambulance is summoned If you find that the bleeding is profuse, and the arm or leg, (where the wound is,) is not fractured, then it is best to raise the limb above the level of the rest of the torso Dry, and as far as possible, sterile dressings should be pressed on the wound, and as the dressings get sooked, more and more should be added on top *without removing the soaked ones.* In the case of internal bleeding, the best thing to do is to keep the patient quiet and still. You must seek medical help immediately And remember, all tight clothing should be loosened. The golden rule here, is much the same as in other crisis situations... keep your cool.

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

Loves To Offend

says Shashi Tharoor

V.S. NAIPAUL has an uncanny penchant for causing offence His incisive, bestselling dissections of Indian society in *An Area of Darkness* and *India A Wounded Civilization* aroused the ire of intellectuals and editorialists across the country. *Among the Believers* seeks to do for Islam what his earlier books did to India, and it has not won Naipaul many Muslim friends

Naipaul's latest work is sub-titled "an Islamic journey," which it is not: it is the account of a journey through four countries where Islam is in the ascendant Naipaul's musings as he wanders selectively through Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia and Indonesia make his book part-sociology, part-travelogue Once again we see the classic "Naipaul formula" perfected by V S. and his brother Shiva—a mix of subjective reporting, personal reflection, poetic description and audacious opinion, interspersed with extracts from one or two specific works of literature from which wide-ranging and generalised conclusions are drawn As a technique it is open to charges of superficiality and bias, but it does make for riveting reading

The central thesis of *Among The Believers*, if one can be found in the 430 pages of the author's diffuse and rambling prose, is the inadequacy of Islam as a response to the modern human predicament Naipaul makes his point by juxtaposing Islamic civilisation with Western culture, and finding the former wanting. Islam to him is fundamentally sterile. Even its recent revival has not come from within.

"It has come from outside events and circumstances, the spread of universal civilisation It was the late twentieth century that had made Islam revolutionary, given new meaning to old Islamic ideas of equality and union, shaken up static or retarded societies It was the late 20th century — and not the faith — that could supply the answers, in institutions, legislation, economic systems"

Islam's Failure

To Naipaul, Islam fails in not addressing itself to the challenge of the modern world "No religion is more worldly than Islam," says the author, but Islam today is in the grip of a fundamentalism which has strayed far from practical problems and has nothing new to offer. Where modern Islamic thinkers like the Indian poet-philosopher Iqbal had seen Islam as a reaction to the barrenness of Arabian imperialism, Naipaul argues, his successors in Pakistan and Iran are turning for inspiration to an Arabia that is itself devoid of creative vigour

From this contentious podium, Naipaul declaims his philippics against societies where Islam has entered the ruling ethos. In Malaysia, he says, Islam is a "weapon" for the Malays,"It is their way of getting even with the world It serves their grief, their feeling of inadequacy, their social rage and racial hate." In Indonesia, too, "Islam sanctified rage — rage about the faith, political rage: one could be like the other." So much for the author's originality of vision and of vocabulary. He goes further.

In Indonesia, he says, it is "injustice at home" that drives the masses to "uncritical journeys to the lands of the achieved faith": Communism before 1965, Islam today. To anyone familiar with the complexity and accommodation that characterise both faith and ideology in Indonesia, the real injustice is the author's sweeping judgement Indonesia has not rejected its own civilisation for Islamic dogma, as the author believes; rather, it has embraced Islam and made it a part of Indonesian civilisation.

Naipaul is at his most scathing on what he sees as the hypocrisy of Islam's denunciations of the West "The West, or the universal civilisation it leads," he declares, "is emotionally rejected. It undermines, it threatens. But at the same time it is needed, for its machines, goods, medicines, warplanes, the remittances from the emigrants "and of course its hospitals and universities. Thus in Iran, those who most praise Islam seek to escape from it and seek educational and professional opportunities abroad. A Pakistani Maulana dies in Boston; having fought for an Islamic society in his own country, Naipaul comments, "he had at the very end entrusted himself to the skill and science of the civilisation he had tried to shield his followers from."

Rejection is not, the author concedes, absolute rejection "All the rejection of the West is contained within the assumption that there will always exist out there a living, creative civilisation, oddly neutral, open to all to appeal to." This assumption makes Islamic communities cease to strive, because they can fulfil their material needs elsewhere "parasitism is one of the unacknowledged fruits of fundamentalism." The obvious rejoinder, of course, is that the world's poor societies will always need to call on the help of the more affluent ones the fact that some of the poor nations are Islamic and most of the affluent ones are Western is essentially irrelevant.

But Naipaul prefers to overlook this. He is sarcastic about Pakistani emigrants being shipped to West Berlin "to claim the political asylum meant for the people of East Germany," as if their being Muslim somehow weakened their claim to refugee status To Naipaul, the only freedom Pakistanis seek is the freedom to leave their country. But even if one were to accept this gross distortion as valid, it still does not follow that this reflects a failure of Islam rather than the tragedy of a country whose main political institutions have been, in the classic phrase, the coup and the mob.

Such misapplied criticisms are Naipaul's major problem he does not sufficiently distinguish between a general critique of Islam and the particular limitations of the countries he is visiting A drive on a Pakistani highway leads him to make the typically mock-profound observation that "the buses and trucks had no lights at the back, because there was no point in lighting up where you had been." In fact the buses and trucks had no lights because they were in a state of disrepair — which is a function of underdevelopment, not of Islam.

The same problem benights Naipaul's highly readable, intensely personal—portrait of Iran in chaos. Most of it is from the perspective of the author's relationship with a young communist, Behzad, hardly the most representative spokesman for Islamic Iran. There are passages of great descriptive flair, and Naipaul's effortless prose is evocative, even moving, but the section is most emphatically not a definitive study of the impact of Islam on Iran It is evident that the chaos the nuthor depicts is not caused by Islam *per se* but the fact of a revolution in process. The final shape of a society cannot be judged by the attempts to establish it; the civilisation of Republican France cannot be evaluated solely in terms of Danton and Robespierre.

Nor must Naipaul be evaluated solely in terms of these criticisms. *Among the Believers* is, for all that, a well-written, even enjoyable book. The arguments, however contentious they may be, are ably marshalled, and there is no denying the author's intuitive perceptions and flashes of genuine insight. V.S. Naipaul is among the major writers of our time and what he has to say is said with passionate conviction. Disagreement with what he writes does not make reading him any less a pleasure.

He is, however, ill served by his own contempt for his subject and by the sloppy editing that so often bedevils the work of established authors Ideas and arguments are repeated throughout the text; so are events and impressions. The arrest of a Pakistani journalist and his appearance in court in chains is mentioned three times, on each occasion as if it is a new piece of information. And there are trivial little errors which cause one to doubt the overall accuracy of the author's research. The proscribed Indonesian poet, Pramoedaya Ananta Toer, is called Pramoedra; a speech by the poet Iqbal in 1930 about his vision of "Pakistan" is cited in ignorance of the fact that Iqbal was, at that point, speaking not of an Islamic state but of a Muslim-majority entity within a federal Indian Union. These are all minor irritants, but they inevitably affect one's reactions to the book. ■

"AMONG THE BELIEVERS: An Islamic Journey" by V.S. Naipaul; Alfred Knopf; $15

BOOK REVIEW

Black Is Bountiful

reviewed by Dr G.S. Monga And V.J. Sanctus

DR Kabra's book on the black economy is a result of painstaking research and discussion at various levels. It deals with a number of conceptual and analytical aspects of a phenomenon which has overtaken the entire political economy of the country and explores a number of policy issues. Euclid-like he begins and progresses into the woods of the black money sector and reveals some of its unlimited variety. Beyond that there is disappointment and a lot of meande ing because the woods are dark and dee and the obstacles are many in the way progress. That is not the fault of th author who should be complimented f making a serious attempt to present comprehensive book on the involved sul ject of black money. Others who w attempt to deal with the subject may b able to go a little further in the prese environment. The author goes to gre lengths in explainjng and elaboratin certain aspects of the subject So th parts of the book appear to be repetitiv and often like an academic text .

The book claims to be an eye-open but seems to blink at times. The soci politico-economic tensions which lead and sustain the black money drama, th dynamics and their interaction as well alien influences are not clearly presente The exposition of the positive influenc if any of the black sector seems to ha been ignored for a pioneering venture exposure of both sides is necessary. Sin the incidence of black money is in almo every sector, the author has chosen hold it responsible for almost every co ceivable problem. True, black econon may be guilty, but condemnation alor does not establish the crime. An uncha lengeable proof must accompany th complaint. Dr Kabra has dispensed wi all efforts at quantitative estimation black money "with its very grey comp nents." Let us hope that does not lead the dissolution of all statistics collectir efforts in the Indian economy.

Regarding government intervention, Kabra has beautifully portrayed that "t 'disease' has afflicted the "physician Ironically in the latter sections, chooses to ignore all the past Himalayc "plunders" and places renewed faith in th very same machinery and remedie Some original points need to be include in his miscellany of measures.

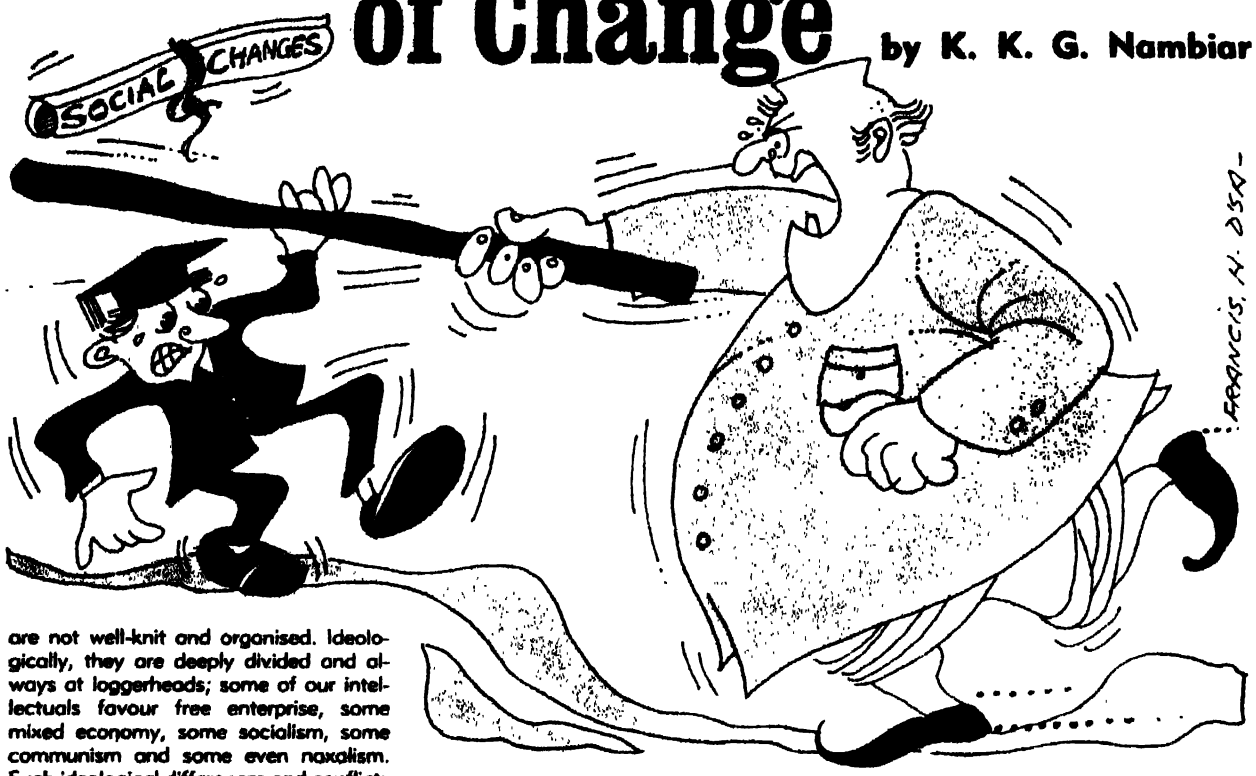
The bibliography in the book is remar ably comprehensive and covers not on the numerous articles published in th country for the last two decades and ov but also gives a list of public documen and government reports pertaining to th subject. The notes at the end of eac chapter are quite exhaustive.

Dr Kabra certainly deserves kudos f his venture. Although such efforts eve tually bring us back to square one in th existing climate, they have a directi value: much more work remains to l done. Frustrations are inevitable but th must happen when an irresistable for like the love of the lucre is managed wi the help of more love and affection.

"THE BLACK ECONOMY IN INDI Problems and Policies" by Dr K.N. Ka re; Chanakya Rs 80.

Intellectuals As Agents of Change

by K. K. G. Nambiar



IT is no secret that the Government of the day in India is not favourably disposed towards intellectuals. Criticism, dissent and independent thought, some of the basic traits of intellectuals, are not relished by the powers that be. Under the circumstances, the exhortation of Mr Vasant Sathe, when he was I & B Minister, to intellectuals to find ways to change the present economic order had come as a pleasant surprise. The existing order, Mr Sathe said, "... centred around social and economic inequalities and intellectuals should act as agents of change".

The world is familiar with the fame and glory of Indian intellectuals. Perhaps, India had the largest roll of intellectuals as saints, religious founders, thinkers, poets, scientists, scholars, legists and so on. They exerted influence upon millions and reshaped, in one way or the other, the mind and behaviour of the latter. They also transformed cultures and social institutions. It was India which had hit upon the brilliant idea of a place-value system for numerals. "In contrast to the clumsy Greek and Roman methods of counting." Zero, the most valuable of all numerals, is one of the "subtle gifts" of India to mankind and algebra had its origin in India. Similarly, the science of music was "systematised" in India before it could be called a science elsewhere.

Food For Thought

The influence of intellectual-saints like Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo was wider and deeper; the rise of Rabindranath Tagore to universal fame was another cause of India's "figuring more prominently in the intellectual horizon of humanity." Radhakrishnan, by his brilliant exposition of India's religious and cultural ideals, stirred the mind of modern men. C.V. Raman was made a Noble Laureate for his contributions to Physics and an Indian name is now associated with Einstein's Theory of Relativity. One of the notable figures in the realm of astronomy is an Indian, S. Chandrasekhar. The contribution of Indian intellectuals, even in recent times; to the evolution of a new cultural; religious and scientific order was, therefore, unique both in its magnitude and durability.

But the task before the present day intellectuals is to bring about a new socio-economic order. One-third of India's population continues to live under sub-human conditions. This should stir the conscience of our intellectuals. The true functions of the intellectually trained in any community is to assert the primacy of humtin and intellectuals values.

What has been the role and contribution of our intellectuals in seeking a solution to some of the most explosive socio-economic problems, particularly in freeing India from its degrading poverty? While some of our intellectuals wrote long treatises and held seminars and workshops on India's poverty, they hardly ever identified themselves as agents of change. Neither the disappointing results of our five-year plans nor the reckless distortion of priorities of development have persuaded them to formulate a development strategy of their own. This is no easy task, of course. But such an attempt was never thought of even to demonstrate the ire and impatience of our intellectuals with the present leisurely attitude towards some of the urgent problems of the country. Consequently soft options continue to rule the roast amid squalor and misery.

Basically, this could be ascribed to the fact that as a class, intellectuals in India are not well-knit and organised. Ideologically, they are deeply divided and always at loggerheads; some of our intellectuals favour free enterprise, some mixed economy, some socialism, some communism and some even naxalism. Such ideological differences and conflicts are inevitable, of course. But they have given birth to mutual distrust and hostility.

True, the concentration of our intellectuals in the metropolitan centres and the enormous size of the country inevitably limits the extent to which intellectuals can acquaint themselves with one another. But there has been no effort to bring together intellectuals belonging to different disciplines and commit them firmly and sincerely, to a programme, the main thrust of which will be to ensure the masses of at least their bare physical requirements. While a section of our intellectuals sheltered themselves in high positions and the accompanying comforts and lacked a concern for social equality, the lifestyle of our socialist and communist intellectuals is often at variance with their professed ideologies. Intellectuals in politics today, if any at all, have proved to be sycophants and have not hesitated to indulge in questionable practices to ensconce themselves in their positions of petty authority. Different categories of our intellectuals—scholars, philosophers, professors, economists, authors, editors, journalists, jurists, lawyers or artists—have all shown a marked preoccupation with their own narrow self interests.

In any society, men and women in the teaching profession are well respected. By conducting themselves with discipline, dignity and rising above pettiness they could have endeavoured to bring about healthy changes in social attitudes Instead, even the very integrity of our teaching profession has come under a cloud. Recently, one of our senior academicians observed that if 48 per cent of India's population lives below the poverty line in material terms, 95 per cent of our academic community is living below the poverty line in academic terms!

Barring some exceptions, editors and journalists in India do not display a concern for intellectual freedom and also intellectual integrity. Some of them are notorious for sycophancy. The preoccupation of our newspapers with ministerial utterances is nauseating. Sufferings and hardships of the people are not systematically focussed and discussed in our newspapers. This is due mainly to the fear that free and unfettered discussions on the failures and lapses of the government would earn them its wrath. The press, among other things, is supposed to uphold human values and act as a messanger of all shades of opinion. If it does not play its role correctly, the authorities become complacent with the result policies and programmes that widen the socio-economic disparities escape critical scrutiny.

Reluctance among our writers and authors to comment impartially and boldly on the true state of affairs of the nation is clearly evident. Could it be that they are now increasingly looking upon the State for grants and aids for organising Sahitya Sammelans and for setting up their forums and clubs? The recently held Sahitya Sammelan of Marathi writers publicly thanked the State's Chief Minister for his government's donation of Rs 50,000 to the Sammelan. Can such intellectuals be trusted not to compromise their values and principles and shut their eyes to humbugs and hypocracies of the ruling class?

As intellectuals, economists were expected to play a big role in the quick realisation of social objectives of planning. But in recent years, the prestige of the economists' profession has declined to such an extent that a senior economist was at pains to point out that the deliberations of the economists at an All-India Economic Conference did not receive even a passing reference in the national press! "The main interest of the vast majority of delegates attending the conference was the election of the office-bearers of the Economic Association and membership of the executive which brings monetary benefits to the incumbents," he lamented.

It could be denied that intellectuals are also part of the some society in which values, feelings of fellowship and compassion are witnessing a progressive decline. As Tagore said: "In everyday life our personality moves in a narrow circle of immediate self interest And, therefore, our feelings which are events within the short range become prominent subjects for ourselves " When material advancement becomes the sole urge of individuals, particularly intellectuals, society loses its lustre.

What needs to be realised is that it is only when the government is prepared to involve intellectuals uctively in the process of decision-making and execution of development plans can they serve effectively as agents of change. But the attitude of the Government towards intellectuals is one of frustrating indifference. Asked Mr N.A. Palkhivala, one of India's foremost intellectuals: "Can you imagine our central and state governments asking any one with vision in this country as to what is required to be done? They have the monopoly of all wisdom and the net result is that no one is consulted."

Those members of the government like Mr Sathe who want intellectuals to work for a new socio-economic order should see to it that intellectuals get enough opportunities to participate in the process of decision making and policy formulation. The talk of "committed judiciary" and "committed bureaucracy" is nothing but an attempt to scare away intellectuals and also to deny them their rightful place in society.

The Government should concede that it is the inalienable right of intellectuals to criticise, whether to move back to traditional values or forward towards the achievement of the equalitarian dream. In doing so, intellectuals "help to mantain the conflicts which is the lifeblood of the democratic system." But this has not been acknowledged in this country by the powers that be. How then can our intellectuals function as agents of change? ■

Kapil Dev's taking over from Sunil Gavaskar is part of a pattern by which the India captaincy has traditionally been a game of musical chairs.

New Captains For Old

Kapil Dev

—Amitya Tarafder

by Raju Bharatan

REMEMBER our troubled 1936 tour of England on which all that Baqa Jilani had to do to be assured of a place in the India eleven was to go and hurl, in full view of the other players, the famous five-letter Hindi swear-word at C.K. Nayudu? That was also the tour on which Vijay Merchant took the extraordinary step of urging Skipper Vizzy to step down from the India captaincy in favour of C.K. Nayudu "in the interests of the team".

As far is known, no member of the current India team went up to Sunil Gavaskar to make a similar request. But Gavaskar himself certainly anticipated events when, following the Rest Day of the Final Karachi Test, he stayed back and let Kapil Dev lead the team. Sunil returned after lunch to resume charge only so that he may qualify to open the India second innings in quest of his 27th Test hundred.

The charge has been made that, on the Pak tour, Gavaskar was interested in himself rather than in the team. The charge may or may not be valid, but the moment any such *feeling* crept in, it was imperative that Sunil made room for someone else at the helm.

Kapil Dev has since assumed command and needs all the support he can get. In other words, Kapil's appointment can no longer be a matter of either debate or dissent. For Gavaskar's claim to primacy had rested on the 2-0 win he fashioned against Pakistan in 1979-80 on the strength of splendid teamwork. Once he ceased to promote *that* kind of teamwork, he became a sitting target. After all, Bishen Singh Bedi had paid the supreme penalty for a 0-2 reverse in which India caved in only after giving Mushtaq's Pakistan *some* kind of a fight.

The truth, of course, is that Gavaskar was having massive batting problems on the Pak tour: he was playing, *and* missing, much more often than before. If sufficient attention was not focused on this aspect of his cricket, it was only because our other batsmen in Pakistan, bar Mohinder Amarnath, shaped much worse. In the circumstances, it was best that Gavaskar was left to resolve his technical problems sans the burden of leadership since, in Pakistan, it had become obvious that his batting worries had begun to tell on his captaincy.

Snakes And Ladders

The surprising development, therefore, is not that Gavaskar ultimately made way for Kapil Dev—it is that, every time this kind of thing happens, cricket buffs are caught on the wrong foot. After all, have things ever been different in Indian Cricket? Right from the time the princes held sway, the India captaincy has been a game of musical chairs. Except for Tiger Pataudi, no one has held charge for any sustained length of time.

The captaincy acrimony, in fact, begins with a Pataudi—with the appointment of Pataudi (Sr) as India captain, over the head of Vijay Merchant, for the 1946 tour of England (*a la* Vizzy over the head of C.K. Nayudu in 1936). How can anyone who saw it forget the whole Brabourne Stadium shouting *Bowled*... in a crescendo as Pataudi Sr took his belated stance at the wicket in a Zone match on the eve of the 1946 England tour! Fortunately, Vijay Merchant on that England tour proceeded to offer Pataudi Sr his unstinted cooperation and everything went smoothly. The tour saw Vijay Merchant emerge as India's most complete batsman—an opener fit to rank, as a technician, on a par with England's Len Hutton.

It was, therefore, inevitable that, when the tour of Australia came along in 1947-48, Vijay Merchant should take over from Pataudi Sr. However, groin trouble prevented Merchant from making that crucial tour on which he would have had the opportunity to test his technique against the lightning pace of Lindwall and Miller. The mantle of leadership fell, in the circumstances, on Lala Amarnath who, in the process, revealed himself to be perhaps India's finest captain of all time. However, the Lala was up against the might of Don Bradman & Co and his own batting, aristocratic in the *lesser* matches, somehow could not look up in the Tests.

The Crunch

Still, when it came to the question of who was to lead India against John Goddard's West Indies at home in 1948-49, there was no real challenger to Lala Amarnath, since Vijay Merchant was still unavailable. The crunch, therefore, really came only when the time came to select a captain for the home series against Nigel Howard's England in 1951-52. Lala Amarnath was the man in command when India had last played an *official* Test—in February 1949—but now Vijay Merchant, as the man who was to have been our captain on the 1947-48 tour of Australia, was back in the reckoning.

In the prospective tussle between two giants, Lala Amarnath and Vijay Merchant, the man ultimately to benefit was Vijay Hazare, who surfaced as India's new skipper though he couldn't say bo to a goose. Or maybe Hazare was made captain precisely *because* he couldn't assert his authority.

Anyway, Vijay Merchant spiked the guns of the stringpullers by readily offering to play under Vijay Hazare. And, in the First Test at Delhi of that 1951-52 series, Merchant hit a masterly 154. Whereupon, believe it or not, there were instructions to Vijay Hazare that, no matter what the price to pay, he should concentrate *only* on overtaking that 154 milestone!

In the process, India lost the opportunity to strike out for a win as Hazare plodded to 164 not out, leaving himself with too little time to bowl England out a second time. And, as that Delhi Test saw Vijay Merchant seriously injured while fielding after hitting 154, Lala Amarnath was back, this time under Vijay Hazare, for the next Test in Bombay!

However, Amarnath's batting powers were very much on the decline by this stage, so that, with Vijay Merchant out of

Sunil Gavaskar

the fray, Vijay Hazare retained the captaincy for the 1952 tour of England. Only, on that tour, despite brave shows by Hazare in the first two Tests at Manchester and Lord's, there was positive evidence of his batting, too, beginning to shed its sheen.

That 1952 tour of England was an ill-starred one on which we only narrowly escaped being whipped 0-4 so that, for the domestic series that followed against Pakistan, we were back to Lala Amarnath as captain! However, while leading India with flair, Amarnath once again was hardly in his element as a batsman, so that the selectors went back to Vijay Hazare for the 1952-53 tour of West Indies!

Switches Galore

On that 1952-53 tour, India were up against the might of *The Three Ws*: Worrell, Weekes and Walcott. And Hazare's best days were clearly behind him, so that it came as no surprise when he was finally dropped from the India team and, for the 1954-55 tour of Pakistan, Vinoo Mankad emerged belatedly as India's captain. Under Mankad, all five Tests in Pakistan were drawn and, when the team returned to India for the 1955-56 series against Cave's New Zealand, there was yet another switch in captaincy—this time to Ghulam Ahmed. However, Ghulam, like Viswanath, was never overkeen to captain India so that, after the First Test, Polly Umrigar took over and revealed himself to be a highly professional leader of men.

Since Umrigar proceeded to captain India in the three Tests of the 1956-57 series against Ian Johnson's Australia, too, the selectors would have been well advised, better late than never, to stick to him as India skipper. But they reverted to Ghulam Ahmed for the domestic series against West Indies in 1958-59 and, once again, the Hyderabad off-spinner cried away, so that the captaincy reverted to Polly Umrigar for the First Test at Bombay. Ghulam returned for a couple of Tests but, when he retired from the game at the end of the Third Test, Polly Umrigar found himself to be in command yet again. However, on the morning of the Fourth Test at Madras, when he was not given the replacement he wanted for Vijay Manjrekar, Umrigar, mentally shattered, resigned in a huff, never thereafter to captain India.

The selectors decided on a wholesale clean-up at this stage and swung to the other extreme by pitchforking Dattu Gaekwad into the India captaincy and appointing Pankaj Roy as vice-captain for the 1959 tour of England—in a team that included stalwarts like Vijay Manjrekar, Polly Umrigar and Subhash Gupte. It was a disastrous move which saw India lose the series in a clean 5-0 sweep by England.

At this point, Lala Amarnath, as Chairman of Selectors, decided on another startling change of policy which saw G.S Ramchand take over against Benaud's Australia in 1959-60. (This was the series with which Indian Cricket, following Jasu Patel's 14 for 124 in the historic Kanpur Test, received a tremendous fillip.)

However, though Ramchand led India with aptitude, his reflexes were gone by this stage and he cut a sorry figure with the bat against the pace of Meckiff, Rorke and Davidson. In the result, for the series against Fazal Mahmood's Pakistan in 1960-61, it was over to Nari Contractor

Healthy Turn

With Contractor's appointment began, fortunately, a healthy turn in Indian Cricket. Though all five Tests against Pakistan were drawn, Contractor led India with shrewdness against Ted Dexter's England in 1961-62, snatching a 2-0 series win that gave a fresh impetus to our cricket. By now, huge crowds were turning up for Test matches: there was hardly a home in which the radio was not switched on for the cricket commentary. Cricket was the new opiate of the masses.

However, on the 1961-62 tour of West Indies that followed, Nari Contractor was unfortunately felled by Charlie Griffith—something that meant an out-of-turn promotion for the Nawab of Pataudi. Perhaps no India captain has been as much commended, and as much criticised, as Tiger Pataudi. But of one thing there can be no doubt—that it was young Pataudi who gave a *forward* direction to our cricket. As one who had played most of his cricket in England, Tiger Pataudi stood up to the white man on the field with no sense of inferiority complex and taught his players to do the same. Pat's after-play habits were the subject of much criticism at the time but, when you consider the lifestyle of our Test players today, what went on under his captaincy can hardly be considered heinous. In terms of results, Pataudi, who led India in 40 Tests, may not have always delivered the goods, but he was certainly a highly respected captain who led from the front, giving our cricket a go-ahead outlook on which Ajit Wadekar merely cashed in when he took over.

The Spin Revolution

The elevation of Ajit Wadekar by the the Chairman's casting vote in 1970-71 is, of course, by now part of our cricket lore. Depending on how you look at it, it was either Vijay Merchant's great gambit or great gamble. It revolutionised our cricket. As Wadekar won for India her first ever series in West Indies and then in England, and turned the tables on Tony Lewis's England at home, all India was in a trance. Solkar at forward short-leg ushered in the Spin Revolution

Still the impression persisted that Wadekar was a lucky captain. And his luck ran out on the 1974 tour of England, so it was back to Tiger Pataudi. However, only after Pataudi had wrested the captaincy crown from Wadekar for the home series against Lloyd's West Indies in 1974-75 did the fact come to light that he could now lead only from behind, since his eyesight and reflexes were no longer sharp enough to counter the electric pace of Andy Roberts. Still Tiger Pataudi managed to reverse the loss of the first two Tests against West Indies by winning the Calcutta and Madras Tests through some astute captaincy. However, at the end of that series—which India lost 2-3 and which saw Tiger cease to be a batting force—Pataudi gracefully called it a day.

Since then, we have had at the helm Bishen Singh Bedi, Sunil Gavaskar, S. Venkataraghavan, Sunil Gavaskar again and now Kapil Dev. Bedi made a popular captain. But, with the Packer stars returning to the fray as India faced Pakistan in 1978-79, Bedi lost out in spite of the fact that, under his leadership, India were by no means totally outplayed—as they were under Sunil Gavaskar recently in Pakistan. But, then, Bedi was no longer the 'Sardar of Spin' he was in his heyday, so that the captaincy passed to Sunil Gavaskar for the series against Kallicharran's West Indies. Next, as we know, Gavaskar chose to surrender the crown to S. Venkataraghavan for the 1979 tour of England, only to win it back for the crucial series against Asif Iqbal's Pakistan. Now he has finally made way for Kapil Dev

Point To Note

Looking back, therefore, on the case-history of India's captaincy, one point emerges clear—that no leader except Tiger Pataudi has been allowed to settle. Even Tiger Pataudi, when he thought he was the Nawab of all he surveyed, was cast aside. As for Ajit Wadekar, he had to lose only one series to be sidelined. Bishen Bedi's crime was that he lost a series against Pakistan. While Sunil Gavaskar's undoing was the fact that he first won and then lost against Pakistan. Venkataraghavan, of course, was India captain only by Gavaskar default.

Now it is the turn of Kapil Dev. Only, let us hope that the word 'turn', for a change, will mean something healthy. Kapil's task is daunting enough, starting out as he does against mighty West Indies. He will clearly need time to find his feet. This time should be given to him since, for all the chop and change in captaincy during the last 50 years, Indian Cricket has really achieved little by way of concrete results. ■

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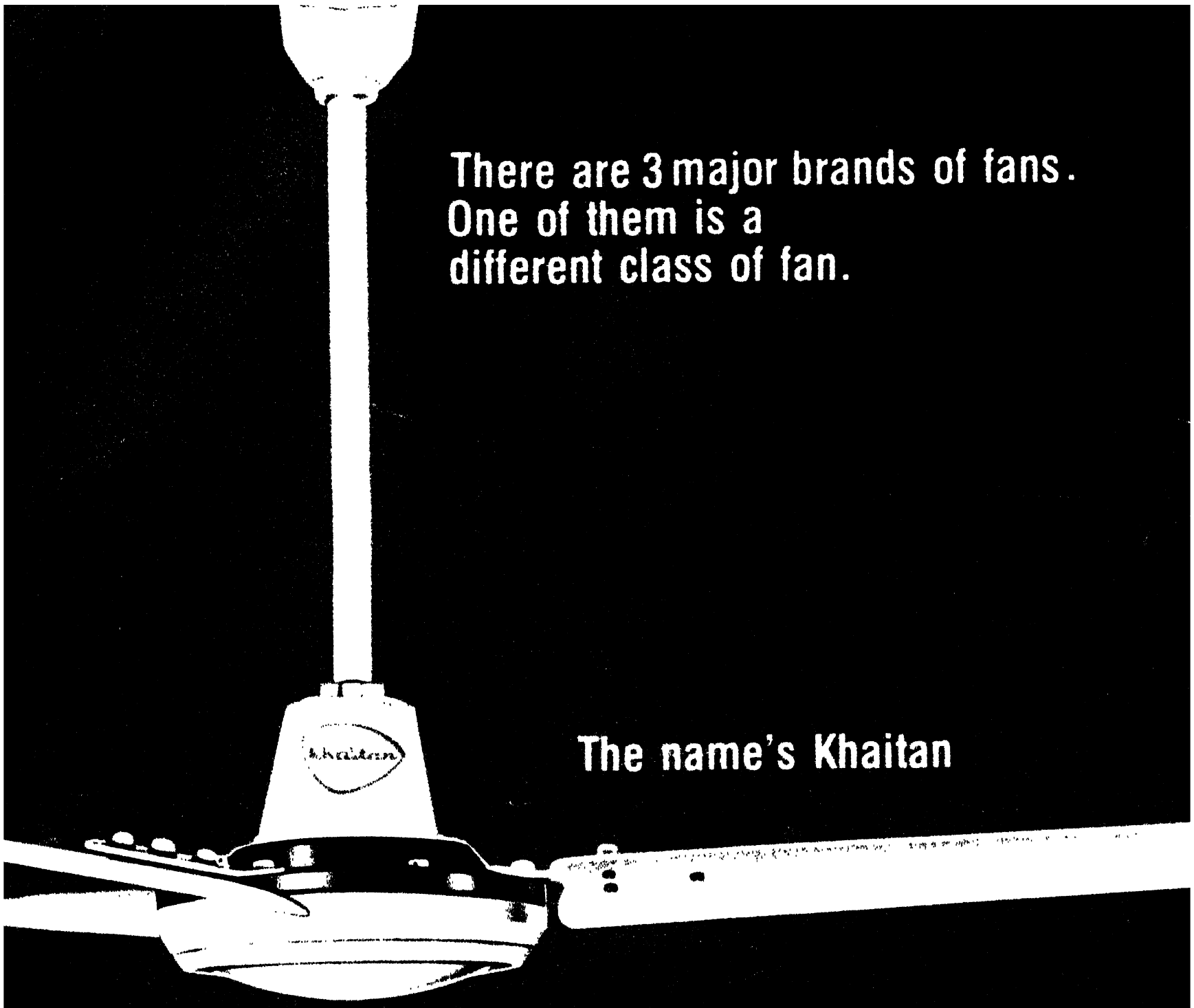
One of them is a
different class of fan.



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The Colonel And Napoleon

One god had failed him and now it was too late to find another.

by Cherry George

COLONEL Kuruvila prided himself on his good looks, his good health, his good sense He was still spry at seventy and he hopped around twice as fast as a man half his age—and of how many septuage narians, Indian septuagenarians, could one say that?

At seventy in India everybodyexpe-cts you to be half finished quite washed out You are expected to affect helpless ness moan about the state of your health and exaggerate every minor distemper into a crisis Here old age is acted out with rickety theatricality Kuruvila remem bered his poor dear father why he was old at fifty dying at fifty five though he didn t die till sixty five He wasn t so much a man as a role It was unutterably sad Why should a man want to die before he was dead? The Colonel saw himself as one man against a sad bad mad tradi tion

When he looked at himself in the mirror anxiously examining his still un lined face for the first wrinkle he puffed out his chest as if he were a cadet at Dehra Dun all over again and said aloud 'They are not going to take me! They meant almost everybody around him— from the milkman who diluted his milk with an equal measure of water to the newspaper boy who seemed to think a soggy newspaper was not a thing to apologise about to those sleepy eden tary bureaucrats at government offices banks railway stations He felt himself boiling within him when he thought of these overfed toads Our lives were run for us by a race of clerks clerks yes but without the only virtue that redeemed a clerk industry

Colonel Kuruvila blew his top off whenever he could which was often but not as often as he would have liked for he never seemed to be able to muster an audience easily People fled at his approach for no one seemed to have strong enough nerves to endure long salty sermons on the wretchedness of the nation and the wickedness of man Besides Colonel Kuruvila had the habit of staring accusingly at his interlocuters as if they were responsible for much of the topsy turvydom around them

Unhappily for the Colonel he didn t have a family to storm or preach at which is how some strong men vent their wrath at the world His wife had died ten years now His daughter had mi grated to England He was quite alone exposed to an angry world without the protective shell of a family a wife to bring his slippers and children to divert his mind

→

LIKE many good soldiers, Colonel Kuruvila was a ferociously disciplined man. But he had one weakness. No, it wasn't drink. Drink corrupted your breath and yellowed your teeth, so Colonel Kuruvila said. It wasn't women either—his morals were austere, nor did he care for the usual methods of ensnarement. No, it wasn't any of the common venalities. His weakness was, strange to relate, the Emperor Napoleon. He admired the man almost to idolatry.

Soldier, statesman, hero he,
As it were life's epitome

Colonel Kuruvila had a portrait of Napoleon in his bedroom—it was David's portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps on a white charger. How magnificent the man looked! His red mantle fluttered about him like an angel's wings, his right hand was raised upwards to the heavens as if summoning his countrymen to a higher destiny and his face was inflexible in its sullen determination to conquer the world. Colonel Kuruvila couldn't help thinking of Napoleon every time he contemplated the mess that his countrymen had made of governing themselves—yes, what we needed, he would say, was a man on a white horse not to speak of the whiff of grapeshot, a leader you could follow to the furthermost ends of the world—lean, spare, austere, strtonx

Colonel Kuruvila discovered that contemplating Napoleon even in a portrait, steadied his nerves. The next time the cook served his egg grossly overdone, he seemed somewhat more in command of himself—you could even say—in Napoleonic command of himself. Even if he did box the cook's ears, he did it without demeaning and spluttering exhibitions of temper. He would box the cook's ears with cool self-possession as Napoleon would have—if he could for the moment step down from the portrait.

In his lonely widower's life there were times when the Colonel found his thoughts straying to his daughter, Shanta. Why did she have to exile herself in this way and bring sorrow to her father? But there was no arguing with Shanta. She had always lived her life exactly as it had pleased her to. Was she, he had often wondered, utterly selfish or was she displaying that kind of independence which from all reports, is greatly in fashion now-a-days, an independence which showed itself chiefly in declaring that you cared for nobody—not even for an ageing father—and nobody should really care for you? But the devil of it was that he couldn't help caring for his daughter. Flesh of his flesh, wasn't she?

His eyes moistened over when he looked at an old photograph of his daughter perched jauntily on his knee. There was a decidedly sentimental side to Colonel Kuruvila, however brutally he might cuff his cook's ears.

KURUVILA was pottering about in his backgarden one morning. He was resting his back after half an hour of vigorous hoeing when the bearer came running to him, excitedly saying that there was a telephone call from England. Colonel Kuruvila felt himself go weak in the legs. Was Shanta ill? Or worse? She had never phoned these past five years she had been away.

He went to his bedroom to take the call. The operator kept gabbling, asking him to hold on while she tried to secure the connection. The Colonel looked up at the portrait of Napoleon and found himself praying that his daughter had come to no harm, as if Napoleon were a god. He wondered in his agitated mind whether anyone had ever prayed in this manner to Napoleon. Perhaps not, but it was miraculous how quickly he seemed to settle down after the prayer, although his nerves had been twittering almost audibly but a few moments ago.

"What is it, Shanta?" asked the Colonel, when contact was finally established.

"It isn't Shanta, I'm afraid, Sir," said a male voice at the other end. "I'm a friend of hers. Well, how shall I put it, I have never handled this sort of thing before, and I hardly know what to say.....".

"That's enough of that now," said Colonel Kuruvila, sick with apprehension. "Tell me what you know, at once."

"Well, prepare yourself for a shock, Sir. Shanta has had a serious accident. She's in hospital."

"Is she alive or dead?" asked the Colonel.

"The doctors are doing their best but....".

"Is she alive or dead?" repeated the Colonel in a flat voice.

"Dead, Sir, dead," came the sobbing answer.

Colonel Kuruvila learnt that arrangements were being made to send the body home, as the macabre phrase goes. Had it come to this now? A coffin with a brass plate and an airway bill number. Porters sweating in the heat as they unloaded the coffin from the aircraft. The curious stares of onlookers, the pointing and the whispering. And then the prayers in the sweltering chapel and the wind ruffling the graveyard grass as he knelt alone to pray. And he hardly knew to whom to pray. He had lost the art of prayer. He had prayed in his impulsive way to David's Napoleon, but Napoleon now seemed an unsatisfactory god.

He hadn't saved Shanta, had he? Come to think of it, Napoleon hadn't saved his country, or himself for that matter. One god had failed, but it was too late to find another.

FOR the first time in his seventy years, Colonel Kuruvila knew what it was to be old. If old age was a state of mind, then he was old. Worse, he was defeated. A man can only stand so much and no more.

But then, thought Colonel Kuruvila, even Napoleon had been broken in the end—that giant, festering ego dying inch by inch on an almost barren rock as the world jeered. It was only David's Napoleon who remained forever on the Alps, on his prancing charger as if the tired, beaten man of St Helena had never existed.

The bearer brought in the newspaper on the breakfast tray, pushed to one side, beside the coffee pot, exactly as Colonel Kuruvila wished it, except that the newspaper was soggy, and not for the first time either.

Another time there would have been thunder and lightening but today Colonel Kuruvila proceeded to read the soggy newspaper without a word. He had made his peace with "them"—on their terms, almost like the vanquished Napoleon ■

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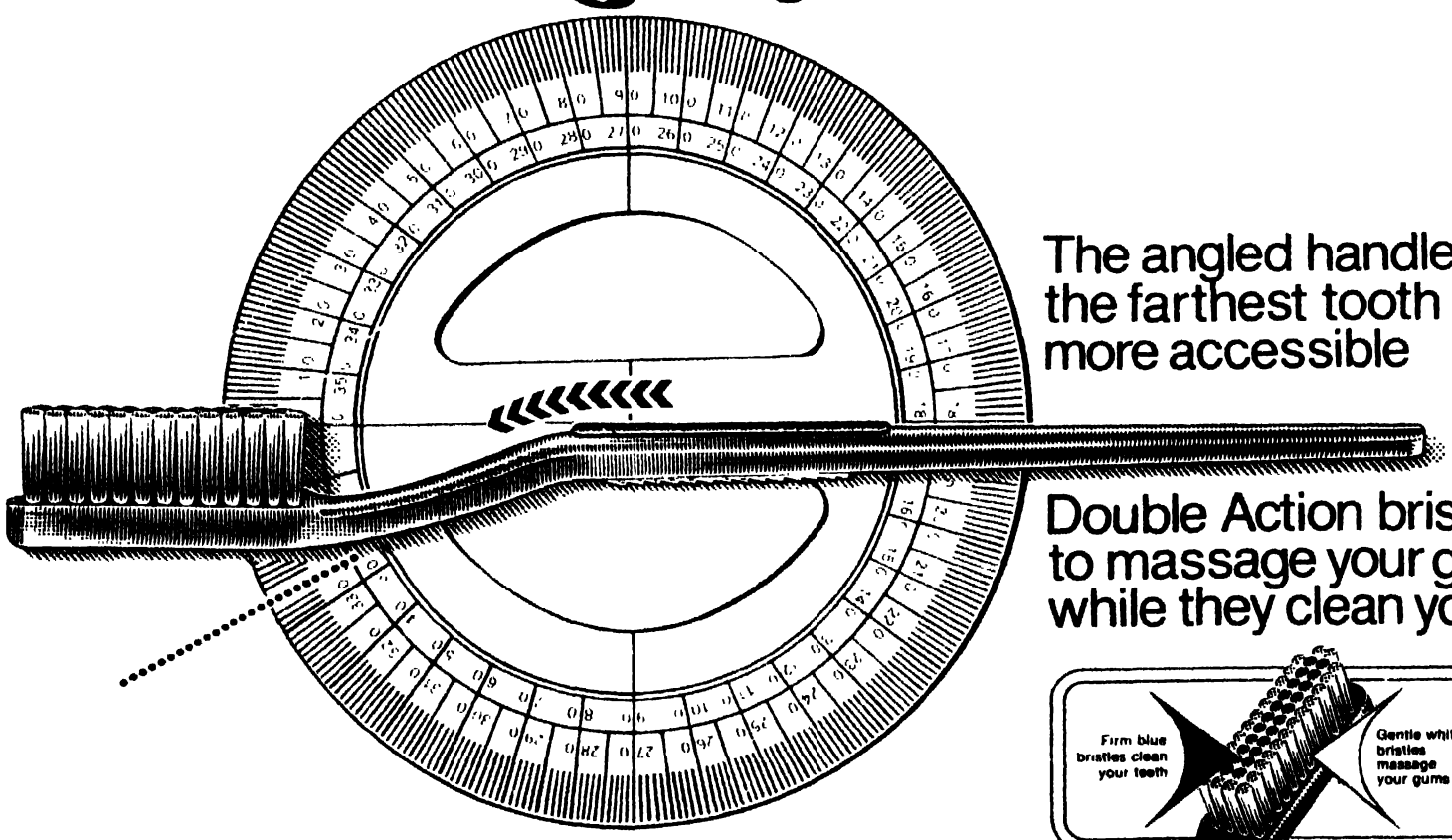

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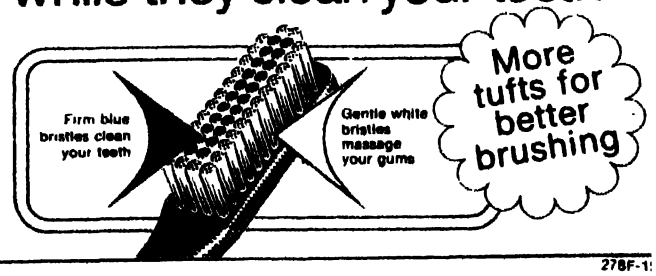

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The Weekly Pick

ndian Women's Battle For Freedom

Kamladevi Chatopadhayay, Abhinav Publications, Rs 45.

Kamladevi Chatopadhayay's work is a welcome change from the cant so often dished out under the name of "feminist literature". In her book, she documents the role played by women in the freedom struggle from the late 19th century.

As she points out, "social work" then, was neither fashionable nor easy. The odds that the pioneers faced by way of ostracisation and hostility were tremendous. She stresses that the thrust of their activities was towards a complete change. Yet the distinction she makes between "class war" and a "crusade for sheer humanism" seems overdrawn.

Nevertheless, the author's own part in the freedom struggle has aided her in giving the book a touch of authenticity.

King of Kings, the story of Sir Garfield Sobers

Mahiyar Morawalla, Jaico Publications, Rs 15.

Cricket buffs and Sobers' fans will widely acclaim this compact and comprehensive account of the life and (cricketing) times of one of the world's greatest all-round cricketers very possibly the "king of kings"

Starting from "humble beginnings" and the apprenticeship years, the author carefully re-enacts the excitement of the more important and fascinating matches that Sobers played, and the interaction and rivalry between him and his contemporaries, notably Rohan Kanhai.

Containing exhaustive statistical data, this book is positively a "must" for cricket fiends but beyond the ken of the layman who will probably skim over the major portions of the book and read only the juicy anecdotes.

Magnetic Cure For Common Diseases

Dr H.L. Bansal, Dr R.S. Bansal, Vision Books, Rs 55.

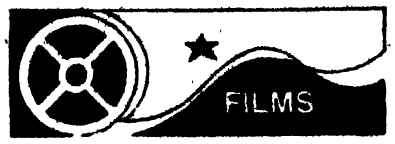
A detailed account of magnetotherapy, a comparatively little-known system of medecine, in which ailments are treated through the application of magnets to the body. No medecine is fed orally or applied externally to the patient.

The authors describe, in detail, the working of magnets on the human system, the powers and designs of specially-made healing magnets, methods and duration of their application, preparation of magnetic water, etc.

They also discuss a wide variety of diseases, ranging from asthma, arthritis, polio, bronchitis, blood pressure to colds acne, anaemia, headaches which can be treated by Magnetotherapy.

Case studies have also been cited to ensure a better understanding of the treatment. All things considered, an interesting book, worth perusal.

Minnie



Coincidence

Inspired by the Hindi movie *Ittefaq*, shown on television early last month, a 42-year-old driver employed with a pharmaceutical concern in Pune allegedly murdered his "nagging" wife. Driver Sharad Mehta took the cue from last year's Manjushri murder case, in which a young chemical engineer admittedly administered cyanide to his wife. For days together Sharad had been planning to kill his wife Mangala but he hesitated to. Finally, on that fateful Sunday night after watching television, he plucked up the courage.

—The Daily

Wayne's The Name-And Game

Are the Waynes about to take over Western films? John Wayne towered over the rest in his toughie roles, wearing the familiar, rugged, khaki cowboy hat and slouched cowboy shoulders. His well-known philosophy of "acting is a hard business" has not kept away his son. John Ethan Wayne began his career as a stuntman. Now, at the ripe, wise old age of 20 he has "gotcha" his first leading role in *California Cowboys*. But hold it! The swinging new cowboy will not be cantering lazily on horses and doing the lone ranger act with the injuns. He'll be whizzing past on motorcycles, swishing through on windsurfers and hanging high on hand-gliders. Not yet used to "star" treatment, Junior will be doing his own stunts. Like we said, Wayne's the name of the game.

—Newsweek

Guney's Travails

Turkey requested the extradition of exiled film director Yilmaz Guney, who attended the Greek premiere of his award-winning film, *Yol*, in Athens. But the Greek government ignored the request and Guney left for France. Melina Mercouri, the Greek culture minister, who offered Guney asylum in Greece on his last visit in May, attended the showing together with her husband, the director Jules Dassin. Guney, who now lives and works in France, was deprived of his citizenship by Turkey's military rulers in January. Guney, 51, escaped from jail in Turkey in October 1981 after serving seven years of a 19-year sentence for fatally shooting a public prosecutor.

—International Herald Tribune

Jackie

Pope's Visit

Pope John Paul will be visiting India this year, according to a senior member of the Curia. In the event, the exposition of the relics of St Francis Xavier normally due in 1984 will be advanced by a year and held this year itself.

The Papal visit will signal a new chapter in relations between India and the Vatican The relations, though proper and cordial, had cooled off in the last three years. On one occasion the Vatican had put off a tentative Papal visit and on another, India had signalled that the time might not be appropriate.

—The Daily

Tickling An Elephant

A 25-year-old youth, who played mischief with an elephant by pulling its tail, thereby causing obstruction to traffic, has been fined Rs 150 by a mobile court in Madurai.

According to the police, when the elephant was being taken by the mahout to a dispensary, a drunken person tickled its tail. The annoyed animal then chased him for a long distance.

The culprit, Kanakaraj, ran for his life and entered a policeman's house from where he escaped through the backdoor

In apparent vengeance, the animal circled the house and squatted in front of it for some time, thinking he was inside. Later, the mahout managed to tame the animal and removed it from the scene.

—Free Press Journal

Spitting for Money

Metaphorically, "spitting on the face" may mean the worst of insults; but in the grim reality of the Capital's underworld, it may mean making an easy buck.

Rajesh and Mukesh, both residents of Sadar Bazar, have been earning their livelihood by spitting on other s faces.

In an ingenious scheme, one of the two men would spit on a passer-by's face, apologise profusely and politely give him a handkerchief.

When the victim is busy mopping up the spittle, the other partner would quietly remove the wallet and vanish.

In case the victim turned smart and resisted, both Rajesh and Mukesh would make use of the knives they always kept tucked under their belt.

Unfortunately for them, both have now been arrested by the Paharganj police.

—Hindustan Times

Goldie

"Razor Bank"

The Pakistan National Hairdressers' Federation has decided to establish a "Razor Bank" with headquarters at Karachi and branches in all major cities and towns. It will aim at the general welfare of poor barbers and the development of the hairdressing profession.

Owners of all beauty parlours, hairdressing saloons and barbershops, manufacturers of cosmetics and barber instruments and dealers in hairdressing saloon supplies will all be requested to cooperate in the noble and humanitarian services of the "Razor Bank" said Islam Salmani, Secretary-General of the Hairdressers' Federation.

Honorary Citizen

The city of Rome has named Nelson Mandela, a jailed black South African leader who has struggled to end apartheid, an honorary citizen. Mayor Ugo Vetere handed over the plaque of honorary citizenship to Mozambique's Marcellino Dos Santos. Mandela had asked him to accept the honour on his behalf. The mayor read a letter from President Sandro Pertini recognising Mandela's "generous and fearless work in favour of equality among men and progress for African people." Mandela, 64, is serving a life prison term after being convicted in June 1964 of planning sabotage and conspiring with Communists to overthrow the Government. His wife, Winnie Mandela, is banned and confined to the Orange Free State town of Brandfort.

—International Herald Tribune

Moulin Millstone

In the publicity surrounding the return of Klaus Barbie to France special consideration has been paid to the widow of the murdered resistance hero, Jean Moulin, the 75-year-old Marguerite Storck Cerruty, as she now is. Yet infact she held that position only two years, from 1926 to 1928 She claims divorce was forced upon them by their parents, and that she saw Moulin often during the war. But Moulin's friends and colleagues say she abandoned him after only weeks of marriage to become a singer in Paris. Once, in May 1943 Moulin's secretary found him uncharacteristically agitated. He explained that he had seen his ex-wife in the street, and was extremely worried that she might have recognised him.

—The Times

Hot Tongue

A man who tried to rape a young waitress in Bangkok fled in pain after she bit off the tip of his tongue, the police said.

Earlier this year , a Bangkok nurse bit off part of the tongue of a man trying to steal a kiss.

Both women turned in the pieces of tongue to the police but neither has yet been claimed.

—Reuter

Gigi

THE pretty young school teacher was concerned about one of her eleven-year-old students. Taking him aside after class one day she asked, "Victor, why has your school work been so poor lately?"

"I can't concentrate," replied the lad. "I am afraid I have fallen in love."

"Is that so?" said the teacher, holding back an urge to smile. "And with whom?"

"With you," he answered.

"But Victor," exclaimed the secretly-pleased young lady, "don't you see how silly that is? It's true that I would like a husband of my own someday, but I don't want a child."

"Oh, don't worry," said Victor reassuringly. "I'll be careful."

AS the two little girls walked hand in hand to kindergarten, one confided: "I found a contraceptive on the patio yesterday."

Asked her friend: "What's a patio?"

THE farm had been mortgaged, and willingly, to give the daughter a college education. Now, driving home from the station after meeting her at the train, farmer Johnson was greatly disturbed when his daughter whispered confidentially, "I have a confession to make, Papa — I ain't a virgin no more."

The old man shook his head sadly, "After all the sacrifices your mother and I made to give you a good education, you still say 'Ain't'!"

"I SENT my boy to college to get an education," complained one father to another, "but all he seems to do is shack up with co-eds smoke pot and have a good time."

"Most college students do that today," replied his friend.

"That's the trouble," snapped the first chap. "I should have kept him home and gone to college myself."

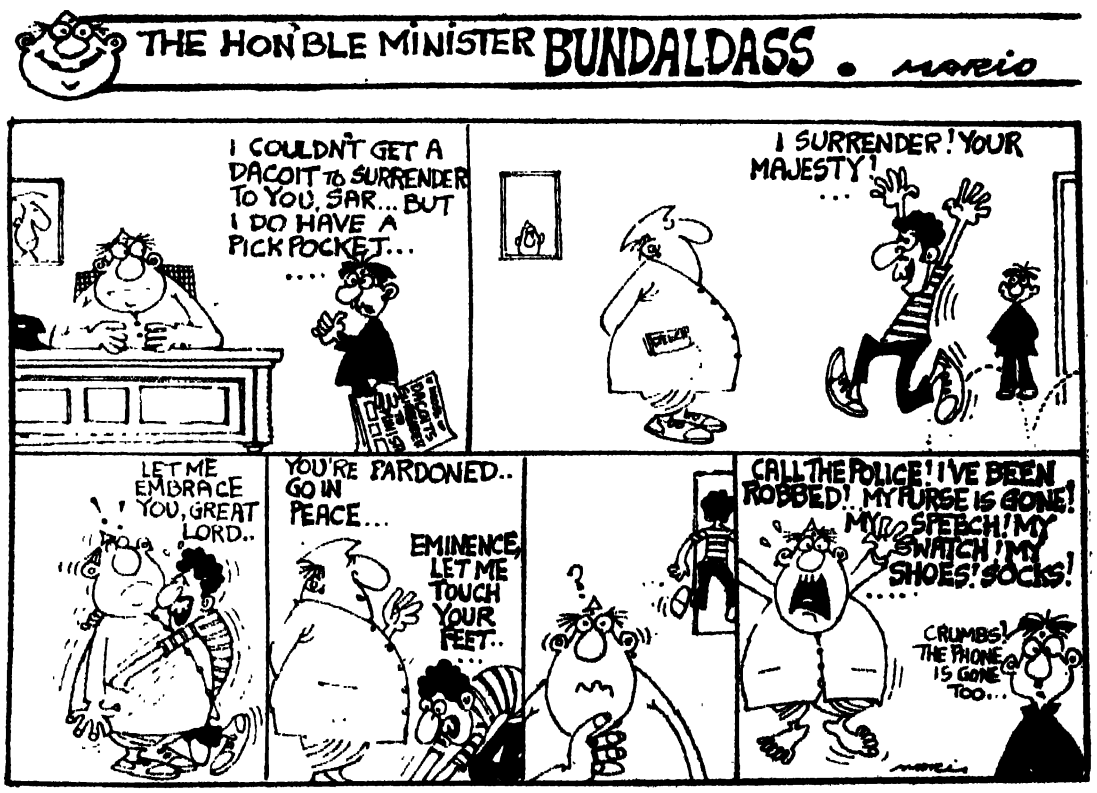
"We Indians observe our traditions and customs very strictly!"

"WHAT is the plural of man?" asked the school teacher.

"Men," replied Nandu.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply!



A CURVACEOUS young secretary, having just returned from a magnificent vacation in a South American republic, walked into the foreign exchange section of her New York bank and dropped a wad of foreign currency on the counter. The teller counted it carefully and gave her 53 cents in exchange.

"Do you mean to tell me that's all I get?" gasped the lovely thing.

"I am afraid so, miss," said the teller. "That's the legal exchange rate."

"Damn," the girl hissed. "And like a fool I gave him breakfast too."

AT the inquest the coroner gently asked the widow if she could remember her late husband's last words.

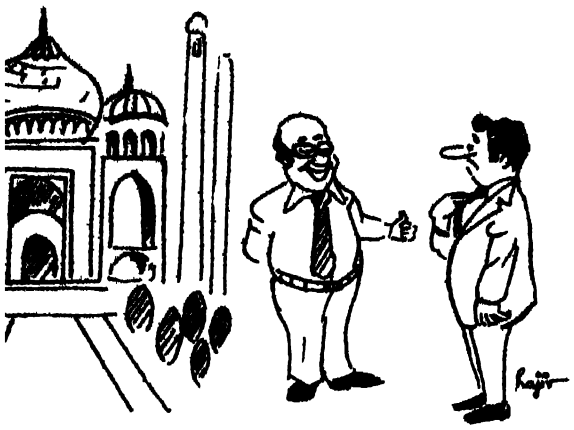
"Yes," she replied. "He said, I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar a bottle."

AFTER watching an extremely attractive maternity-ward patient earnestly thumb through a telephone directory for several minutes, a hospital orderly finally asked if he could be of some help.

"No, thanks," said the young mother, "I am just looking for a name for my baby."

"But the hospital supplies a special booklet that lists every first name and its meaning," said the orderly.

"That won't help," said the girl, "My baby already has a first name."



'Don't be afraid young man I am also on sick leave!'"

ASKED by his teacher to spell "straight", the third-standard boy did so without error "Now," said the teacher, "What does it mean?"

"Without water"

"DADDY, how far is the earth from the sun?" said Tony

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know!" said Daddy, who was busy in the garden

"Well, then, I hope you feel sorry tomorrow when I am getting punished for your ignorance," said Tony

JUDGE "Did you see the beginning of this trouble?"

Witness "Yes, your honour, seven years ago"

Judge "Indeed! Explain yourself'

Witness 'I was the best man at their wedding, your honour

AFTER a long, strenous day, a physician was awakened from a sound sleep by the ringing of the telephone at his bedside

"This is Mr, Jones My wife is in terrible pain' said a nervous voice "Come at once It's her appendix"

The doctor sighed, somewhat irritated Go back to bed," he said wearily "She hasn't got appendicitis I'll look in the morning"

On hearing that, the voice became frantic, pleading for immediate attention

"But she couldn't possibly have appendicitis," insisted the doctor 'I removed her appendix three years ago and I have never heard of anyone having a second appendix"

"Well, then," said the voice, "maybe you have heard of a man having a second wife"

DOCTOR "My dear sir, it's a good thing you came to me when you did"

Patient "Why doc? Are you broke?"

PILLOO," said his mother, severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry when I went out, and there is only one now How is that?"

"I don't know, mother," replied Pilloo, "But it was dark in the pantry and I suppose I didn't see the other piece"

"PLEASE, Sir," said a small boy nervously on coming into the class, "ought I to be punished for something I haven't done?"

"Of course not," said the teacher kindly

"Please, Sir," said the small boy with a sigh of relief, "I haven't done my homework."

THE judge was disgusted with the attempts of the accused to defend himself

"I have never seen such clumsy lying," he declared, "why on earth don't you get a lawyer to act for you?"

DOCTOR "Did you tell that young man I think he's no good?"

Daughter "Yes, I did, Daddy And he wasn't at all upset He said it wasn't the first wrong diagnosis you've made"

PROFESSOR "Darling, if you marry me I'll satisfy your smallest wishes'

"And what do you propose to do about the big ones?"

Compiled by T.V. Sowrirajan and M.B. Pavan

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6. Names and addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total paid-up capital as on February 28, 1983·

1 Shri Ashok Kumar Jain, Shantiniketan, 14th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017

2. Ashoka Holdings Limited, P.N.B. House, 3rd Floor, 5, Parliament Street, New Delhi 110 001.

3 Ashoka Vinyoga Limited, 14 Govt. Place East, Calcutta 700 001

4. Bharat Nidhi Limited, Times House, 4th Floor, 7, Bahadurshah Zafar Marg, New Delhi 110 002.

5 Miss Nandita Jain, Shantiniketan, 12th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017.

6 Shri Manoj Kumar Jain, Shantiniketan, 12th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017.

7. PNB Finance & Industries Ltd . B/45-47, Connaught Place, New Delhi 110 001.

8. Messrs Sahu Jain Limited, Times House, 4th Floor, 7, Bahadurshah Zafar Marg, New Delhi 110 002.

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11. Shri Samir Kumar Jain, Shantiniketan, 14th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017

12. Smt. Meera Jain, Shantiniketan, 14th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017

13. Camac Commercial Co Ltd , 33/1, Netaji Subhas Road, 345 Marshall House, Calcutta 700 001.

14. Janasevak Karjyalaya Limited, 13th Floor, 8, Camac Street, Calcutta 700 017.

I, Tehemton Peshotan Pithavala hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated: 6.3.1983.

T.P. Pithavala
Signature of Publisher

The Famous And Their Foibles

by Surendra

"TO each his own" is probably an accepted phenomenon. However, glaring deviations from accepted norms of living, do occasion comment and, very often, amusement. For example, Emperor Kaiser was very proud of his moustaches and kept twirling them. He even had a special "machine" to always keep them upright.

Henry III had an inexplicable fondness for pierced ears and compelled all his courtiers to bore their ears.

Long noses were Napoleon's especial fancy, resulting in marked favouritism on his part towards long-nosed soldiers.

Balban, the most powerful king of the slave dynasty in India, was extremely particular about rank and social status, once refusing an extremely generous offering worth several lakhs of rupees, merely because the doner was low-born.

Conversely, Louis XI, the King of France, was so fond of washermen and barbers that he would discuss state affairs with them, and keep them away from his family and courtiers

Royalty does, indeed, have its fair share of eccentrics—Henry II's hobby of inventing signatures had reached a novel point. He intertwined the signatures of his wife and his mistress, added them to his own and called it the "royal signia".

Amongst our own "Maharajas" also, quite a few indulged their weird and expensive whims. Jaipur's Maharaja Swai Madho Singh was so particular about cleanliness and purity that when he went abroad, he first bought a ship and spent thousands of rupees washing it. Then he arranged for Ganga water for drinking, clay for washing hands and two big stones for washing and beating clothes aboard the ship. While abroad however, the water naturally gave out and could not be sent for from India, so he got a separate well dug for himself and drank only the water from that well for the duration of his entire stay.

The famous war strategist, the Duke of Wellington, had a fetish about punctuality, and could not tolerate even a slight deviation from it. He himself was so punctual that six or seven clocks always ticked away in his room, to avoid even a second's unpunctuality.

Benjamin Franklin had odd sleeping habits (pun not intended). Even severe winters would see him walking about naked for 10 minutes in his bedroom which had 4 beds. If one bed got warmed up, he would go to the next one. One wonders where he finally slept! The British novelist Charles Dickens used to keep a compass with him so that the bed in which he slept was turned towards the right direction.

William Blake, the well-known and well-loved poet, was also known for his idiosyncracies. One day a friend of his visiting him, was surprised to find William and his wife sitting naked. When the friend hesitated, they hailed him "Come on, come on, we are reading about Adam and Eve and we thought we should read it as Adam and Eve."

Byron, another renowned poet, was so terrified of nightmares that he always kept a pistol handy, each night, to ward them off.

The famous English historian Edward Gibbon was probably the most bizarre of them all. He was so madly in love with Suzanne Carvord that he would stop people on the road and allow them to resume their journey only when they had praised the beauty of his beloved.

Dr Samuel Johnson had the odd habit of touching every pole he passed on the road. The French novelist Emile Zola in turn, would count the gas poles on his way.

Some collectors' hobbies are no less ludicrous The Pharaoh of Egypt, Tutenk hamen had a passion for collecting caps of various kinds. Baron Rothschild collected flies and Earl Baldwin kept owls. Jefferson listed horoscopes of eminent people, Leonardo da Vinci actually bred lizards and the like. The list is endless.

Lord Kitchner held women and cats in dread. Undaunted by dangerous wars, these feminine and feline viles made him acutely nervous.

Women have not lagged behind in odd behaviour. Cleopatra's idiosyncrasies have now become legendary. Among them was the habit of bathing in milk and an uncontrollable passion for watermelons.

Fellow eccentrics include Austria's Princess Elizabeth, who was so enamoured of her own slim waist that she slept with a wet towel wrapped around it, and the famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt who kept a coffin ready for herself due to her premonitions of death.

Others who shared these fears were Daniel Seane who prepared his coffin himself, which remained with him for seven years till he really died. The 17th century poet John Donne also kept a coffin in his room so that he would be reminded of the transitoriness of life.

And so on and so forth, each oddity weirder than the next. However, only the peculiarities of the rich, the famous or the royal, are noticed and talked about fashionably. In mere mortals, these would either be ignored altogether or severely derided.

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec 21-Jan. 19

Don't bury yourself too deep in domestic issues. Pay due attention to your career. Someone who is genuinely interested in your well-being will offer goodwill and blessings. Avoid travelling by air early in the week. Clear domestic backlog by midweek. A thrilling bit of news comes you way.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

Career interests and business activities will suddenly recede into the background and your attention will be centred on domestic affairs. You will be caught in the social whirl and most of your leisure time will be thus taken up. Someone close and intimate may temporarily cut off relations with you.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar 20

Willingly or otherwise, you will have to undertake travel this week, either as business or pleasure. Sightseeing and developing new contacts will keep you busy most of the time. Financial matters should be sorted out carefully. Give your elders due respect and secure their willing support for your activities.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

The next few weeks form a favourable period for organising finances and family. Adopt a matter-of-fact attitude while planning the future. Do not paint too rosy and over-optimistic a picture. Aim at reconciliation in business and social affairs. Money gains of midweek help you to meet various needs.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

The events of the week tend to create an unsettled situation but you will take effective measures against the problems. Don't allow prejudices to develop within the family otherwise you will be the target of criticism and misunderstandings in the near future. The early part of the week is suited for romance.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

This is one of your luckiest weeks. Additional spending money comes your way soon. Group activies will help to boost up business and career in the next couple of weeks. Friends of both the sexes will demand your attention either socially or professionally. Do not quarrel with your elders for petty reasons.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Business, professional and vocational activities are under favourable stars but they may cause much annoyance to family members. In addition to the normal routine you will take on a few more responsibilities on an impulse but you will do well. Look after your health in the early part of the week.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

The period ahead demands much initiative, drive and courage. You will have to face many challenges and wrestle with several bottllencks. Government officials will do well and attract the attention of the higher-ups. Do not displease seniors and subordinates. You may feel dull early in the week.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug 22-Sept 23

Mental burdens and physical exertion will weigh you down considerably, in the coming fortnight. Financial resources should be carefully conserved. The time at your disposal should be utilised for creative work. Assignments you have accepted should be carried out. Adopt a concialiatory approach towards elders.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct 23

You will be drawn towards a new personality and he/she will keep you engrossed and busy for some more time. Your existing ties will however pull you in the opposite directions. Maintain status quo and keep both of them happy. Friday brings surprising news and that will keep you pondering over it.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov. 22

Worldly war between the young and the old cannot be ruled out with regard to marriage. Don't trust strangers. In business and work life however, it is smooth sailing. Financial gains come your way towards the weekend. Clear all backlog by midweek. Relations at work become tense towards the weekend.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec 20

It's adventure this week, both in personnal life as well as career. Youngsters will be bold and straightforward in the disclosure of their love-affairs and will express a desire to marry a current sweetheart. Bury your differences with the family and effect a reunion midweek. Important issues should be settled.

STAR FOCUS

Stiff Time Ahead For Vasantdada

As predicted in the columns of *Weekly*, April 4, 1982, Mr Babasaheb Bhosale was compelled to resign from the post of CM after completion of a year

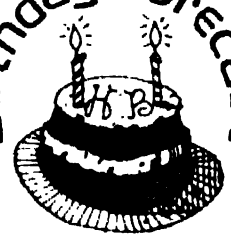
Mr Vasantdada Patil was elected as a leader of the House once again and was sworn-in on February 2, 1983 at about 11 am According to the Western system, Aries (22) was rising on the ascendant and Capricorn (16) on the meridian cusp. The sun near the 10th house, Jupiter in 9th house along with eccentric Herschel, and Mercury on 10th, will give breathing time to the new CM to sort out muddles and chronic problems at least for a couple of months ahead.

Weak Mars, near 12th house, Saturn-Pluto along with the Moon on 7th may create disharmony and cause defections due to which the CM may find it difficult to maintain unity and coherence in and outside Government.

From the middle of April, significantly from July, the situation will go on becoming tense on account of continued threats of defection and opposition among its rank and file.

Taking into account all these and many more planetary aspects and the transit of Saturn-Mars in one single sign and Libra for more than 6 months in 1984, it is unlikely that the present ministry will survive over a year and thereafter there might be a mid-term poll.

Birthday Forecast



Sunday, March 13

Nothing spectacular happens this year but it will be easy going. Keep things steady. Finances are good so long as you don't go in for heavy investments.

Monday, March 14

No smooth sailing this year. Handle all those around you with utmost care, especially between August and December. Do not allow yourself to be ostentatious this week.

Tuesday, March 15

A change in work life is unadvisable. Maintain status quo until the end of the year. 1984 brings better luck. Financially, no serious handicaps this year. Guard against possible ill health in December.

Wednesday, March 16

Everything depends on how you deal with family members, elders and seniors. On the financial front, you will do well but restrict over spending on luxuries.

Thursday, March 17

If you blend the enthusiasm of youngsters with the advice of seniors you will vastly improve your vocational prospects. The middle-aged should sort out their property matters before November/December.

Friday, March 18

This is a year of contradictions. Some vivid experiences come your way. There will be a tendency to change partners in the middle of the year; you must postpone the decision until the end of 1983 or early 1984.

Saturday, March 19

A mixed year. Don't act impulsively between September and December. Be sympathetic towards your family and enlist their cooperation and help during a crisis that comes in August/September.

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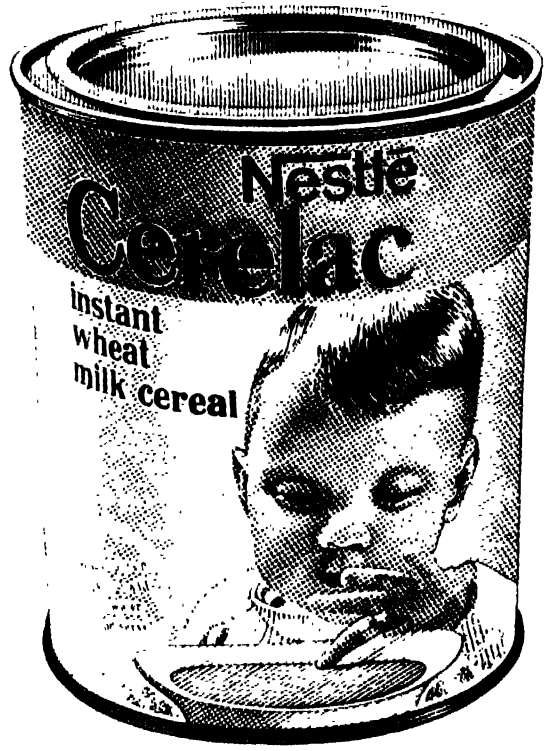

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PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK
AS MORY FISHERMEN STOCK THE LAGOON FOR THE GREAT CATS OF EDEN...
??
THERE'S THE FREAK FAMILY! DROP THE BOMB!
HZZ?
?
RZZ?
AT THE PHANTOM'S ISLE OF EDEN.
???
SY BARRY 10/24
IS THIS.. THING MADE OF LEAD?
WEIGHS (PUFF) A TON!
HURRY UP! GET THE OTHER TWO!
ZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ
HOW ABOUT THAT OTHER ONE.. THAT.. STEGO-SAURUS?
NO ROOM! LATER!
PHAN TOM BAD TROUBLE EDEN
HURRY!
HURRY!!
CONT'D

PHAN-TOM BAD TROUBLE EDEN
HURRY!
HURRY!!

AT THE PIRANHA-FILLED RIVER.. SEPARATING JUNGLE FROM EDEN...
WHIRLYBIRD IN SKY. MADE FOG...
"MADE FOG"? POISON GAS...?
SY BARRY 10/31
STEGY...?
NOT POISON, THANK GOODNESS! SLEEPING GAS! ANIMALS ARE ALL ASLEEP.
TOOK HZZ AND FAMILY.
NOT ORDINARY HUNTERS AFTER GAME. WHO ARE THEY? WHERE DID THEY GO?
INTO SKY.. IN WHIRLYBIRD
NEXT WEEK: THE WHIRLYBIRD

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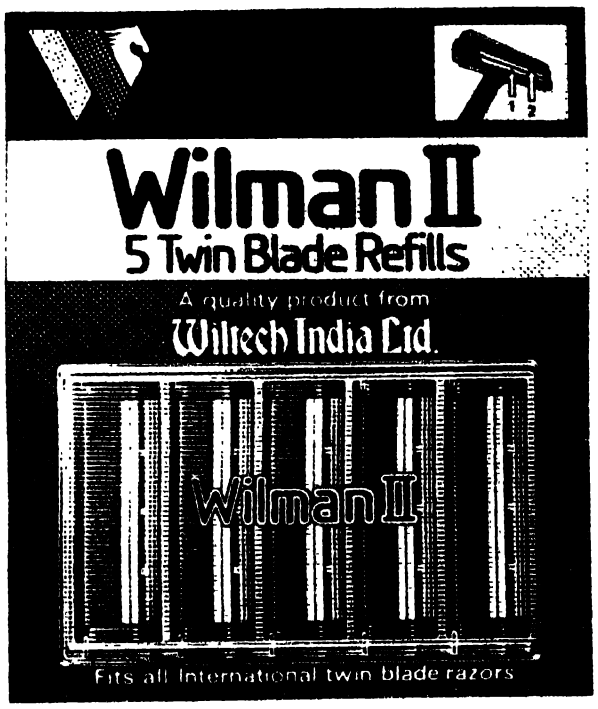

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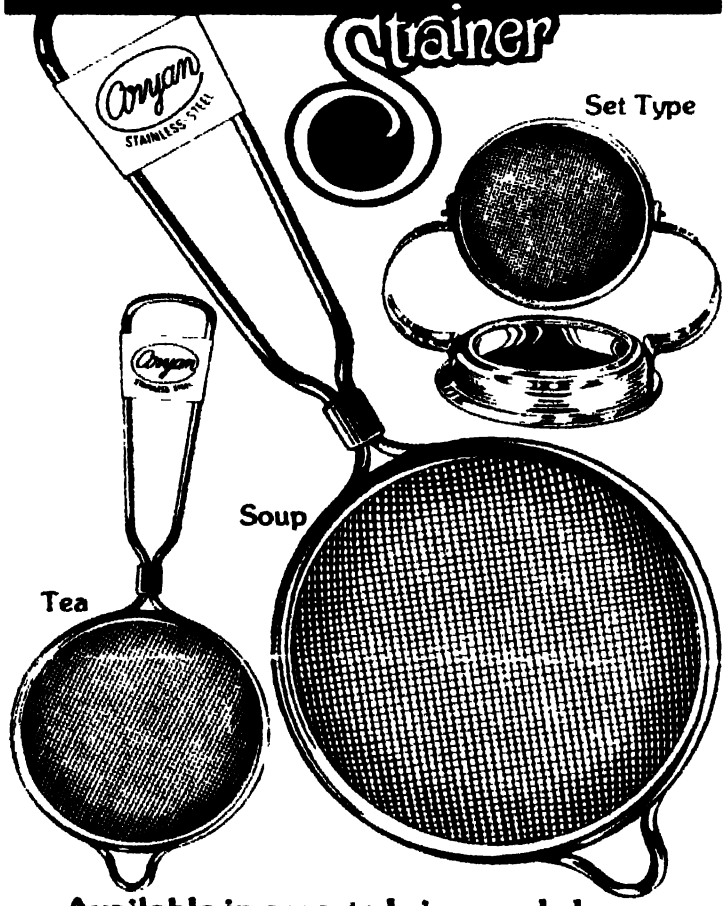

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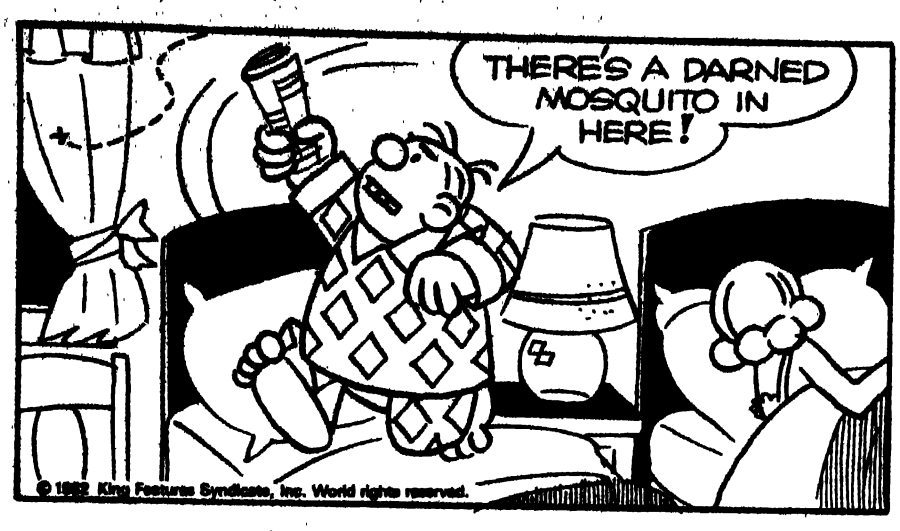
by Dick Wingert



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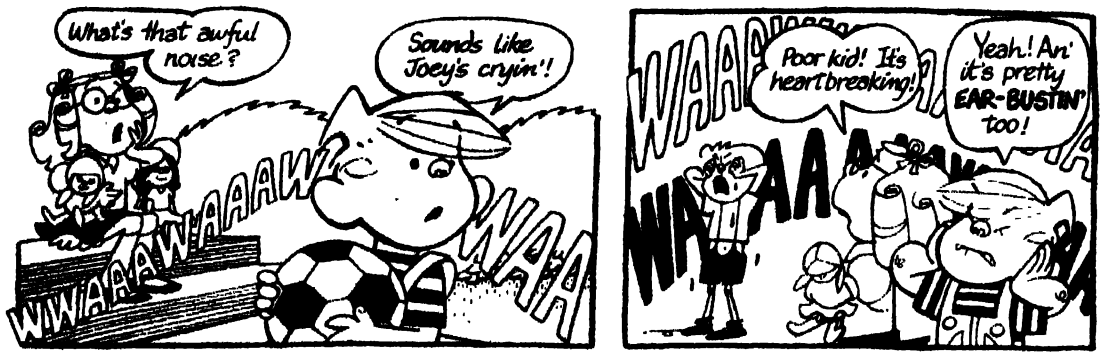
Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham

Having a Bawl



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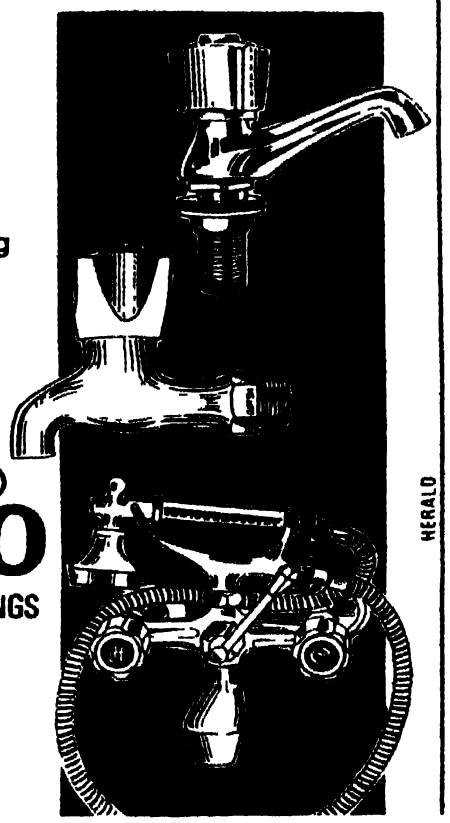

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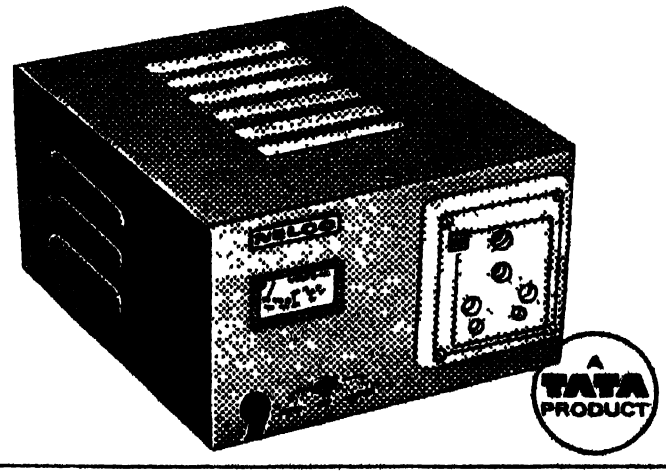

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This Week's Bridge

Calcutta Invitation Tournament - III

PAKISTAN, with four of the teams which finished second in the 1981 World Championships, including the brilliant Zia Mahmood who is fast becoming known as one of the leading players in Europe, played ANAND MEHTA in the 64 Board Finals of the Invitation event held at Calcutta's Saturday Club in January. For MEHTA, Anand Mehta - Orlando Campos playing together for the first time in their lives, and Avinash Gokhale - Jaggy Shivdasani had battled through as a foursome, being joined by Ratanlal Kejriwal only midway through the semi-finals.

After three eventful sets of 16 Boards, we led by 15 imps, with 16 Boards to play. Earlier Pakistan had bid and made an incredible 22 point small slam, on a finesse, and a Grand Slam with King Jack and two more missing in the trump suit, which made when the King doubleton was in finesse. But they had missed a couple of games, gone overboard a few times, and missed two excellent slams, one laydown and the other odds on.

On the first two boards of the last set Pakistan made up 10 imps of their deficit, but this board put us well in front:

West dealer, None Vulnerable.

	♠ A10874 ♥ 8542 ♦ Q3 ♣ 92	
♠ K93 ♥ AK3 ♦ AK8 ♣ AQ103	N W E S	♠ QJ65 ♥ 10 ♦ J964 ♣ KJ85
	♠ 2 ♥ QJ976 ♦ 10752 ♣ 764	

West	North	East	South
Masood	Jaggy	Zia	Avinash
2C (i)	P	2D	2H
2NT (ii)	P	3C(iii)	P
3D	P	3H	P
4C	P	4D	P
4H	P	5C	P
6NT	P	P	P

(i) Acol, or weak preempt in Diamonds
(ii) 22 - 24 Balanced.
(iii) Stayman.

Jaggy led the four of Hearts, third and fifth best. Masood won his Ace over my Jack, and played a low Spade, the Jack winning as Jaggy ducked. Over to the Ace of Clubs, and a second small Spade, Jaggy doing very well by ducking again. The Queen won as I sluffed the six of Hearts. Masood now cashed the Queen and Jack of Clubs, Jaggy pitching the two of Hearts confirming 4 cards, and on the King of Clubs,, I discarded the Queen of Hearts, beginning an unblock. Jaggy pitched a Spade.

Masood tried his best, coming up on the Ace of Diamonds and cashing the King of Hearts, but the hand was an open book by now. I unblocked the *nine* of Hearts, and when Masood cashed the King of Diamonds dropping the Queen, he tried to throw me in with a Heart, but the unblock had done the job - Jaggy was able to win with the precious *eight* of Hearts, and cash the Ace and a Spade for down 2. Our team mates had stopped in Three No Trumps, making 5, II imps to us.

A few boards later came this board:

West dealer, E - W Vul.

West	East
♠ AKQJ832	♠ 64
♥ 6	♥ 10752
♦ AJ984	♦ Q2
♣ Void	♣ KQ654

West	North	East	South
Masood	Jaggy	Zia	Avinash
2S (i)	3H	3S	4H
5D	P	5S	P
P	P		

(i) Acol, forcing for one round.

Zia's three Spades was perhaps an overstatement, but he did have useful cards outside. Masood had to show his Diamonds, and our competition had pushed them a bit too high. Masood was unlucky - the King of Diamonds lay over the Queen, Diamonds broke 4 - 2 with the ten not dropping, South had 1075 of Spades, so he had to one down. With no interference, Campos - Kejriwal were able to stay in four Spades at the other table, West bidding both his suits vigourously but accepting his partner's repeated sign offs.

Three boards from the end of capacity Vu Graph audience erupted. We were leading by 37 imps when this is what the audience saw:

East dealer, North - South Vulnerable.

	♠ Q ♥ Q5 ♦ AK98652 ♣ AKQ	
♠ J98632 ♥ 1064 ♦ 4 ♣ J82	N W E S	♠ AK75 ♥ 983 ♦ QJ3 ♣ 954
	♠ 104 ♥ AKJ72 ♦ 107 ♣ 10763	

In the Closed Room, Pakistan had played in five Diamonds, making on the nose when trumps broke 3 - 1. This was the Open Room auction:

West	North	East	South
Masood	Jaggy	Zia	Avinash
		P	P
2D (i)	D'ble (ii)	2H (iii)	D'ble
2S	3S (iv)	4S	5H (v)
P	6H	P	P
P			

(i) Multi - Weak 2 in a Major or Acol 2 in a Minor.
(ii) General strength.
(iii) Limit if partner has a Weak 2 in Hearts.
(iv) Directional.
(v) Very good Hearts.

Since my Double of Zia's Two Heart bid could have been on scattered values with good hearts, Jaggy decided to first explore Three No Trumps with his Directional bid. When I stressed very good Hearts (maybe I should have had the ten of Hearts), he was able to bid Six! With Hearts 3 - 3, even a Spade lead and continuation wouldn't have hurt me. As it was, Masood led a Diamond, so I made seven.

Eventually we won by 31 imps, 150 - 119 over 64 Boards. There was lots of good bridge, and I imagine the Vu Graph audience enjoyed themselves as much as the players did

West Bengal Bridge Association, and the Saturday Club, have rendered a invaluable service to the cause of Indian bridge by holding this tournament. It enabled many top Indian players to play against tough opposition from Indonesia and Pakistan; it enabled our players to gain exposure to the carding methods of our world class opponents; it introduced some of us to playing with screens and bidding boxes, which is a little disconcerting until you get used to it; and finally the result is likely to inspire our teams to do even better, in future, agaist better known opposition.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess

Double Deflection

FREE offer of a Rook on the 8th rank to deflect, by its forced acceptance, either of two enemy men, is the delightful theme of the combination in position Nos. 309 and 310.

Van der Wiel - P. Nikolic

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1.e4, e5 2.Nf3, NC6 3.Bb5, a6 4.Ba4. Nf6 5.00, Be7 6.Re1, b5 7.Bb3, d6 8.c3, 00 9.d4, Bg4 10.Be3, d5?! 11.exd5, cxd4 12.Bxd4! Nxd4 13.cxd4, Bb4 14.Nc3, Bxc3 15.bxc3, Nxd5 16.Qd3, g6 17.Re5, c6 18.Rae1, Ra7 19.Ng5, Bf5 20.Qg3, Qd6 21.Qh4; f6 22.Ne4, Qd8? 23.Bxd5ch, cxd5

Position No 309: 24.Re8!!, Rxe8 25.Nxf6ch, Kg7 26.Rxe8, Re7! 27.Qxh7ch, Kxf6 28.Qh8ch,Kg5 29.h4ch, 1-0.

9.d4) Ruy Lopez. Mostly 9.h3 is played disallowing the pin ..... Bg4.

10.Be3) 10. Aseyev-Averbakh, Moscow 1982: 10.d5 Na5 11.Bc2, c6 12.h3, Bc8 (M. Zeitsev-V Agmazov, Moscow 1981: 12...Bd7 13.Nxe5, dxe5 14 d6, Nb7 15.dxe7, Qxe7) 13.dxc6, Qc7 14.b3, Nxc6 15.Nbd2, Nd8 16.Bb3, Ne6.

10...d5!) After 10... Nxe4 11.Bd5, Qd7 12.Bxe4, d5 13.Bxh7ch, Kxh7 14.dxe5 Black loses a Pawn

Often played is 10.. cxd4 11.cxd4, Na5 12.Bc2, c5 (or 12... Nc4 13.Bc1, c5); Judasin-Psachis went: 13.dxc5 dxc5 14.Qe2, Nc6 15.Nc3, Ne5; 'Kurs Dyebutov gives 13.h3, cxd4 14 Bxd4, Bxf3 15.Qxf3, Rc8. 20.Kh1, Bh5 21.Rc1, Nc4.

12.Bxd4!) An improvement on the book variation 12.Bg5, Nxd5.

18.Rae1) White has gained advantage in the doubling of Rooks in e-file and the pressure on Black's Knight on d5.

22...Qd8?) He had to play 22... Bxe4 23.R5xe4, Kg7; though after 24.Re6, Qd7 25.Qg3 and h4-h5 White's attack is still strong.

29.h4ch) Having saved the back rank mate, White can now take Queen.

Chandler - Szeles
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1.d4, d5 2.c4, e6 3.Nc3, c5 4.cxd5, cxd4?! 5.Qa4ch, Bd7 6.Qxd4, exd5 7.Qxd5, Nc6 8.Qd1, Nf6 9.Nf3, Bc5 10.e3, Qe7 11.Be2, 000 12.00, g5 13.b4!, Bxb4 14.Bb2, Rhg8 15.Nd4, Kb8 16.Ncb5, Ne5 17.Qb3, g4 18.Rfc1, Nf3ch! 19.Nxf3, gxf3 20.Bxf3, Bxb5 21.a3, Rd2! 22.Bd4!, Nc4! 23.Qxb4, Ng5!

Position No 310: 24.Rc8ch!, Rxc8 25 Qxe7, 1-0

3...c5) Tarrasch Defence.

4...cxd4?!) Hennig-Schara Gambit, lively but doubtful; if 5.Qxd4, Nc6 6.Qd1, exd5 7.Qxd5, Be6 or 7...Bd7 and 8... Nf6. Normal is 4...exd5

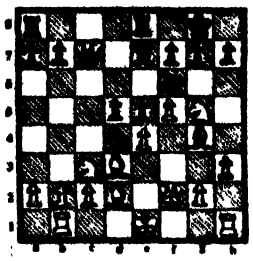
11...000) 'Kurs Dyebutov' suggests 11...00 12.00, Rfd8.

14.Bb2) All this is book; 14...g4 15.Nd4 with better chances.

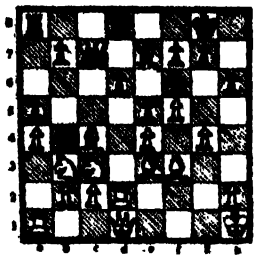
23... Ng5!) He cannot play 23...Qxb4 24.axb4 because of the double threat 25.Bxe4 and 25.Bxa7ch etc. Now after 24.Qxe7 (24.Qxd2?, Nxf6ch etc.) Nh3ch 25.Kh1, Nxf2ch 26.Kg1, Nh3ch draws.

24.Rc8ch!!) If 24...Kxc8 25.Bg4ch stops the draw and if 25...f5 26.Qxe7; or 25...Kd8 26.Qxd2.

R.B. SAPRE



No 311 Black to play



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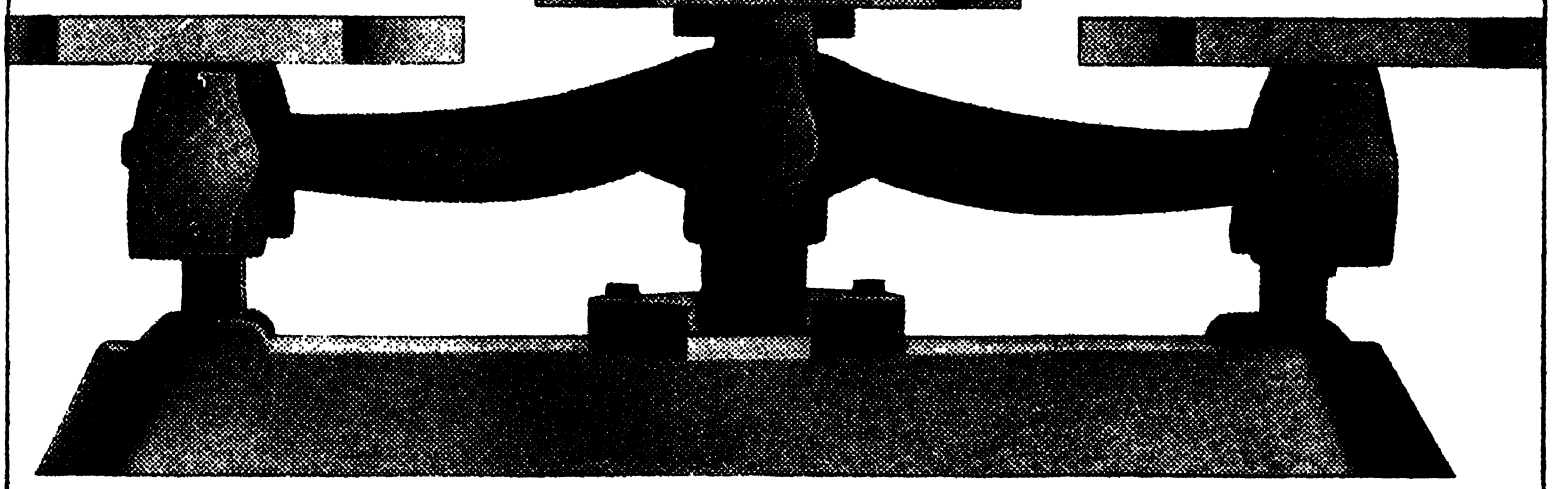

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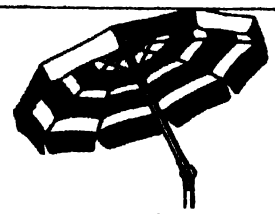

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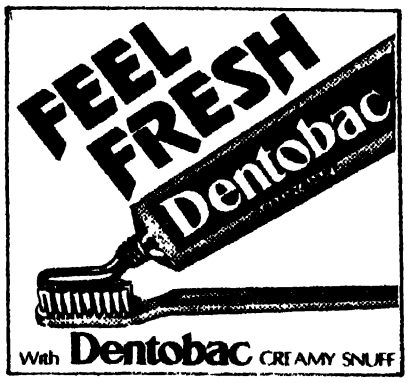

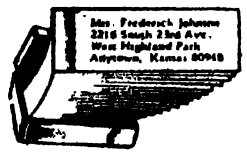

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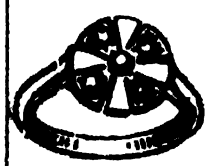

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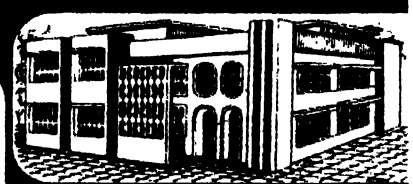

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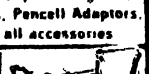

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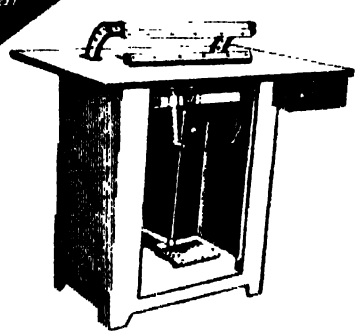

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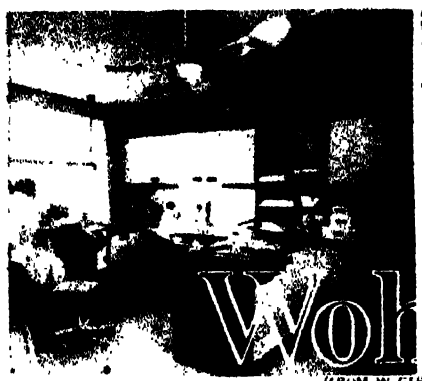

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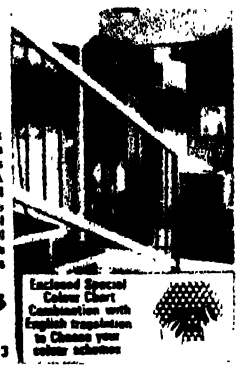

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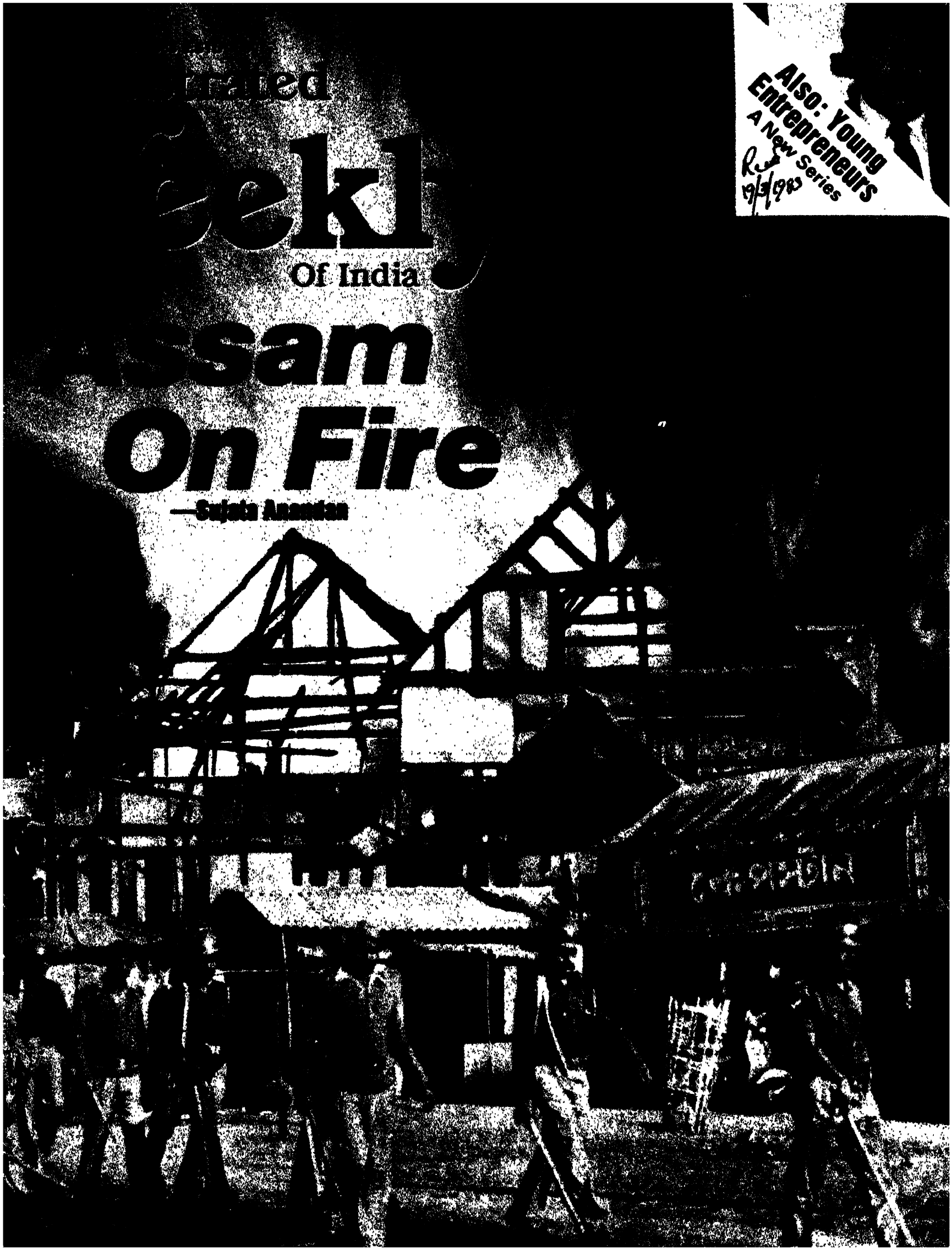
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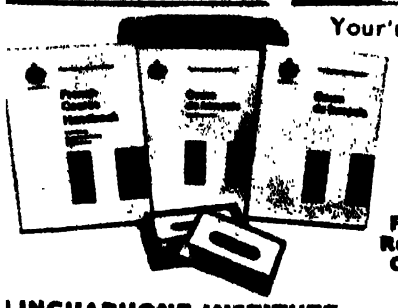

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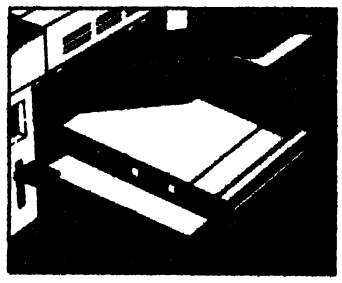

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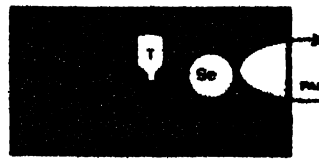

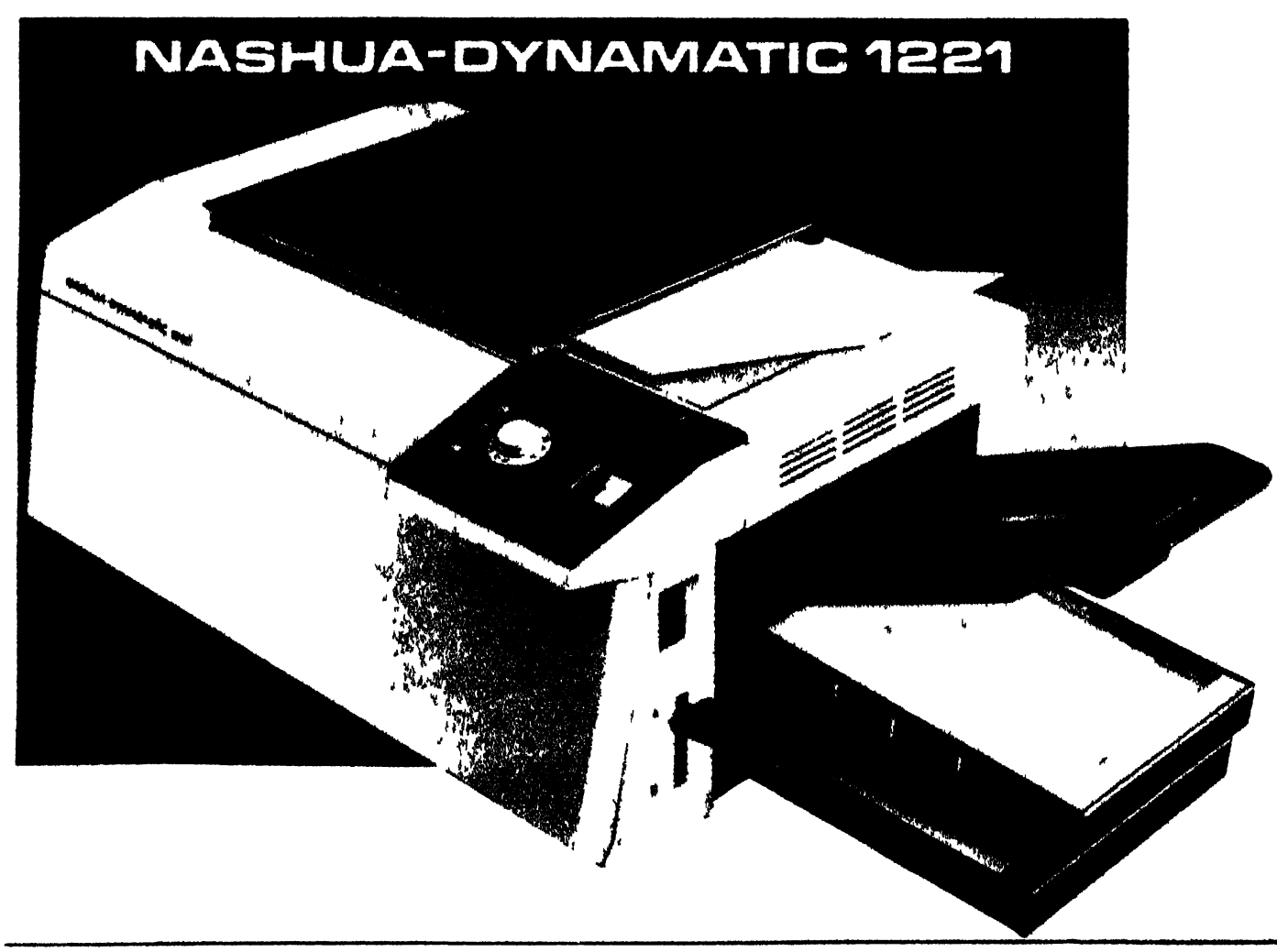

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Second, paper travels only one third the distance when compared to conventional copiers. Which means 66% less chances of paper jam. And quicker, cleaner copies.

Less electricity consumption

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..The Nashua-Dynamatic Automatic Plain Paper Copier.

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Touch-Sensor sophistication

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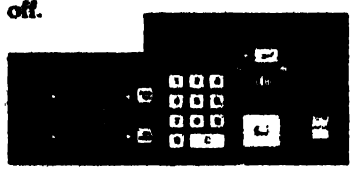
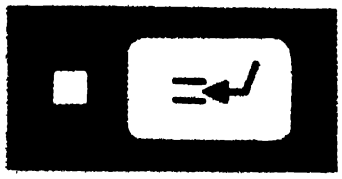


Size reduction

Copying of originals in sizes ranging from A5 to A3 including B4 & F4 is possible. And by using the reduction key, you can shrink large originals to economise on paper and mailing costs, standardize formats and simplify filing. Reduction from A3 to A4 is possible i.e. a 66.9% reduction ratio. You can even prepare oversized documents on the Nashua 1291 for fascimile transmission. All at the rate of 36 copies per minute.

Interruption for urgent copies

Sometimes, an urgent document must be copied while a long report is being duplicated. By pressing the interrupt copy key, the long run can be suspended and the priority copies made without delay. Then press the interrupt key again, and the copy program returns to the point where you left off.

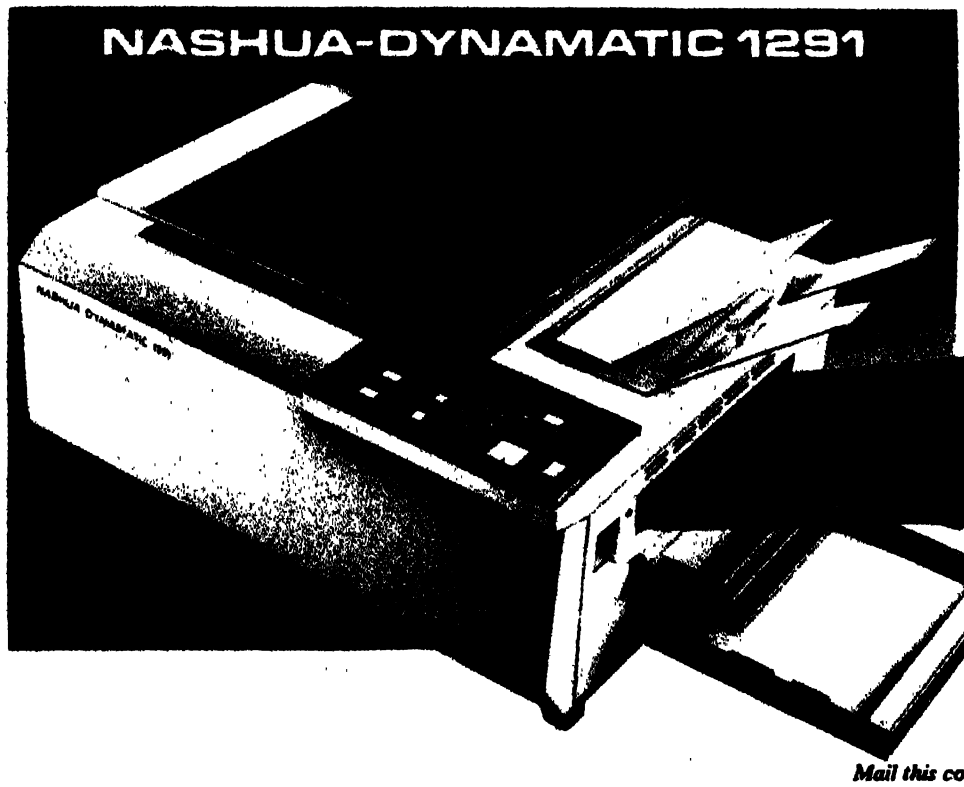


Plus many more marvelous features which more than justify the price of the Nashua-Dynamatic 1291.

The engineers on call

There's a lot more to the Nashua-Dynamatic 1221 and 1291 about which our engineers will enjoy talking to you. For they are the boys who will instal and service your machine. Wherever you are in the country, they'll be on call, ready with spares and consumables.

Ask for a demonstration. So that you can see for yourself the fastest starter in the copying business, the Nashua-Dynamatic 1221. Or better still, the Nashua-Dynamatic 1291.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Freedom Of Sexpression

Sir—P.K. Nijhawan's well researched article ("Sex Revolution And Hinduism", February 20) was interesting. It certainly helps in liberating Indians from a false sense of guilt, which the West imposed on us. Mr Nijhawan's treatment of the subject was exemplary: not once did he seem off colour.

Balvinder Singh
Chandigarh

Bitter Pills

Sir—"Beware Pretty Maids All In A Row" by J. B. Chatterjee (February 20) is informative. In the description about Rawolfia it says:"This is a particularly interesting shrub as it has medicinal values in addition to its poisonous character." The same applies to many other plants: Datura and Gloriosa are used in Ayurvedic medicines and Gelsemium in homoeopathy.

Permit me to recall one incident in which a stone-cutter, who was disgusted with the unsuccessful treatment given to him by many doctors for his chronic stomachache, took the roots of *Gloriosa superba*. He didn't die. He was cured!

Dr T. K. Yathindradas
Bombay

Divided We Stand

Sir—R. Sriman's "A Disturbing Moment For Indian Cricket" (February 13) ignored one important reason for India's defeat: our team lacked national spirit. Each player played as an individual.

Dr Gulati
New Delhi

Sir—We read with keen interest Mr R. Sriman's impartial and impressive article. Our cricketers' dismal performance in the recent cricket series against Pakistan.

It has been proved without slightest doubt that our present cricket team is no match to the formidable and professional cricketers of Pakistan. Let's accept this humiliating defeat sportingly and let this "*failure be the key to success*".

If we really want India to occupy a respectable and prominent place on the cricket map of the world, then it is imperative that the following steps should be taken:

Revamp the whole cricket set-up both at State and National level.

There should be no room for politicians, only sportsmen and professionals should be associated.

Irrespective of any 'ism', deserving and talented cricketers should be encouraged.

Incentives should be introduced and a cadre of professional cricketers should be built-up

To weed out the old guard, who have been successively a failure/ deadwood.

As has been suggested by Gavaskar and others, Board of Control for Cricket in India, should take-up with the International Cricket Board to have "umpires" from neutral countries. This will go a long way to avoid unnecessary bitter feelings for the so called bad/wrong and doubtful umpiring decisions, etc.

—Mons Chowdhury

We sincerely hope that the destiny of our Indian cricket, which is in deep crisis, will be in the right hands.

M.A. Jabbar
Hameed Siddiqui
Sultan Quayyum
M.A. Rehman
Kaleem Siddiqui
Laxman Murthy
Saudi Arabia

NTR's Task

Sir—G.S. Reddy's analysis of the present Government in Andhra Pradesh ("Misty Dawn Of NTR's Ram Rajya", February 15) made interesting reading.

As he rightly puts it, it is hard reality and not the movie screen that NTR has to face. It is not going to be a bed of roses all the way along—it is one thing to preach and another to practise. NTR has begun with a bang, we hope he lives up to public expectations. If it is an ideal welfare state that he has in mind, if it is the whole India that he sees in AP—rather than a state jaundiced by regional considerations—then should have more of his ilk.

Have the Augean stables now been cleaned? Let us now hope that the people are not taken for yet one more ride!

K. V. Krishnan
Bombay

The Bohras

Sir—That the High Priest still enjoys the utmost love, respect and confidence of the Bohras is unquestionable and can be easily assessed by attending any of our religious ceremonies. ("Struggle Against Authoritarianism", February 13).

The Nathwani Commission was a group mostly of non-Muslims. Hence it was not possible for them to understand the traditions and feelings of Islam. The judgement of such a commission was bound to be prejudiced.

Fakhruddin S. Attar
Surat

Marvellous "Mystic"

Sir—I am myself a mystic artist and I enjoyed Mr Jean Letschert Ascharyacharya's creations (February 13). My hearty congratulations to Ms Christine Merllie and the artist.

Manani
Bangalore

Mishra Raj

Sir—The WEEKLY is to be widely acclaimed for its bold investigative reporting on the Bihar Chief Minister, Dr Jagnnath Mishra, the most derided Chief Minister in India. ("Fresh Move To Oust Bihar CM", February 13). The incisive report is well-analysed, thought-provoking.

Also, it is totally beyond my comprehension why Mrs Gandhi is taking no action against Dr Mishra.

Khursheed Ahmad
Patna

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Sir—In your cover story, "Can The Congress (I) Put Its House In Order?" by K.C. Khanna and K.R. Sundar Rajan's article, "Can Mrs Gandhi Do It?" immediately following it (February 6), you took a good look at Mrs Gandhi's recent reshuffling of her Cabinet and her Party's Secretariat. Mrs Gandhi did not make any drastic changes in both. The only innovation worth mentioning is the appointment of UP's ex-Chief Minister V.P. Sigh as a Cabinet Minister and of her son Rajiv Gandhi as a General Secretary of the Congress (I). Her son is given important matters to deal with and wields as much power as, if not more than, any of the other secretaries. His appointment is more significant than that of V.P. Singh, who can only be considered to have been rewarded for his "clean" image, unsullied in the mire of UP politics.

Though Mrs Gandhi's Party had met with a humiliating defeat in the Assembly elections in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh during this January, it is wrong to conclude that her influence in the country is now waning and that she is incapable of doing any good to the country. A political leader of her stature is still not in sight. If, with the Sikhs in Punjab and the students and young men in Assam on a rampage, anyone can solve India's problems, it is Mrs Gandhi and Mrs Gandhi alone. She has her foibles, but we may have to put up with them and stand behind her, giving her every support in her effort to prevent India from disintegration, which is no longer an imaginary threat.

Mr Khanna is to be congratulated for recognising Mrs Gandhi's potential.

K. Govina
Kuttippuram

Sir—The much talked about and much publicised second Kamaraj Plan was a farce. How can a doddering octagenarian rejuvenate a fractious party? The Congress (I)'s shattering defeat in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka shows that people cannot be fooled any longer by Mrs Gandhi's political gimmicks. In fact, all the Congress (I)-ruled States are the bastions of ministerial corruption and nepotism.

K.N. Sudhakaran Pilla
Belgaum

Tibetans Speak Out!

Sir—The thoughts and feelings of Tibetans have been mispresented in K.N. Sud's article (Tibetan Exiles: Too Rich To Go Back", February 6). If we are rich, it is result of our hard work during our dispiacement in India. However, wealth is not what we seek. It has been out unceasing endeavour to struggle for independence. We don't equate material richness with political independence. Just think of it—we had fled our Motherland, a very rich and fair one, in 1959 out of sheer repugnance of subjugation of our sacred land by China.

The author has misconstrued and misinterpreted our adaptability in the Indian Society. He has implied that we have endeavoured to achieve a complete absorption in the Indian Society, like some Indian minority groups. This is entirely wrong. He has also gone to the extent of quoting His Holiness the Dalai Lama to the same effect. We know however, the statement has been quoted in an injustifiable context.

The concluding sentence, "And who knows, in course of time, they (meaning Tibetans) may start asking New Delhi for a linguistic state of not their own", is just wrong but positively mischievous.

Tashi Phuntsok
Karnataka

What's In A Name?

Sir—It was not "Mr Smith" but Frank Smythe who first wrote about the Valley if Flowers ("Hemkund and the Valley of Flowers", February 6). Since then the original name of the valley, Pushpawati, given by the Pandavas, has fallen into disuse.

Anil Bahuguna
Member, International Mountain Society
New Delhi

Precious Pics

Sir—P. Dhavan's photographs ("A Hobby Par Excellence", February 6) were fantastic. I wait eagerly for each Third Eye feature in the WEEKLY which has acquired a special place in the hearts of the readers.

Krishna Pachegonkar
Aurangabad

Future Of Astrology

Sir—"The Future Of Astrology—The Soothsayers Of The World Unite!" (January 3) brings out some important points which deserve careful scrutiny.

The author has indirectly implied that college-going scientists are to be held accountable for the ill effects of Manhattan project. And since Manhattan project was immoral, college-going scientists have no right to protest against anything "immoral" like dependence on astrology. Actually the college-going scientists have done an admirable job in protesting against the issue. It is unfair to blame science or scientists for the ills which flow out of misuse of science and technology by any society.

It is indeed unfortunate that although Indian scientists (or sages—call them by any name you like) developed astronomy to a significant level about 2000 years ago, as pointed out by the author, it did not flourish in our country. It is anybody's guess what India's position would have been in the world today had we struck to a rational, non-superstitious outlook.

S.K. Bhattacharjee
New Bombay

Overwhelming!

Sir—In the "Weekly Pick" (January 30) one read with interest Mrs Gandhi's comment that "both Sanjay and Rajiv Gandhi shared the traits of their late father, Mr Feroze Gandhi, and had great concern for honesty and achieving excellence in their work. They were both direct and knew their own minds and had leadership qualities".

May I add that honesty and persuit of excellence are very Parsi traits, built on the foundation of the teachings of prophet Zarathushtra.

A. Parsi
Calcutta

Your Affairs: The Persian Grocer

Sir—According to a Persian proverb when the cat and the mouse agree, the grocer is worried.

When the Government and the police authorities agree to hold large public functions to felicitate notorious dacoits, the public finds itself in the position of the proverbial Persian grocer.

Nadir Modi
Bombay

The Illustrated
Weekly
of India

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CONTENTS

8 **COVER STORY:** ***Assam On Fire.*** All citizens are the victims of the mindless violence wracking Assam. The reign of terror, if unchecked, may soon fragment the State. Sujata Anandan files a poignant report straight from the centre of the storm in the State.

12 Plus Nachiketa interviews prominent politicians on the Assam imbroglio.

35 **LABOUR:** ***Will The Bombay Textile Mills Reopen?*** B. Shankar weighs the chances.

14 **IN THE STATES:** ***NTR's "School" For Politicians*** by G.S. Reddy; ***Almonds In The Plains*** by T Chawla; ***Palaces For Sale*** by J. Vyas.

20 **ECONOMY:** ***A Tame Budget: Housewife Left Out In The Cold.*** Our Special Correspondent analyses the Finance Minister's "performance".

21 **ALSO:** ***Designed For Solvency Despite Setbacks.*** By Balraj Mehta.

16 **EDUCATION:** ***Are IITs Any Good?*** Minnie Vaid examines the Institute's claims to being a "centre of excellence".

25 **PROFILE:** ***Heir-Apparent To The Tata Throne.*** Starting a new series: "Young Entrepreneurs" with a profile of Ratan Tata. By Hashim Khairullah.

23 **INTERVIEW:** ***World Teetering On The Brink Of Economic Chaos.*** Dragoslav Avramovic, Special Adviser to UNCTAD Secretary-General, talks to C. Raghavan.

30 **WORLD:** ***France To Relive Guilt And Glory Of Last War.*** The trial of Klaus Barbie, the notorious Nazi "Butcher of Lyons", is bound to rattle some nasty skeletons. By Lalika Padgaonkar.

27 **HAPPENINGS:** ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya on the influx of Assamese refugees into West Bengal; Thomas Bata's Visit; Bangladesh's Language Movement Day Celebrations; Conditions in Dum Dum Jail and the "Journey to the Roots" tour.

32 **FILMS:** M.M. Kaye's haunting love story, ***The Far Pavilions,*** is currently being shot in Jaipur. Dinesh Sharma reports.

41 **WILDLIFE:** ***Mangrove Magic.*** Arun Bhatia, leader of WWF-India's third marine camp to Pirotan Island in the Gulf of Kutch, writes about a delightful experience.

28 **THIRD EYE:** ***The Ordinary Made Beautiful*** by Surendra Sharma.

26 **RELIGION:** ***Dehra-Tijara—A Place Of Jain Pilgrimage.*** by Tarachand Premi.

39 **SPORT:** ***Of Kapil, Calypso And Sunil.*** How far were his detractors justified in hauling Kapil Dev over the coals for India's losing the First Test at Kingston? Raju Bharatan takes a look.

43 **HEALTH:** ***Technique Of Total Relaxation.*** Samprasad Vinod on *Shavasana.*

49 **FICTION:** ***Ants.*** Why did they have to kill the birds? Story by Randhir Khare.

45 ***I Was Motilal Setalvad's Junior.*** R. Vasudev Pillai's tribute to the legal luminary.

55 **HUMOUR:** ***The Two Paycheck Couple.*** C. Raju takes a peep at domestic discord.

46 **BOOKS:** Reviews of P.K. Nijhawan's ***"Hinduism, Secularism and Hindu Rashtra"*** and Balraj Madhok's ***"Rationale of Hindu State."***

Plus: World Around Us 31; That's Business 36; New Products & Processes 37; Weekly Pick 44; Ha! 52; Stars 54; Comics 57; Bridge & Chess 61.

Next Issue

Are We Fair To Our Armed Forces?

The general discontent in the Armed Forces has to be traced not only to the declining capacity to fight inflation but also to the choked promotion prospects in the Defence Services following the emergency recruitments, especially in the Army and the Air Force (made 20 years ago) and to intra-Service disparities.

Another major factor is the moral ethos in a society where corruption has made life easier for those sections that are not called upon to sacrifice anything for the country. Our Special Correspondent presents an in-depth analysis.

Birla's Brightest Star

Profile of Aditya Birla in our series: "Young Entrepreneurs".

Raw Deal For The Armed Forces?

Is it only those failing elsewhere who join our Armed Forces today? Why are the Services consistently losing their best men to the private sector? Pradeep Shinde investigates.

A Janus Of Our Times

Homage to Arthur Koestler, one of the foremost thinkers of the century.

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Cover Story

If there has been a Government clampdown on civil liberties in Assam, the Assamese themselves have denied freedom of expression to their own people. If the police atrocities on the Assamese have been excessive, the terrorisation of Bengalis and "immigrants" by the Assamese has been no less. Insane violence has taken over Assam today. If this reign of terror is not halted immediately, the State will soon split into fragments, says our staffer, SUJATA ANANDAN, in this on-the-spot assessment which took her straight to the centre of the scene of action.

Colour photographs by Shekhar Gupta, Courtesy: *Indian Express*

Black & white photographs by the author

Assam On Fire

THE once-placid blue waters of the Brahmaputra today run stormy purple with the blood of hundreds of victims of "democracy" and "non-violence". What began three years ago as a peaceful "satyagraha" for totally legitimate reasons has turned into a mad carnage. Tension, suspicion and hatred between the communities ride high in Assam today, the peace and the langour of its people are shattered—seemingly forever.

Even the best of causes can become perverted and this is what is happening in Assam. Between the blunderings of the administration and the loss of reason by the agitators, the State is sinking deeper and deeper into crisis and there seems to be no way out of the impasse.

The imposition of elections on an unwilling electorate was perhaps one of the most unfortunate actions of the Government in recent times. Far from restoring order in the State, it has only helped, if anything, to bring the various sections of the people in Assam into a state of open confrontation with each

DEMOCRATIC DISSENT? Assam is plastered with anti-poll graffiti (above and left) that are sad reminders of the enforced elections on a largely unwilling electorate. The agitators were determined that there should be no election and ultimately succeeded in making the Government look ridiculous. However this did not stop the formation of a Ministry in the State.

other. Before the elections there was at least a state of armed truce between the communities. But today, with so much loss of life and property among so many communities;the fissures in the Assamese society have widened into gaping chasms

"Violence is a necessary attribute of the struggle for existence," a young Assamese woman tells me, after the Nellie massacre where the victims were mostly women and children. "Violence, in its purest form, determines the survival of the fittest and I think it is most desirable."

"The first round in the battle against the immigrants has gone to us," says another Assamese youth. "I don't think any freedom can be won without the sacrifice of a few lives and Nellie has been such a sacrifice."

How would he have reacted had the victims of the Nellie massacre been Assamese instead of Muslim "immigrants"? His eyes blaze and he mutters, "We would have taken two immigrants for every Assamese killed."

What is the reason that a gentle peace-loving people have been moved to such madness and violence? The answer lies, perhaps, in fear—a genuine fear of being swamped by the "foreigners", of losing their identity and possibly their State,once the number of the Bangladeshi immigrants becomes overwhelming. They also see the possibility of Assam seceding from India if the immigrants throw up a fanatic Muslim leader or, much worse, acceding to Bangladesh on the strength of their religious majority.

This is,indeed,a serious problem—one that the entire country must face and not just the Assamese people alone. The North-East is strategically one of the most dangerously situated regions in the country, surrounded as it is by four foreign nations, three of which—China, Burma and Bangladesh (Bhutan is the fourth)—though not permanent enemies, can certainly not be counted upon as friends at all times. The Super-powers also love to fish in troubled waters and Assam is very much troubled today.

While this might well occur to the higher-ups in the Government, other considerations—mainly political—cloud their judgment. Indeed, the entire situation has been the creation of politicians who held personal gains far more important than any national good.

Not Recent

The influx of Bengali Hindus and Muslims into Assam is not of recent origin—it goes back, in fact, to the British days. Englishmen imported labour from the neighbouring Bengal into the tea gardens and the educated Bengalis to man their offices. The lazy Assamese, who loathed to work in their fields themselves, allowed this influx. The numbers of the aliens grew with partition and the subsequent Indo-Pak wars of 1966 and 1971. However, the stream of infiltration remained steady in the intervening years for there was practically no control exercised at the borders. That the problem is, indeed, serious is apparent from the population figures obtained from the 1971 census report: while the growth rate in the rest of the country during the previous decade (1961-70) was 24.8%, in Assam the population increased sharply by 35 per cent.

A large percentage of this abnormal increase was the result of large-scale immigration. In the days before partition, the immigrants were mostly Muslim peasants; their immigration was actively encouraged by the British and the Assamese landlords themselves who found it difficult to secure labour locally to till their land. After partition, however, a large number of Hindu refugees poured into Assam from the neighbouring East Pakistan, as did the Muslims, though in lesser numbers.

TWO EXTREMES. While a clampdown on local newspapers like Assam Tribune *(above, top)* Dainik Asom *and* Agradoot *(see Weekly, February 27-March 5, Page 30) formed part of the denial of civil liberties to the people of Assam, the agitators lost all reason as they went about systematically destroying bridges (above) and other public and private property in an attempt to stop the elections at all costs. Below left: The politicians are apparently unconcerned with what happens to the rest of Assam, so long as they remain in power. Seen here APCC (I) President Haren Talukdar and Congress (I) Lok Sabha candidate from Gauhati Bhubaneshwar Bhuyan talking politics at the Boko Inspection Bungalow with jawans of the Maharashtra Special Reserve Police Force in the background. Assam today, indeed, looks beseiged by men in khaki of all hues.*

On examination, nearly 2.2 lakh persons were declared illegal immigrants between 1950-61 and almost an equal number of illegal entrants were identified in the next decade. Although tribunals were set up for their detection and deportation, local landlords—who benefited from cheap labour—and local politicians—who benefited from their votes—intervened on their behalf and a large number of those ordered deported thus continued to live in the State.

Then during 1971, nearly one lakh refugees fleeing the reign of terror in East Pakistan entered Assam and remained in the State after India and Bangladesh signed an agreement to the effect that Indian citizenship would be granted to all those refugees who had been in India for at least six months before the civil war broke out in the erstwhile East Pakistan (March 25, 1971). At this time no one objected to this influx and least of all the politicians—especially the Muslim leaders belonging to the Congress—since the immigrants formed a most reliable section of the electorate: the Muslims as a minority community have traditionally identified the Congress with security. In Assam they were ensured safety and shelter, so long as they voted for the Congress *and did not demand their fair share of power.* With security their main consideration, the Muslim immigrants complied: they even declared Assamese to be their language in an attempt to assimilate and blend with the local Assamese. Things went peacefully for some years.

Other Factors

But there were other factors operating in the hills, not the least important of them, the economic. Education had been long in coming to the Assamese but,once it did, it helped them to realise that they were fast becoming a minority in their own State. Not only had the immigrants, now aware of the power of their own vote, sought and gained a greater representation in the State Legislature but they had also secured land from the local

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GLARING DIFFERENCE. The fact that the elections in Assam were a total farce is indisputable. Whatever little voting was recorded was only in the Bengali Hindu and Beng Muslim areas (left). *Polling centres in Assamese areas were totally deserted* (right). *Not even animals stirred here.* Inset (left): *Dr Birendra Kumar Bhattacharya bemoans th total denial of civil liberties to the Assamese.*

Assamese at fairly low prices and, with their labour and industry, become fairly prosperous. They were in a position to bargain for more power and if their terms were met, could render the Assamese political orphans in their own State. The Assamese burned with resentment for a long time but were unable to mobilise a strong enough force to fight this threat to their identity.

Then two apparently unconnected events, separated by a few months, stoked the fires of revolt and gave the Assamese people the necessary motive to launch a full-fledged agitation on the foreigners issue

In September 1978, speaking at an Electoral Officers' conference at Ooty, the former Chief Election Commissioner, S.L. Shakhder, expressed his concern at "the alarming situation in some States, especially in the North-Eastern region from where disturbing reports are coming in regard to the large-scale inclusion of foreign nationals in the electoral rolls." Expressing the view that the influx had become a regular feature, he felt that "on basis of the increase of 34.98 per cent between the two censuses, the increase likely to be recorded in the 1991 census will be more than 100 per cent over the 1961 census. In other words, *a stage would be reached when that State may have to reckon with the foreign nationals who may in all probability constitute a sizeable percentage, if not the majority population in the State.*" (Emphasis added).

He went on to add, "Another disturbing factor in this regard is *the demand by the political parties for the inclusion in the electoral rolls of the names of such immigrants who are not even Indian citizens, without even questioning and properly determining their citizenship status*" (Emphasis added).

The CEC was, in fact, referring to the influx of Nepalis into Sikkim and not to Assam but his statement brought to the surface the simmering discontent of the Assamese people against a similar state of affairs in their own State.

Finally, in April 1979 when the Election Commission ordered a revision of the electoral rolls in the Mangaldoi parliamentary constituency for holding a byelection necessitated by the death of the sitting Janata Party MP, the Assamese found their worst fears confirmed—nearly 45,000 names on the electoral list were discovered to be those of persons of doubtful nationality. Although these names were eventually struck off the list, the discovery resulted in the explosion of a mass movement—the longest drawn that independent India has witnessed so far. Today it has turned Assam into a bloody battleground of divisive forces.

The movement, in the beginning, was totally reasonable and legitimate, although not very Gandhian in character, as the agitators are prone to claim. Any satyagraha must necessarily be both popular and peaceful but while the Assam movement was the former, the latter it was *not*.

As early as 1980, the State witnessed the cold-blooded murder of as many as 400 people—mostly Bangladeshis and Bengalis of Indian origin. Although the All Assam Students Union (AASU) and the Gana Sangram Parishad (AAGSP), which spearheaded the movement, disowned all responsibility for the killings (they blamed "anti-social elements"), there was a stage even as long ago as that when it was difficult to recognise who was the underdog and who the overlord.

Coercive Tactics

Moreover, a satyagraha is wholly peaceful and involves no coercion at all. The movement, however, began with the adoption of several coercive tactics (like picketing) and even today remains largely coercive. While the movement enjoys

NO PATTERN IN THE KILLINGS. At Nellie, tribals massacred immigrants; at Gohpur they killed the Assamese.

majority support among the Assamese people, there is still a small segment which does not care, one way or the other, how the movement goes so long as it is left in peace. These people would rather not have much to do with the movement and would like peacefully to continue in their jobs, but they are not allowed to do so.

For example, an Assamese Government Press worker refuses to co operate with the movement and insists on voting at the elections. As a warning, his house is set on fire. When this fails to bring him to heel, acid is thrown at his wife and daughter: he is finally *coerced* into begging, with folded palms, for forgiveness and into expressing his willingness to cooperate with the movement.

In another instance, a woman journalist who investigates and exposes a false claim made by the movement leaders receives her first warning with the slaying of her brother. When this fails to cower her, her husband is killed.

During the recent Assembly elections there were large sections of the people who did not—or could not—vote for fear of retribution from the agitators. They could have defied the movement and asked for police protection: but this would have only left them even more open to attack once the protection was withdrawn at the end of the polls.

Can any such means ever be termed Gandhian?

There is a theory that had the Government not blundered into arresting moderate AASU leaders like Prafulla Mahanta and Bhrigu Phukan, who advocate nonviolence in preference to violence, much of the bloodshed could have been avoided. Says Debo Prasad Borooah, Professor of political science and journalism at the Gauhati University, and the moving force behind the agitators: "Even Gandhi's movements generated violence. But Gandhi was never held responsible for them."

Gandhiji, however, was well-known to have suspended his movements the moment any innocent people were massacred. We, however, live in a different day and age and so the agitators tend to react differently.

Is there any good reason for the excesses being perpetrated by the agitators? According to Dr Birendra Kumar Bhattacharya, the 1979 Jnanpith award winner and leading light in the Assamese literary field, a clamp-down on civil liberties and a total denial of all democratic means of expressing dissent has led the Assamese people into this violent expression of their frustration at the non-settlement of the foreigners issue and of their resentment at the imposition of the elections without such a settlement.

Civil liberties have, indeed, been denied to the Assamese for a long time now. What's worse, a reign of terror by the CRPF has been let loose on the people of Assam. Men in khaki uniforms, helmets and rifles gleaming, patrol the streets d in and day out. On the slightest provoc tion, they shoot first and ask questio later. Assamese seem to be their spec target. In this seemingly "Police State" Assam, it would appear, that to be Assamese is itself the greatest crime

Police Atrocities

The Assamese, indeed, live in extren fear of the CRPF. Police atrocities on t innocent people of the State have be numerous. There have been arbitra killings of local Assamese in the village there have been instances of extren action by the CRPF against even the mo harmless forms of defiance by t Assamese. They have, in every instanc opened fire without resorting to eith lathi-charge or tear-gas. Their explan tion for this disregard of the norms is th tear-gas and lathis are ineffective in t hills: the rioters escape into the de woods, which the CRPF, strangers to t land, find difficult to penetrate.

However, the Government of India h in its arsenal a large stock of rubb bullets which have never been use These bullets wound but do not kill. Th nevertheless achieve the same purpos dispersal of a rioting mob. The admini tration and the CRPF authorities, howe er, have shown no consideration for live the most shocking example of their co lousness has been the firing incident Tongla: the orders for the firing we passed by the Collector (and not th District Magistrate) two hours after th actual incident!

If the CRPF is hated by the Assames the non-Assamese in the State harbo similar feelings for the Assam Police These men are in direct contrast to th CRPF; they have been known to run awa from the scene of a riot instead marching in and restoring law and orde However, wherever they were in a majo ity and better-armed, it is widely allege they have allowed the killings of innocer non-Assamese, if not actually partic pated in the massacre.

The Government must, indeed, tak serious note of all this. In a trouble-to state, the State Police itself can rise revolt. There have already been a fe scattered instances of defiance borderi on mutiny and their importance in th scheme of things has not gone unnotic by the agitators.

Be that as it may, the Assame resentment against the foreign nationa has today grown to cover the indigenou Bengali Hindus and Bengali Muslims wh have been living in the State longer thc most people, apart from the Assame

pains to emphasise that "our agitation is against foreign nationals of all kinds and *not* Indians from other States", the Assamese people are increasingly resentful of the better jobs and higher positions in the State being taken up by the Bengalis—and others.

They have a point—the North East Frontier Railway, for example, is staffed almost entirely by Bengalis. There is no local recruitment, all appointments are made in Calcutta and personnel "transferred" from there to the various sub-divisions in Assam.

In a State where unemployment is fast becoming a serious problem, the Assamese thus continue to be denied jobs while Bengalis from another State are ensured of a means of livelihood; they swell the population figures in Assam and tax the State's resources.

Similarly, while nearly half the country's tea-production comes from Assam, 90 per cent of this produce is auctioned in Calcutta; taxes eat into the producers' profits, while a greater part of revenue goes to the Government of West Bengal.

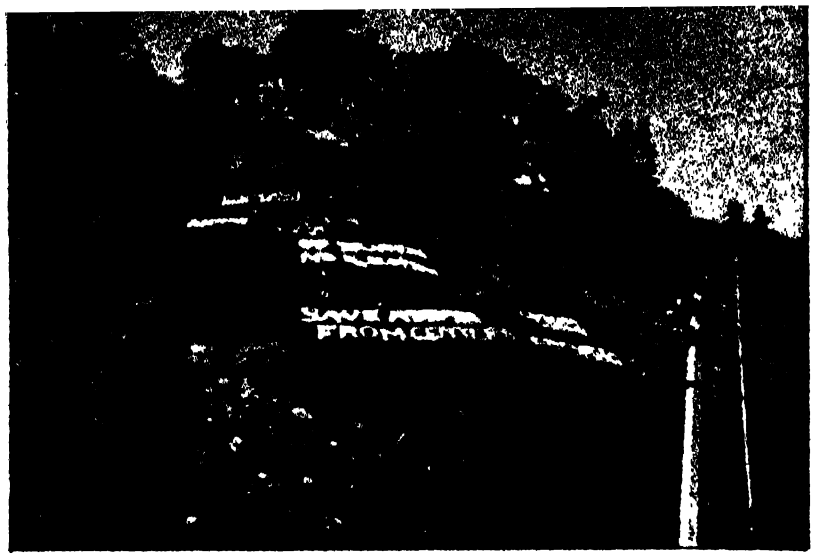
Oil, in India, was first struck in Assam and half the country's total produce comes from this State (as also nearly 80 per cent of the on-shore oil). Yet this oil is processed in Bihar and the neighbouring States receive more in revenue and employment opportunities than does Assam itself.

Repetitive Facts

The story is repeated again and again—Assam is the biggest producer of plywood; yet the wood is processed outside the State and resold to Assam; the State has the biggest potential for hydel power and yet only 3 per cent of this has been so far utilised; only 10 per cent of Assam's villages are electrified while the national average works out to 40 per cent. But what the Assamese find most galling is the fact that they now own or occupy only a *marginal* 10 per cent of their own land—a major part of it having been usurped by the Bengali immigrants.

The situation is, indeed, comparable to what prevailed in India during the British rule. The threat to the Assamese identity is very serious. What Assam faces today, India may have to face tomorrow—invasion by the Arabs and by the Superpowers, and if the country remains as divided as it is today, it will not be in a position to fight back.

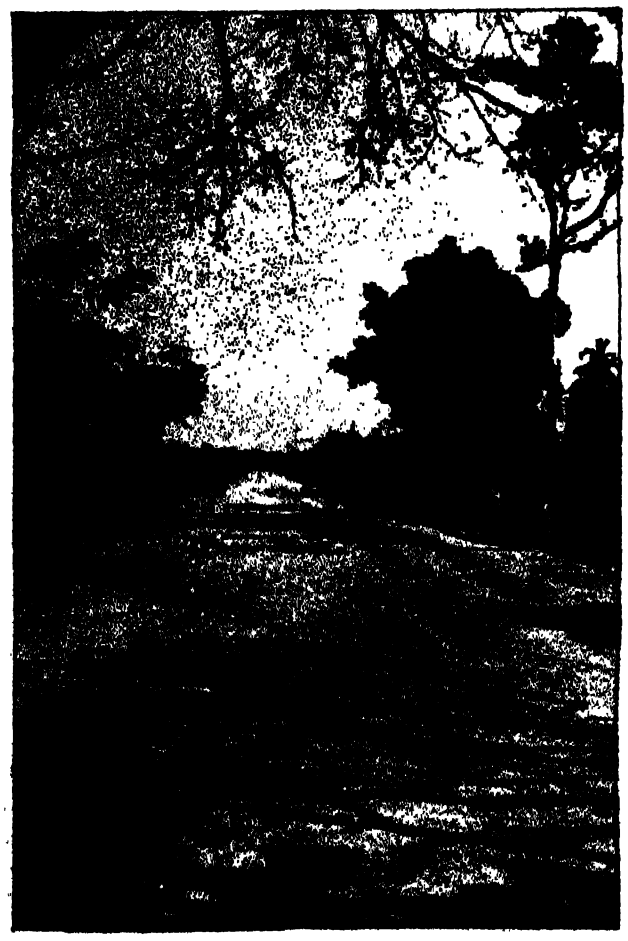
Although, a ministry has now been constituted in the State, it does not seem likely that it will be very effective in setting matters right in Assam. For one thing, the legislators have no legitimate right to preside over a State, 85 per cent of which did not vote them to power. (For example, in a tribal district where the electorate comprises some 60,000 odd voters, the total number of votes cast were only 267. The winning Congress (I) candidate secured 266 votes, one vote was declared invalid. This means that not even the Opposition candidates were able to vote for themselves).



"SAVE ASSAM FROM CENTRE'S EXPLOITATION". Even the hills and dales have not been spared in Assam. Anti-poll slogans stare down at one from rock faces all the length of the highway.

AFTER THE STORM. Survivors of the Nellie carnage at a relief camp on Jagiroad, a few miles from Gauhati. Significantly most of the survivors, as the victims, were the aged, women and children. The men, it is believed, were away raiding an Assamese village some distance away at the time of the attack by Lalung tribals who took a heavy toll of the Bangladeshi "immigrants"

FORSAKEN LAND? All roads leading to Assam are blocked by the CRPF who are the most feared people in Assam today. Consequently very few venture out of their homes. Add to this the non-cooperation by the Assamese during the period of the elections and the picture of desertion is complete.



the life of the legislators that they live confined to the MLAs hostel in Dispur, under heavy police guard. It is unlikely that they will visit their constituencies in the near future. Such visits are extremely essential if the people have to be influenced in any way.

The movement leaders look upon the new Government as "just another army of occupation imposed upon the unwilling people of Assam" and are determined to overthrow it at all costs. The legislators thus will be occupied more with retaining their newly-won power than devoting time and effort towards a solution of the foreigners' issue in the State.

In any case, the problem has reached such dimensions that it cannot be solved by the State Government alone, least of all by a weakling like the present ministry. Embroiled in the issue are our international commitments and certain human considerations. People who have lived here for decades cannot be arbitrarily thrown out of the country, merely because they were not born here. In any case where would they go: back to Bangladesh where they will be hounded and terrorised, tortured and killed?

That does not mean, however, that they cannot be rehabilitated elsewhere in the country. Constitutional procedure must be strictly followed while granting such migrants Indian citizenship rights. And there should, henceforth, be strict patrolling of the borders to prevent infiltration anywhere in the country.

No Reason

For there is no reason why Bengali-speaking foreigners should be allowed to enter the country and become citizens merely because they share a common language. Nowhere else in the world would such a situation ever be allowed: France and Belgium share a common border and a common language but neither country would ever allow the influx of illegal entrants. Similarly Austria and Germany share a border and a language but neither would allow such an influx, whatever the reasons. Why must we, then, bow to Muslim pressure and allow ourselves to be swamped by lakhs of illegal immigrants?

The initiative thus rests with the Central Government and Mrs Gandhi in particular. She has, however, disclaimed all moral responsibility for the killings in Assam (she was replying to a question by pressmen at Nellie) and has blamed the agitators for inciting the violence. Moreover, she told foreign newsmen at a press conference in New Delhi that the figures of the killings in Assam were "grossly exaggerated" by the press.

The statements indicate that she is in no hurry to settle the issues plaguing Assam. Perhaps, she feels, that another spell of President's Rule in the State will fill the bill. One must not forget, however, that the sleeping tiger has been roused in this north-eastern State. Further neglect of its well-being might well plunge the entire north-east into a deeper abyss, a return from which might be well-nigh impossible.

And, if the agitators do not cease their senseless violence (they have cabled Amnesty International about the "arbitrary killings and grave violation of human rights" in their State, but themselves continue to be inhuman in their dealings with the immigrants, the tribals and the Bengalis), their beautiful land will eventually become their own graveyard. ■

NACHIKETA interviews three leading luminaries in the political field on the Assam imbroglio.

Photographs by Dipak Bezbaruah

Assam: Politicians Speak Out

The refusal of the Government to give priority to the solution of the foreign nationals issue over holding elections has aggravated the situation in Assam, says Professor Madhu Dandavate

To meet people's resistance to the elections, the Government used violence and invoked the most regressive provisions of the old laws framed during the British regime. The entire election process was illegal and violative of all norms of fair and free polls. They were conducted on the basis of the 1979 electoral rolls which did not take cognisance of the latest census reports which had inducted lakhs of youth as voters.

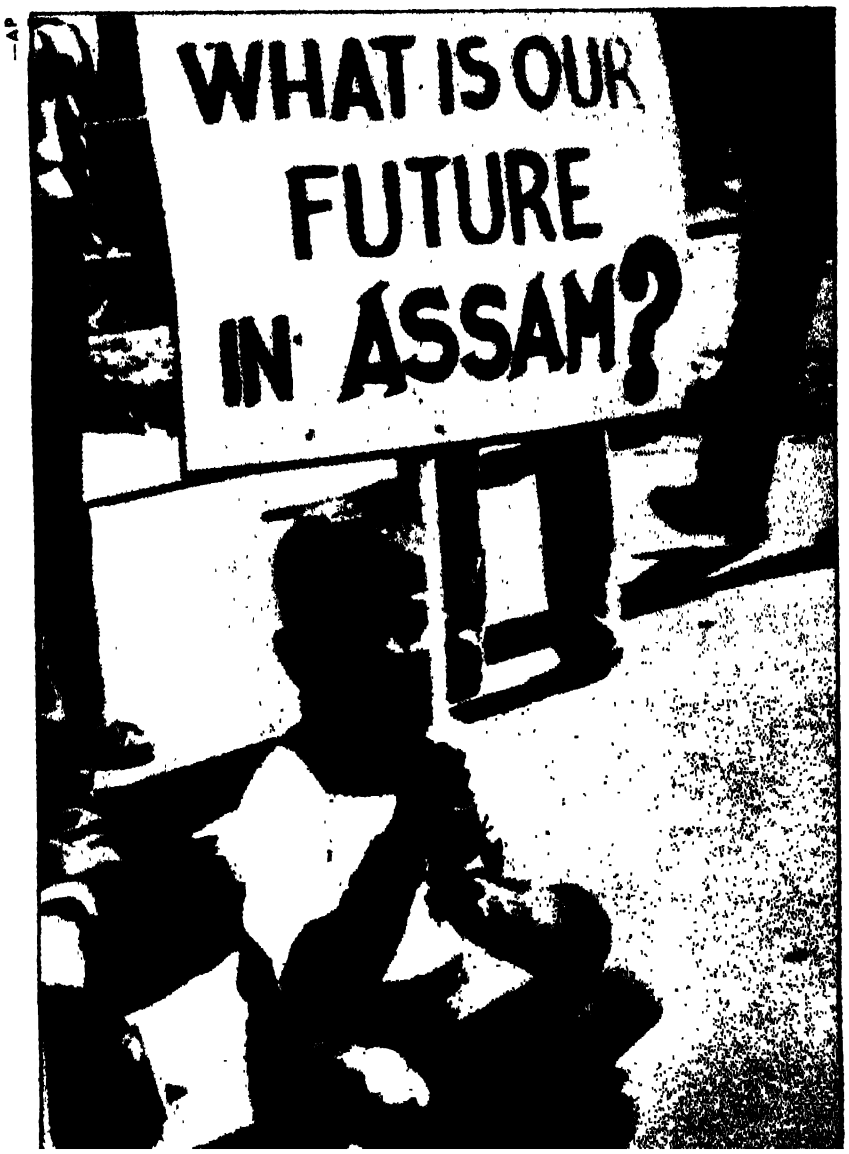
During elections there was press censorship and section 144 was promulgated all over the State banning meetings. Under these conditions how could elections be fair and free?

Besides, NSA and ESMMA were freely used to intimidate and detain the agitators. The Armed Forces Special Powers Act was brought into force. The President promulgated the Assam Executive Magistrates (Temporary Powers) Ordinance which gave unprecedented judicial powers to executive magistrates. On top of it all, the Assam government invoked section 17 and 18 of the Indian Police Act of 1861 which authorised the Government to appoint residents of neighbourhood to act as police officers. Paramilitary forces clashed with the agitators and with local policemen resulting in deaths in police firing. The tragedy was that even violent clashes between linguistic and religious groups took place.

A Cabinet Minister made inflammatory speeches particularly in Bengali-speaking areas provoking the residents to kill four Assamese-speaking persons for each Bengali killed. He further threatened the minorities who did not vote for the Congress (I) with deportation.

The Assamese-speaking population, the tribals and the immigrants coming from Bangladesh and the paramilitary forces seeking to restore law and order on the strength of bullets and bayonets are all involved in clashes today. I would not like to further identify the people and their reasons lest it further aggravates tension there.

The Government had initially adopted the right position in seeking a solution to the issue through tripartite talks. After prolonged talks, however, the participants got bogged down. The Government at that time became aware that smooth elections would not be possible unless the issue is settled amicably. It was, therefore, toying with the idea of introducing a constitutional amendment to extend the President's rule beyond March 19.



AP

NO PURPOSE ANY MORE? A lone man sits desolately amidst the ruins of his worldly goods after the sacking of his village (above). A child wearing a mask (left) joins in protest before Parliament in New Delhi.

At this stage the Janata Party, the Bhartiya Janata Party and the Lok Dal assured the Government that they would support the amendment. The only difference was that while the Government wanted the last Parliament session to be extended, the JP and the BJP insisted that since a tripartite meeting was to be held on November 6 and 7 for the settlement of the issue, a constitutional amendment prior to the talks would be hypocritical. The two parties gave a categorical assurance that in the event of failure of the talks, they would support the amendment if a special short session of Parliament was convened for the purpose.

Unfortunately, the Government is distorting the facts. An impression is being given to the country by the Prime Minister that the opposition parties like JP, BJP and Lok Dal were neither prepared for the elections in Assam nor were they ready to support the amendment. I challenge Mrs Gandhi and the Government to prove their claims. If they are true I will not only resign from Parliament but also from politics.

I know for a fact that at one point of time the Government had even had the draft of the proposed constitutional amendment made ready by the Law Ministry. Then something happened between November and January that made the Government change its mind.

Elections in Assam have not solved any problems but created new ones. The Assembly elected is most unrepresentative. Naturally a strong demand will emanate for its dissolution, for the dismissal of this rum government and for the installation of President's rule pending the settlement of the foreign nationals issue.

The Janata Party and the BJP are trying to constitute a non-official judicial commission of prominent jurists to go into the factors behind the unprecedented clashes, launch a nationwide struggle against the new Assembly and a national rehabilitation programme for Assam.

Dinesh Goswami, Independent Member of Rajya Sabha from Assam, formerly of the Congress (I):

The Government decision in favour of elections in Assam was totally unethical. There was no constitutional compulsion whatsoever for the polls. The Government had called the opposition leaders on November 3, who were taking part in the tripartite talks, for their support for the amendment. All of them agreed. The Government at that time did not give the impression that it would not bring about the amendment especially as there have been precedents when Government has brought about constitutional amendments even when the ruling party did not have two-thirds majority in Rajya Sabha.

Secondly, why did the Government not implement its own commitment for the identification of foreign nationals in Assam with 1971 as the cut-off year?

Thirdly, the elections were held on the basis of the unrevised 1979 electoral rolls. Non-revision of rolls has robbed lakhs of youth who have attained voting age after 1979 of the chance to vote.

One reason why Mrs Gandhi held the elections in an extremely unfavourable atmosphere may be, as one Congress leader told me in confidence, that having been rejected by the minority community in Andhra and Karnataka she did not want to lose the solid vote bank of the minorities in this State, which the identification and deportation of foreign nationals would have caused.

From the beginning the local administration has underplayed the tension in the State with the result that police arrangements to fight the violence proved greatly inadequate. A senior police official told me that there were unwritten Government orders to give election duty priority over law and order. "It was impossible for us to do both," he said.

The future of Assam seems very grim. The traditional trust between communities and groups has been shattered. Mistrust, hatred and revenge have taken over the people. The new Government is totally unrepresentative. To make matters worse, Mrs Gandhi has recently hinted at further fragmentation of Assam. This is most unfortunate. What Assam seriously needs now is healing. Assam is surrounded on all sides by secessionist forces and instability and smouldering discontent in this State could be dangerous.

NO ELECTIONS WITHOUT A SOLUTION. Assamese women protest in Gauhati against the polls. Below: *Officials were specially flown in from Delhi for polling duty and kept under heavy police guard to prevent any attempt on their lives.*

Jaswant Singh, BJP Member of Rajya Sabha, spent five weeks in Assam and has been involved with the tripartite negotiations since the beginning. According to him, the situation in Assam today is beyond palliatives. To understand it we must separate the cause from the effect. Unfortunately, the Government is only paying attention to the effect and ignoring the cause, which goes deep and is long-standing.

The Prime Minister has so debased all her political following, says he, that she has nothing else to bank upon for advice and correct information except the bureaucracy which invariably gives wrong information that is pleasing to her. Secondly, he firmly believes that the Government has been dishonest and insincere in its handling of the whole problem. Its attention has mainly been on putting, somehow or other, a Congress ministry in Assam, and not on finding a solution to the problem of foreign nationals.

"I honestly do not know what the future of Assam will be" he says sadly. I am too deeply pained to do any crystal gazing. If, however, we can take care of today, tomorrow will be better. What needs to be done immediately is to stop the growing alienation among the people. The Governor and his set of advisers must be dismissed, all the NSA prisoners released unconditionally, the Assembly suspended and peace and normalcy restored." ■

In The States

NTR's "School" For Politicians

A NEW TRICK? If it works, NTR's latest scheme for training "politicians" in the art of politics could well be a precedent that the rest of the country would do well to follow.

HYDERABAD: Graduates in Andhra Pradesh can now aspire for admission to another professional college—the college for politicians. Scheduled to open in June this year, the college will train graduates in various disciplines like Telugu culture, history, world affairs and parliamentary practices. Financed by the one year-old ruling Telugu Desam, admission to the college will be restricted to party workers. The screening of candidates will be done by the party. Initially, 400 students will be admitted to this college which is proposed to be set up in rural surroundings with residential facilities.

While the projected college is intended to train prospective legislators and parliamentarians, the Telugu Desam legislators in the present House, many of whom are new to political life, will undergo training in the Rajaji International Institute of Public Affairs and Administration. This institute is being set up at Hyderabad by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Since 400 students will be admitted every year, the Telugu Desam's college for politicians will eventually turn out hundreds of trained party workers within a decade. In a phased manner, graduates of this college will be provided with party tickets to contest elections, thus adding a touch of professionalism to a much-despised vocation.

The three-year training will provide an insight into the various aspects of political life. The emphasis will be on a detailed study of the party manifesto. To broaden the perspective of the prospective legislators they will also be taught international affairs and world geography. As L. Pandu Ranga Reddy, Principal of the proposed college told this correspondent, "The future Telugu Desam legislators will be equally at home while discussing the Falklands and Rhodesia."

The syllabus for the various courses has been finalised and submitted to the Telugu Desam party president for approval. While the medium of instruction will be Telugu, English will also be taught as an additional subject. A special feature of the training programme is the inclusion of Yoga—the physical fitness exercises that carried the party chief N.T. Rama Rao through his hectic election campaign.

Besides the class room training, lasting for nine months in a year, the students of the college will have to acquaint themselves with the problems of a selected constituency. After gaining an insight into these through field study, the students will submit a report on their findings.

Not all successful candidates of this college will be able to make it to the Legislative Assembly or Parliament. Many of them will work as party functionaries in the neglected rural areas. Perhaps they will lead the Land Army units, being proposed by the Telugu Desam Party. These units may function on the lines of Komsomols—the youth organisation floated in Russia in 1918. This can also solve the unemployment problem in rural areas, by engaging the members of the Land Army in health, education and industrial activities.

If the Telugu Desam's college for politicians is run on the right lines, the complexion of politics may undergo a welcome change in Andhra Pradesh.

G.S. Reddy

Innovative Indian Doctors

BOMBAY: Doctors in one of Bombay's municipal hospitals have attracted worldwide attention by their innovative work in the field of plastic surgery.

They have achieved a breakthrough in the simple but highly effective method of using skin as turn-over flaps to cover complicated wounds.

This use of de-epithelised skin, carved out from an adjacent area, heals the injury faster because the covered skin continues to be "alive" since it still gets its blood supply from the area kept attached to the body. According to its originator, Dr Ravin L. Thatte, who has recently won the 1982 Hari Om award for this work, the method means rapid covering of wounds, faster treatment and much reduced cost.

The "turn-over" flaps will be a boon to thousands of accident victims. The earlier method of using detached skins has several drawbacks.

Bed sores are another phenomenon which have baffled doctors and have been the subject of intensive research in the past. Now, in a very simple approach, the Sion hospital study, with the aid of clay models, has helped to locate susceptible areas in patients so that the incidence of bed sores is minimised. These sores, a nightmare for the bedridden and paraplegics, usually erupt on the prominent bony areas of the body. The Sion study has shown that the pressure points have no correlation with the weight or surface area of a person.

Yet another advance (made, again, by Dr Thatte) is in the treatment of harelips. His technique leaves the skin undisturbed and lays stress on the muscles. The advantage of this method is that scars do not mar the the skin as the muscles are sutured horizontally. It also allows the lips to move freely.

Yet another breakthrough is in the use of surgical stainless-steel wire-meshes to replace broken bones, like in the reconstruction of a lost thumb or support for a broken nosebridge.

This technique, developed by Dr A.D. Dias, has many advantages—the materials are easily available, they cost only a fraction of the presently imported implant material, they create no body reaction, and they offer the surgeon scope for his creative talents.

Original work is also being done by the doctors in the treatment of multiple burns.

All this work has been done by the hospital's Department of Reconstructive Surgery, which, surprisingly, is just three years old. More remarkable is the fact that no extra funds were at all necessary for the successful research projects.

Two doctors, Dr A. Gopalakrishna and Dr L.D. Dhami, have won prestigious awards for their research. In a unique bone grafting done by Dr Gopalakrishna, a length of bone was removed along with its blood vessels and transferred to another area. The operation was done under a microscope and sutures finer than hair were used. Very few such successful cases have been recorded in the world.

The results of their work have been published in separate articles by the *British Journal of Plastic Surgery* in a single issue. This is the first time that any medical journal of repute has given so much space for papers from a single source—a high honour indeed!

E. R. Ram Kumar

BEFORE AND AFTER. The new technique evolved by Dr Ravin L. Thatte holds out new hope for the harelipped.

Almonds For The Plains

LUDHIANA: The famed Ludhiana almonds can now be grown in the plains of North India, thanks to the efforts of horticulturists at the Punjab Agricultural University The University has identified certain almond varieties that can thrive in the climate of the northern plains

Research on the possible cultivation of almonds in the plains began in 1971 at the PAU under the overall supervision of Dr G S Nijjar, former Professor and Head of the Horticulture Department of the PAU Dr D K. Uppal, Senior Horticulturist of the PAU is the Principal Investigator of the project.

Almonds are normally cultivated only in hilly tracts and India imports a large quantity to meet her requirements Certain limiting factors like occdsional spring frosts at the flowering stage and heavy rains when the fruits just begin to form had earlier stunted the growth of almonds in the hilly areas of Jammu and Kashmir Moreover, apples take precedence over almonds in hilly areas

To begin with experts at the PAU selected only such varieties as would thrive in the plains Forty exotic species from countries like USA, Australia, France, Spain, Russia, Italy and Afghanistan were introduced A survey of almond-growing States like Himachal Pradesh and Jammu and Kashmir was also undertaken—this yielded 62 and 69 promising varieies, respectively

Two of the exotic varities namely California Peppershell (USA) and Pethick's Wonder (Australia) have shown great promise and five indigenous species from Jammu and Kashmir have also proved outstanding

According to Dr Uppal, eleven year-old trees of California Peppershell have yielded as much as 4 5 kgs almonds per tree while Pethick's Wonder trees of the same age yielded 4 kg per tree Eight year-old trees of JK-55 (selection from Jammu and Kashmir) have yielded 2 5 kg per tree This variety has a distinct advantage over the exotic varieties because of early maturity

In addition to selecting suitable varieties a massive programme of hybridisation was also launched to evolve species that will thrive in the plains The Hybrid-15 variety is an outcome of this work This species has surpassed all the others in yield and quality It has been in in production since 1973 Another hybrid still under experimentation promises still higher yields

Dr Uppal strongly feels that if 170 trees are planted in an area of one acre and the average yielded is 2 to 3 kgs per tree, the total production could be between 3 to 4 quintals per acre This yield compared favourably withtheaverageyields of USA Australia and other leading almond growing nations

For a higher yield of almonds the presence of honeybees, who act as pollination agents, is essential Italian honey bees introduced by the PAU have proved very effective in this process

Tarnjit Chawla

LUDHIANA ALMONDS that previously grew only in the hilly tracts now flourish even in the plains of north India The breakthrough was achieved by horticultunsts at the Punjab Agricultural University

...And Beyond

Palaces For Sale

Rajas and Maharajas are no more But their palaces still remain to tell sensational tales of intrigue and romance of an era past

Sometime ago a Delhi newspaper advertised a 150-room fort for sale This palace, four-storeyed and 400 years old, is situated three miles from the historic Haldighati plain Its current owner is the successor to the Dilwara State—33-year old Maharaja Akshya Singh But there have been no takers yet Some industrialists and film stars no doubt showed interest but were probably put off by the enormous sums it would cost to renovate the palace.

The Jheel Mahal of Udaipur, a big state adjacent to Dilwara, has already been turned into a hotel The Chamatbagh palace has been sold to Seth Krishan Gopal Gehani for Rs. 15 lakhs At the time of the sale, allegations were made in the Rajasthan Vidhan Sabha that a minister had a hand in the deal Now 200 residential flats are rapidly coming up in this Palace Complex

Udaipur's Jagniwas and City Palace are the centres of a bitter dispute Recently a Sub-Divisional Magistrate had decreed that the City Palace, Laxmi Vilas Palace, Residency and Jagnivas are not the Maharana's personal property but belong to the village

The story is the same throughout the country Several palaces have been sold because of the inability of its owners to incur huge expenses on maintenance and taxes While more than 22 palaces all over the country are today 5-star hotels,family disputes have led to litigation about the ownership of several others.

Hyderabad's seventh Nizam, Osman Ali was once numbered amongst the world's most-affluent people. However, disputes between his successors and their inability to pay taxes have impelled the government to auction some of his palaces and other propert.Prince Mukaram Shah is at present busy selling the 250-acre Chirag Mahal located at Banjara Hills He will have to pay several crores of rupees in taxes Earlier, the government had already taken over Kothi Mahal (where the last Nizam breathed his last) from him in lieu of taxes

The Nizam has, however, decided not to sell the Falaknuma and Chaumohalla palaces Prince Mukaram himself, tired of the constant bickerings among nearly a hundred successors of the late Nizam has settled in Australia where he runs a sheep farm It may be recalled that three years ago there was a major dispute with regard to the auctioning of the Hyderabadi jewels which the government stopped They were officially classified as valuable antiques

The palaces of Mysore, another large princedom, have also been under dispute for a considerable period But the present Raja of Mysore, 28-year old Kanti Dutt, is determined to turn the 600-room palace into a hotel and build a commercial residential complex in Bangalore The Mysore Palace is an exquisite example of a combination of Hindu and English architecture The ceiling of its Durbar Hall is made of imported glass The doors have beautiful designs inlaid with ivory The palace has a 244 kg gold throne and silver gates

Similarly, the dispute between Rajmata Vijay Raje Scindia of Gwalior and her son Madhav Rao Scindia have resulted in the sealing of the Jaivilas palace and the extensive museum it houses

The famous Rajwada Mahal of Indore was sold for Rs 14 lakhs sometime ago but later acquired by the government in response to the people's protests at its sale The palace is valued at Rs 7 crores

THE JAI VILAS PALACE of Gwalior has, of late, become the centre of bitter controversy This sprawling, elegant home of the Scindias was shut down when it was discovered that Rajmata Vijay Raje Scindia and her son Madhavrao Scindia could not reconcile their differences

The problem facing the Holkar family of Indore is that the late Raja s Indian wife had no son while his son, Richard by his American wife cannot be regarded a successor Holkar's daughter Usha Raje is married to a Bombay businessman and there is nobody to take care of the palace

Maharaja Martand Singh s fort situated at Govind Garh in the Rewa state of Madhya Pradesh was well known for its white tigers and its museum worth crores of rupees The Maharaja desires to sell the palace and the Madhya Pradesh police contemplates buying it for motor training But nothing can be settled because of the differences between the Maharaja and the Maharani of Rewa

Since last Dassera the dispute over the royal palace of Bastar in Madhya Pradesh has also become public On the death of Pravinchandra Bhanj Muhadev in 1965 his younger brother succeeded to the state On his death, their wives Vedwati and Hitendra Kumari fell out over the property The younger brother's wife, Hitendrakumari, wanted to convert the palace into a fabulous hotel with a cold storage plant and a cinema hall To raise the funds for such a complex she found it necessary to sell the palace land The elder brother s wife Vedwati, obtained a stay order from the court against this sale and there matters rest

In Bihar the Darbhanga Mahal has also become a matter of public dispute (Darbhanga lies 200 miles from Patna) The Darbhanga Raja was issueless Of his three wives, one is still alive There is bitterness between the young nephew of the Maharaja, who looks after the trusts in the state, and Maharani Kamsundari over the disposal of the palace and other property The Darbhanga property is valued at Rs 10 crores The matter has been further complicated by the interference of Bihar's Chief Minister, Dr Jagannath Mishra (Bihar's leading papers *Indian Nation* and *Aryavarta* are run by the Darbhanga Trust)

The walls of these palaces enclose within them so many secrets and the bad blood they witness today is no different from the intrigues of the past'

Vyas (PS)

THE IMPRESSIVE FACADE of IIT, Bombay, established with USSR assistance in 1958, with 100 students. Today it has 2,600 students, a faculty strength of 328 and 10 academic departments. Despite its formidable credentials, the institute falls short of its own goals, says the author.

Are Our IITs Any Good?

The Indian Institute of Technology, Bombay, is celebrating its Silver Jubilee this year. In a candid assessment, the author questions the Institute's claims of being a "centre of excellence". Is it breeding "scientist-engineers" or misfits in industry? Her conclusion: there is a big gap between expectation and fulfilment.

by Minnie Vaid

A COPY, very often, remains a copy. At least that is so with regard to the Indian Institutes of Technology, deliberately modelled on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in the US. The Government has poured in vast sums of money to get it going, given it autonomy and a privileged status, installed sophisticated equipment and expensive machinery, adopted modern methods of evaluation and examination as well as a phenomenally select and exclusive admission procedure. And yet, an IIT graduate does not necessarily turn out to be the "scientist-engineer" that he was expected to be by the architects of these elite institutes

Nor have the IITs become, as prophecied, "centres of excellence in technological education" or "pace setters of technological changes in the country"

Indeed, it would be fair to suggest that as institutes of higher learning, they are not quite cost-effective. Each IIT receives approximately Rs 7 crores annually from the Union Government. Yet, the quality or excellence of the academic teaching/training it provides, the relevance of what it does for industry and the country's technological progress, and the adequacy of its graduates for the nation's needs is all suspect. And since valuable national resources are concentrated into a select number of IITs instead of being distributed more widely—after all it costs the nation about seven times more to educate an engineer at IIT than in many other regional engineering colleges—is it too much to expect a fair, if not total, justification of this expenditure?

Objectives Fulfilled?

The best way to assess would probably be to find out whether the IITs have fulfilled the objectives laid down by the Sarkar Committee (1946), as well as their own. A pressing need for indigenous technology coupled with the equally important need for revamping the existing and inadequate facilities for technical training in India in the post-World War II period, was responsible for the plan to set up four IITs at Kharagpur (1951), Bombay (1958), Madras (1959) and Kanpur (1960). (The College of Engineering and Technology, at New Delhi was converted into the fifth IIT in 1961). Based on the MIT model, the establishment of the IITs was felt to be a major step towards the eradication of the need for foreign expertise in setting up new industries.

Six objectives were outlined in the Sarkar Report, the importance ones being: firstly, to teach a student the fundamental principles and theories of engineering so that he can apply these with confidence many years later; secondly to equip him with tools and inspire in him, the desire to continue, after the end of his formal training, the independent study of practical processes, technical principles, administrative organisations and advanced theory; and, finally, to give him, during formal training, such knowledge of practical work as would assist him in realistic appreciation of engineering principles as applied in practice.

To these, the IITs added their own goals: to train technical manpower to meet the requirements of industry in its growth and development; to provide continuing leadership in the fields of technical and science education; research and development in various fields of science, engineering and technology; and to offer technical and consultancy services to industries and Government services.

Demanding Role

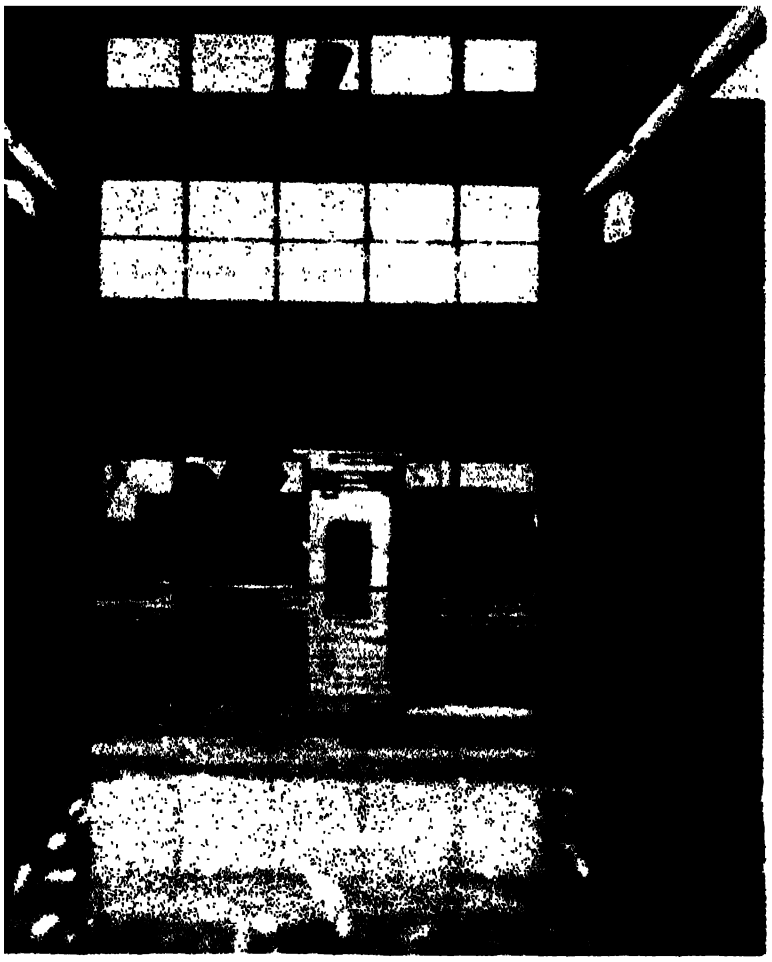
In view of the crucial and demanding role that these institutes of higher learning were going to play in implementing the national educational policy, the Institute Of Technology Act (1961) was passed by Parliament, conferring the status and privileges of universities on all five IITs. The Sarkar Committee further recommended certain innovative measures such as reduction of the number of formal lecture hours, greater emphasis on seminars and tutorials, evaluation of internal in-semester work done by students, flexible assignments and a scheme of workshop and practical training in industry.

And so, IITs geared themselves to change the old order of imparting education. An extremely stiff and competetive Joint Entrance Examination was introduced, along with the "credit" system of evaluation. This was further refined by awards of letter grades and relative grading, periodic quizzes, tests, home assignments, and semester-end examinations. Lastly, periods of practical training and projects of professional interest were made obligatory. Thus the "scientist engineer"—the IIT B. Tech graduate—who spends approximately 12,000 academic hours over the five most formative years of his life (*Seminar*, 1981 report by S.R. Ganesh) with the added benefit of the highest available order of teaching in the country, was expected to contribute substantially towards "technological excellence" in India. Unfortunately this is not the case.

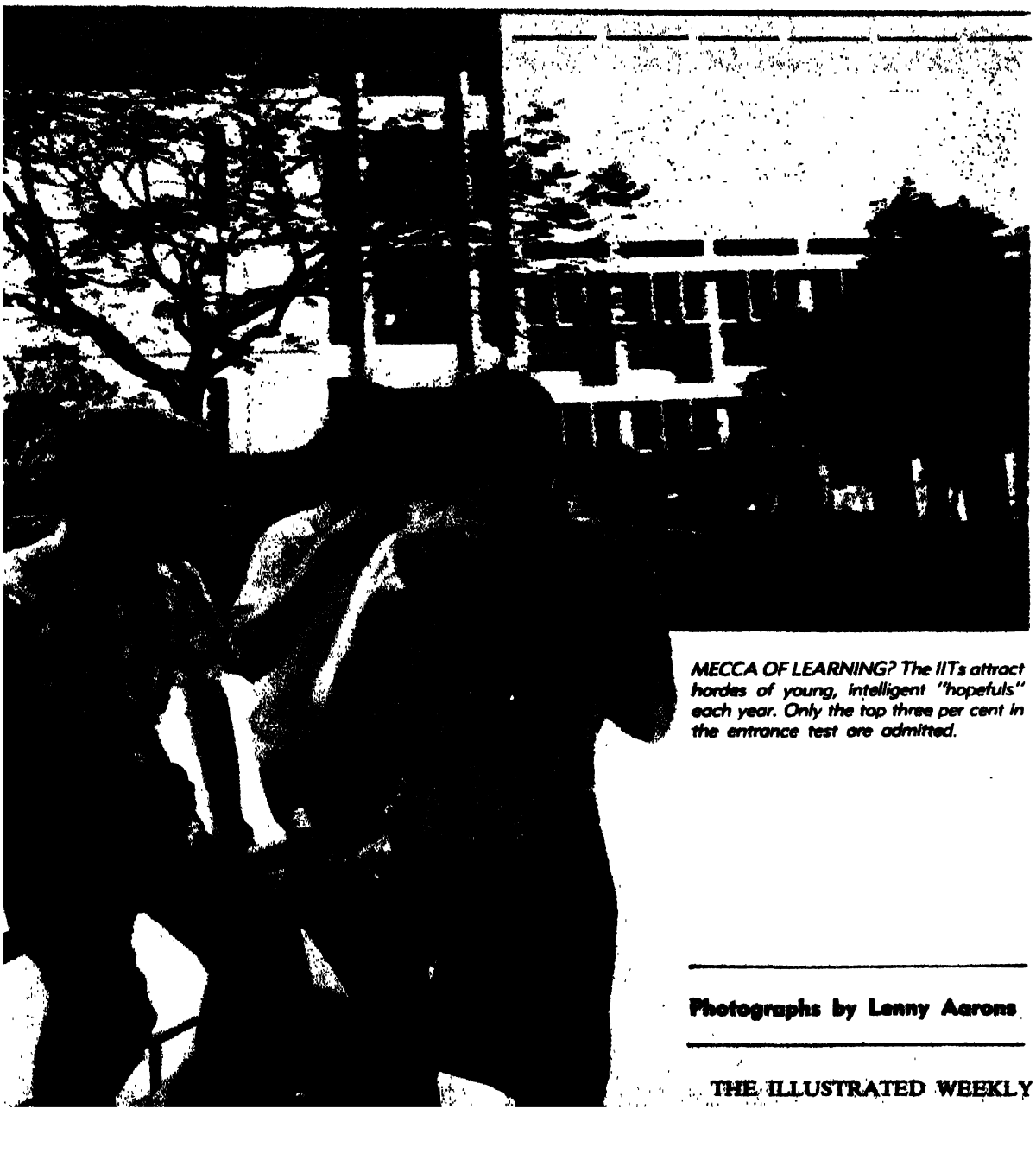
A majority of the teaching staff at IIT, Bombay, for instance, make no bones about it. They freely acknowledge that a considerable number of IIT graduates *do* go abroad for post-graduate or management studies Some start applying to foreign universities around the fourth year of their stay at IIT. Statistics reveal that as many as 19.83 per cent of the total number of B. Tech graduates at IIT, Bombay, went abroad in 1981. This figure does not take into account those students who go abroad after a few months of joining industry—a fact which would not be recorded in the files of the Training and Placement Office, which publishes these statistics. The percentage of Chemical Engineering students going abroad is as high as 30-35. This is due to limited advanced research facilities within the country and the demand by chemical companies for mechanical and electrical engineering students for maintenance work. The Government spends approximately Rs 10,000 per student (B Tech) per year. The benefit of the money thus spent by the national exchequer is thus lost to the country due to the brain drain which, more often than not is irreversible. (The new 4-year B. Tech course has been implemented only recently, as against the earlier 5 year one).

Going Abroad

Many members of the faculty at IIT, Bombay, including the Director and Deputy Director, admit that a good number of their graduates do go abroad, though some claim that the number is declining (it has been more or less stablized now—see chart). Predictable reasons are provided for this phenomenon—"Most of our students are easily able to get scholarships abroad—there is a lot of glamour attached to it. I feel, however, that it is more a reflection on the Third World industry," says Prof R.Bedford, Dy. Director. The Director, Prof A.K. De concurs: "There is a serious lack of opportunity in



BOOKS FOR THE ASKING... With more than 1,50,000 books; xerox, microfilm and microcard reading facilities, the library is grossly under-utilised.



MECCA OF LEARNING? The IITs attract hordes of young, intelligent "hopefuls" each year. Only the top three per cent in the entrance test are admitted.

Photographs by Lenny Aarons

India, especially in the R&D sector; hence places abroad lure our youngsters."

Besides, "brain-drain is a global phenomenon". "IITians are brighter, and more ambitious". "The institutes are helpless to counteract." While all such arguments are valid to a large extent, it does seem a great waste of national talent.

Similar explanations are proferred with regard to the high ratio of IIT (B. Tech) graduates going in for management studies—so much so that the IIMs have had to lay down certain restrictions on the number of IIT graduates applying for admission. In this case, the word "sociological" is substituted for "global". Equal blame is apportioned to industry. "The demands of industry are responsible for this trend," moans Professor B.D. Mishra, Dean, Student Affairs, "for it has capriciously decreed that management posts are more lucrative and challenging than technical." "An IIT engineer starts at Rs 1,500 a month," adds Prof De, "while an MBA probably gets Rs 2,500 per month. The whole salary structure has got to change." For all that, the faculty is clearly mixed up. It does not quite know whether to deplore or justify the trend. Thus Prof K.C. Mukherji (Electrical Engg dept) quietly moves from analysis to rationalisation. "The percentage of students," he says, "entering the IIT Bombay through Joint Entrance Examination from Bombay city alone has increased. So has the percentage of students from the higher income bracket. These students come from good schools, have had the benefit of excellent coaching classes and have, in addition, acquired a value system steeped in the pursuit of money, power or status. Only management or marketing jobs satisfy this need."

The others are even more apologetic. "Only IIT undergraduates are going in for MBA courses," says Prof Bedford. "Where is the harm if our students go in for management? They will change the existing culture in those fields," argues Prof De. One wonders, in that case, why the IITs do not set up management centres of their own, instead of conducting the occasional course in the area.

Nor is the number of IIT graduates who go in for sales, marketing and personnel jobs in private industry without doing a management course, negligible. The point is that they too are lost to engineering. And, only a miniscule percentage opts for R&D jobs or even the public sector. Again, the reasons given are "external"—low pay scales; over-bureaucratisation; lengthy waiting periods for recruitment in public sector and R&D establishments; routine, uninteresting problems given to engineering graduates who have been trained on a "futuristic basis", and so on. "We do not want our technologists to follow obsolete Indian technology," asserts Prof Bedford. Professor Isaac, former Dean, Student Affairs, is equally blunt: "IIT graduates are over-qualified." Even if this is so, it can provide only small comfort to the IIT graduates or their Indian employers. Many IITians working here frankly admit that they are out of their depth in essentially engineering jobs due to the severe dichotomy between the training given to them at the institute and the needs of Indian industry.

Though Prof K.C. Mukherji states that "our aim was not to gear our education to the needs of the industry but to provide adequate knowledge to the student so that he can bring his training to more benefit than a person who fits into a pre-arranged slot", it is reasonable to expect that IITs should not train their students in a vacuum and that their courses of study and practical training should be tailored to meet industry's felt needs. While it can be accepted that IITs are not meant to turn out good apprentices or proficient workers on the shop floor but men who can build and run whole plants, the fact remains that, on the whole, the practical training they provide is deplorably inadequate and unsatisfactory for purely engineering jobs.

Practical Training

Indeed, Professor Mukherji admits that "not enough emphasis is given to practical training even though every department assigns two to three faculty members as training supervisors of students for their training programme," and adds, "by and large there is apathy both ways." "The duration of practical training (six to eight weeks), should be extended," suggests Prof B.D. Mishra. But Prof Bedford evidently differs: "Conceptualisation is more important than practical training." Not

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surprisingly, the period of practical training for which a student is attached to a running plant or enterprise is not even evaluated or given credit for. In the event both students and industry fail to take each other seriously.

True, any number of seminars are held each year (this year the figure is considerably higher than usual as IIT Bombay is celebrating its silver jubilee year) ostensibly to bring students closer to industry. A few industrialists are also traditionally on the board of Governors of IITs. But the feeling of alienation between them persists. B. Tech courses are not updated according to changing trends in industry and therefore the advantage of flexibility of courses afforded to these institutions is not utilised to its fullest extent. Specific industry-oriented and linked projects are not taken up due to the constraints of time and finance. The faculty accuse industry of being indifferent and impatient in dealing with trainees, adding that IIT graduates should be given orientation courses after they join an enterprise, a suggestion that most employers simply shrug off.

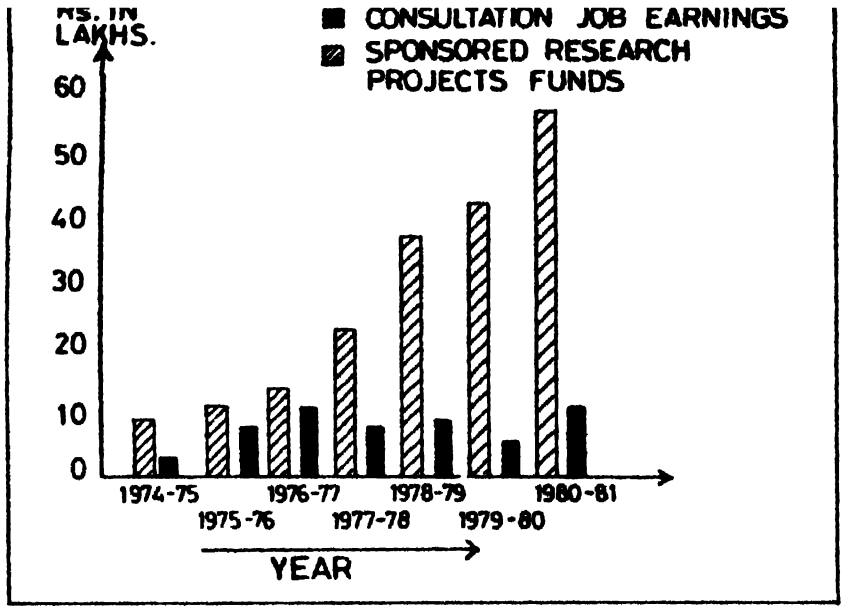
Sponsored Research

Possibly the only worthwhile interaction between IITs and industry is restricted to the sponsored Research and Development projects and consultancy jobs undertaken by faculty members. National organisations such as the Department of Atomic Energy, Department of Electronics, Department of Science and Technology, Ministry of Defence and CSIR (Council for Scientific and Industrial Research) sponsor from time to time, projects of an inter-disciplinary nature, to be carried out at the institutes. Currently, there are over 80 sponsored projects in progress at IIT, Bombay, alone. Faculty members from the institute's numerous centres (Computer Centre, Centre of Studies in Resources Engineering, International Design Centre, Regional Sophisticated Instrumentation Centre, etc) carry out such research in energy systems, environmental systems, semi-conductor materials, resources engineering and so on. However on their own admission, no single breakthrough has been achieved in the last quarter of a century.

As regards consultancy jobs undertaken for industry by individual faculty members, the record, again, is unimpressive. Though some of them have involved design and development of processes, product equipment, feasibility reports, preparation of software packages and the like, the annual funds received by the institute for such work over the past ten years have been fluctuating erratically (see graph). Figures for the total receipts from sponsored research projects are also pretty small.

In any event, whether sponsored R&D projects and consultancy programmes benefit students is a moot point. IIT Bombay's faculty is divided on this score. The dean R&D, Prof Hariharan, feels that teachers can best keep abreast with changing trends in industry through such projects, since they are not overloaded with actual teaching hours, their research and consultancies would be reflected in the updated quality of education imparted to the students.

Prof Mukherji agrees with this view. "Consultancy keeps the faculty refreshed and enlivened," he says. But yet another professor could not disagree more. "A teacher simply cannot teach and be a good researcher or consultant at the same time. R&D needs a different kind of environment—elaborate effort with full time people, team work and sincere devotion. Moreover, R&D is a process from the laboratory to production but in IIT, Bombay, it is merely a gimmick to impress outsiders. There is, in fact, no real R&D work being done here."



ERRATIC RECORD of consultancy jobs undertaken for industry by faculty members. Figures for total receipts from sponsored research projects, are also quite unimpressive.

The question, however, still remains—how do consultancy and sponsored R&D projects help the IIT student, assuming that this is a major yardstick for judging the excellence of the IITs. Statistics further reveal that in the engineering streams (mechanical, electrical, civil, chemical and metallurgical) the total number of papers published by members of the faculty in foreign journals over the years, was again erratic. What does that prove, if anything? The answer is in the realm of conjecture.

No Rapport

The staff-student ratio at IIT Bombay (1:6) is also extremely high and, therefore, conducive to a great amount of attention being fostered on the student, leading to a better "rapport" between the two. This is, sadly enough, just not the case—one of the harshest and strongest criticisms levelled against the IIT Bombay, is the near total indifference of the majority of the staff members towards the students' problems—academic or otherwise, their choice of careers in the future, or their social and intellectual development.

Most students name their seniors as major influences for career choices, and peers in their social life. Nobody mentions the faculty in this context, barring the inevitable exceptions. Nor do the library, the curriculum, tutorials, practical training, workshops, hostel life and gymkhana activities have much impact in forming their social or political views.

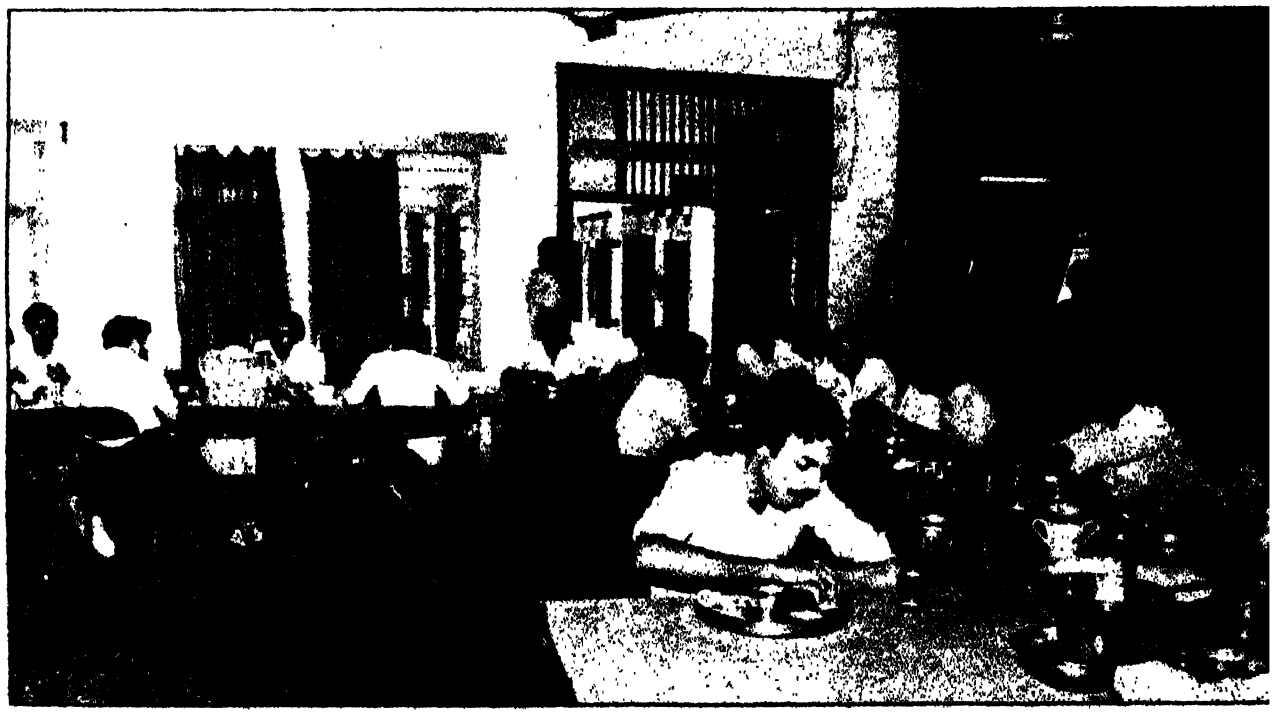
To be sure, the Gymkhana, which is the existing student body, lists among its major activities all types of sports—especially mountaineering—and cultural affairs such as painting, music, debates, photography, dramatics, social science and the National Cadet Corps. It has as many as 28 secretaries for specific activities mentioned above, a General Secretary Cultural Affairs, a General Secretary Sports, and a General Secretary Academic Affairs from among the students and 2 Chairmen and the President (who is also the Dean, Student Affairs) from the faculty. Though Gymkhana funds are more than adequate and there is tremendous financial autonomy, representation is desultory and a general attitude of apathy prevails, though some Gymkhana activities such as mountaineering and dramatics are extremely popular.

The students are not the only ones who complain about the non-existent staff-student rapport, the staff also admit it, albeit reluctantly. "I know student-teacher interaction is not enough, inspite of counsellors, and hostel wardens, but we are trying to obtain funds to allot to each faculty member for hosting an occasional dinner or tea for 4-5 students whom he shall take under his wing," says Prof De. One hopes a congenial relationship will develop over these cosy "occasional teas", but will it? "There is inadequate interaction," explains another Professor, "because IIT teachers do not feel that they are a part of IIT." If so, then money is obviously not the answer.

And so the interaction is restricted to classroom lectures, tutorials and labs and the ever-present quizzes, tests and examinations held each semester, the latter justifying the term especially coined by IITs: "continuous evaluation".

Launched with the laudable intention of reducing the importance of the year-end examination which negated regular study and led to a lot of pressure, the continuous evaluation system gives equal importance to in-semester quizzes, tests, tutorials, lab work and end-semester assessment and the student can, ostensibly, complete the course work at his own pace (due to the credit system), subject to a minimum. Summer term courses can be taken, courses can also be dropped within 8 weeks of the beginning of the regular semester. Credit for a course is calculated by adding the number of lecture hours, tutorial hours, practical hours and self-study hours. A student who fails to earn 36 credits in each of the

ENERGY FOR ENGINEERS. Students have mixed views about their workload. Although most of them admit to being subjected to considerable and continuous pressure, they claim that the stories of students taking drugs or alcohol to escape tension are exaggerations.



1st two semesters (of the 1st year), is required to leave at the end of the third semester. This rub is applicable only in the 1st year (3 semesters) to weed out students who cannot cope with the workload or who have problems of adjustment.

There are, curiously enough, mixed views, again, both among students and faculty about the efficiency of the continuous evaluation programme. While one final year student says wryly "There is no continuous evaluation, only continuous tension, as far as theory work is concerned (Lab work is continuously evaluated)", others feel that the pressure and the workload is bearable. Yet all admit that copying/cheating is rampant but that "not many pass only due to copying. Students cheat due to force of habit or because they are too lazy to work out lengthy calculations. But the basic groundwork and preparation, of course, has to be done by each individual."

It is more likely that copying is a way to beat the system, as students have to continually prepare for one test after another (on an average they have 2 tests a week) till it becomes almost a mechanical exercise to get over with, without any real interest, understanding or curiosity about the subject. To quote Prof Mukherji, "a test looms so large before the student that he cannot concentrate on regular work. The be-done-with-it feeling is common and the test is thus an erroneous measurement of the students' ability. Regular homework should be assigned and graded."

He however, feels that complaints about the workload are exaggerated and that a student works much harder for entering the Joint Entrance Examination. Prof Isaac also says that "no Indian student abroad complains about heavy schedules—one can't ask for high levels and low workloads in the same breath. Life is more competitive at the higher levels of science and technology. I feel a lot of this pressure is because of the basic lack of motivation in students here—they've been pushed into the IITs by their parents and by their good marks."

Be that as it may, there is cut-throat competition among IIT students, aggravated by the relative grading system whereby you do better if others do worse. Moreover, the entire grading (and for that matter, course re-orientation) system is controlled solely by the course instructor. This can quite often lead to arbitrary decisions, according to some students. The students are expected to evaluate their courses and their teachers' performance at the end of each semester but, even if they are critical of either, the instructor is not obliged to pay: heed.

As for the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes and foreign students, it is difficult to reconcile the objective of training the "cream" of India's talented youth to be leaders of calibre, and the admission of the admittedly academically less proficient class of students. IIT, Bombay, reserves 15 per cent seats for SC, 5 per cent for ST (both of whom have to pass JEE but with lower standards of grading), and 25 seats (direct admission) distributed among foreign nationals and Indian nationals residing abroad.

In view of the extremely selective screening procedure—for eg., out of 5578 candidates appearing for JEE (western zone) only 441 were called for counselling and 261 were selected for IIT, Bombay, in 1982, one cannot help wondering how justifiable is the direct admission of the underpriv leged and foreign students, when excellence is sought to be pursued and meritocracy avowedly promoted.

However, once these students are part of the IITs it is the latter's duty to help them overcome initial hurdles and maladjustment problems with sincerity and without conscious superciliousness. But some foreign students at IIT, Bombay, claim that the general attitude of the institute, towards them is that of downright discrimination. "They take little care to help us overcome our difficulties, especially in the first 2 years when we need time to adjust to the environment, ways of teaching, language, even the food! Instead, we start with problems, are labelled "backloggers" and set aside," says a foreign student angrily. "It is this labelling right from the beginning, that is unfair. No effort is made to draw us out. Some professors even have an arrogant anti-foreign bias," he adds.

Though foreign students are allowed to clear the first 3 semesters with 28 credits against the obligatory 36 for the others, this is not a great help, they feel, because no special coaching is given to them in their weak subjects. Since they have to shoulder the burden of the backlog by themselves, its a constant struggle—and not many have survived or succeeded

Preparatory courses were started enthusiastically enough, but declared a failure by both the recipients and the donors, as there was an immense gap between the prep and the real courses. They have since been discontinued. Some foreign students, however, attribute their easy adjustment to extra tutorials and counselling by certain faculty members, as well as a good relationship with seniors. Almost all state that they have no particular peer group problems; in fact, they get along better due to their overall proficiency in sports. By and large, the faculty also feel that foreign and SC and ST students are deficient and that "they are discriminated against to an extent."

Another form of discrimination is the ban imposed on political debates or public meetings among students. According to some students, the authorities' reaction to student issues even remotely linked to politics is one tinged with hysteria, the offenders immediately being labelled either "Leftists" or "Naxalites". Deserving special mention, in this respect (of student unity), are the aggressive and gutsy girls community of the student population. Forming a pitifully small minority (there are 139 girls, undergraduate *and* post-graduate, on the rolls today), they form women's organisations and forums, protest vociferously against their wrongs—discrimination by the faculty or harassment by colleagues or their acute accommodation problem (since 1976).

The Ladies' hostel consisting of 100 rooms, reportedly, had to be augmented by letting out 2 flats, and converting store rooms into proper rooms. The girls are mostly post-graduate and mostly from the sciences—relatively few enter engineering streams.

In the final reckoning, however, a chance remark made by the Deputy Director, Prof Bedford, seems to be an apt summation. "Twentyfive years is too short a lifetime to judge our performance, though we could have done better."

And in view of the recent innovations—the 5 years' (Masters Degree) integrated course in engineering, which includes a year's apprenticeship in industry and the Larsen and Toubro-donated Rs 8 lakhs chair for nuclear engineering to impart highly specialised skills to students—it may not be overly optimistic to expect a radical transformation in at least some of the vital areas of technical education at IIT, Bombay ■

MOULDING THEIR FUTURE. Unlike workshop hours, practical training is not assigned course "credits" and therefore tends to be taken lightly by both students and the organisations to which they are attached, during the training period.

Brain Drain Slows Down

Year	IIT, Bombay, Total Number of Students	Students gone abroad	
	B.Techs - graduated out	Number	Percentage
1970	274	95	34.67
1971	330	76	23.03
1972	342	69	20.17
1973	304	61	20.06
1974	275	59	21.50
1975	253	49	19.40
1976	202	38	18.75
1977	269	48	17.90
1978	213	38	15.70
1979	214	42	19.62
1980	262	52	19.87
1981	242	48	19.83

A Tame Budget

Housewife Left Out In The Cold

By A Special Correspondent

Since planned development remains the shibboleth of the day, a major criterion to judge a Finance Minister's performance is the amount of money he sets aside for the Plan. Pranab Mukherjee has done well on this count, having hiked the Central Plan outlay to Rs 13,870 crores from Rs 11,000 crores in 1982-83—an increase of 26 per cent. It is mainly because the Finance Minister has stretched himself to the maximum on behalf of the Plan that he has rendered himself vulnerable to attack on other grounds.

WHEN Union Finance Minister Pranab Mukherjee was presenting his Budget proposals in the Lok Sabha on February 28, his soporific monotone suddenly acquired a solicitous ring as he announced: *I propose to exempt totally pressure-cookers from excise duties. The housewives would now find someone else in their kitchens letting off steam.*

Kudos to Pranab Mukherjee's ghost writer for coming up with a well-turned phrase but, as a housewife pertinently pointed out in a post-Budget Doordarshan programme, a pressure-cooker is only a once-in-a-while buy.

Barring the proposed reduction in excise duty on sugar—which would no doubt bring some sweetness into the life of many an Indian—the concessions pertaining to kerosene stoves, electric bulbs and fluorescent tubes are fine as far as they go but, in essence, barely minor sops to the popular imagination. More important from the angle of the beleagured common man is what happens to the general price level. In fact, this could be a starting point for looking at the Budget.

Pranab Mukherjee's claim about "keeping a tight rein on inflation" does not bear scrutiny. To begin with, any talk about a non-inflationary Budget in a developing economy is so much poppycock. Large investments in long-gestation capital and infrastructural projects result in immediate creation of incomes, but the fruits of such investments always take time to materialise. Thus we have what is called in economic jargon the "inflationary gap". But this Government—like most Governments the world over—has been exacerbating the inflation already built into the development process by not balancing its Budget and meeting a part of the expenditure by simply printing currency notes. This time the Finance Minister has left a deficit of Rs 1,555 crores.

If to this are added the earlier deficits—Rs 2,577 crores in 1980-81, Rs 1,392 crores in 1981-82 and Rs 1,945 crores in 1982-83—the total already comes to Rs 7,539 crores, making nonsense of the Sixth Plan exhortation that the deficit for the 1980-85 period should not exceed Rs 5,000 crores. It is amazing that, while dwelling on the non-Plan expenditure in 1982-83, the Finance Minister made no reference to the Rs 800-odd crores spent on the Asian Games. Such attempts at camouflage only detract from the Government's credibility.

Then, the effect of taxation on the price level must be reckoned. To the Rs 716 crores proposed to be raised through indirect taxation in the Budget must be added the Rs 2,100 crores sought to be mobilised through the Railway Budget and the other "phantom budgets" envisaging hikes in P & T tariffs, oil prices and cigarette duties. Thus a total resource mobilisation effort of nearly Rs 3,000 crores cannot but generate inflationary pressures.

Three Points To Note

The Government's claim about inflation having been controlled at the moment calls for three observations.

- One, a low percentage increase in the wholesale price index would appear to be less of an accomplishment if it is realised that each time the base on which it is calculated is higher.

  Two, although on the basis of a point-to-point comparison in the wholesale price index inflation stood at 3 per cent in the last week of January, in terms of the consumer price index—which is what matters to the people—it stood at 8 per cent.

  Three, liberal imports because of the cushion provided by the IMF loan have served to somewhat dampen the inflationary pressures. When this cushion is removed shortly, what happens?

In the ultimate analysis, the main imponderable having a bearing on the inflationary impact of the Budget is the behaviour of the monsoon in the coming months. If the Weather God smiles and disgorges his largesse on the rain-hungry earth, each drop of rain would virtually mean one number of inflation douched. If he frowns and looks away, inflationary fires are likely to rage below.

As the economy is in the grip of some kind of recession, it is a natural point of interest whether the Budget seeks to do anything to undo the present situation. At the outset, it needs to be understood that the Indian recession is not the trough of a business cycle and, therefore, is of a different genre from the recession in the industrialised West. The Indian recession is the combined result of partial withdrawal by a drought-hit agricultural sector of demand support to industry, some overshooting of the mark in import liberalisation and the tendency of a high-cost industry continually to seek high profit margins.

- As regards the first factor, the proposal to reduce the price of certain fertilisers (the suggestion was made by me in the *Weekly* in a pre-Budget article) by exempting them from excise duty is sensible. It will boost agriculture and thus also serve to restore its support to industry.

  Similarly, the proposal to raise, with certain exceptions, Customs duties by 5 per cent acquires the additional rationale of providing a protective umbrella to those who feel that the import policy is excessively liberal.

Reason To Feel Let Down

Notwithstanding its inefficiency and indiscipline, the corporate sector was perhaps justified in expecting reliefs because of the recession. It has reason to feel let down. Lowering of the interest tax on banks—so that they can now lend at 18 per cent instead of 19.5 per cent—and an increase in the depreciation allowance from 10 to 15 per cent are changes in the right direction.

But, simultaneously, the surcharge on the income tax payable by companies—technically called the Corporation Tax—has been increased from 2.5 per cent to 5 per cent. The option to deposit the additional surcharge in the Industrial Development Bank is hardly going to amuse businessmen.

Further, various concessions have been taken away in the name of rationalisation.

- All in all, the Budget in itself can scarcely be described as a major antidote to recession. Much, again, will depend on the behaviour of the monsoon.

The Finance Minister's effort to discipline rich businessmen will, however, receive public approbation. The manner in which prosperous companies have been exploiting concessions to get away with zero tax has, despite the FICCI's ponderous rationalisations, been an embarrassment to our socialist credentials, such as they are. The provision that henceforth fiscal incentives and concessions will not be allowed to absorb more than 70 per cent of a company's profits is thus well conceived. I am also inclined to support curbs on the misuse of the allowance given for "entertainment expenditure", although this would mean less free five-star lunches for me.

However, it can hardly be gainsaid that "lavish and wasteful expenditure" of this nature is indulged in more by Government departments than by private firms. This can be ascertained by visiting any five-star establishment at any time and seeing the lunch and dinner notices displayed there. Pranab Mukherjee would, therefore, do well to appreciate that discipline, like charity, should begin at home.

Frustrated at the hundreds of crores blocked in litigation in respect of excise duty, the Finance Minister has proposed that, henceforth, the tax deduction allowed for income-tax assessment would be the actual amount paid in a year and not the statutory liability. Nobody would grudge this.

Utterly Unoriginal

Structurally, the Budget is utterly unoriginal, making no attempt whatsoever to usher in the much-needed tax reform, with the result that the existing system, particularly the Income Tax Act, remains the taxpayer's nightmare and the tax consultant's delight. As if to exercise his guilt, Pranab Mukherjee has made a sheepish reference to the Economic Administration Reforms Commission towards the end of his speech, promising a Direct Taxes Amendment Bill "the preparation of which will be taken in hand".

This does not make sense. If such a Bill were to come close on the heels of the Budget, what would be the position of the present proposals? Evidently, the Govern-

ment is in no hurry, assuming that it would bestir itself at all.

Moreover, niggling here and tinkering there, the Budget seems the handiwork of constipated bureaucrats rather than an imaginative political leadership.

- For example, what is sought to be proved by reducing the income-tax rate on the first slab between Rs 15,001 and Rs 20,000 from 30 to 25 per cent and simultaneously increasing the surcharge from 10 to 12.5 per cent? The explanatory memorandum to the Finance Bill points out that the net benefit to an earner of Rs 16,000 in a year would be Rs 49—or about Rs 4 per month!

  Again, the duty-free limit in regard to the baggage of passengers returning to India would be increased from Rs 1,000, fixed in 1978, to Rs 1,250. What a blow for realism!

  Neither is the removal of the ceiling of 30 per cent of gross income in respect of savings in Life Insurance and Provident Funds likely to yield much additional savings. How many Indians can set aside more than 30 per cent of their gross income for such savings?

However, just as nothing is an unmixed good, there is no such thing as unrelieved folly.

- Introduction of 3-Year Central Government Bonds as another avenue of investment to qualify for exemption under the Capital Gains Tax is an improvement inasmuch as the 7-Year National Rural Development Bonds have too long a maturity.

- More investment for non-resident Indians—particularly the proposal to levy a flat rate of tax of only 20 per cent plus surcharge on the income derived by them from investments in shares and debentures of Indian companies made in foreign exchange—is welcome.

  The impetus sought to be given to exports by allowing exporters to deduct 5 per cent of their incremental turnover while computing their taxable income is incontrovertible.

  Liberalisation of excise duty concessions to the small-scale sector is unexceptionable.

  Equally supportable is the stimulus sought to be given to production by extending the scope of excise duty rebate for excess production. In fact, the scheme should be made more comprehensive and simpler.

Breached, Not Observed

The Sixth Plan document says: *It is essential to ensure that the subsidies on account of food, fertilisers and exports are kept within reasonable limits in order to release resources for development.*

Once again, the Plan has been followed more in the breach than in the observance, since the Budget shows subsidies totalling Rs 2,250 crores: Rs 798 crores for fertilisers, Rs 800 crores for food and Rs 652 crores for exports.

The fertiliser subsidy has increased mainly because of cost escalation triggered by the recent hike in the prices of petroleum products and the cess on crude. For reasons mentioned earlier, nothing can be done about this. But, if the Government were to cease using subsidised foodgrains as a bribe to the articulate sections of the population, the food subsidy (as argued in these columns in an earlier issue) would come down.

Since planned development remains the shibboleth of the day, a major criterion to judge a Finance Minister's performance is the amount of money he sets aside for the Plan. Pranab Mukherjee has done well on this count, having hiked the Central Plan outlay to Rs 13,870 crores from Rs 11,000 crores in 1982-83—an increase of 26 per cent

It is mainly because the Finance Minister has stretched himself to the maximum on behalf of the Plan that he has rendered himself vulnerable to attack on other grounds. Appropriately, the largest chunk has been earmarked for the energy sector. Petroleum, power and coal get Rs 5,014 crores—which comes to over 36 per cent of the Central Plan outlay.

But the Finance Minister has displayed extraordinary *naivete* in thinking that the performance of State Electricity Boards can be improved by doling out awards from a puny sum like Rs 50 crores. The problems of the SEBs are deep-rooted. Neither can the Government check slippages in power projects unless it deigns to implement the recommendations of the various committees on power development, the latest one being the Rajadhyaksha Committee.

Defence expenditure has been hiked from Rs 5,350 crores in the current year's revised estimates to Rs 5,971 crores. Considering that one fighter plane, or frigate, or tank means that much less basic amenities to poverty-ridden people, the Government should be made to give a detailed justification for this huge expenditure. The legitimate needs of political freedom and economic freedom have to be carefully balanced.

The GNP is expected to increase by only 2 per cent in the current year owing to a downturn in agricultural output (down by 3 per cent) and a slower growth rate in industry (up by only 4.5 per cent) To quote the Economic Survey: *1982-83 was a testing time for the Indian Economy.*

How will it fare in 1983? It should be clear from the foregoing that a Budget is never the only factor in the situation, especially if it is a tame one

- How the Indian economy fares in 1983 will depend on the efficiency of the infrastructure.

  It will depend on the extent to which world recession permits absorption of our exports.

  It will depend on cooperation between capital and labour.

  It will depend, above all, on the behaviour of the monsoon.

In the coming months, therefore, we should train our sights skyward, with our fingers crossed.

■

Budget—II

Design For Solvency Despite Setbacks

Though the author underscores many of the points made in the preceding article, his emphasis is different and his overall view is well worth a perusal.

—Editor

by Balraj Mehta

WE have not cut the Development Plan and we have not cut the subsidies for food and fertilisers, enthusiastically exclaimed a senior official of the Union Finance Ministry after the presentation of the Pranab Budget for 1983-84. He indeed seemed to suggest that something in the nature of a miracle had been performed by financial wizards (himself included) at a time when the financial position of the Government was gravely stretched.

There are certainly several plus points about the Pranab Mukherjee Budget for the coming year. The outlay for the Annual Plan has been stepped up by 21.5 per cent—with a 26.1 per cent increase in the central sector of the Plan. In the Budget proper, a big resource-raising effort has been mounted which is estimated to yield by "non-inflationary means"—so it is claimed—Rs 716 crores in a full year. This has been preceded by an even bigger resource-mobilisation effort—adjustments in customs and excise duties, upward revision of Railway freights & fares and post & telecommunication charges and a hike in the prices of petroleum products—which is estimated to bring to the Central Exchequer as much as Rs 2,100 crores in a full year. Such a massive resource-raising effort is unprecedented and easily surpasses even the much-maligned "harsh" Budgets of Morarji Desai in 1963 and Charan Singh in 1979. But solvency has been restored to the financial balance-sheet of the Central Government.

The additional resource mobilisation, moreover, can legitimately be claimed to be designed for financing the Development Plan. The non-Plan expenditure is intended, after all, to increase by less than 10 per cent in the coming year and all of it is not necessarily non-developmental, administrative expenditure being only a fraction of it. At the same time, the claim of defence to budgetary support has been adequately met. The budgetary allocation to defence is proposed to go up by as much as Rs 871 crores next year compared to the first Budget estimates for the current year.

Besides the plus points for the broad parameters of the Budget, there are others which are relevant and exist to satisfy a variety of sectional interests. It is not always possible, of course, to meet all the heightened pre-Budget demands and

FINANCE MINISTER PRANAB MUKHERJEE

expectations of sectional interests with a stake in the Budget and its impact on the economy. The corporate sector has been trying to display disappointment over some of the fiscal measures in the Budget. This is probably intended to cloud the fact that wide opportunities for profitable growth have been opened for the private corporate sector in the last three years by means other than the Budget which, in the circumstances, had to take some measures, even if partial and half-hearted, for the rationalisation of the tax structure for this sector.

Cases In Point

The Budget has indeed made a substantial contribution towards the generation of larger internal resources by the corporate sector for accelerated growth. The reduction of interest tax to half and the increase in the rate of depreciation from 10 per cent to 15 per cent are cases in point These two measures alone will result in an increase of more than Rs 200 crores in the resources available to the corporate sector for investment in modernisation and expansion.

There are other concessions and incentives also. The one grouse which has been expressed by the spokesmen of the corporate sector is with respect to "minimum tax" on at least 30 per cent of the profits of a dividend-paying company This is intended to end the anomaly in the tax system which enabled many companies to take advantage of the plethora of exemptions, deductions and rebates and reduce their tax liability to zero even when they made large profits, paid out handsome dividends and also spent lavishly on a variety of perks and non-productive activities.

There is much force in the idea which the Finance Minister has applied in the Budget that the fiscal instrument should be used for encouraging saving and investment and discourage wasteful expenditure. Only its application should have been more vigorous and wider-ranging. There is indeed a case for elimination of most of the exemptions, deductions and rebates which clutter the direct tax structure for the sake of better tax administration and collection. In that event, again, it will be possible substantially to reduce the formal rates of taxes to the level of their real and effective rates and the myth of high tax imposts would be destroyed without loss of revenue to the Government.

Coming to taxes on personal incomes and wealth, the Budget for 1983-84 has made marginal adjustments only with minimal revenue implications. It has, however, kept the direction set in the Budgets of the last three years which had won kudos for the Budget-makers for their solicitude for the "middle classes". There is some more of the same, such as raising the exemption limit in respect of income-tax liability and liberalisation of exemption for the income-tax payers against a variety of approved savings. What needs to be questioned in this context, however, is the contention that these adjustments in tax on incomes (and others on wealth) bring relief to the "common man"

To bracket those having an annual income of Rs 40,000 and above—numbering about 3 million—in the category of "the common man" is to stretch the point too far. When the same or similar logic is extended to taxes on commodities, there is the grosteque proposal of exempting pressure-cookers and "fuel-efficient" kerosene stoves from excise duties in the name of coming to the aid of housewives in India and promoting fuel efficiency to boot.

So much for the fiscal proposals in the Budget. What about the expenditure side? The Government's Budgets, especially the Union Budgets, have ceased to be merely statements of accounts of the Government and exercises in the balancing of revenue and expenditure. Launching of the processes of development planning after gaining political independence has given the Budgets wider dimensions as instruments for setting the pace and the direction of the development process. Resource-raising and the manner in which resources are raised are, therefore, as important in this context as expenditure and allocations to various sectors, projects and programmes. If again, in this context, there is a sense of relief and satisfaction that resource stringency has not been allowed to result in a direct and absolute cut in Plan outlays, there must be disquiet over the large lags that have developed in the progress of the Plan in physical terms. In spite of the 21.5 per cent increase in financial allocation for the Plan in the coming year, the lags in physical terms will not shorten but lengthen.

This position was indeed built, to start with, into the design of the Sixth Five-Year Plan when 1979-80 was set as its base year and the financial size of the Plan was fixed in terms of 1979-80 prices. The year 1979-80 had recorded an absolute decline of 4.8 per cent in national income. The subsequent years—the first three years of the Sixth Plan—recorded in 1980-81 an increase of 8 per cent over the depressed base of 1979-80; in 1981-82, of 4.5 per cent over 1980-81; and of barely 2 per cent in 1982-83 over 1981-82.It is indeed deceptive to claim a growth of 5 per cent per annum during the first 3 years of the Sixth Plan by skirting the 1979-80 reference-point for determining the growth rate. As matters stand, the growth rate during the first three years of the Plan will turn out to be less than 3 per cent per annum—way behind the target set for the Plan. In per-capita terms, the position at the end of the current year (1982-83) will be found barely level with 1978-79. The so-called recovery of the economy from the shambles in which the Janata-Lok Dal power interregnum is supposed to have plunged it has not been very striking, after all.

On the contrary, the performance of the economy during the current year admittedly has been so dismal that it has cut short whatever feeble recovery was registered in the first two years of the Sixth Plan. According to the present quick estimates, there will be an absolute fall of 3 per cent in agricultural production and the overall growth in national income will be barely 2 per cent. There are some who apprehend that the position is worse than officially admitted considering the widespread recessionary trends in the industrial sector and the absolute fall in revenue collections compared to the Budget estimates during the year—an unprecedented phenomenon in itself.

Official Claim Belied

The stark extent and nature of the poor performance of the economy during 1982-83 is only emphasised when it is attempted to be attributed entirely to "drought" which has resulted in a fall of 3 per cent in agricultural production as against more than 15 per cent in 1979-80. The relatively much smaller setback in the agricultural sector in 1982-83 compared to 1979-80 and the failure to absorb it and maintain the growth tempo indicates a progressive weakening of the growth impulses in the economy, especially during the last three years, giving the lie to the official claim made in the Pre-Budget Economic Survey as well as in the presentation of the Budget that official economic policy and management had imparted during the last three years "an appreciable degree of resilience" to the economy "despite a setback in agriculture, growing constraints on resources and continued strain on balance of payments".

A major contributory factor in weakening the growth impulses in the economy, when adverse weather conditions hit the agricultural sector, has been man-made, more especially the policy of import liberalisation and emphasis on the "softer option" of growth with borrowed money from abroad.The inability or the unwillingness of the political authority to mobilise domestic resources—not merely in financial terms but much more markedly in material and human terms—has been debilitating for self-reliant growth on a self-sustaining basis. Witness the eagerness with which power-generation stations and other larger, capital-intensive and long-gestation projects are proposed to be erected with total foreign financing. This implies import of all machinery, equipment and skilled services for these projects as well as financing of local costs even while Indian ability and capability for erecting power stations and such other projects (among which the Bharat Heavy Electricals in the public sector is prominent and best equipped) have to face gross underutilisation of capacity for want of orders. Witness again the wanton manner in which dumping in the Indian market of foreign goods and services has been allowed to the detriment of Indian industry.

Perils In Store

Meanwhile, the so-called "cushion"—which the IMF is supposed to have provided to finance the structural adjustment of the Indian economy and expose it in competition to foreign capital and supplies under agreed "conditionalities"—will be running its course in the coming year and India will then be exposed to mounting pressures for repayments of foreign loans and, to that extent, there will be a drain on its lean resources and depletion of available resources needed for development. A measure of the realisation of the perils in store in the wake of the so-called "liberalisation of the economy" so far as the balance-of-payments position is concerned seems to have dawned on official circles. This is indicated by caution against liberal contracting of foreign commercial loans and the anti-dumping fiscal measures which, at last, have been incorporated in the Budget. But these measures are not adequate in themselves and a more courageous and wider effort for domestic-resource mobilisation (especially material and human resources) for development will be called for to revive and strengthen growth impluses in the economy.

Talking of resource mobilisation—financial, material and human—it is not enough to sit back after the taxes, the levies and the price revisions have all been resorted to essentially as revenue-raising exercises for balancing accounts in the face of diverse claims on budgetary resources. A silver lining in this context is the growing potential of returns from past investment in industrial and commercial undertakings in the public sector, especially if the returns come from higher efficiency, and not merely from hikes in administered prices of the products of these enterprises. For the rest, however, exclusive reliance on indirect taxes and price mechanism for raising financial resources is misplaced and can easily disturb stability, more particularly price stability, which is claimed as the signal achievement of official policy and management. For one thing, effective curbs against inessential imports will at once shrink revenue realisations from customs duties. The fact indeed is that revenue from customs, looked at from the narrow view of balancing the budgetary sums, may, and does, act as a spur for liberal imports and this tendency will have to be strongly curbed. So far as other forms of indirect taxation are concerned—excise duties in particular—there is a limit beyond which their cost-push effect is bound to disturb price stability.

False Propositions

A shibboleth has lately gained ground in official parlance. It is to claim that indirect taxes and increases in administered prices are a non-inflationary way of raising resources. Worse still is the idea which has been canvassed brazenly and cynically by interested quarters, official and non-official, that direct taxes discourage saving and investment and reduction in direct taxes promotes work efficiency and production: Both are false propositions. According to all sound economic thought and logic, mopping up of disposable incomes, as they generate in the economic structure, on the basis of the principal of progression is the foundation of any sensible and equitable fiscal policy and it is the only way of raising resources by non-inflationary means for meeting the needs of the state and of development.

The budgetary policy under the spell of the so-called supply-side economics has perverted all sound and equitable concepts of development policy, especially the policy for raising resources and their deployment for development. Its logic has been to shift the burdens of development on the shoulders of those who are least able to bear them and monopolisation of the gains of development by a thin upper crust of society. In this process, again, the proud role of the state as the principal agent of economic and social development on an orderly and equitable basis has been diluted and is bound to dilute further.

It is not fortuitous that from the concept of the state occupying the commanding heights of the economy, which informed India's development strategy when the processes of development planning were launched way back in the 1950s the role of public-sector investment is being progressively limited to development of infrastructure and opening up and widening of opportunity for private business and enterprise to grow and thrive even while the mass of the people have willy-nilly to remain outside the pale of the development process and await patiently the gains of development to trickle down to them. The trimming of the Sixth Plan in the public sector to what is called the "core sector"—in which, again, the development of commercial-energy resources is given an overriding priority—and paring of the State plans to an extent in which social services and welfare programmes, except for population control, receive the lowest priority fall neatly into place in this scheme of things.

Interview

It's Now or Never

World Teetering on the Brink of Economic Chaos

by C. Raghavan

GENEVA: The present is a now or never opportunity to change the international monetary and financial systems in ways to end deflation, restore recovery and growth and do all these things without repeating the past, according to Dragoslav Avramovic.

A Yugoslav national, Special Advisor to UNCTAD Secretary-general, Gamani Corea, and ex-officio member of the Brandt Commission and Director of its Secretariat, Dragoslav Avramovic discussed in an interview the main issues of the world economic crisis—in essence the crisis of finance and money—in the light of the latest report of the Brandt Commission and other recent proposals and studies.

Question: *Is finance and money really the key issue of the crisis or is it merely a reflection of the crisis in trade, commodity and other sectors?*

Answer: The emphasis on money and finance in Brandt II and elsewhere is a reflection of the deep-seated problems of the world economy, specially as it affects the developing countries (DCs).

Ultimately, all crises, whether cyclical or structural, end up as financial crises and liquidity problems. What is important to consider, from the long-term view, is whether patch-up jobs can solve the present problems, or whether out of the present predicament a sequence of changes can be developed to make repetition of the past less likely.

Liquidity gap figures are now being bandied about—$70 billion according to UNCTAD. $85 billion according to Brandt II, Others say it is all exaggerated, and a temporary crisis.

No. The gap is much more. The facts are there. According to the World Bank President (at the GATT Ministerial meeting in November), compared to 1980, the export earnings of the Third World, other than on oil, were down in 1982 by $40 billion a year, while the increase in debt servicing payments by the Oil-Importing Developing Countries (OIDCs) was up by $35 billion. Since the collapse of private capital loans to the Third World in August 1982, the shortfall runs at an annual $30 billion compared to 1981. These three figures alone add up to over $ 100 billions.

Then the fall in export earnings on petroleum of the oil-exporters was $85 billions in 1982 compared to 1980. To the extent it was due to price falls, some Oil-Importing Developing Countries (OIDCs) may have benefitted. But most of the fall was due to volume reductions.

So you really have a 180 billion gap of which 100 billion is for the OIDCs.

Is this a question only of numbers or of quality and a crisis of the systems? In other words, not merely of finance but of how?

Both. What is being done now may be ample in so far as speed of mobilisation is concerned—IMF quota increases and the General Arrangement to Borrow (GAB). But the amounts are insufficient and will not lead to changes likely to help the world economic recovery.

First, together, these will give $30 billion in usable funds to the IMF spread over a minimum period of three years, or an annual rate of $10 billion, compared to the $100 billion liquidity gap of the OIDCs alone.

Second, it is at best a medium-term loan, repayable over the next five years. On the other hand, the short-term debts of the Third World alone rose to $160 billions at the end of 1982 compared with 60 billion at the end of 1980. There really is a major problem. The IMF-GAB package is significant, but really extends the problems into the future for the next few years rather than seek a solution.

Third, we have the problem of "conditionality" of the IMF. As US Secretary of State (George) Shultz and Treasury Secretary (Donald) Regan have said, if under conditionality every one is asked to export more and import less, you can only have deflationary pressures in the world economy.

Fourth, IMF stabilisation agreements take time to negotiate. So the Bank of International Settlements (BIS) in Basel provided the bridging finance. The President of BIS, Mr Fertz Leutwiller, has said at Davos, European Management Forum, at the end of January that BIS will be doing this no more. So one leg of this edifice has been weakened.

Finally, even if the IMF quotas are increased (as UNCTAD, Brandt II, and the Group of 24 developing countries in the IMF are asking), the funds available will still be small, and mind you it is funds for the IMF and not to the countries.

All the present schemes count on the restoration of confidence in banks and the capital markets, and their starting to resume lending again. If this does not happen—and there is no evidence of it—there is no way out other than enormous deflation.

Banking Crisis

The Bank of England Chief has been quoted as saying the banking crisis is all over.

The fact is, despite the best efforts of the IMF, in a number of cases—we need not mention the countries, but they are figuring in the papers every day—the package deals announced are still not tied up. These are difficult and time-consuming operations, involving a large number of parties. On the one hand, you have "conditionality" and deflation, and on the other the difficulties of putting the deals together. The only result is continued agony, frequent reschedulings, and impossibility for anyone to plan ahead even a few months.

What could be the solution that would also help changes in the systems?

Some of us have been arguing for large injection of SDRs (Special Drawing Rights in the IMF) to avoid deflation, and do three things while we consider longer-term changes.
First, to consolidate short-term debts (at floating interest rates plus 2-3 per cent in commissions and service charges) into long-term debts. *Second,* renegotiate the interest rates and *third,* ensure a better performance on the part of the Third World.

Clausen, at the GATT Ministerial meeting, and Brandt II now, all seem to throw cold water on the view that the Third World is responsible for its own problems.

Undoubtedly, as Clausen said, the blows from outside have been overwhelming for the Third World during the last 2-3 years. But at the same time, in a number of countries, there is room for improvement—to reduce capital flights, to reduce growth of unproductive expenditure, and to eliminate inappropriate use of public funds (corruption and waste).

DRAGOSLAV AVRAMOVIC

But this is a question that the developing countries must address and sort out themselves. That is why I have been arguing that the Third World has to be given a good deal of authority in the distribution and monitoring of the use of SDRs. This would, in effect, take us to the institutional changes necessary.

If we have a large issue of SDRs, we could take a major step forward in the reconstruction of the International monetary System. If its distribution is partly automatic, and partly under the control of the developing countries themselves, it will be a type of change that would take us forward to the New International Economic Order.

In other words, not a give away of public funds, but under a different type of "condionality"?

Yes, but without the political problems of now. Otherwise, I see no way of getting out of this crisis. The Balance of Payments problems will be with us for a long time, with debt reschedulings and frictions. The problems will grow bigger by the day.

The changes I am suggesting will open a new North-South relationship. It may sound like a dream, but it is not.

The Marshall Plan in Europe was administered by the recipients, and so was the Alliance for Progress, and on a smaller scale now the International Fund for Agricultural Development.

You can accomplish the same thing now by giving powers to the G-24 in the IMF, under some broad guidelines of the IMF Board and the overall authority of the IMF Managing Director. This can be done immediately without any amendment of the IMF articles.

Common Crisis

Brandt II talks of "Common Crisis" and the dangers of deflation and depression. But there still seem to be some fears that all this will generate inflation, and the IMF still seems to be emphasising the fight against inflation.

The crisis is evident. In 1982, the commodity prices fell by 30 per cent since 1980. Prices in three major product groups have fallen—cereals, oil (petroleum), and metals. In three major industrial countries—US, West Germany and Japan—prices are rising now at an annual two per cent rate. World reserves have fallen sharply (200 billion dollars in 1981, and total Third World reserves down to $106 billion or 2-1/2 months of imports). We are talking about a liquidity injection of $50-60 billion but the US budget deficit alone is over 200 billions

There is large-scale unemployment in the US and Europe, over ten per cent. There are large agricultural surpluses. OPEC is desperate to shore up the oil market. The Newly Industrialised Countries (NIC) have excess capacity in all consumer goods. The US industry is working at 62 per cent capacity, and West Germany's at 74 per cent.

Where is the fear of inflation? How much further can you go?

The alternative really is deflation, financial chaos. Forty countries now, have stopped repayments of principals, and are paying interest by borrowed funds. This is a critical situation: enormous financial and trade consequences or some orderly settlement. Are debts to be paid out of expanding production or by reduced consumption? The latter carries enormous risks, the first much less.

Last year, world trade fell by 5-10 per cent. Mexico, the third largest market for the USA is down, and so is Nigeria, the most important market for the UK. The Middle East, so important for West German engineering goods, is in deep trouble. Thirty four per cent of the US-EEC-Japan exports are to the Third World, and that is where the trouble is.

Now Is The Hour

Is it a now or never?

Yes The opportunity for reconstruction of the financial and trading systems was never better. There is greater realisation of the need now everywhere, more open-mindedness in the USA—the Secretaries of State and the Treasury are saying we cannot go on like this

The outlook for new approaches is more promising than ever before. It will not be easy, but it is Now or Never, particularly for the monetary system, where we have a very confused and very difficult situation.

There is no fixed frame of reference any more. Enormous inflation has been replaced by deflation. Financial structures and debts of not only, the Third World, but of enterprises in the industrial countries, are in trouble.

The enormous difficulties in sorting out these problems are such that movement to a new world monetary relationship is inoperative—a greater degree of participation by the Third World must be its essential ingredient. They are a major factor; oil-exporting countries are the major creditors, and the importing ones are the consumers of capital and the major markets. ■

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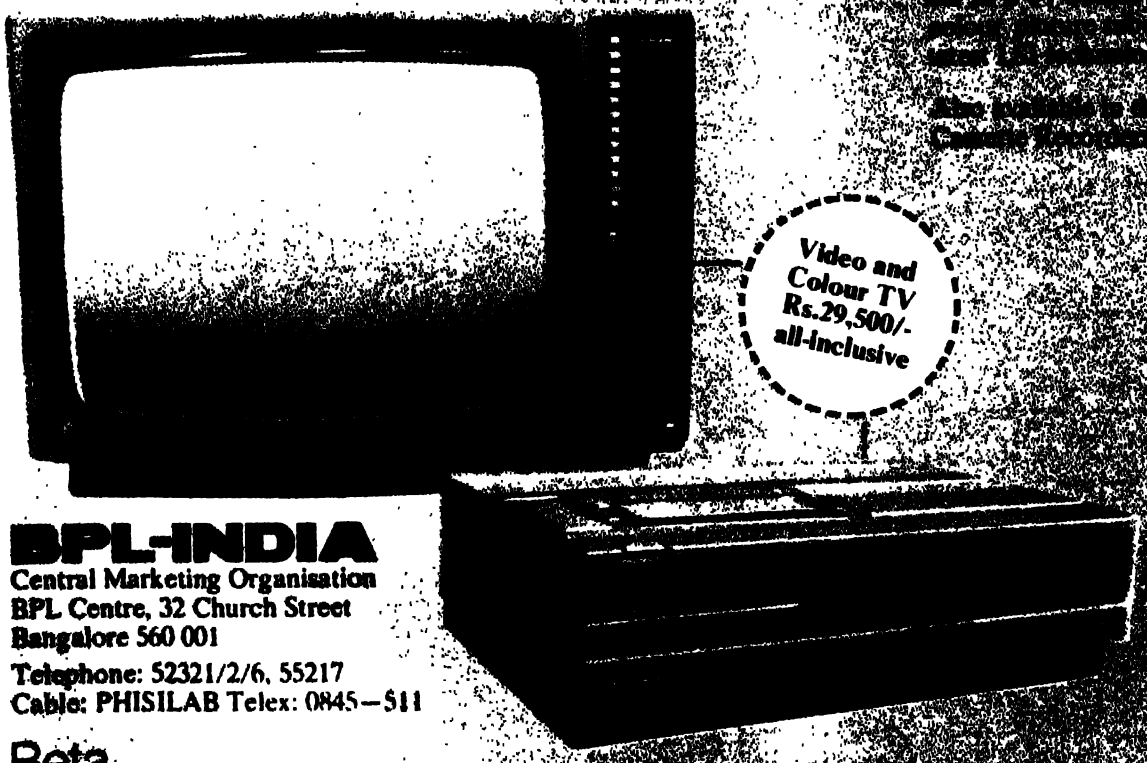

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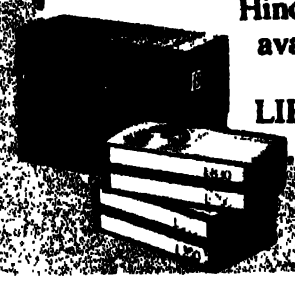


Beta

BPL SANYO

RATAN TATA, the 45-year-old nephew of JRD, is now the Chairman of Tata Industries.

Young Entrepreneurs—I

Heir-Apparent To The Tata Throne

by Hashim Khairullah

Mr Ratan Tata's elevation to the post of Chairman of Tata Industries is an indication that he may well become the next head of the House of Tatas. The post is still being held by JRD Tata, but it is obvious that the ageing monarch is looking for a successor.

AS Chairman of Tata Industries Ltd, Ratan Tata (45) has a hard task ahead of him. His biggest challenge is the obvious one: to fill the shoes of the legendary JRD who, in October 1981, nominated Ratan to the second most powerful job in the group and who might still bequeath him the sprawling Tata empire. (Total assets in July 1982 valued at Rs 1,538 crores). Mr Ratan Tata's new post as Chairman of Tata Industries virtually means that he is now almost certain to become the next head of the House of Tatas, started by Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata in 1868. The highest position in the group is the Chairmanship of Tata Sons Ltd, the holding company which controls the empire. The post is still being held by JRD himself, but it is obvious that the ageing monarch (78) is now looking for a successor for Bombay House, the Tata Headquarters.

Ratan Tata's present role, therefore, will be basically of learning how to exercise the controlling powers over the Tata companies through the Tata Industries Board, the think-tank for Tata Sons.

JRD's move of nominating Ratan can best be described as part of an eventual plan to hand over the reigns to his nephew. The fact that he chose Ratan as his heir-apparent and not the seasoned Tata professionals like Nani Palkhivala, S. Mookgaokar, and Russy Mody is an indication of his confidence in him. But the question still being asked is: Will Ratan prove himself? Will he deliver the goods, so to speak, and make the grade after JRD retires? Can he hold the group together and command respect from these elderly professionals? Will the House of Tatas, which has been controlled by the Tata family, despite its meagre shareholding, remain in the hands of the family? (The Tata family owns only a minute fraction of the shares of the parent company, Tata Sons. Over 80 per cent of the shares are held by various public trusts. The holdings of Tata Sons and its subsidiary Tata Industries in other important Tata companies like TELCO, TISCO and TOMCO, are almost negligible.)

Considering the responsibilities he has, Ratan Tata, the Cornell- and Harvard-educated son of Naval Tata, will have to plan his moves cautiously. His major experience within the set-up has been limited to National Radio and Electronics Corporation (NELCO), which has been a non-performing company. His brief stints in TELCO and TISCO, prior to his nomination can best be described as apprenticeship. On the other hand, the quality of the professionals in the Tatas has traditionally been high and it is from these professionals in the Tata House, that Ratan may face a challenge.

The Tatas are all set for a massive modernisation and diversification programme. TISCO, the group's top money spinner (profits before tax—Rs 77.65 crores) will in the next three years spend over Rs 200 crores in modernisation, TELCO aims to increase its present turnover (Rs 802.95 crores) by more than Rs 300 crores. Ratan's main role now will be to see that the decisions regarding the major modernisation and expansion of TISCO and TELCO are implemented effectively. He will also have to oversee the expansion plans of the Tata Electric Company, which is adding two new 500-MW units to its existing grid that feeds power to the vital Bombay-Pune belt. Another major task which he may be entrusted with is the proposed Bombay High gas-based fertiliser plants of Tata Chemicals.

The coming years are, therefore, very critical for the Tatas, and more so for Ratan. His task will be to ensure that the momentum of modernisation and diversification is not slackened. The economic environment is changing rapidly—government liberalisation in industrial licensing, imports and controls is evident. The investment climate is encouraging. As group Chairman he will have to maintain the informal bonds and muster the ability to inspire credibility in the public and shareholders alike. As the heir-apparent to the Tata fiefdom, he will have to prove his competence and acquire a certain stature to hold the groups together. He will have to put all his resources together to ensure that the structure and foundations of the "great" House of Tatas, does not come crumbling down.

Mr Ratan Tata was not available for an interview as he was preparing for a business trip to New York, but he agreed to answer "selected" questions in writing, categorically refusing to comment on the Union Budget. Excerpts:

Question: *Your new task as Chairman of Tata Industries is vastly different from your previous one as the Chief Executive of Nelco. What difference in perspective do you now see?*

Answer: Tata Industries has sometimes been referred to as a "commonwealth of companies". Policy decisions and new directions in the organisation generally take the form of a consensus at board meetings, where the heads of most Tata companies are represented. This is obviously quite different from the operation of a single company like Nelco.

What will be your new areas of growth? What new projects are you planning to venture into?

I envisage that one of the main areas of our growth will be in high technology fields. I would like to see Tatas move into the various high technology areas which one would like to see India develop in—several of these areas are at present reserved for the public sector. They may relate to defence or communications or certain areas of electronics. I think these areas are exciting if they were opened up and I would like to see the private sector, and Tatas, in particular, involved.

I also envisage a growing presence for the organisation abroad, where our activities till now have perhaps not been as energetic and intensive as they should have been.

Why have the Tatas consistently fallen in line with Government objectives, whatever they may have been? Do you find it convenient as the Government is your major shareholder? How do you match your objectives with those of the Government's?

We may have fallen in line with Government policies in the sense that we have not "bucked" the system. We are, of course, helpless in matters where the Government decides on certain policies and priorities, with all of which we may not necessarily find ourselves in agreement. We do, however, make our views known in such matters. But the objectives

→

The Tata Iron And Steel Co. Ltd

	1980-81	1981-82
	(Million Tonnes)	
Saleable Steel -		
Production	1.537	1.606
Sales	1.373	1.415
	(Rupees in Crores)	
Gross Revenue	520.86	704.69
Profit before Taxes	52.06	77.65
Profit after Taxes	26.46	47.65
Dividends	8.56	13.09
Dividend on Ordinary Share	15.00	17.00*

(*including an additional Jubilee Dividend of Rs 2 payable subject to the approval of the Financial Institutions and the Joint Plant Committee)

with which we have always fallen in line are those laid down by our own tradition. Thus, it has been a part of our tradition not to snatch at opportunities for the sake of profits or short-term gains. This is evident from the very inception of the organisation, when Tatas repeatedly chose to invest in and manage 'core' sector activities, like steel, power generation, commercial vehicles, etc, where the gestation period has been tremendously long and where shareholders have had to wait for many years for their dividends—but it has finally been worth the effort.

Could you throw some light on the concept of 'strategic planning' which you have recently introduced in Tata Industries? How do you plan to achieve your goals through this concept?

Strategic planning will, I hope, define a direction for the Tata organisation to pursue in coming years. It will help to crystallise and clarify the areas in which we should strive to have a more marked presence in future.

Strategic planning in India is not recognised as a need because of the hitherto protective industrial environment, but I consider it important. With the liberalisation of the Union Government's licensing and import policy, industry is breaking away from the traditional seller's market and thus there will be a greater awareness of a need for strategic planning in the years to come. I believe that a lack of strategic planning has a profound effect on the position of a business organisation in the market place and most of the problems of an organisation can usually be traced to lack of planning.

While your performance in the heavy industries has been commendable, the same cannot be said about your performance in the consumer field. Do you identify a weakness in your marketing strategies?

True. Tatas have been weaker in the areas of merchandising of consumer products, and our marketing strategies have, perhaps, not achieved the kind of excellence which we have been able to achieve in other fields of industrial activity. The reasons for this are not simple or common for all our consumer product companies. It is perhaps because we have over the generations, concentrated on the 'core' sector that we may have tended to neglect the field of consumer and allied products. But we are taking steps to correct this situation.

The Tata Engineering And Locomotive Co. Ltd

	1980-81	1981-82
	(Rupees in Crores)	
Total Assets	270.19	400.71
Sales and Other Income	616.02	802.95
Profit before Taxes	24.37	41.88
Profit after Taxes	24.37	41.88
Dividends	6.05	8.39
Shareholders' Funds (Net worth)	112.46	145.95

Exports went up by nearly 15.6 per cent to Rs 60.59 crores.

The binding factor of the Tata Companies today is Mr J.R.D. Tata. He commands total respect from the senior professionals, the shareholders, down to the workers' union. Will you be able to hold the group together and command the same respect? Have you foreseen the problems of always being in JRD's shadow? Is your youth an advantage or a disadvantage in this regard?

I obviously cannot answer this. Time alone will be the best judge. Mr J. R.D. Tata has set ideals and values of a very high order. His vision and foresight is immense. His successor, whoever he may be, will have to work hard to uphold and sustain such standards.

Is there a special quality of entrepreneurship? Is there an attitude to success?

Entrepreneurship calls for innovation and considerably higher personal risk than that required in organised and established corporations. In our present Indian environment of protected markets and shortages, there can often be temptations to cut corners or sacrifice standards for short-term gains. If entrepreneurship is to survive and grow in the real free market sense, there would, in my view, need to be a far greater stress on achieving excellence and retaining high standards in all areas. ■

Dehra-Tijara—A Place Of Jain Pilgrimage

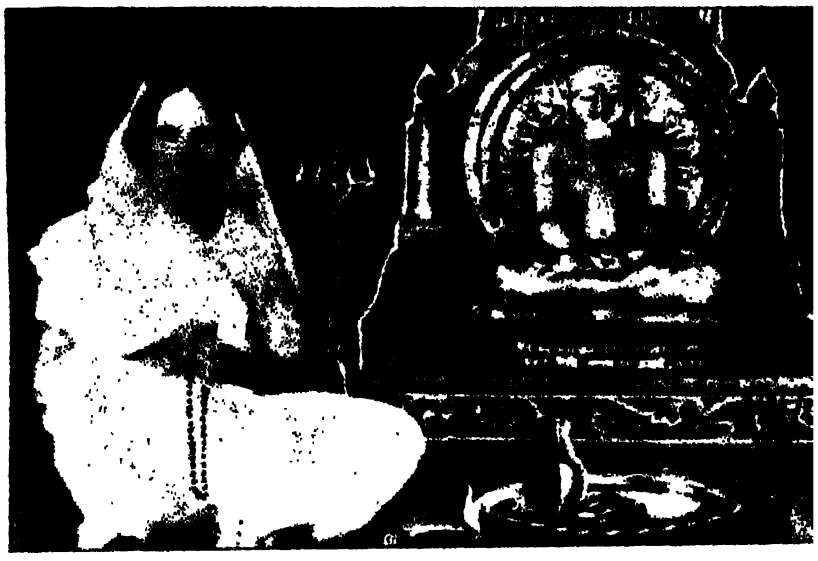
THE ruins of an ancient fort-palace and a magnificent dome commemorating the great yogi from Natha Sampradaya, Babri Bharthahari, set against a shimmering waterfall have always been part of the quiet splendour of Tijara, a sleepy little town tucked away in the Aravali hills of Rajasthan. But 25 years ago a stirring event suddenly brought this obscure town into the limelight. A simple, god-fearing Jain lady, Saraswati Devi, living in the nearby town of Dehra, had a dream in which it was revealed to her that a wondrous divine power lay buried in the historic ruins of Tijara. The local Jains, in the presence of throngs of devotees excavated the site indicated by the pious woman and unearthed an exquisite 500-year-old statue of the 8th Jain Tirthankara, Bhagwan Chandraprabhu. The idol, 45cm high and fashioned from white stone was in a state of perfect preservation. Bhagwan Chandraprabhu, depicted in a Padmasana, radiated infinite grace and compassion. At its base the statue bore the symbol of the moon and an inscription giving the names of the donors, their geneology and the dates.

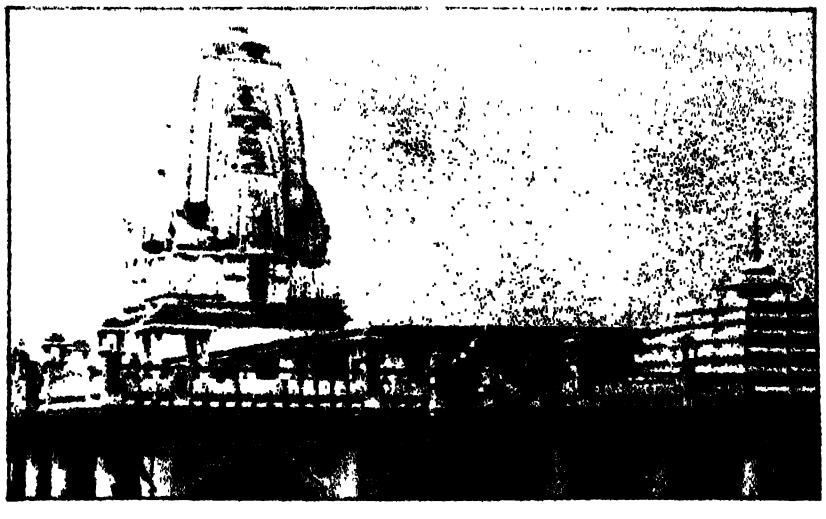
Marvellous healing powers were ascribed to the idol which was temporarily housed in a tin shed. The news of the discovery spread far and wide and thousands of devotees flocked to the place in search of Chandraprabhu's miraculous cures and religious solace. A unique attraction of the place are the statues of Bhagwan Rishabharatha with Bharatha and Bahubali—the three are nowhere else found together.

Dehra-Tijara has since seen a radical transformation. It is now a bustling pilgrim town with a stately temple, dharamshalas dotted all over and many other facilities including free dispensaries and eye camps organised from time to time. More than Rs one crore has been spent on the development of the area. The managing committee of Dehra Tijara has launched many welfare projects.

A Panch Kalyanak Mahamahotsav has been organised from March 16 to 24. Some 200,000 pilgrims are expected to participate. During the mahamahotsav on March 22, the foundation stone of the Chandraprabhu Digambar Jain Degree College will be laid by the President Giani Zail Singh. The President of the Digambar Jain Mahasamiti, Mr Shreyans Prasad Jain, will be felicitated on the occasion. The Union Home Minister Mr P.C. Sethi and Mr Ashok Kumar Jain, President of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, are expected to attend.

—Tarachand Prem





SARASWATI DEVI beside the statue of Bhagwan Chandraprabhu. Below left: The stately temple at Dehra-Tijara. Below: The tin shed where the idol was temporarily installed.

Letter From Calcutta

Assam Fall-Out

WEST Bengal's special destiny seems to be to provide sanctuary for the homeless. The camps at Jasodanga and Dangi are still crowded with more than 10,000 people forced to flee Assam in 1980; the recent massacres there rule out any hope of early return. Instead, the West Bengal Government has again generously opened its doors to a new wave of battered victims of murder, arson and pillage.

More camps are being set up along the border and around Jalpaiguri and Alipur Duar. Though desperately short of funds, the Left Front has spared Rs 4 lakhs while Mr Jyoti Basu pleads with Mrs Gandhi for special assistance. But there is no knowing how many thousands will pour in: the 6,000 refugees — many injured, some in blood-soaked tatters — who have already arrived from Goalpara, Kamrup and Darrang districts might swell into another tide unless order is restored. Recent arrivals complain of Assamese as well as adivasi brutality.

As Hindu Bengalis, this is their natural refuge. But West Bengal is not selective. Muslims from Assam and Bangladesh (economic refugees, the latter) find it just as natural to settle down here as did the four or five million people uprooted from erstwhile East Pakistan. West Bengal has also provided a home for workers from Bihar, Orissa and Uttar Pradesh and, in earlier times, for displaced Chinese, Nepalese and Tibetan communities. Few other states can match that record of liberal humanism.

R.I.P.

TRIBUTES were paid to 16 or 17 illustrious Bengalis on February 22 when the Assembly adjourned after the Speaker's obituary references. Among those remembered was West Bengal's first Chief Minister, Mr Prafulla Ghosh, who died recently at the ripe age of 93. A man of simple habits and noble ideals, Mr Ghosh unfortunately somewhat damaged the respect in which he was held by becoming a cat's paw in machinations against the United Front in the late sixties.

Of the many stories of his unorthodox methods, the one I like best tells of how he tricked a blackmarketeer. Walking unrecognised into a sweet shop at the height of rationing, Mr Ghosh bought some sweets, casually inquiring how the shopkeeper managed to get sugar. "That's my business!" was the curt reply. "No, it is mine!" retorted the Chief Minister, summoning the police already posted outside.

No less sad is the untimely passing of Mr Asoke Kumar Sarkar under whose inspired stewardship, the *Ananda Bazar Patrika* group blossomed into a major chain of national publications reaching out to millions. It may have been apposite that Mr Sarkar — a patron of the arts, especially literature and *jatra* — should collapse and die at the Book Fair. He was in the middle of an address felicitating the distinguished Bengali novelist, Benoy Mukherjee, "Jajabar" to his many fans; apparently Mr Mukherjee would not receive his award from a lesser man.

Best Foot Forward

IT may or may not be true that Thomas Bata, founder of the massive worldwide chain, vowed that he would see that every Indian was shod [illegible] promise to redeem — [illegible] than bootmakers turn out shoes, bare feet are becoming an increasingly rare sight, at least in cities. The founder's son, Mr Thomas J. Bata, Chief Executive Officer of Bata Shoe Organisation which has been based in Toronto ever since they had to move out of Czechoslovakia, who recently spent two days in Calcutta, has much to be pleased about.

So have we, especially West Bengal, for this was where it all began, way back in 1931. The original factory shifted from Konnagar to Batanagar, whose 11,000 employees make it one of Asia's biggest workshops at least in the private sector. And the company is now spread in 95 countries. Its Indian products may not always be noted for elegance but stand out for price, durability and pleasing comfort, while Bata's prosperity signifies West Bengal's industrial stability. Little wonder that Mr Bata's first appointment in Calcutta was with the Chief Minister.

Immortal Ekushey

BANGLADESH's Language Movement Day (February 21, hence Immortal Ekushey as it is called in Dhaka) followed a predictable pattern in Calcutta. The Deputy High Commission's flag was lowered to half-mast in honour of the four Dhaka students shot down by Pakistani police in 1952, and there were memorial speeches and songs. More Bengali than the Bangladeshis, CPI students staged protests outside the mission and the Bangladesh Biman office while the CPI(M-L) burnt an effigy of General Ershad, both to express disapproval of the Martial Law regime's attempts to play down the significance of the Language Movement.

But it was not only neighbourly solidarity that inspired Calcutta. The tussle in Dhaka between Bengali nationalism and Islamic fundamentalism also provided our Socialist Unity Centre with an opportunity to protest against the Left Front's virtual abolition of instruction in English in the lower classes. While Bangladesh is again preparing to fight for Bengali (against Arabic), West Bengal is anxious to defend English (against Bengali) — a revealing [illegible] maps, of the difference between the two Bengals.

Prison Sentence

CONDITIONS in Dum Dum jail must be unspeakable since those who dare speak of them are visited with dire retribution. Two warders, Mr Asit Acharya and Mr Arun Roy, who broke the rule of silence with the result that *The Telegraph* published horrendous accounts, have been served with charge sheets, while the daily and its stable companion, *Sunday*, are charged with contempt for the revealingly grim pictures of the jail and its inmates that they carried.

Clearly, the Government was stung to the quick by press publicity and by the strictures of Mr Justice P.C. Barooah whose unprecedented visit to the jail seems only to have confirmed his worst fears. Mr Acharya and Mr Roy have, therefore, been accused of supplying "distorted and exaggerated information" to "embarrass and humiliate" the administration and to damage its "prestige".

This is a curiously callous allegation. It does not suggest that the pitiable plight of prisoners is of any account. Nor does the disciplinary move indicate any desire to improve conditions. But what is most tragic is that the authorities do not seem to realise that their "prestige" would have been most secure if they had encouraged constructive steps to ensure that prisoners are treated like human beings, especially lunatics and juveniles who are locked up for no fault of their own. Instead, we are treated to what looks suspiciously like a hushing-up operation.

Photographs by Mona Chowdhury

WOMEN AGITATING for the inclusion of English as a compulsory language in West Bengal's primary schools.

Flying Dragon

SO few international airlines nowadays use Calcutta airport that we must be grateful for the inauguration of Druk-Air, Bhutan's brand new national carrier, which now flies twice a week from here to Paro. Druk-Air has bought an 18-seater West German Dornier 228 which is the only one of its kind in this part of the world; but there are hopes that Vayudoot will choose the same aircraft and eventually make it at HAL's Kanpur factory. There are also hopes that Bhutan will buy a second Dornier and increase the number of flights so that the airline's orange and yellow colours and springing silver dragon become a familiar sight at Dum Dum.

Not that I foresee a mad rush of summer holiday makers paying Rs 900 for the single journey and then hiring a limousine at Paro for the hour's drive to Thimphu: Bhutan is just not geared as yet to compete with Darjeeling, Kurseong or Kalimpong as a middle class summer resort. But there is a thriving, though strictly regulated, traffic in foreign tourists which will benefit from being able literally to fly over the tortuous complexities and bureaucratic obstructiveness of India's Inner Line permit regulations.

But one snag will remain. Contrary to Bhutanese expectations, tourists will have to undergo Customs and Immigration checks at Dum Dum. New Delhi is quite firm about that, insisting that otherwise, foreigners might be able to send or bring anything they choose across the open border with the dragon kingdom. A second problem is the delay in Dhaka giving permission for Druk-Air to overfly its territory. The difficulty arose, apparently, only because India — not Bhutan — applied to Bangladesh for the Bhutanese airline.

Out Of Focus

THOUGH Attenborough's *Gandhi* is being screened in many cities, there seems not a whisper as yet, of it coming to Calcutta. One explanation advanced is that none of the personalities that loom so large in the Bengali psyche, feature in the film. A cinematic record of the times that leaves out Rabindranath Tagore, Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das and, above all, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose seems out of focus, if not downright offensive.

Vintage Voyager

LIKE Bombay and Delhi, upper class Calcutta too thrives on visiting celebrities. And so Mrs Draupadi Naipaul, with two eminent sons, Vidya and Shiva, to her credit, was assured of an effusive reception when she arrived here with 136 other people from Trinidad and Tobago, whose parents were shipped out from the port of Calcutta on board the Fatel Razak on February 23, 1845. If the visit had not been so short, society hostesses with literary pretensions would have fallen over each other to lay on salons and soirees (or what passes as such) for the descendants of indentured labourers whose original passage was surely coldly ignored.

West Bengal never did provide this class of immigrants: the people we have sent abroad are doctors, teachers, scientists and professional men. But East Bengal's lascars were among the earliest sub-continental settlers in Britain, and the former Mauritian Prime Minister, Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam, still acknowledges his Bhojpuri antecedents in Bihar. South of here, Orissa — Kalinga in its golden heyday — boasted an even more adventurous overseas record.

The "Journey to the Roots", as Mrs Naipaul's tour was named, was an essay in nostalgia, also recalling the voyages of Fiji Indians who refer to themselves as "Jahaji" and talk of their employment as "Girmit" (guranteed). It also recalled happier times when Calcutta was eastern India's only outlet, a major international port with shipping services to every corner of the world. Strikes and silting have put an end to all that; what little traffic remained has suffered terribly from the riots in Assam whose consignments of jute and tea have dwindled almost to nothing. ■

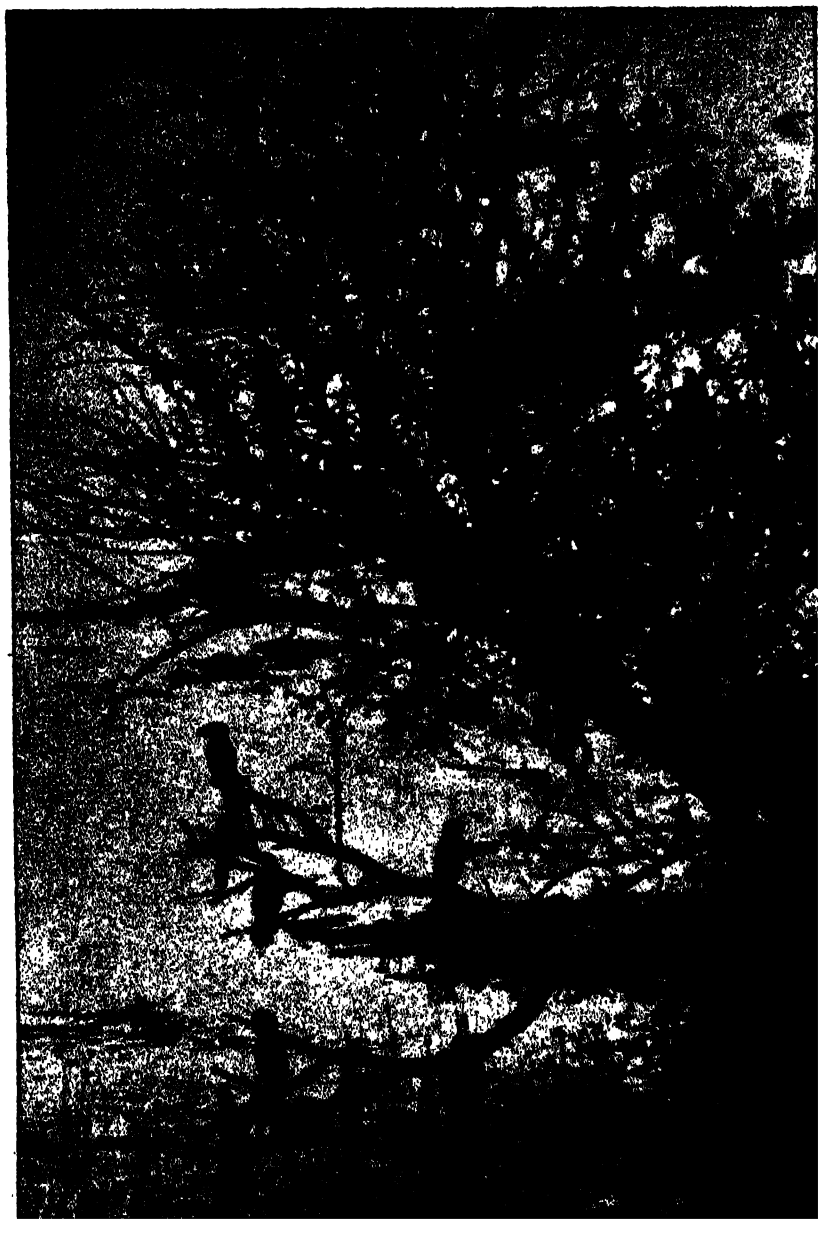
Sumita Sandilya

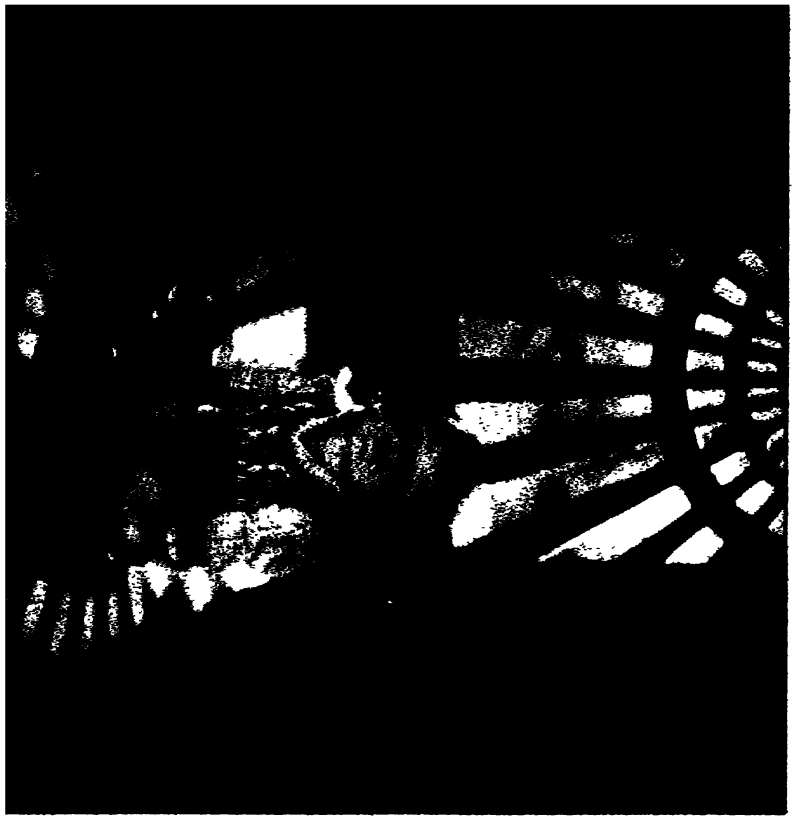
The Third Eye

The Ordinary Made Beautiful

Photographs and Text by Surendra Sharma

I WAS born an artist. As a young child I was an avid painter and was always busy with my paints and brushes. I took up photography as a challenge when a picture I took of my friends at a picnic was a miserable flop. That was eight years ago. Today I am totally involved with my camera and the wonderful things it can do. Although I am in the hotel business, I always have my camera with me. My aim is to present the ordinary—village life, children, birds—in a beautiful, pictorial way. I also have a soft corner for action pictures. I have advised and shared my knowledge of photography with many youngsters, but what I really want to do is to start photography classes in regional languages. I have had my photographs exhibited at the Jehangir Art Gallery in Bombay and published in *Dharmayug*. Ultimately, I only want to make people happy through my pictures. ■





World

Extradition Of Klaus Barbie

France To Relive Guilt And Glory Of Last War

Auschwitz, Dachau, Riga are but a few of the many concentration camps in which Jews were systematically exterminated Among the chief perpetrators of this dastardly crime were Himmler, Heidrich, Eichmann, Bormann and Klaus Altmann alias Klaus Barbie Before he left Bolivia for France, Barbie, now 69, told reporters "I am in death's waiting room" Barbie's past sins have finally caught up with him, and, he now faces a trial "Though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small."

by Latika Padgaonkar

NEARLY forty years after the end of the Second World War memories of its horrors hardships and triumphs have been carefully preserved by the French The films the innumerable books written year after year the ritual of wreath laying at the tomb of the unknown soldier the privileges granted everywhere to the war wounded and now new prints of old journals and newspapers of the war months entrench the feeling deeply in daily life

Recently there was occasion for this 1983 is the 50th anniversary of Hitler's coming to power The press and TV have lost no time in digging up buried phantoms so that today's France may always know and never forget what happened to her sovereignty less than half a century ago

With the arrest of Klaus Barbie those semi healed war wounds have opened up again for some not so much with hatred and vengeance as with a feverish desire to see justice done

Klaus Barbie alias Klaus Altmann, alias the Butcher of Lyons has long been sought by the French He has also been sought by Germany, and by that indefatigable Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal in Vienna who has made it his life's mission since 1946 to track down Nazi war criminals wherever they may be

Barbie was expelled from Bolivia on February 4 after a stay of over 30 years in that country Handed over to the French authorities and brought to France under police escort and in complete secrecy Barbie spent his first night on French soil in the Montluc prison in Lyons where 40 years earlier he had interned thousands of French partisans and Jews It is here that the presiding judge notified him of his arrest for 'crimes against humanity'

Wrangles Galore

After years of diplomatic and judicial wrangles after innumerable demands for extradition the French have at last succeeded in bringing back a killer of heroes and children They have done it with dogged determination and exemplary serenity But one and all have hastened to add that there is no feeling of vengeance behind the move only the conviction that justice must follow its course (The death sentence was abolished in France 18 months ago so it remains more or less certain that Barbie will be condemned to life imprisonment although a few voices have been raised demanding an exceptional restitution of that extreme penalty)

It has been impressed upon the common man everywhere that not so long ago liberty was in danger and that danger—in other guises and under other dictatorships has not been averted even today Speaking of the Nazi's arrest the Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy said that the government remains faithful to the memories of the hours of struggle and mourning through which France saved her honour"

Who is Klaus Barbie? A Nazi forged out of the same metal as Eichmann, if not on the same scale A son of German school teachers he was born in 1913, and joined the Hitler youth at the age of 20 His climb upwards was rapid Posted in Amsterdam his duties included the supervision of the Jews to be deported In 1942 he was transferred to Lyons France with the rank of Obersturmfuhrer

By this year the greater part of France was under German occupation and the Vichy government, struggling to define itself was also dominated by the Germans De Gaulle had already launched his call for a Free France (later called Fighting France) claiming that Petain's government had not been popularly elected and therefore could not represent French sovereignty The Resistance Movement had begun too first with a few individuals or small groups but gradually growing in numbers Lyons was a stronghold of the French Resistance sheltering many people wanted by the Nazis

Klaus Barbie as the head of the Gestapo in Lyons worked with dedication and energy towards crushing the Resistance On one of the walls of the Montluc prison (then the seat of the Gestapo), a plaque recalls that 10,000 people were interned here and that 7,000 of them succumbed Barbie, commanding some 40 German policemen, had a hand in this deed Hundreds were deported and gassed Yet like so many Nazis, he was considered "a good friend, a lover of life by his colleagues The personal file of the Gestapo says that his "behaviour (was) good rigid, conception of life and capacity of judgement solid and clear, particular characteristics zealous, thorough collaborator particular weaknesses none In the last months of his stay in the French city in August 1944 he sent a final convoy of 41 Jewish children between the ages of three and 13 to Auschwitz

His greatest triumph was the liquidation of Jean Moulin, de Gaulle's representative, who had created the National Council of the Resistance Betrayed, Jean Moulin fell into German hands Horribly mutilated and tortured by Barbie himself Jean Moulin died without revealing anything In an interview with the German magazine *Stern* in 1980, Barbie declared "This man was my enemy during the war, but I had esteem for him" He said he had even laid a bouquet of flowers on Moulin's tomb

After the war, Barbie hung around in Germany with impunity, benefitting from American protection An ex member of the American Special Service, speaking recently on NBC, asserted that Barbie received payment from the Americans in exchange for information They refused to reveal his identity or whereabouts to the post war French Ambassador in Germany In 1951 Barbie like so many of his fellow criminals escaped to South America under the name of Klaus Altmann

His fascist activities continued in Bolivia where he settled From 1951 to 1971 he was the head of a construction company but he associated himself closely with the country's military He frequented the Army Headquarters was a pal of former Nazis and the extreme rightists, setting up and training commandos, and working with General Luis Garcia Meza to overthrow the interim civil government of Mrs Lidia Gueler in 1980 With the fall of Meza's regime in 1981 a left wing government headed by Hernan Suazo came into power and it is this government that took the responsibility of expelling Barbie for having entered the country with false identity papers

The killer has thus returned to the scene of the crime, but his trial will be long slow and complex Judging by the remarks made to different journals and newspapers Barbie may show no regret 'I do not recognize war crimes' he once said during war there is neither good nor bad neither liberty nor humanity

The case of Klaus Barbie holds a very special interest for France for there is more to it than a disclosure, enumeration or—ultimately—even proof of his crimes Implicated in the Barbie affair is the attitude of the French during the Occupation years Who and how many resisted the Germans? Who and how many collaborated with them? French history, as it was understood and taught for some twenty years after the war ended, had it that France rose as a nation to oust the enemy But latterly, this interpretation has been doubted and questioned

With three-fifths of France held by the Germans, there were as many who plotted and schemed with the invaders and betrayed (overtly or in silence) their compatriots as those who opposed them It is this hidden page of sordid history that will be dragged out into the open

Barbie, with his fate sealed, stands to lose little by giving away the names of those traitors yet unknown, or by dulling the edge of complacency of those who remained mute and who now wish to forget

Nevertheless, the French want this trial, want it to be even a historic and instructive trial, so that the younger generation may learn how utterly humiliating it is for a country to be invaded

France feels confident that it has evolved politically and emotionally to face the tribulations of those painful years and accept its share of both guilt and glory ■

"THE BUTCHER OF LYONS". Altmann Barbie who is accused of directing a campaign that resulted in the death of thousands of Jews and French Resistance

A PAT FROM THE CHIEF. Chief of Army Staff, Gen K.V. Krishna Rao, presented the Sena Medal, the Vishisht Seva Medal and Territorial Army Medals to officers, JCOs and jawans at the first ever investiture parade held in Bombay. Picture shows Brig S.K. Kar receiving the VSM.

ANOTHER TAKE-OFF FROM AMETHI. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi laying the foundation stone of an ancillary unit of Hindustan Aeronautics Limited (HAL) at Amethi, the constituency which launched Rajiv Gandhi into politics. Looking on is Defence Minister R. Venkataraman.

THE WORLD AROUND US

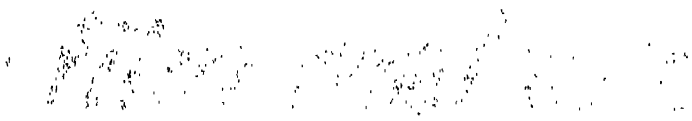
WHAT THE VIKINGS LEFT BEHIND. This Anglo-Saxon warrior's helmet, excavated at the Coppergate area of York, England, valued at £ 500,000 dates back to the Viking invasion a thousand years ago.

SHE IS NO STRANGER. Elizabeth Taylor takes a break during filming for the pay-TV movie Intimate Strangers in Toronto's Yorkville area. In the movie Taylor portrays a drunk divorcee.

TEA IS SERVED. Mongolian contortionist Enhtsetseg's unique way of holding a China tea service won her a gold medal at the Circus of Tomorrow world festival.

...the Far Pavilions Cinema

Film makers all over the world are looking towards India with renewed interest. Although international films have been shot here before—Jean Renoir's *The River* comes easily to mind—there seems to be a gold rush on now. First there was Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi*, followed by the Bond film *Octopussy* and Ivory-Merchant's *Heat and Dust*. There was also the *Raj Quartet* and *Staying On*. Other projects in the offing are Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, a Franco American production called *Man's Fate, Kim*—based on the book by Rudyard Kipling, and David Lean's *A Passage to India*. The floodgates have been opened.



Photographs by Sudhir Kasliwal
Text by Dinesh Sharma

A QUIET little part of the fabled pink city of Jaipur transformed itself overnight to provide the backdrop for *The Far Pavilions*, based on the book by M.M. Kaye. Show-biz suddenly seemed to be everybody's business: top Hollywood stars and the Indian army; eager local artisans and college girls; a real-life maharaja, dolled-up traditional housewives and bored Rajput youths—and palaces full of poses. For the dream merchants it was like a dream come true: princely India and the British Raj recreated, with locations modified to look like the Khyber Pass, the Residency of Kabul, the plains of north India and the cantonment of the British garrison. The schedule: five months. The budget: 12 million dollars.

"There is no where we could have filmed *The Far Pavilions* in the world," says Ben Cross, who plays the character of Ash, an English soldier, "except where we are now. Seeing living history all around as a backdrop makes it a vastly different experience than working any where else in the world." Ben, who made his first screen appearance as an extra in *A Bridge Too Far*, shot to international fame as Harold Abrahams in the Oscar-winning *Chariots of Fire*. The other stars who have been brought together for this film are Omar Sharif, Christopher (Dracu-

→

THE RETURN OF THE RAJ. Left: Christopher Lee; Far Left: writer Molly Kaye, producer Geoffrey Reeve and actress Sneha Gupta; Below Far Left: Rossano Brazzi; Below Centre: a scene from the film; Below: Amy Irving.

WHO IS THE IMPOSTER? Col Bhawani Singh, the former maharajah of Jaipur (centre), looks uncomfortable in the company of tinsel maharajahs Lee (right) and Brazzi (left)

A ROYAL TIP. The former maharani of Jaipur and Christopher Lee listen to director Peter Duffel with rapt attention.

la) Lee, Sir John Gielgud, Rossano Brazzi, Robert Hardy, Rupert Everett, Benedict Taylor and Amy Irving. Notable among the Indian members of the cast are Saeed Jaffrey, Ajay Sahni, Jennifer Kendal, Iftekar and a top British model of Indian origin, Sneha Gupta.

Haunting Love Story

The Far Pavilions, published in 1978, is a passionate and haunting love story set against the spectacular and epic sweep of battle, treachery and intrigue of late 19th century princely India. Molly Kaye took 15 years to write this novel, and to date it has sold some 15 million copies. Born in Simla, the celebrated writer has poured her impressions of India into this love story which takes place during the battle of the Kabul Residency. Her husband, Major-General Geoff Hamilton, CB, CBE, DSO, was an officer of the Corps of Guides, the regiment that fell in this battle. To see her best-selling novel take the shape of a film meant for the international market, M.M. Kaye flew down to Jaipur.

The Far Pavilions is being made with the backing of Goldcrest Films and Television, the promoters of *Gandhi*. It is the first time a British-produced mini-series has been pre-sold to cable television in America. The full length feature is being filmed simultaneously with the television series. The TV serial will be in three parts of two hours each, while the feature film will be three hours long. Its producer Geoffrey Reeve is also a famous director (Alistair Maclean's *Puppet on a Chain* and *Caravan to Vaccares*). Out of business for a couple of years, Geoff Reeve is on the come back trail with this film. That he is aiming for a box-office smash is evident from the technical team he has put together. John Peverall, the winner of the Academy Award for Producer of the Best Picture of 1978, *The Deerhunter*, is the executive producer. Robert Laing, the art director of *Gandhi*, is production designer. Raymond Hughes, the chief costume designer for BBC television for the last 16 years, resigned from his job to accept the challenge of recreating the magnificent costumes of 19th century India. And the director of photography is none other than Jack Cardiff, who won an Academy Award for *Black Narcissus*.

Rare Fusion

On the sets of the film there is a rare fusion of real and tinsel glory. Lt Col Sawai Bhawani Singh, the ex-ruler of Jaipur, is a familiar figure on location, giving orders on a walkie-talkie, sharing a joke with Christopher Lee or Rossano Brazzi, who look a little self-conscious in flowing *angarkhas* and glittering jewels. The Rajmahal Hotel, once Bhawani Singh's palace, has been booked entirely by the film company and is being used as the unit's headquarters.

The maharani of Jaipur, Padmini Devi, can also be seen on the sets, giving expert advice on traditional jewellery or, at times, arranging for as many as five dozen ladies to participate in the day's shooting, dressed in their best jewels and *odhnis*, and not charging a single penny for it. As many as a thousand extras have been required for major scenes. Local college girls have performed the traditional jhoomar dance, the 61st cavalry of the Indian army has loaned its men and horses to comprise the elite Corps of Guides; and hundreds of young Rajputs have found themselves posing as courtiers and sepoys. Many of them are connected to the erstwhile feudal chieftains of the Jaipur *riyasat*.

When the camera was switched on on January 10, it meant the culmination of more than two years of preparations. "It was a remarkable coincidence," says Geoff Reeve, "that at Jaipur, near Samod, I found three hillocks with little forts built on top, exactly the way the kingdom of Bithor has been described in the book."

Additional advantages were easy to discern when M.M. Kaye's friendly rapport with the ex-ruling family of Jaipur was discovered. And then Jaipur had such magnificent palaces and forts waiting to be brought back to life.

However, the film company is not taking any chances. Two massive generators are towed along from location to location. An English catering company has flown a "flying cube", which houses the unit's continental kitchen and is transported in a truck. A water chilling and filtering plant is also always at hand. All equipment and personnel have been insured. Walkie-talkie sets operating on a specially alloted frequency and a hot line between locations around a 50 km radius have been provided. The headquarters at Rajmahal, with the help of 65 guards, ensures that the sets remain undisturbed.

Obviously used to a much faster pace of life, the major stars have been bored stiff in a small town like Jaipur. "I am about to form a lonely hearts club in Jaipur," laments the hero, Ben Cross. Ah, those lovely sultry eyes of the beautiful Indian girls. At the risk of being stoned to death I just admire them from a distance. Every evening the question that invariably crops up is where to meet for a drink and where to go for dinner. However, the exercise eventually ends up in the hotel room. "There are some exceptions too. "I am just going wild about this place," declares Sneha Gupta, who has "come home" for the first time.

"India has never before been shown in colour in any English movie as it will be in *The Far Pavilions*," says Ajay Sahni, who announces his intention to settle down here in Jaipur. According to him, all major stars have been reporting for work as early as 5 am. "It's a very dramatic movie," says Sahni. "In one of the scenes, the hero, Ash, who is a split personality torn between the vastly different cultures of India and England, asks a senior military official how he would feel if Britain was ruled by Indians the same way the English ruled here, and if Englishmen were subjected to all that the Indians have been subjected to.

Dramatic Rescue

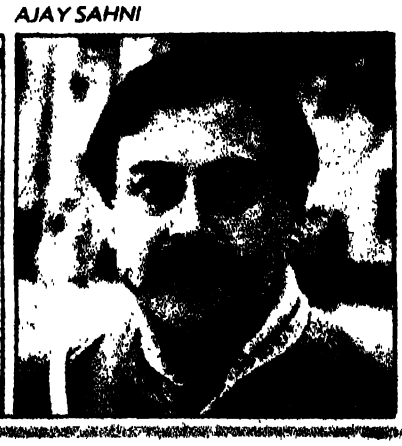
Ash was brought up as an Indian by a widow called Sita. As the story goes, he was discovered by the British authorities at the age of 11 and sent back to England. He comes back to India as a young British officer and through a series of coincidences is assigned the job of escorting the wedding procession of his childhood love, Princess Anjuli (Amy Irving), and her half-sister, Princess Sushila (Sneha Gupta). The princesses are married to the aging Rana of the Rajasthani kingdom of Bithor. Soon after, the Rana dies, and according to tradition, his wives have to commit *sati*. Ash dramatically rescues his sweetheart from the funeral pyre and shoots her sister before she offers herself to the flames.

The unit is going to be in Jaipur till mid-April. ■

BEN CROSS

OMAR SHARIF

SAEED JAFFREY



AJAY SAHNI

Labour

Will The Bombay Mills Reopen?

by B. Shanker

BOMBAY'S textile strike of nearly 2.5 lakh workers in 63 mills has crossed 400 days. And there are no signs of its being withdrawn by Dr Datta Samant, the leader of the Maharashtra Girni Kamgar Union, which is spearheading the agitation. Neither are the millowners in any mood to talk to the militant trade unionist whom they don't recognise as the spokesman for the workers.

Dr Samant claims that the agitation is as intense as ever and the workers will not go back to their jobs till their demands are met. The managements, on the other hand, claim that the workers have been coming back to them and asking for their old jobs but not all are being taken. The attendance in mills has reached 76,000, they claim. The mills are said to be returning to normalcy.

But are the city's textile mills in any condition to run at all? Did the strike merely precipitate the decline of an industry which has been in terrible health for a long time? If every striking worker returns to his post tomorrow, how many of the 63 mills will be able to run beyond the first year? Let us briefly examine the history of the industry first. Since Independence the Government has been investing heavily in the growth of infrastructure as well as industries like petrochemicals and engineering but to the neglect of consumer goods industries, especially textiles.

The Government even curbed the growth of the mills and encouraged the handloom and decentralised powerloom sector to boost labour-saving technology.

On their part, the managements of most of the mills neglected the latest technological or management developments. Modernisation, was not considered very profitable and mill managements squeezed out the last drop from their primitive machinery installed many decades ago. Out of the total of 2.10 lakh looms installed in India's 278 weaving mills, only 50,000 are automatic and, in this respect, India is many times more backward than Brazil, Mexico, Taiwan and even Thailand and Indonesia.

In a recent report the Indian Cotton Mills Federation said that as many as 82 per cent of all looms and 63 per cent of spindles are over 15 years old and obsolete. In every department—weaving, blowroom and processing—Indian mills, by and large, lag behind technologically.

According the World Bank's survey of the textile machinery industry (1975): "By Western European standards of mill-housekeeping, the machinery is operated in conditions of almost unimaginable squalor. The machinery itself is in a bad state of repair and this, together with the appalling operating conditions, gives an abysmally low technical performance in terms of both quantity and quality of product." It called the majority of mills as "industrial slums".

Fuelling the crisis was the rapid growth of the unorganised powerloom and handloom sector. Given their low labour and overhead costs, it was able to flood the market with cloth much cheaper than that made in mills. Also, with longer-lasting polyester fabrics in vogue, people did not buy cloth as often as earlier.

But for a couple of boom years in the late seventies, the writing was plainly on the wall for all to see. The industry was heading towards a crisis—the worst ever in its 130-year history.

The crisis was *not* triggered by Datta Samant's strike which, if anything, has merely hastened the death of the city's sick mills.

POLICE ESCORT "LOYAL" WORKERS. Even if the strike is called off, many of the 63 mills may not be able to run beyond the first year, says the author.

Bombay's mills can be roughly divided into three categories:

First the small number of mills which are financially sound because they concentrate on quality, better working conditions and lower accident rates. In terms of management techniques and equipment, all of them are progressive companies. (Standard, Mafatlal, Bombay Dyeing, Khatau, Morarjee and Century are some of them.) They have all invested in newer machinery. All these mills are said to be working three shifts at the moment.

In the second category are the semi-modernised mills with less standardisation. They have invested in new equipment but their financial condition is not very strong. Examples: Gold Mohur, Hindustan A, Hindustan Process House, Shreeniwas and Podar. All of them are said to be working two shifts per day.

The last and by far the biggest group consists of the most backward mills in the industry—Sitaram, Bradbury, Madhusudan, for example—where the same old obsolete equipment is flogged with increasing workloads with no allowance for breakdown or closure. The managements of these mills are no longer very interested in their concerns. Some of them even applied for closure to the State Government but were turned down.

The industry as a whole is already facing a severe financial crisis. But even large doses of capital by banks and financial institutions may not be able to save some of the mills. (A massive injection of Rs 300 crores is needed to get the mills moving again and even then not many will last more than the first two years.)

Banks, flooded with savings due to higher interest rates, are ready to step in and bail out some of the mills. In fact, they are keen to invest in the first group of companies but are awaiting some sort of directive from the Centre.

Three units of Kohinoor (workforce 11,000), Sitaram Mills (3,194), Mukesh Mills (1,100) and Madhusudan Mills (3,902) will not open at all due to non-availability of finance. These mills have negative worth and their capital and reserves have been nearly wiped out. (In fact Mukesh, which had applied for closure, was gutted in a fire and is finished).

Mills like Finlay, Goldmohur, Phoenix, Tata and even Podar may find it difficult to keep up normal operations without substantial aid from the banks in the shape of term loans and production finance.

Nationalisation has been mentioned as one of the solutions to save the industry from the doldrums. Earlier, newspaper reports suggested that Mrs Gandhi was assessing the economic, political and legal implications of nationalisation of Bombay's mills.

Some of her colleagues like A.P. Sharma and Shivraj Patil are said to be against the move while Pranab Mukherjee reportedly favour's it. But is nationalisation the answer? Consider the record of the National Textile Corporation. It was formed in 1974 to take over and run sick mills and, over the years, it has taken 112 mills all the country under its wing. The Government sanctioned Rs 40 crores for modernisation of 100 sick mills under NTC in 1974-75 but this amounted to a niggardly Rs 35 lakhs per mill. NTC has been making staggering losses year after year and none of its mills seem to be in any position to better its own performance in the years to come.

Taking over sick mills doesn't necessarily make them healthy. Large doses of capital will not help because many are inherently non-viable. Furthermore, nationalisation is too easy a way out and the burden will fall only on the taxpayer—the owners will get away scotfree despite poor management. The investment climate will also suffer if the uncertainty of nationalisation hangs over the industry.

Samant has claimed that the workers are ready to take over the mills and run them but no millowner who has so far refused to even recognise or acknowledge Samant will agree to that.

What then is the solution? First of all the Government should let the sick mills to die. Allowing them to even exist however precariously, will be a drag on the industry as a whole and, particularly, the healthy units. The other mills should be given liberal soft-term loans and other facilities like exemptions from duties and other levies. Harishchandra Maganlal, Chairman of the Millowners' Association had suggested in its last Annual General Meeting in June 1982, that powerloom factories should also be given tax holidays.

On their part, mill managements should invest in new machinery and techniques. They should face the reality. The old ways are gone for ever. The industry will not be the same again. It will take at least two years for the better-placed mills to recover (only 10 mills showed profits in 1981-82) and at least five years for the other mills. Industrial magnates in other parts of the country can learn a lesson or two from this strike. ■

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

IF DR S.P. VOHRA, Managing Director, Bakelite Hylam, could have his way, many cars in India, if not all of them, would have bodies made of plastic—fibreglass reinforced plastic (FRP), to be precise. The basis of the dream is, of course, business, as Bakelite Hylam is a leader in engineering plastics and is already making this material. But Dr Vohra, a US-trained technologist, seeks to legitimise his commercial motive with the energy argument. "A car body made of plastic would weigh only 30 per cent of that made of steel, and a lighter vehicle would consume less energy."

However, car manufacturers have been slow to bite. Dr Vohra puts it down to sheer laziness in making the new moulds which would be required. The only meaningful discussion he has had so far has been with Ashok Leyland. Mahindra and Mahindra have been making some plastic-based innovations in their jeeps, but the material is being supplied by one of their own companies, Roplas.

Bakelite Hylam is setting up another unit near Hyderabad for the manufacture of phenolic foam and urea formaldehyde foam. A reasonable profit-maker, Bakelite Hylam has stirred the devouring designs of Duncan Brothers, who have already cornered over 12 per cent of the company's shares. But even if the Duncans persist, it is going to be no cakewalk, considering 40 per cent of the equity is held by British Petroleum.

Much Ado About Nothing

Serpentine queues outside Parliament, jampacked visitors' galleries, armed guards standing sentinel over sealed bags of budget papers whose secrecy is as inviolate as maidenly innocence, and a pervasively suspenseful atmosphere. This is a typical scene on Budget Day, and it was enacted in full measure on February 28. And yet I wonder, and my wonderment is shared by many economy watchers, whether the budget merits as much fuss as is made over it. Insofar as it shows how deeply the Government intends to dig into people's pockets, the budget evokes tremendous public interest. But is it an important economic factor? What if the infrastructure remains bogged in the mire of inefficiency, if labour and capital remain at daggers drawn, if economic initiative continues to be squelched by red-tape? What if—God forbid—the rains fail? It is not fiscal policy alone but answers to these questions as well which would collectively determine the shape of the economy.

It is the secretiveness that explains the exaggerated importance. Apart from the question of parliamentary privilege, the need for secrecy arises because the dominance of the Executive spills over into the Legislature and, therefore, what the Government proposes gets enacted unless the powers that be, of their own volition, effect some changes during the passage of the Finance Bill. If the budget proposals were made public beforehand, the legitimate assumption that these would eventually pass into law could lead to frenetic pre-budget speculative activity. In the American system, near-complete separation of the Executive and the Legislature enables the budgetary proposals to be indicated beforehand in the President's state of the Union message. It is understood all round that the proposals are not law in their draft form and would be chopped and changed in the legislature, irrespective of their political configuration.

Two Firsts

Walchandnagar Industries have manufactured a robot, making them a trailblazer of sorts. Although the computer-controlled monstrosity is of limited utility in the Indian context, there is scope for improving its resemblance to human physiognomy.

However, the company has secured another first which makes more sense. Walchandnagar Industries has literally vasectomised its way to the FICCI's award for promotion of family planning among its own employees and the rural people in surrounding areas. It had 1,023 sterilisations to its credit in 1981-82, the total number of operations since 1971-72 being 6,286. Corporate initiative in this field has so much potential that the Government ought to introduce a scheme envisaging tax concessions against demonstrated results, assuming, of course, that tax-weary managements are not allowed to chase their employees with scissors.

But while pursuing the red triangle, the company itself seems to be in danger of slipping into the red, its gross profits having declined to Rs 2.4 crore in the year ended September 1982 from Rs 3.6 crore in the preceding year. Nonetheless, the dividend has been maintained at 16 per cent, not to speak of the sanction of an additional 2 per cent as Seth Walchand Hirachand centenary bonus. Plainly, Walchand Industries give much lower priority to ploughing back profits than it deserves.

Fortunate 'Loophole'

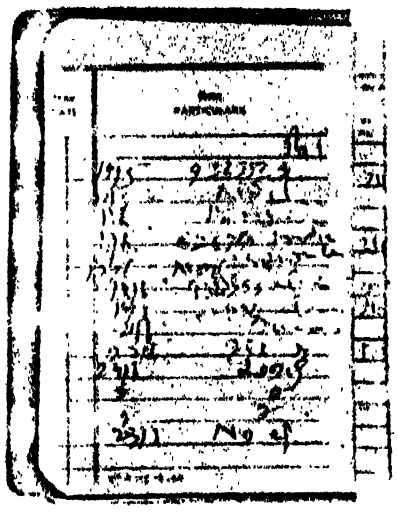
Big companies pay exorbitant fees to tax consultants because they help them to avoid tax. The effectiveness of such expertise sometimes boggles the imagination. At a recent meeting of the Consultative Committee of the Finance Ministry, a prominent member, Mr R.R. Morarka, gave the names of some companies which claim to have no corporation tax liabilities. The list makes interesting reading: Delhi Cloth and General Mills, Tata Engineering and Locomotives Company, Calico, Kothari (Madras), Voltas, JK Synthetics, Sylvania Laxman, Hindustan Motors, Kamani Engineering Corporation. All these companies are known to have profits ranging between Rs 2 crore and Rs 10 crore per annum!

Stung by the criticism that companies are having a ball, the FICCI has issued a rejoinder in the form of a "study". If some companies have not made a provision for corporation tax, says the FICCI, it is because they are availing of tax incentives, especially investment allowance. Such a blow for investment ought to be "commended rather than condemned". It is a pity that the Union Finance Minister has sought to plug the "loophole"—though not wholly or immediately—regardless.

Improve Handwriting First

Bank managers have been advised not to hobnob with businessmen. Should not the same rule apply to the army of directors and joint secretaries in the economic ministries? Everybody knows that no businessman can function without keeping these fellows perpetually ingratiated.

The directive also speaks about the need to improve customer services in banks. That these have deteriorated has by now become a cliche. The accompanying picture shows a page from the pass-book of an account in the Punjab National Bank. If any PNB officer can decipher even a single word, he may share his revelation with the editor of this periodical.



FACSIMILE OF AN ILLEGIBLE PAGE OF A PASS-BOOK.

How Cheap Is Tea?

Some days ago, tea prices in the Calcutta auction advanced by Rs 2 a kg following advice from Iran, West Asia and the Soviet Union. But such short-lived bullishness should not be allowed to obscure the fact that unit value realisation of tea has been falling and that India, as the world's largest exporter, is the main sufferer.

Efforts to reach an international tea agreement, which envisages world supply management on the basis of countrywise export quotas, have again failed at Geneva. The yardstick to determine an export quota is supposed to be annual yield, arrived at by dividing production by planted area. New entrants to the tea scene contend that they have a larger proportion of immature plantations and so a mechanical division would put them at a disadvantage. The UNCTAD has, therefore, evolved a formula for "time-lagging" the planted area in accordance with an exporting country's mix of immature and mature plantations. It proposes the following time-lags: four years for Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, India and Mozambique; five years for Indonesia, Malawi and Argentina; six years for Tanzania, China and Kenya.

Kenya's refractoriness is proving a major obstacle in the way of an agreement. Interestingly, a number of tea plantations in that country remain in British hands. Is John Bull indulging in backstage manoeuvres to ensure that his cup of tea remains cheap?

Making Life Easier

Useful Products & Processes

Compiled by Vithal C. Nadkarni

Blind Berthas

SCIENTISTS of the Madras Centre of Central Marine Fisheries Research Institute (CMFRI) have recently stumbled upon a remarkable discovery in the field of lobster culture, when blinded, the Indian species *Panulirus homarus* grows fat faster. It also undergoes moulting (periodic shedding of shells) with greater frequency. These lobsters when experimented upon gained 60 to 70 gm of weight in one month compared to the weight gain of 10 to 12 gm by the "untreated" little creatures during the same period. In one typical experiment, the growth rate was simply spectacular—ten lobsters of the same size and weight (84.5 gm) when "treated" grew to an average weight of 432 gm in 165 days while the normal growth over the same time span under identical conditions was just 57 gm! Another unique feature was that the blinded eyes sprouted a pair of hairline antennae which are tactile in function!

The celebrated eye-stalk ablation technique, evolved as early as in 1940 but given up after unsuccessful attempts by the Australian and American researchers and employed by Indian scientists, proved effective and yielded positive results only with one out of the 10 varieties of lobsters available in the country. Thus, the method is not universally applicable.

Essentially, the technique involves ablation (removal) of the eye-stalk (ductless gland just behind the eye) which secretes moulting-inhibiting-harmones, retarding the growth of these crustaceans. Interestingly, all vertebrate animals have pituitary glands secretions of which promote growth. Non-vertebrates like crabs, prawns and lobsters do not have these glands.

Ablation of the eye-stalk, aver the scientists, means its cauterisation electrically with little pain, like an injection, and is certainly not cruel. But as the eye is mounted on the eye-stalk like a bud, the "injection" in effect blinds the hapless creature running helter-skelter, its food foraying ability severely hampered.

Little wonder then that there is a lot of criticism and controversy over the ethics of such experiments. Says Dr E.G. Silas, Director of CMFRI: "The baseless charges of unmitigated cruelty by animal lovers are to be deplored as we scientists are also humane enough not to subject the poor experimental animals to avoidable and unnecessary torture As it is, only one eye-stalk is removed enabling the lobster to move about freely. There is no palpable change in the behavioural patterns or mortality of lobsters."

Some scientists do feel that a simpler and less painful method can be developed using a chemical compound, for instance, instead of "gouging out the eye". "In any case," says S.N. Rajah, Executive Secretary, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA), "the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act, 1960 does not make experimentation, including operations, on animals in laboratories for research purposes, an offence. In fact, a committee for the control and supervision of experiments on animals constituted after the enactment of this legislation in 1964 was abolished in 1977 by the Janata Government. It is imperative to revive the defunct set-up."

Admittedly, the phenomenal growth in lobsters after the ablation of the eye-stalk opens up possibilities not only of augmenting exports (about 75,000 tonnes of lobsters were exported last year) but it can also pave the way for developing genetically fast growing strains, thereby making the lobster amenable to culture. With the lobster meat currently selling at Rs 70 a kg, the prospects of commercialisation are obviously bright.

—D. K. Dixit

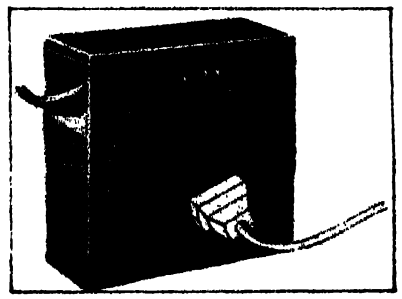
Xtena—Handy For Homes

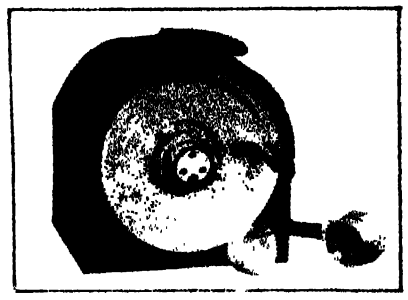
"XTENA", the handy extension cord box for home use is developed by M/s Automation, Bombay (Test Equipments (Elec) Pvt Ltd, 310, 'Neelam', Dr R.G. Thadhani Marg, Worli, Bombay-400 018).

Xtena serves as a portable socket. It can be used in temporary connections and saves the cost of cumbersome wiring and unnecessary sockets on the walls.

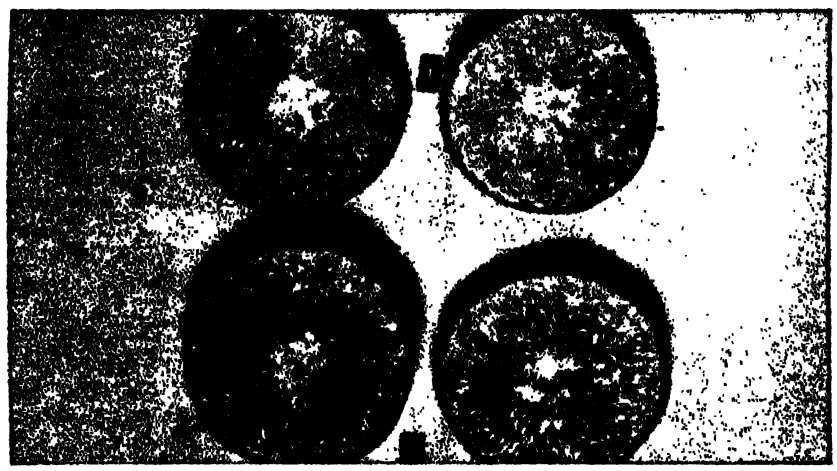
The 5-metre-long cable rolls into a rugged container (12 x 12 x 5cm). Xtena is extremely simple to operate and it has a provision for both 3 pin and 2 pin plugs.

It is especially useful with TV/Videos on trolleys, hair driers, tape recorders, pedestal fans, electric shavers, calculators, transistors, mixers, irons, toasters, table lamps, etc. A heavy duty model for industrial use in small factories and workshops (for portable tools such as drills) is also available.





Seedless Oranges



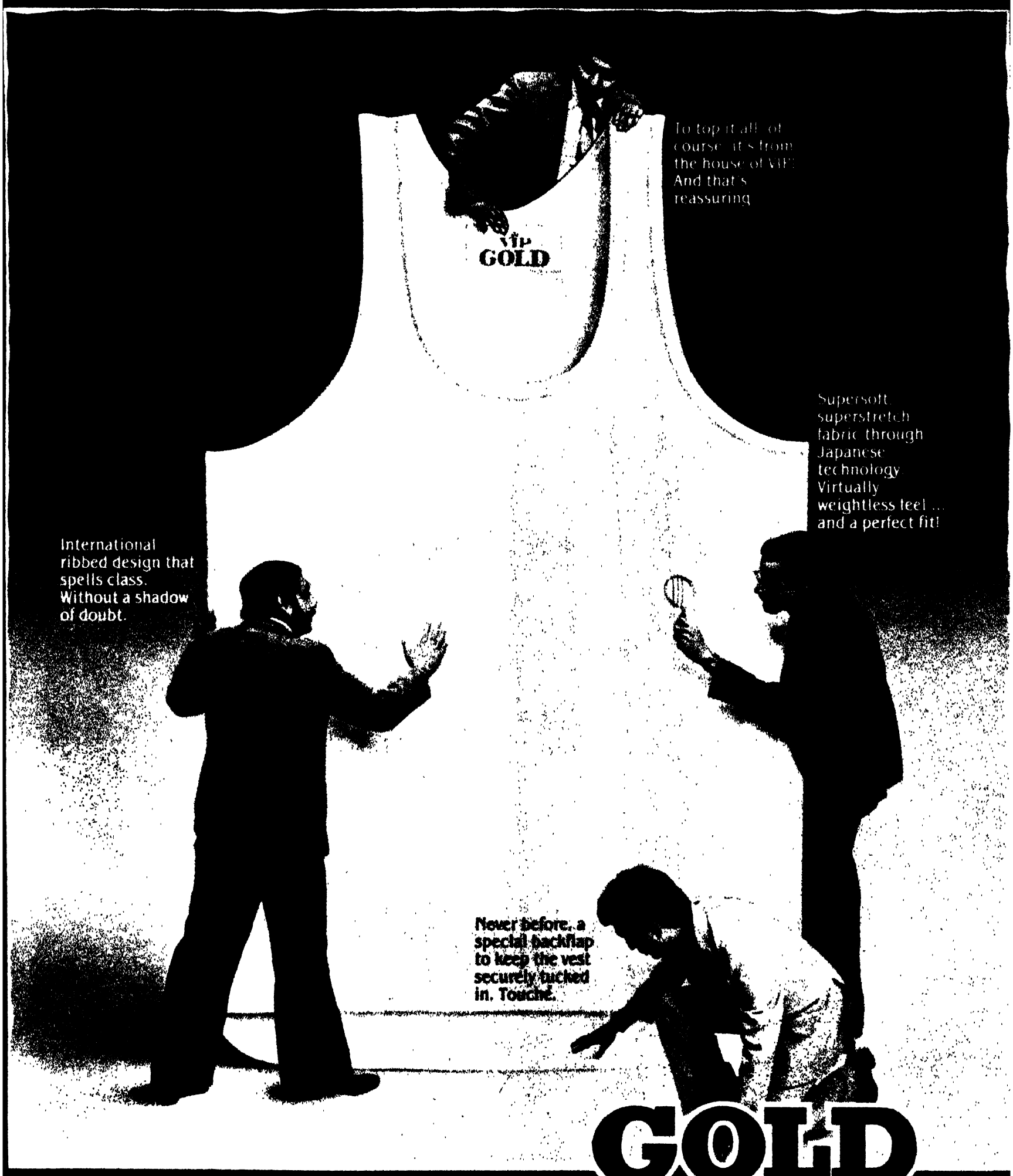
AT the Punjabrao Krishi Vidyapeeth a breakthrough in growing seedless oranges at its Telenkhedi farm in Nagpur has been achieved. A Mandarine Orange tree (No 182) bearing practically seedless fruits was recently located by Prof Y.N. Kunte, Professor of Horticulture and his colleague C.N. Kathale. The orange tree flowers twice a year, once in January-February *(ambia bahar)* and then in June *(mrig bahar)*. The fruits of the farmer blossoms mature in October-November while those of the latter in March. It was observed that the *ambia bahar* fruits of the Mandarine tree were seedless whereas the *mrig bahar* fruits from the same tree contained on an average 1.67 seeds per fruit. The seed content of fruits of other neighbouring trees was 5-6 seeds *(ambia bahar)* and 13-14 seeds *(mrig bahar)* respectively.

According to Prof Kunte seedlessness in citrus fruits is induced when pollination is prevented. But in this case, the "seedless" tree was growing in an orchard, where other normal trees were also growing. Hence, bud variation was the most likely reason for this trait.

What next? Trees from the bud grafts will be prepared to establish a "mother nursary". This will serve as a source of bud wood for future propagation of such trees. However, this will take time and sustained effort before truly seedless oranges become available to the consumers.

—Chandrakanta Dixit

At long last...it's time you took a serious look at something you call a banian.

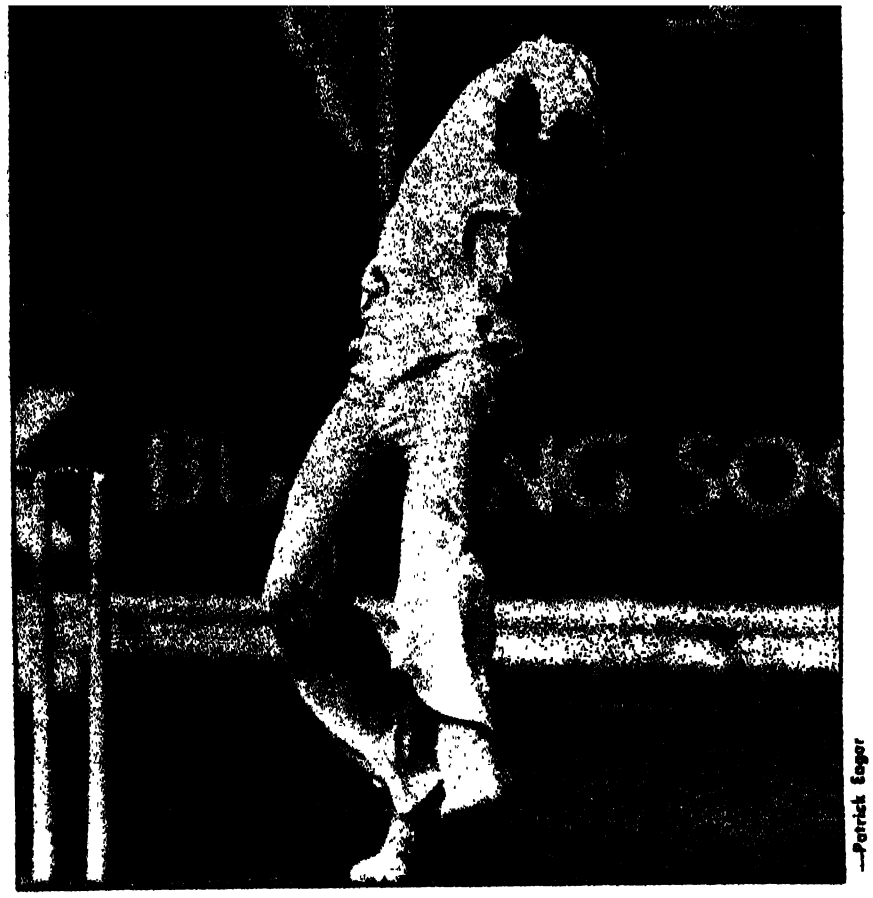


GOLD Vests by VIP • When you make a great vest it's worth every little fuss you make!

Of Kapil, Calypso And Sunil

The point was made last week that Kapil Dev as India's new captain must be given time to settle. In the circumstances, were critics quite fair in blaming him for losing the Kingston Test?

by Raju Bharatan



—Patrick Eagar

WHAT'S all this about "inept marshalling of his resources by Kapil Dev" having cost India the Kingston Test that was a thriller all the way? To put it more pointedly, were our resources, such as they are today, any better marshalled at Karachi than at Kingston? And before that at Lahore, Faisalabad and Hyderabad (Sind)?

It was a damn good game of cricket, this Test at Kingston. It rejuvenated cricket as a contest at a time when our involvement in the game was at a pretty low ebb following the trauma of Pakistan. It saw us give volatile West Indies, rating as cock of the world walk, a pretty good run for their Calypso money. In the seesaw course it took, it was a Test that proved a harkback to the time when cricket was king.

Mind you, Kapil's detractors are right when they say that he could have saved the Test. But at what cost? He could have saved it by resorting to the ploy of unleashing a barrage of bumpers in the closing stages. Since, under the playing conditions agreed between the two countries for the series, there is no restriction on the number of bouncers per over, the umpires could have done very little in the matter if Kapil had so refused to play ball. (For this was not a one-day contest in which they could declare an unreachable ball "a vertical wide".)

That Kapil did not seek match-saving shelter behind some such ruse is something that must redound to his eternal credit. He had promised attacking cricket when he was appointed India captain. And he played just that to make the Caribbeans hug him to their hearts.

His Most Exciting Test

It was the most exciting Test match I've ever played in, noted Kapil at the end of it all. *We lost but I expect that we'll come back in the series. Particularly when our batsmen get some more runs, which they will.*

Our batting failed in both innings at Kingston and therein lay the true reason for our defeat. And our fielding failed to measure up in that crucial final phase for all the knowhow we now have of one-day cricket. Dicky Rutnagur had described Ajit Wadekar's epoch-making 1971 team to West Indies as "a team of non-benders". Kapil's team, too, is regrettably a team of non-benders. Read this fact in conjunction with the substandard bowling support at Kapil's command and you have the anatomy of our defeat.

Wadekar's 1971 team picked up as it went along to clutch that 1-0 hold it gained on the series with the Second Test at Port of Spain. Kapil's team, too, could take matters in hand, starting with the Test at that happy hunting-ground for India. But this can happen only if Sunil Gavaskar leads the way. Sunil had promised Kapil cent-per-cent cooperation when he was forced to surrender command to him. Notwithstanding all that happened during the game we won (in spite of Gavaskar) against Trinidad and Tobago, I prefer to believe that Sunil will yet pull himself together to give Kapil his due.

When two superstars of matching ability clash, the sparks must fly. Now that we have seen the fur fly in the match against Trinidad and Tobago, let us hope Sunil will settle in that crease, as is his run-accumulating wont. For anything less than the very best from Sunil can only work to Kapil's detriment. And what works to Kapil's detriment must work, in the final analysis, to the detriment of the team.

Kapil lives for the day, Sunil for the morrow. Kapil made our day at Kingston when he picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Clive Lloyd. He now needs Sunil's sustaining influence for the India innings to build. For, once the carnivorous Windies pace attack swallows the head in the shape of Sunil, the torso and the tail stand woefully exposed for all the withstanding power of Mohinder Amarnath's helmet. As long as Dilip Vengsarkar continues to perform by fits and starts, the class of Viswanath is bound to be missed in the middle. So let us not draw any hasty conclusions based on the way our batsmen shaped in the Port of Spain Test. For Port of Spain was a featherbed on which our batsmen had just to lie back for the runs to come. Our real test is now—*after* Port of Spain.

It is only in this context that one can regret the loss of our very first Test in the West Indies. For this was the Test in which the Windies batting powerhouse had still to fire on all cylinders all at once. We had a foretaste of what could happen when that process begins in the way Viv Richards masterminded Lloyd's team of world-beaters to a point of vantage on that nerve-tingling last day.

Sunil, to be sure, would have shut up the game in such a setting had he still been India captain. Remember what Asif Iqbal as TV expert said when Sunil rejoined the India team as captain after lunch on the fourth day of the final Karachi Test? Until then, Kapil had been captaining the team and the runs had been coming in a steady stream. "But now that Sunil's back," said Asif Iqbal, "we notice that fewer overs are going to be bowled. Why, Kapil himself is walking back to the top of his run much slower than he did while he was leading the side!"

The art of containment is something taught to the Bombay player from the moment he cuts his cricketing teeth. And we saw what a master Sunil is in this art of containment the way he clung to the surprise 1-0 lead we gained in the series with that First (Bombay) Test against Keith Fletcher's England, late in 1981. But, in the process of holding on to that surprise win, we had five Test draws in a row and the whole series became slow-motion cricket *in excelsis*.

India could likewise have saved the Kingston Test, too, given the same stalling tactics. But then only the Sunil school of cricket captains can employ such tactics to fruition. Nothing is more certain than that Kapil would have made a mess of it, had he ventured on a policy of containment at Kingston. Kapil just does not play his cricket that way.

True, as he goes along, Kapil will learn (like Tiger Pataudi of similar temperament did before him) that "Test matches are played over five days and not three". Pataudi drew attention to this point when he talked of "the new tendency to rush our cricket" during the four-Test 1967-68 series against Bill Lawry's Australia. We lost that series in a clean 4-0 swoop by Australia. We won much goodwill in the result. Still, for all the goodwill so gained, Vijay Merchant (as the new Chairman of Selectors) could go on to ask how much we had achieved in terms of results and topple Pataudi from his lofty perch.

That was in January 1971. Now, in 1983, a captain is judged all the more by the results he obtains rather than by the goodwill he garners. This fact will slowly sink in as Kapil lives and learns the art of leading a *Test* team. But, in his maiden Test as captain, you just could not have expected Kapil, given his go-ahead outlook on the game, to go after maidens rather than runs. This in spite of the fact that our Test stars today prefer to chase maidens rather than runs, as the case of Sandeep (*Kabhi Ajnabi The*) Patil proves. After all, it is easier to face Poonam Dhillon and Debashree Roy than Mike Holding and Malcolm Marshall...

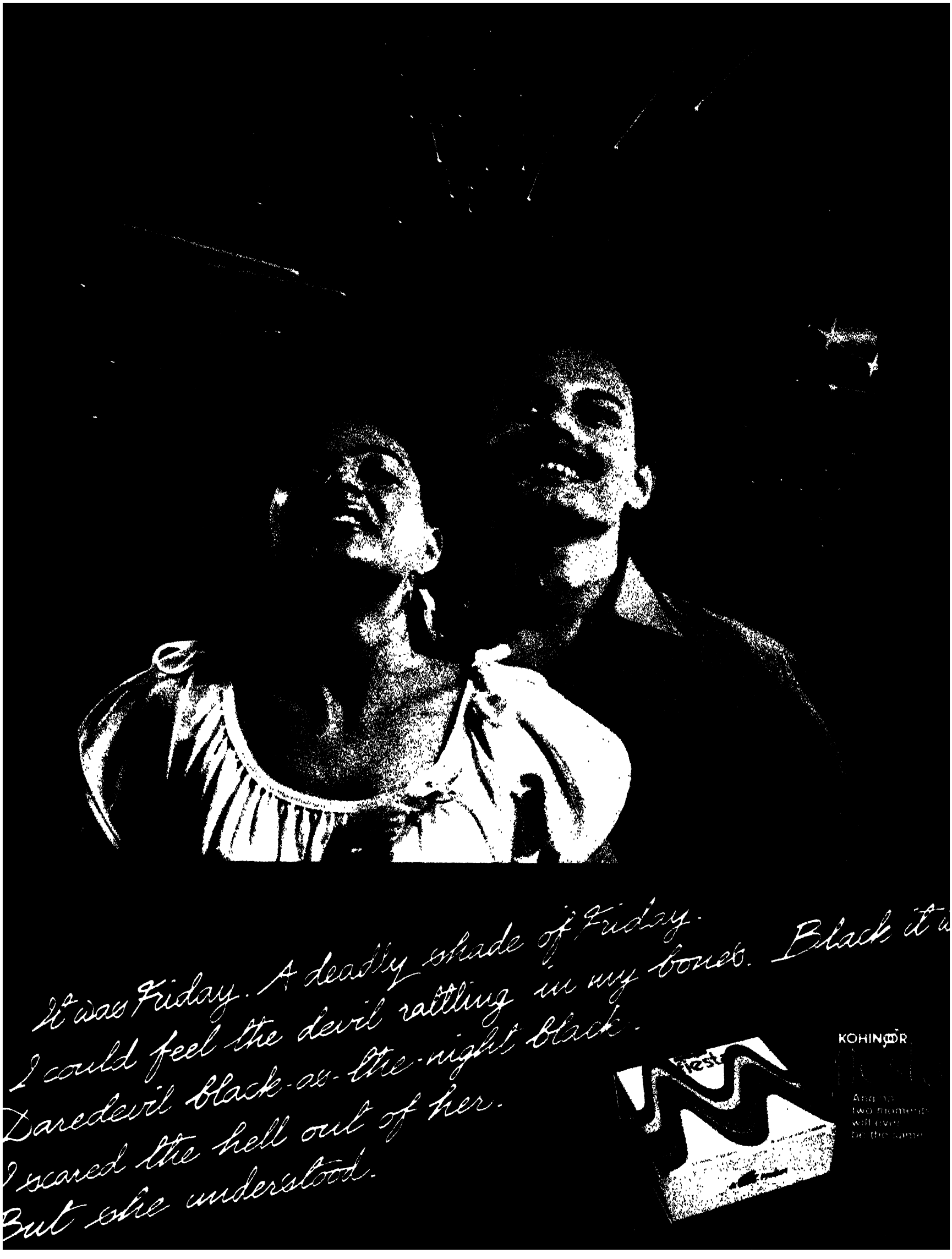
By Trial And Error

At the moment, therefore, instead of merely playing up the debit side of his Kingston balance-sheet, we must rejoice in the fact that the First Test saw Kapil Dev regain the knack of bowling more maidens and capturing more wickets. In other words, we must feel happy that, with this Test, Kapil began to get that telling outswinger of his working all over again. After all, in Pakistan, he really regained use of this, his most lethal weapon, only by the stage of the Fifth Test at Lahore—to lose it all over again in the Sixth Test at Karachi! Now that the Kingston Test has taught Kapil, by trial and error, how important it is to be selective even in attack, it is logical to conclude that, instead of going all out all the time, he will learn to conserve his bowling resources for the long, hard series ahead. For it is only by learning to conserve *his* bowling resources that Kapil as captain can conserve *India's* bowling resources—limited as limited could be when this tour started, but showing happy signs of regaining some of its lost sting on the evidence of Kingston.

It is easy to blame Kapil for handing over the ball to Mohinder Amarnath at that crucial juncture. Just as we chose to pour all the vials of our wrath on Bishen Bedi for that one over he bowled at Karachi in November 1978. That one over cost Bedi the India captaincy in spite of the fact that that Karachi Test was as good as lost by the time he came on to bowl. Likewise, the 2 overs and 2 balls that Mohinder Amarnath bowled at Kingston, without costing Kapil his captaincy, brought him brickbats galore. But, then, these brickbats were hurled by some of the world's finest bats!

Yes, only a West Indies led by Lloyd could have done it. Mohinder, as an old hand at the game and as the shrewdest captain in the Indian circuit alongside Ashok Mankad, *could* have handed that ball back to Kapil and asked him to keep it with Venkataraghavan. But Mohinder did no such thing—he went on to take a wicket with his first ball! And he *could* have gone on to take another wicket—instead of being hit all over the place. If he had so claimed another wicket, Kapil's move would have been hailed as a master stroke!

Ray Robinson put it in a nutshell when he pointed out that we Indians "sometimes tend to follow too closely fluctuations in performances and could perhaps show more philosophic recognition of how much the luck of the game can taunt either side". ■


It was Friday. A deadly shade of Friday.
I could feel the devil rattling in my bones. Black it w
Daredevil black-as-the-night black.
I scared the hell out of her.
But she understood.
KOHINOOR

Mangrove Magic

by Arun Bhatia

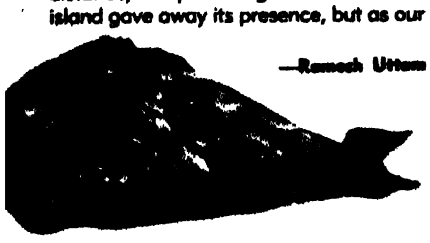
As I left Bombay with a batch of eight WWF-India campers, I admit that, as their leader, I felt apprehensive. After all, we were headed for an uninhabited island which is a swamp, has no drinking water, has octopi and other such marine life and, to top it all, has poisonous snakes.

Organising a nature camp for lay youngsters and adults at such a place may have seemed foolhardy, but this was the third marine camp and Lavkumar Khacher had had no casualties or mishaps during the first two. We could afford to be optimistic!

Country Boat

From Jamnagar's Bedi Bunder, we took a country boat to Pirotan Island. The wooden craft creaked and groaned on its two-hour journey through the Gulf of Kutch, and we were accompanied by the raucous cries of dozens of black-headed gulls which followed us. Mainland India was left behind; we were going away from civilisation.

The sun's rays had turned crimson when we sighted Pirotan. From that distance, only the lighthouse on the island gave away its presence, but as our boat came nearer we could see the tiny strip of land, looking vulnerable in the vast expanse of water.



—Ramesh Uttam

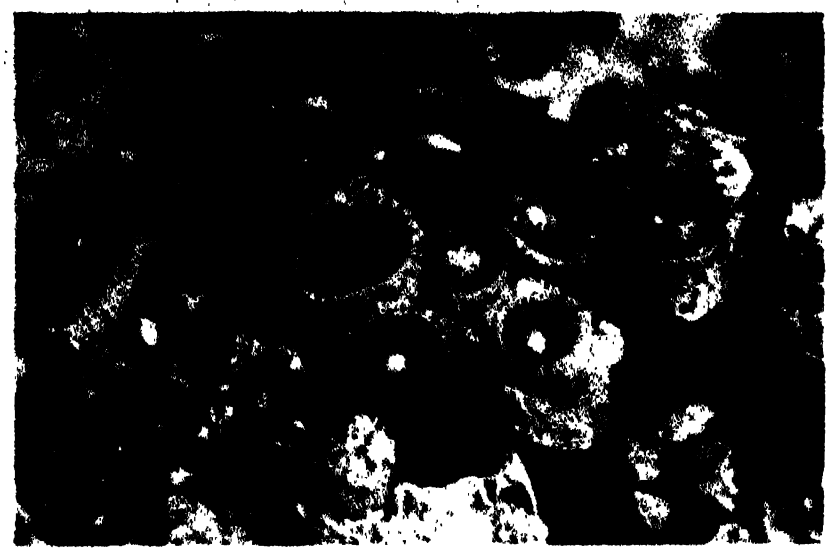
ENCRUSTED BIVALVE

A glance at a map will show that the Gulf of Kutch is protected from Indian Ocean "rollers" and that the Saurashtra peninsula keeps away the monsoon winds. Tidal creeks criss-crossing each other have coral reefs along mangrove islands that extend from Jamnagar to Okha. Pirotan is one such mangrove island.

Coral Reefs

Including the WWF-India participants from different towns in Saurashtra, our batch totalled 50. We were divided into four groups. Guided by Kutchi fishermen/sailors, we began our exploration through the mangroves. The great tidal reach unveils the coral reefs at low tide on Pirotan, so we waded ankle-deep in water.

The colours of living coral have to be seen to be believed: pink, red, [illegible]



Giggling, the shoes were retrieved and laces tied tighter. Walking styles were altered to keep the foot and shoe together.

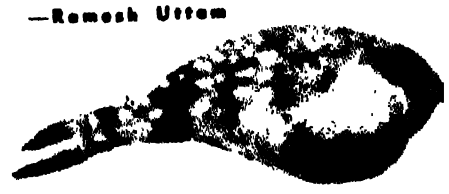
Our first meeting with an octopus [illegible] all our preconceived fears of this [illegible]

attempt to hide. It was a master of camouflage. One of the boys who tried to pick it up said it felt like lifting soggy brown bread.

Another natural survival instinct was demonstrated to us by a puffer fish. About the size of a carrot, it swam helter-skelter in the [illegible] water where we [illegible] to pick it up and it immediately bloated up like a balloon to triple its actual size. We photographed it and let it go.

We saw no saw-scaled vipers; maybe January was too cold for them. But in our three days we learned that this mangrove island has coral—the builder and supporter of fishes, insects, crustaceans, sponges, mollusks; in fact, the very foundation of marine life. And yet a local cement industry was wantonly destroying the coral by dredging the sand. An entire ecosystem was threatened, including the local fishing industry. The efforts of naturalists and environmentalists finally led the Gujarat government to declare this entire area a marine sanctuary in 1981.

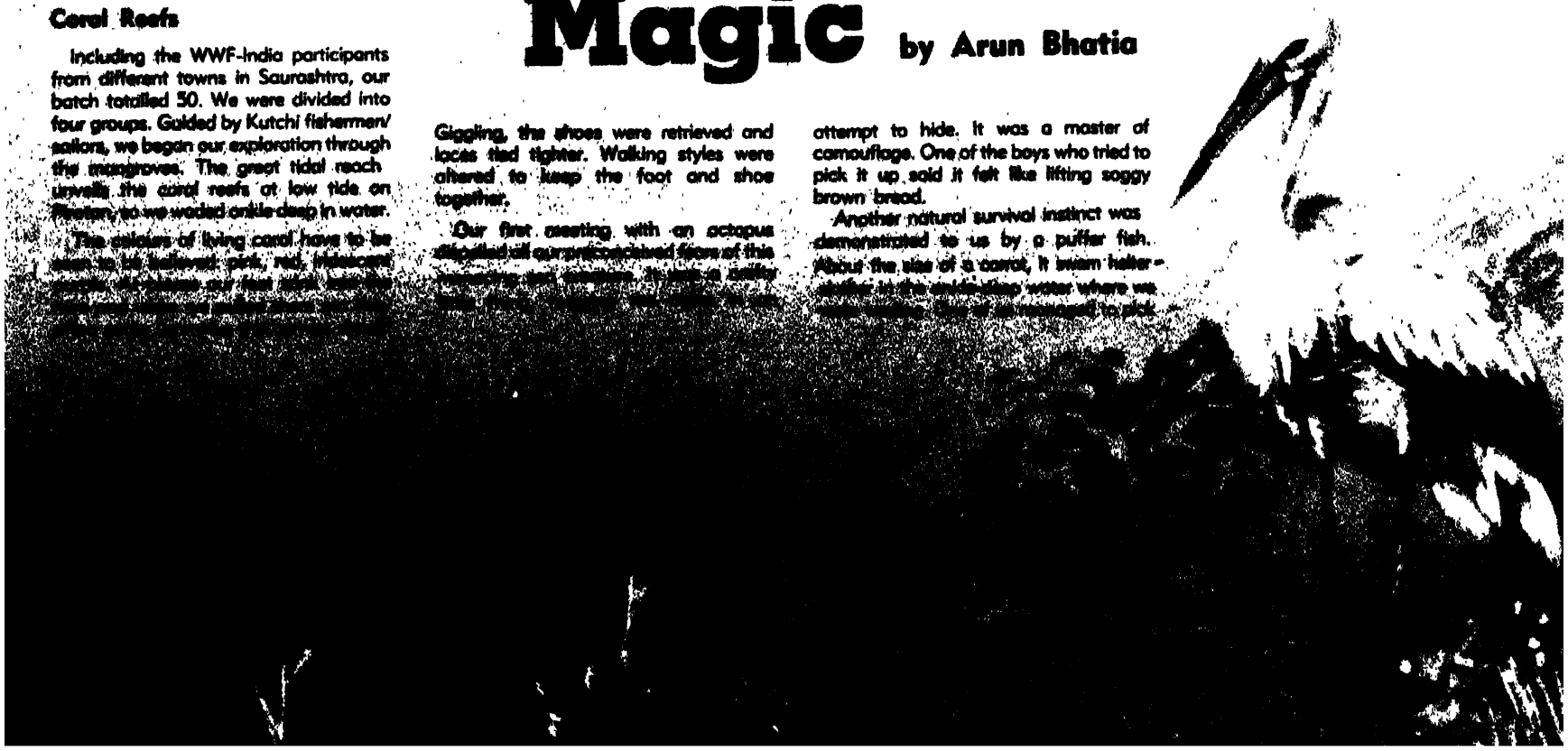
—Ramesh Uttam



OPEN CORAL (left) and Brittle Starfish (below left).

PUFFER FISH feigning death by bloating up.

After our batch of 50, eight other batches visited Pirotan and were exposed to nature. Several hundred thus benefitted from the experience. The fourth marine camp was held in 1982. People must make nature their friend for, as Thomas Lovejoy of World Wildlife Fund has said, "The answers to many of the demands of our ever more hungry and growing population lie in the very ecosystems that those demands pressure us to destroy." ■



Rediffusion/C/2042

Technique Of Total Relaxation

Yogi Samprasad Vinod, a young medical graduate of Pune, has evolved a special, easy and effective technique of Total Relaxation. It is a modified version of the Corpse Pose, or Shavasana, from Hathayoga.

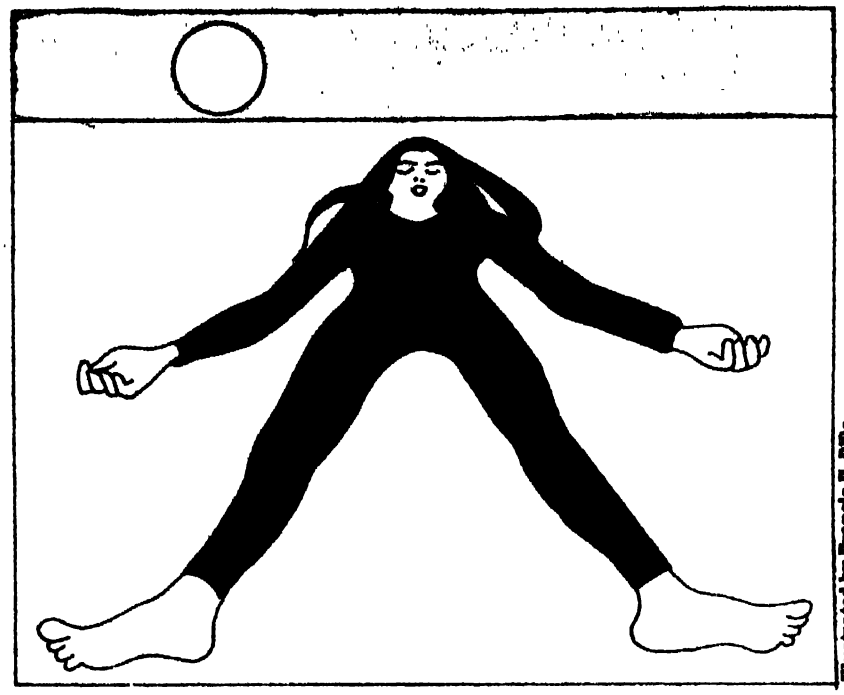
by Dr Samprasad Vinod

WHETHER we like it or not, whether we believe it or not, we are all subject to the process of death and decay. In fact, the process of death and degeneration goes hand in hand with life. Throughout our life-span, we continuously die and get reborn. Unfortunately, this process of dying is not easily perceptible and, therefore, we remain unaquainted with, and unaware of, its supreme glory.

Death is the most fundamental fact of life that we have to face one day or other. We must, therefore, learn to approach it boldly and gracefully. Complete ignorance about the nature of this experience generates unnecessary fears and related problems that make our life vulnerable to possessiveness, insecurity and what not? As a matter of fact, most of our physical, psychological, physiological and emotional problems stem from this ignorance and the resultant fearfulness. It is not possible for all of us personally to experience either the pre-birth state or the post-death existence. It is not necessary either. But, unless we overcome the excessive fear of death, we will never be able to lead a truly happy and healthy life.

Swatmaram, the seer of Hathayoga, has mentioned the Corpse Pose in his treatise called *Hatha Pradipika*. After blending the technique of Shavasana (as described by Swatmaram) with the essential philosophical basis (as prescribed by Patanjali, one of the greatest yogis of India and propounder of Ashtangayoga), what emerged was the wonderful and unique technique of Shavasana meditation.

A living being thinks, physically moves, emotionally responds, intellectually decides and perceives through his sense organs. At the time of death, his individual identity is forever dissolved into "nothingness". This "nothingness" is what we fear most. In contrast to living beings, a corpse cannot respond to any stimuli, it cannot perceive its individual identity as being different from that of other objects and persons. On this central perception of individuality as "I am so-and-so" is woven the entire world of our emotions, movements, intellectual pursuits and sensory perceptions.



Illustrated by Francis D'Sa

SHAVASANA, OR THE CORPSE POSE, which involves lying absolutely still on the ground and deliberately relaxing the mind and the body, is one of the most difficult of yogic "exercises".

In Shavasana meditation, one gradually learns to dissolve one's identity into "No-Thought-Awareness", which is akin to the experience of "Nothingness" that comes at the time of death. Suspension of all activities allows for "total rest" in a short span of about 15 to 30 minutes Regular practice of Shavasana meditation aquaints the individual with a short-lived experience of the void that comes after final death. This kind of experience completely dissolves all imaginary fears about death and thereby enables a person to confront death boldly and gracefully whenever it comes. This results in a complete transformation of one's personality and also changes the whole quality of living.

Most yoga teachers treat Shavasana merely as a method of physical relaxation. This involves lying supine on the ground and sending auto-suggestions to different parts of the body. Although this method enables a person to achieve a substantial degree of physical relaxation, it does not do justice to the profound philosophical meaning of Shavasana. Moreover, it does not evacuate the mind of its tormenting, irrelevant and meaningless thoughts and, therefore, can provide only a superficial rest.

How does Shavasana meditation differ from mere Shavasana?

In meditation, one is expected to attain:

1. Temporary suspension of all physical, mental, emotional and intellectual activities.
2. Effortless maintenance of this state of pure awareness, which is followed by the experience of true happiness.

Sitting either in Padmasana or in Vajrasana is usually considered necessary for the practice of meditation. However, for most people, it is extremely difficult to main this posture for long lengths of time.

On the other hand, in Shavasana meditation, instead of forcefully maintaining an upright sitting position, one goes through various stages to accomplish the objectives of meditation while lying comfortably on a mattress. Along with complete and speedy physical rest, the mind is freed from all its mental vagaries.

The Five Stages

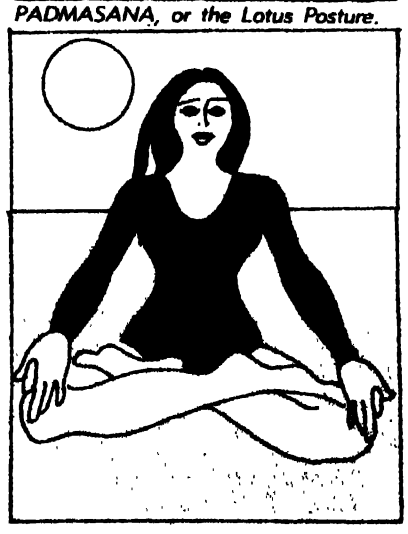
What are the stages of Shavasana meditation?

Stage One.

Lie supine in the most comfortable position of the body, with legs and arms spread apart and eyes gently closed.

VAJRASANA, or The Thunderbolt Posture, is practised widely for physical and mental relaxation.

PADMASANA, or the Lotus Posture.



Stage Two:

Starting from the lower limbs, gradually proceed attending to the minute as well as gross muscular tensions in different parts of the body. Whenever tension is noticed, that particular part of the body is to be gently moved into a completely tension-free state Mere awareness about muscular tensions, followed by a gentle movement in that part, is enough for the attainment of freedom from all muscular tensions.

Stage Three:

Closely and gently observe the movements of your belly—with each act of breathing. Do not try to control the rate and the depth of your breathing activity.

Stage Four:

Observe all thoughts that might appear in the field of consciousness of your mind, regardless of their nature. Neither fight nor get involved in any of those thoughts.

Stage Five:

Gently lift your attention from the body and turn it towards any object that is closely linked to infinity like a wide expanse of ocean, a blue cloud-free sky, a range of Himalayan mountains and the like. Slowly and swiftly, get into Total Communion *(Anantsamapatti)* with the object you have chosen

One must clearly remember, while practising this form of meditation, that all the above-mentioned stages are equally important and are closely related. Each stage must swiftly culminate in the next.

Its Benefits

Some of the important benefits of this technique are:

1. Relief from unnecessary anxiety, stress, strain, tension, emotional instability, mental turmoil, fear and the like.
2. One emerges refreshed, rejuvenated and revitalised due to complete rest.
3. Good rest improves the quality of one's work.
4. Physical, psychological, emotional and intellectual integration of personality is achieved. This is very useful in the prevention and the control of certain psychological and psychosomatic ailments, like anxiety neurosis, high blood-pressure, sleep disorders, lethargy, overweight, chain-smoking and acidity.

When the practice of other yogic postures is skilfully combined with Shavasana meditation, the benefits obtained are naturally multiplied.

In one study conducted at Scientific Yoga Therapy and Training Centre, Vijayanagar Colony, Pune, the following results were obtained:

Name of Disorder	*Percentage of Improvement*
High Blood-Pressure	92.3
Overweight	75
Sleep Disorders	80
Chain Smoking	77.8

The Weekly Pick

Crime In Our Society—A Political Perspective

S. Venugopal Rao, Vikas, Rs 75.

An erudite and intelligent interpretation of the political and sociological implications of crime. The chapter, "The Power Factor", which discusses the subtle ways in which different forms of criminality are coloured by political systems and ideologies, is especially noteworthy.

"Democracy, Socialism and Crime" is yet another absorbing chapter, giving examples of anti-social behaviour and political corruption

Incidents, comprising the "endless chronicle of crime", underscore the book's unconventional approach. Definitely recommended for academics and practising professionals.

Assam—The Difficult Years

T.S. Murty, Himalayan Books, Rs 150.

A painstakingly detailed account of the trouble-ridden State, deluged by serious problems over the past three years, further aggravated by the rank failure of the series of formal, informal, bipartisan and tripartite meetings between the Assam students and the Government.

The author has pieced together all the available material on the subject in his objective treatment of the issues involved. Starting with the Janata regime, the book provides an adequate background of the demands of the agitators, the foreign nationals problem, the stand of the opposition parties, etc, in addition to describing the actual course of the agitation.

At a time when the entire nation has been shocked by the Assam holocoust, this book is extremely topical.

Indian Heritage

Giri Raj Shah, Abhinav Publications, Rs 55.

A comprehensive yet succinct presentation of the history of Indian culture and its myriad aspects—religion, literature, social development, politics, art and music, all of which form our heritage.

Each topic is discussed systematically and in logical progression However this book is prescribed mainly for beginners and foreigners as a guide to the Indian psyche and culture.

The simple and concise nature of the book coupled with the considerable amount of background information that it provides about Indian art, music etc, makes it interesting enough for most readers.

Minnie

'Illegal' Accident

The adage about most accidents happening at home must seem true to Jennifer O'Neill, the actress of *Summer of '42*. First, the 34-year-old film actress suffered a gunshot wound to the stomach; then her fifth husband, John Lederer, 34, was treated for a knife wound to the forearm—both self-inflicted accidents according to the couple. Last month they were indicted for possessing an unlicensed gun—but O'Neill was charged with a misdemeanour and Lederer with a felony which carries up to seven years in the penitentiary. Appearing on "Good Morning America", the TV breakfast show, O'Neill said: "I find it ironic that you have an accident and then end up being indicted."

—Newsweek

To Lean With Love

On David Lean's last day at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay some time in January, Subhash Basrur, the 28-year-old chef of the Rooftop Rendezvous, gave the famous film maker a pleasant surprise. He prepared a beautifully hand-painted menu entitled "A Passage to India" (the film Lean is currently working on). The dishes listed were: Feuilette 'River Kwai', Pomfret 'Zhivago', Salade 'Lara', Souffle 'Lawrence of Arabia'. Lean was immensely touched by Basrur's gesture, and in his scrawl on the menu are the lines: "Evening after evening of wonderful dinner. Many, many thanks."

—Mid-Day

Pudding Pot For Julie

Everyone at Harvard might have figured that after *Tootsie*, Dustin Hoffman was a shoo-in for the Hasty Pudding Club's annual "Woman of the Year' award. Wrong. But in this era of 'star cross-dressing, maybe Julie Andrews was just an apt a choice. Andrews, who received a best-acting Oscar nomination last month for her title role in *Victor/Victoria*, has made a career of overcoming her Mary Poppins image, and upon receiving the club's sacred brass pudding pot, inquired, "Can I throw up in this?"

—Newsweek

Soho's Sex Cinemas

The current issue of *Sight and Sound*, the quarterly sponsored by the British Film Institute, devotes five pages to a survey of Soho's sex cinemas. The writer, Nick Roddick, suggests customers get rather a raw deal. One "full two-hour" programme lasted only 55 minutes; advertised titles seldom corresponded with the actual programme; reels were missing or promised scenes never appeared. Yet, Roddick reports, they were almost always three-quarters full. He calculates that for most of the time there are more customers (about 5,000 a day paying £2 to £4 each) watching sex films in Soho than there are in legitimate West End cinemas.

—The Times

Jackie

If You Are Late.....

A passenger who was late for the New Delhi-bound 25 DN Deluxe Express, hit upon a new idea to catch the train: he made an anonymous call at 10 am to the General Manager of Western Railway, Bombay and whispered, "There's a bomb on board."

However, since the matter could not be taken lightly, the policemen and railway officials made a clean sweep of the train to Delhi.

Panic spread like wildfire amongst passengers as stern looking policemen ushered them out of the compartments. A bomb demolition squad combed the train from end to end but could not find any explosive aboard.

—Indian Express

Good PM, Bad Cook

Mrs Indira Gandhi is no longer good at cooking, though in her younger days she was.

She was taught to cook at 11, and did make a meal for her grandfather, Motilal Nehru, who was fastidious in his tastes, the Prime Minister recalled in a letter to Miss Nehru Tak, a first year science student of Ajmer, in reply to a letter from the youngster.

Now she cannot go beyond eggs, salads or something less simple, Mrs Gandhi confided to her young admirer.

She did cook a little during her student days in England and during the early years of her marriage, Mrs Gandhi said.

—UNI

Longest-Drawn Indeed!

The longest-drawn legal battle in the world has been fought in a Pune Court—it took 761 years for a judgment to be delivered in 1966. A Seminar on *How To Avoid Delays In The Legal Courts* organised on the occasion of the centenary of the Vadgaon Maval Court in Pune district was told that the *Guinness Book of World Records* had made the entry in this respect in its 1982 edition.

Accordirig to the book, one Balasaheb Patlaji Thorat received a favourable judgment on April 27, 1966 on a suit filed by his ancestor Maloji Thorat in 1205.

The points at issue were rights of presiding over public functions and procedure at religious festivals.

—UNI

Goldie

A "Pot Smoker's" Paradise?

While the Pentagon keeps dismissing allegations of heavy drug use among Marines in Lebanon, Marines who have served there say the easy availability and low cost of hashish coupled with infrequent urine tests has made the peacekeeping tour of duty a "pot smoker's paradise." Said one Marine, "You can go up to any of the local merchants, to just about any 'Hey, Joe' who sells Pepsis on the street corner, and he can take care of your recreational drug needs." Marine brass insist only about one-eighth of the Lebanon detachment use any drugs, about the same as among home-based troops in North Carolina. But one NCO who served with the 32nd Amphibious Unit, the first to go into Lebanon last year, estimated that at least 30 to 40 per cent of his outfit smoked hashish.

—by Mark Starr

"Ruined By West"

In a sweeping attack on imported democratic ideals, Japan's Education Minister, Mitsuo Setoyama, said that the post war Westernisation of the country's education system was to blame for the current trend of juvenile delinquency.

He was seeking to explain a recent spate of violence involving school children in their early teens. Mr Setoyama put the blame on American occupation policy, which, he said, aimed at destroying the Confucian morality which prevailed in the past, before Japan's defeat in 1945.

—Robert Whymant

Gentrifying The KGB

A former Soviet diplomat, Vladimir Sakharov, who defected to the US in the early 70s, says Harold R. (Kim) Philby, the British turncoat, helped change the image of the KGB from a collection of thugs to a formidable intelligence service. The transformation happened under Yuri Andropov and was a vital step in Andropov's eventual rise to leader of the Soviet Union. And, of Andropov's taste for Western dress, drink and music, Sakharov says Andropov was "westernised by the experience with Philby".

—International Herald Tribune

To Coin A Joke

The latest drachma joke doing the rounds in Athens: Papandreou consults foreign financial experts on how to restore value to the currency.

"Drill a small hole in the one drachma coin and fill it with gold," says the Swiss. No good; not enough gold in Greece. "Drill two holes and fill them with silver," says the German. No, not enough silver. "Drill three and fill with copper," says the French. Impossible—not enough copper. "Drill four holes," says the American financier in New York, "and sell them for buttons at two drachmas each."

—PHS

Gigi

Tribute

I Was Motilal Setalvad's Junior

by R. Vasudev Pillai

IN the psychedelic complexity of my memory, the image of Motilal Setalvad stands out in bold relief—a figure of intense simplicity.

I first met Setalvad when, in 1956, he visited my hometown, Hyderabad, with other members of the Law Commission on a fact-finding mission. He was invited to address the students of the Law College of Osmania University and I, as a member of the staff, was introduced to him. In this first encounter itself, he captured my imagination by the grandeur of his bearing and his straightforward way of dealing with men and matters

A few years later, I joined the staff of the School of International Studies in Delhi as a Lecturer in International Law. Setalvad was a member of the school's governing body and I got to know him better.

His Instinctive Ability

My term at the school ended in September, 1961, and I enrolled myself at the Supreme Court. Sitting on the back benches, I would watch Setalvad appear in brief after brief. What impressed me most was his instinctive ability to get to the heart of the most complicated set of facts and the mastery with which he could pierce through every legal contention, good or bad, that was advanced at a conference, sometimes demolishing and sometimes fortifying it.

He could read and understand overnight a brief so voluminous, that one would expect him to work on it for a week. And when he presented his case in court, he would remember every relevant fact. He never resorted to rhetoric or melodrama but his narrative of events bore an almost photographic precision Once I asked him how he could be so brief in his address. He smiled: "To be brief, it takes a long time."

Setalvad was a stickler for the rules of propriety and integrity. I have often heard him frankly advise potential clients not to waste their money if he saw no substance in their cases.

One evening, another junior and I were sitting with him, a counsel from Calcutta came in with a wealthy client The lawyer noticed our "brief hungry" look and out of pity for us, told Setalvad, "In this matter, if you wish you could have the assistance of not one but any number of your juniors, as my client can afford to pay them." But Setalvad rebuked him: "No, I can do without that. Surely, you are not going to mulct your client!"

For all his stern appearance, Setalvad was softhearted and easily touched by the misery of others. He frequently appeared without a fee for clients who said they could not afford his services.

Setalvad's outstanding characteristic was his uncompromising dignity. He never sought a favour from the Bench. Once, presenting a lengthy case, Setalvad was on his feet for several days, reading the evidence. His voice became hoarse and at last he began coughing. When an aide placed a glass of water before him, Justice S.K. Das remarked: "Mr Attorney, your colleague Mr Sastry can read the evidence. Surely you need some rest." But after a few sips of water, Setalvad continued with his presentation.

I joined Setalvad as a pupil just before he appeared for the State in the appeal of Commander Nanavati, convicted of the murder of, Bombay businessman and philanderer, Prem Ahuja. He told us then that he was not very familiar with criminal law but one would not have thought so to hear him question the experts and present the case.

After several years of working together, a natural intimacy developed between us. But always, there was about him a certain withdrawn dignity that inspired awe and veneration.

Setalvad was not a sociable man. He was laconic, intensely time-conscious and completely immersed in his professional life. Perhaps because he was aware of his own innate shyness, he avoided getting involved in politics, unlike his own senior, Bhulabhai Desai.

The most unforgettable case in which I worked with Setalvad was that of Vice-Chancellor Dr D.S. Reddy of Osmania University. Dr Reddy was appealing against an amendment in the Osmania University Act, passed by the State Legislature, which reduced the Vice Chancellor's term and also curbed the University's autonomy

Setalvad himself has vividly described how the case was conducted and won in his controversial autobiography, *My Life, Law And Other Things*.

Turning Point

That case proved to be a turning point in my own life and I was soon arguing my own briefs The day came when I had to appear against Setalvad himself. My client belonged to a wealthy family and had stood surety, among six others, for an American firm dealing in the import of manganese ore. A large sum—almost Rs 14 lakhs—was involved and the question was one of interpretation of the arbitral clause about the jurisdiction of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce.

I lost the case. But that evening, Setalvad invited me to dinner. When I took leave of him that night, he encouraged me with characteristic generosity. "Your client had no case this morning," he remarked. "But you should have more opportunities to argue in Court."

In April 1962, the members of the Supreme Court Bar decided to felicitate Setalvad on the fiftieth anniversary of his practice. As the junior-most member, I was given the privilege of presenting a silver salver to Setalvad.

Speaking on that occasion, I quoted the words of Judge Cardozo about Oliver Wendell Holmes which suited Setalvad most aptly. "Law in his hands has been philosophy, but it has been literature too. If anyone has ever been sceptical of the transfiguring of style, let him look to his opinions. They will put scepticism to flight. How compact they are, a sentence where most of us would use a paragraph, a paragraph for a page. What a tang in their pointed phrases, what serenity in their placid depths: what a glow and a gleam, when they become radiant with heat!"

When news came from Bombay on August 3, 1974, that Setalvad had passed away, I mourned for him as one does for a man who has made a deep and lasting impression on one's mind I have often thought of him as the "true gentlemen" of Cardinal Newman's description. "He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible and as brief as he is decisive." ■

BOOK REVIEW

Secular Will Be The Hindu Rashtra

Reviewer: P.K. Nijhawan

THERE were compelling reasons why India as an independent nation consciously chose to be a secular democracy, right at the time of Independence. By doing so, she had eschewed all communalism at one go—communalism which had not only taken a large chunk of the country's area and population out of it, but also made it go through a blood-bath, the like of which was never seen before. This is where secularism was the negation of all communal politics. As a positive value too, it represented the ultimate and best in man's political evolution, treating all men equal in the eyes of the state, irrespective of caste and creed.

It could not be otherwise. For, it was the expression of the nation's resolve to live as a model multi-racial society, proving at the same time that the birth and proliferation of communal ideologies were, in fact, a studied imperial design to keep India divided and weak. The communal forces themselves were then at their lowest ebb, suffering as they did from an enormous sense of guilt.

They were now conscious of the immense damage they had done to the nation which had emerged inspite of them. Besides, secularism seemed to accord well with the political culture of the vast Hindu majority which apart from treating religion as very personel to each individual, had convinced itself that communal politics behind which the British always stood, had not only delayed the freedom of their beloved country, but had also left it truncated.

Growing Communalism

Today after a lapse of 35 years and having paid for communalism in blood and tears, we seem to have run into doubt whether the decision of our founding fathers in this respect was, in fact, the right decision! The reason is that the more we talk of secularism, the more communalism we get.

It has really become difficult to reckon who is a greater communalist—the one who believes in communalism straightway or the one who opposes it? Cynically speaking, it appears that each one of us is a rank communalist, skin-deep. Even in spite of running the country through secular institutions we find reaction continuing to beget reaction insofar as communalism is concerned. The picture is so bad that hardly a day passes without there being some evidence of communal tension or a fracas in one part of the country or another. In a way one long communal riot rages through the country throughout the year, difference of faces and location being of no consequence! What is the remedy?

Theocratic Solution

Prof Balraj Madhok, at one time the President of the Bharatiya Jana Sangh has come out with the thesis that to put an end to all communalism, India should be declared as a Hindu State forthwith. In his opinion, it is a one-time panacea for all our communal problems—the corollary being that the Muslims as opposed to the Hindus, are the real authors of all communalism and if they fail to see reason then they must face the wrath of a theocratic Hindu State.

In fact, he goes much beyond. He thinks that if we fail to do so, India's future as a notion itself would be at stake. He fears that a large-scale international conspiracy is afoot to undermine India as a nation with *Hindutva* (the quality of being a Hindu as synonymous with being an Indian) as its main ethos.

In putting forward this thesis Prof Madhok has marshalled sufficient facts and figures to prove that; (a) India is a fatherland of the Hindus; (b) The concept of *Rashtra* or the state is as old as Hinduism itself and the Hindus fulfil all the conditions of being a nation in the modern sense of the term.

WILL THE RASHTRA SAFEGUARD SECULARISM? Balraj Madhok (with garland), author of the book under review, being cheered by supporters.

This concept of *Rashtra* is multi-racial but the Muslims have all along refused to become a part of it, (c) The Muslims having created a theocratic Pakistan have lost the *raison d'etre* to continue to be the citizens of India and hence there should have been a wholesale exchange of the Hindu and Muslim populations between India and Pakistan right at the time of Partition; (d) A Hindu state is a secular state *per se* and that there could be no discrimination against any of its citizens on account of religion; (e) The Hindu state is also a democratic state and cannot be a fascist one. He sums up these thoughts in a beautiful aphorism "Statism is alien to Hindu State!"; and lastly (f) A Hindu state will solve most of the problems India as a nation faces today.

Merits Scrutiny

Prof Madhok's thesis has two plus point, *viz* information and passion. I call passion a good thing because it is synonymous with commitment and conviction. From a very narrow angle he does emerge as an uncompromising patriot who thinks of the nation as a whole and who wants to solve her problems in a very basic way which is through its inherent link—Hinduism.

He appears to be sincere in trying to understand the problem and attempting its analysis. He is, therefore, likely to be debated for long, though he might not be able to sway many even among the Hindus to his way of thinking.

And if he, one day, does succeed in making India a Hindu *Rashtra* (which appears to be a remote possibility because it is basically an un-Hindu thought), then the credit or discredit of that achievement or failure would go not to him but to those who refuse to join the secular consciousness of the nation. Perhaps it would be a bad day for the Hindus themselves! Perhaps it would be a counsel of despair!

Prejudice And Passions

The problem is that while information is a collection of facts and can be contradicted with another set of facts, passion is not a state of reason which when tinged with prejudice affects one's capacity to arrive at valid conclusions. This is what seems to have influenced Prof Madhok's judgement.

For example, while his conclusion that if Mahatma Gandhi and his men including Nehru were secular, it was due in the main to the fact that they were Hindus, may be accepted as correct, he should by the same logic be himself ranged against communalism.

But here enters Prof Madhok's own prejudice against Mahatma Gandhi and his numerous followers for their numerous acts of omission and commission. Let me quote a typical paragraph from the book (page 23) to prove what I mean:

With the debut of Gandhiji as the sole leader of the Congress in 1920 after the death of Lokmanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the process of nation-building was totally reversed, Gandhiji's lack of understanding of the mainsprings of Indian nationalism which had sustained Hindu resistance to physical and racio-cultural aggression of Islam for centuries was matched by his ignorance of fundamentalism of Islam and its history and tradition..

I have selected this paragraph for two main reasons: One that it is a mild condemnation of the Father of the Nation; and secondly he accuse of not understanding the mainsprings of Indian nationalism which had sustained Hindu resistance to Islam. Fortunately, he does not accuse Mahatma Gandhi for not understanding Hinduism as well because the Mahatma certainly did not quite understand Prof Madhok's brand of Hinduism!

But supposing he did not understand the fundamentalism of Islam as he is being accused of, then he did so precisely because he understood his own Hinduism all too well. Since Prof Madhok seems to talk from conviction, he is among the excusables! Otherwise, he is guilty of insulting the massive Hindu intelligence and intellect for accepting Mahatma Gandhi as their sole leader for such a long time.

As to the second point I wonder if any other Hindu leader could have inspired a Muslim leader like Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan and his fighting Pathans to take to the path of *Ahimsa* in precept and practice so much so that they threw their lot with the Hindu India even when Pakistan had become a certainty! Then which Hindu had the moral courage to walk into the raging fires of Noakhali to beard the lion of communal violence in its own den as it were? Not just that.

He admonished the Muslim fanatics right where doing so could mean anything and then performed the miracle of making them rehabilitate the same Hindus whom they had ousted from their hearths and homes only a short while ago! Which Hindu could be called "the living Christ" by a man like Romain Rolland? Again which Hindu could knowingly die at the hands of a Hindu fanatic for protecting the Muslims in Delhi? Only a real, moral Hindu could do all that Mahatma Gandhi did. Can we then not say that the mass of Indian Muslims might be feeling insecure for want of such a Hindu?

Interpreting Hinduism

Another reason why I lament this way is that the present ethnocentric state is not the outgrowth of Hindu idea of a state. Therefore, to find support for this type of nation-state as we are trying to have in India today, from the mainsprings of Hindu polity is not the correct way to interpret Hinduism. The Hindu *Chakravartin* whose writ ran in all lands was a different kind of king.

Empire-building was not his cup of tea though worsting others in battles or wars for establishing suzerainty was a game

Kings and their armies indulged in as often as possible. That's why strong empires are almost non-existant in Hinduism. The Hindus lack the very goal-orientation to achieve such an end. Not that the empires did not grow in India. But their value-orientation for the same was provided by Buddhism or Jainism.

Ajata Satru a contemporary of the Buddha was perhaps the first historical emperor. Nanda Empire, Maurya empire, Gupta empire — in fact all empires are connected with this type of Temple State goal orientation. It had a lot of violence built into it. This meant some type of theocracy: the Asokan empire was itself a product of this Church-State relationship that came about in the wake of Buddhism.

If the Asokan empire was built on the annihilation of the Kalingas, the Brahmanical revival itself was no less tyrannical. For example, when Pushya Mitra Shunga came to the throne of Magadha, he had issued an edict proclaiming: "Any one who brings to me the head of one Buddhist monk will get from me in reward one hundred gold coins". Now how do we defend ourselves against this type of diabolical head-hunting in the name of religion? Who justified such a violence? Obviously the theocratic state! Against whom? Perhaps against another theocratic apparatus! For what? For exterminating a religious minority! Well, this must be an aberration. Otherwise in the long annals of Hindu India such type of religious violence was wholly unknown.

That had to be so because the type of Hindu polity that India had as its goal aimed at fostering a cultural confederation in India—the basic compulsion of Indian reality. So if we have to move towards a true Hindu *Rashtra* its cost may, in fact, be too much. We may then have to weaken the fabrics of the nation-state that has grown in India out of a new type of nationalism. I say so because if such a nation state had been existing in India in the times when Hinduism was supposed to be at its zenith, then we would have without doubt ruled the world This was quite in the fitness of things because India has always been a populous and rich country (200 million strong in the Mauryan times) with men and women possessing the highest degree of material and moral riches. And it could have been so easy to conquer the world in those primitive times!

No Hindu Crusade

But knowing full well that they could do it, did the Hindus launch upon a world conquest in the name of religion? No. Instead the Hindus wanted to make India the preceptor of the world—*Jagadguru*. If that is the inescapable compulsion of Hindu India or the Hindu *Rashtra* as Prof Madhok calls it, it is in fact a decentralised entity in which the federating units are different but substantive cultures of India with Hinduism providing the over-all link.

India's linguistic reorganisation corresponds almost to this cultural reality. The concept of state as an ethnocentric idea then appears to be a recent imposition on Hinduism, Mahatma Gandhi as a well-schooled Hindu politician, was therefore, more close to the Indian or the Hindu reality when he wanted India to become a federation of lakhs of self-sufficient villages only.

Even now if India becomes a real federation in the Ministry of Home at the Centre and its powers are exercised by the states themselves or the smaller units below, communalism will perhaps become a thing of he past.

The Hindus and the Muslims will then learn to live together as part of a local reality.

In fact, the entire thesis of Prof Madhok stems not so much from the mainsprings of Indian nationalism, which, in his opinion the Mahatma did not understand as from his reaction to Islam which he claims to understand best. He fears in the main three things: (a) Conversion, (b) Subversion and (c) Aggression.

I shall not deal with conversion. Conversion can take place only if the Hindu society is weak. If people know their heritage and take pride in it then conversion would not affect. Besides, it can be stopped even by legislation. As to the possibility of subversion and aggression, these can very well take place if bigger powers so connive at.

In a way even the recent revival of Islamic fundamentalism and the birth of petro-dollar is the result of international conspiracies, one thrust of which is to cripple development in the Third World, particularly India. Perhaps it is highly flattering to think that one of the cornerstones of the US foreign policy is to somehow cancel out India even as a regional power. Pakistan has been their tool and some of the Muslims in India could be their allies in this game. It is one way to look at it. The other way perhaps is that if India somehow refuses to over-react and is strong enough to repel any military aggression then the very *raison d'etre* of Pakistan may one day collapse. And if the petro-dollar is a temporary phenomenon and does not last more than the remaining years of this century, then Islam may itself try to change its fundamentalist course which is already under tremendous strain.

The upshot of this argument is that India becoming a Hindu *Rashtra* of Prof Madhok's concept out of the latter two compulsions is really no guarantee of the fact that it would not be the target of internal subversion and external aggression. The last three rounds of armed conflicts with Pakistan have been won by India without becoming a Hindu *Rashtra*. Where then is the need for a Hindu *Rashtra*? The morale of our population and strength of our economic structure and armed forces are what would save the day for the country again, if ever such an eventuality arises.

So, there is no apparent or real reason for India to leave her present progressive path of development of new technologies and creation of necessary systems on the path of becoming a modern state as Nehru and his colleagues had envisioned it. Mere *Rashtra* is certainly no solution to any of India's problems, not even communalism.

"RATIONALE OF HINDU STATE" by Balraj Madhok; India Book Gallery; Rs 60.

Taming Time: Some Tips

by S. P. Sharma

TO the frequently put question: "Is it, or is it not, possible for an average person to regulate time?" The answer would be: "Yes, it certainly is." And offered here are a few tips towards the realisation of the same goal. Think not, however, that you own time. Because you simply do not. That is the hard truth. Neither do you own your own time, nor anyone else's. Let us accept this fact at the outset.

According to Dr C.S. Lewis: "Time comes to a man as a pure gift and he cannot own it anymore than he can own the sun." Curiously, a man may start the day—at times it does happen with some persons—as the lawful possessor of 24 hours at his command. Dr Lewis says that nothing throws a man into a passion so easily as to find a tract of time which he reckoned on having at his own disposal unexpectedly taken away from him by an unexpected visitor, or extra job, or owing to a change in plans and so forth.

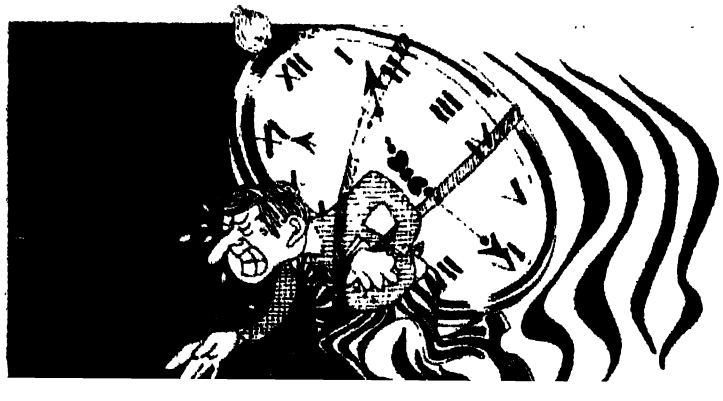
The first and foremost rule, therefore, is to plan your time as effectively as practicable. But please do not, be disturbed by interruptions. Rather welcome and incorporate them into your plans.

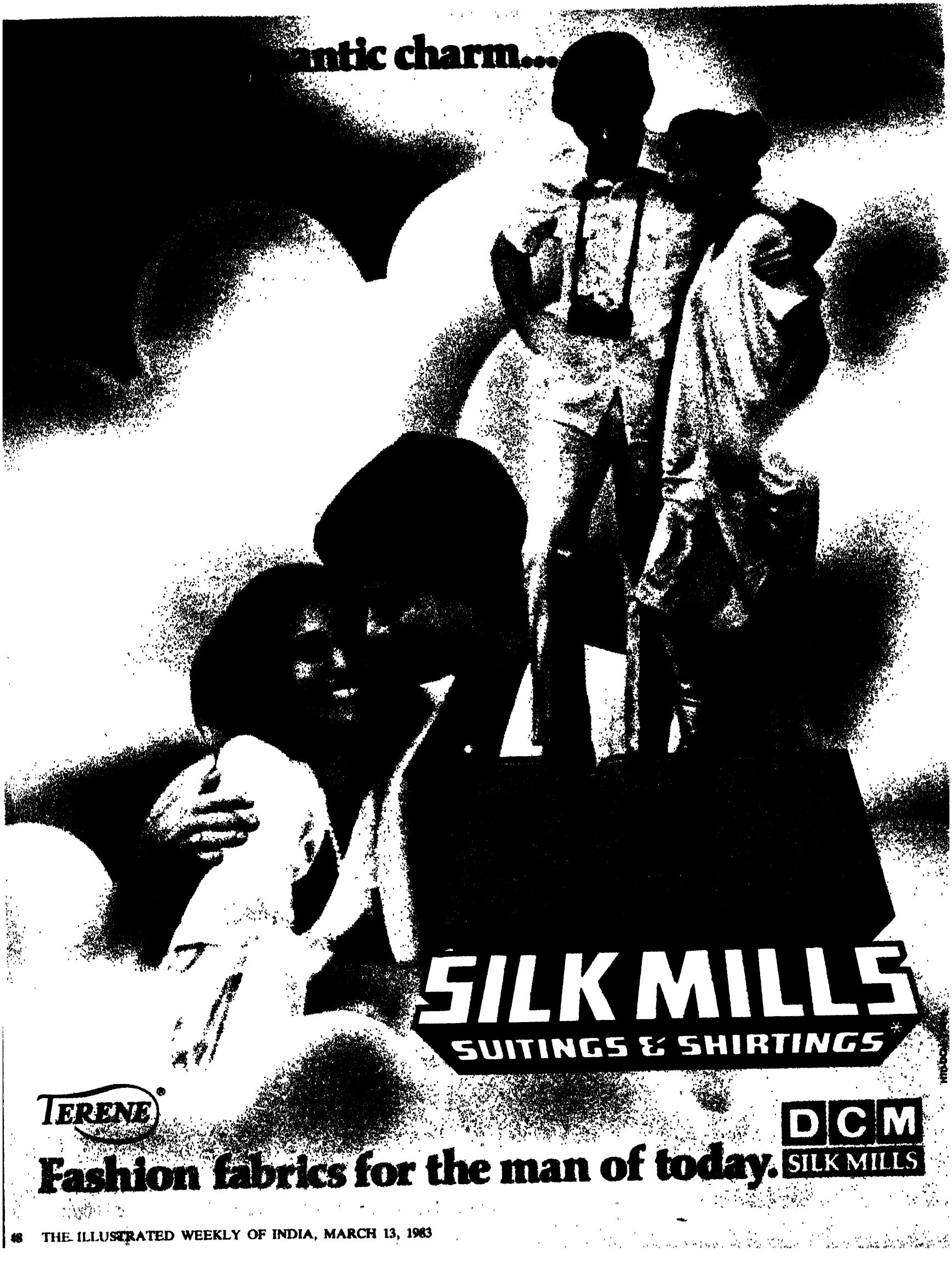
The second rule is to plan ahead with your intellect, not your emotions, and be ready for the expected as well as the unexpected. Consider this example: Mr. X owns a car-producing factory in a country town. Each month he goes there to check on its operations. For nearly a decade he hated the trip. He usually complained: "When I arrived, everyone was waiting for me with problems. The workers insisted on seeing me about their grievances. The Superintendent-in-Charge had a list of the items he needed. The Accountant had his gripes against the factory Manager, who, in turn had his own against the inspectors, who had theirs against the engineers and so on. I used to dread the trip and would each time pray that things would be all right." Then I realised that for nearly ten years I had gone through the same advance sufferings, had hoped to avoid the problems but had always been disappointed. So, I reversed my attitude and told myself: "Now, you are going to make your regular visit to the factory and you are going to meet the usual 15 to 20 problems. Because, that is how you earn your pay and that is why you are needed. Had there been no problems, you would not have to make the trip. On the way to the factory I rehearsed in my mind the probable difficulties and made myself ready for them." This habit of looking ahead to problems prepared Mr. X for them and he found them easier to handle. Eventually, says Mr X: "My attitude transmitted itself to the others and they met me with smaller chips on their soldiers and more often they met with their own solutions ready".

The third rule is to clearly distinguish between "expectation" and "anticipation". For, when we expect something, we foresee or predict that it will happen. For instance, the bank will ask for higher interest on next year's loan because the money market prices are going up. Whereas, on the othe hand, to anticipate something means to take steps to handle it; for example, you budget an extra amount of money for the new interest rate. Therefore, when looking ahead, decide what you expect and can, or cannot, anticipate. Think not that just expecting will solve problems. On the other hand, when anticipation is impossible—like stopping a coming rain storm—do not sweat it out as though you were responsible for it.

The fourth rule is to convert time estimates to effort, accomplishment, and money estimates, and *vice-versa*. This means, for instance: A person may say, "Oh, I cannot walk five miles a dav. that is too far!" And if you ask the same person, "Can you take an hour's walk a day?" He replies, "Of course, I enjoy the exercise" Thus, an hour's walk may cover the distance of five miles. To take another instance. A man says, "I am too tired to make that telephone call." But if he converted the effort to time, he would see that it was really easy. Thus, he would say, "I am tired, but the call will take less than one minute to place, five minutes to talk, and five seconds to hang up. This is only a six minute job, so I will do it." Therefore, do not be satisfied with an estimate in terms of only one or two of the three key elements: time, money and effort. Instead get estimates for all the three.

The last, but not the least, rule is: "Cascade your energy and do not kill time". Cascade your store of energy by doing difficult or creative tasks when you are fresh, and keep the routine and mechanical jobs for your low-energy periods. This means if you find you are freshest in the early hours of morning and again in the late afternoons, then the best course would be to use these periods for creative tasks. And when you experience your creative energy fading, at once switch to jobs involving research, talking to people, and attending meetings. Later, when you are tired, you can handle the little tasks of paying bills, answering routine mail and so on. In his book, *How To Gain An Extra Hour Every Day*, Ray Joseph says: "When waiting is inevitable, do not consider it time you have to 'kill'. Take advantage of these minutes." You can use them for reading, making notes, relaxing, or breathing and physical exercises. Therefore, try to adjust you work to your personal "cascade" of energy. When a slack time comes, do not waste it by "killing" time. Instead utilize it for something useful or for at least real resting.

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ANTS

by Randhir Khare

They killed to eat. The only other alternative for her was the whorehouse, disease and death.

THE pelican jerked back its head as a hard clay pellet smashed into its skull. It stretched its giant white body to fly but its muscles sagged and the bird crashed through *sundari* leaves on to the wet mud. Ajitesh stood over the bird, trying to grab its neck.

Blood speckled the roots on the jungle floor. A light shaft fell through the leaves on to the warm roots standing up like the veins in an old man's temple. Suddenly the bird went limp.

"Feather the bird," he said to his sister. She didn't move, only watched the cold blood-shot eyes of the pelican under its half-closed lids. "What are you staring at? Don't waste time, those forest guards will get us. Remember how they broke Gautam's hands. This is no time to worry over a dead bird."

She sat down on a stone near the bird. A bitter taste filled her mouth. She swallowed. Out from under the scales of leaves, red ants the size of her thumb-nail "feelered" their way towards the mound of feathers. They crawled up the beak and walked over the glazed eyes. They were scout ants, preparing the way for the armies to come.

She had always been afraid of ants. For her, they were the messengers of death, the ultimate humiliation. The morning after the storm when the goat shed collapsed, ants had reached the dead she-goat even before Aarti had. They marched along the wounds on its sides, climbed in and out of its ears, made their way down the nostrils, between the hooves, nibbled at the teats swollen with milk. Rank upon rank arrived, wave upon wave. Out of the black mud, from under the soggy palm leaves strewn by the storm, from old wood and cowdung cakes, red-brown and merciless.

Often she dreamed of ants. The night before her mother died, she had seen her as a giant ant walking at twilight along the jungle's edge. They found the woman's drowned body a mile up the waterway, the next day; ants had stormed her broken mud vessel of toddy lying among the stones.

Her father had befriended the ant hill behind the hut and nurtured it with sugar and milk kneaded into tiny fragments. He disappeared one day. His work at Bishaas Mashai's farm lay undone for weeks. Many say he had taken his own life because he felt alone. Aarti dreamt he was hidden in the ant hill. She soaked it in kerosene oil and set it ablaze.

After selling their hut and the patch of clay around it, they left Gosaba. Two miles down the waterway from Baghpara they bought a patch at the edge of the jungle, living off fish. Outside, from the branches of the jackfruit tree in season, a rain of ants fell with the breeze.

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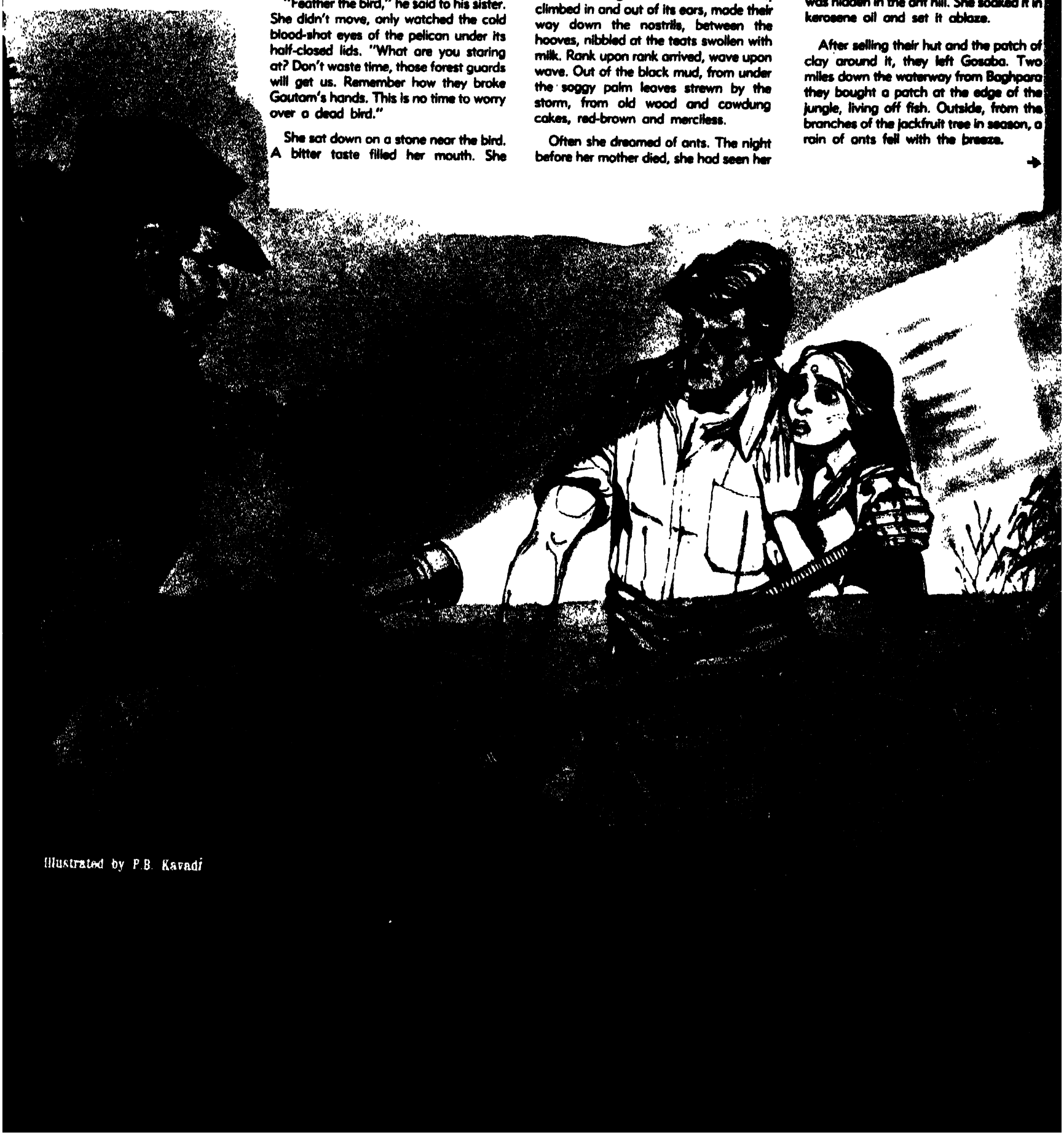

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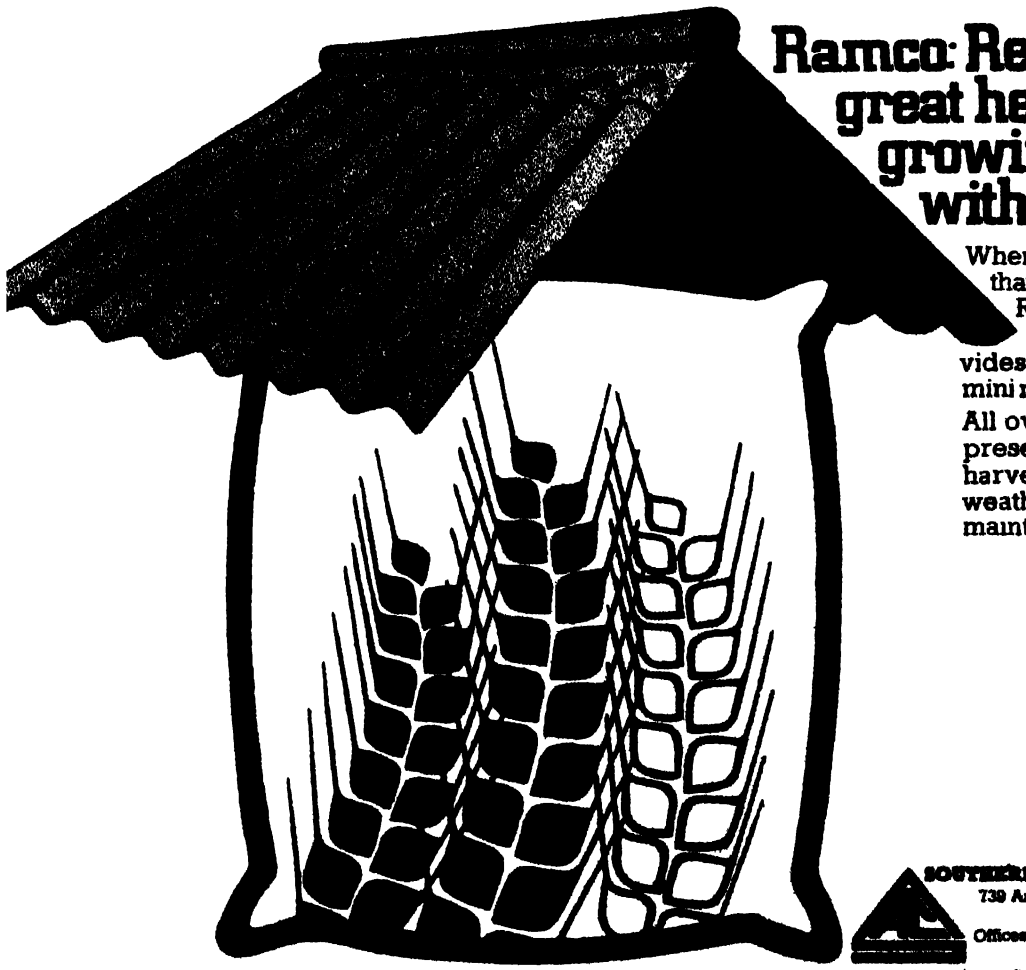

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The untamed mangrove jungles of the Sundarbans throbbed with tiger, cheetal, water birds, fish teeming the delta streams... and ants, beneath stones, leaves, bark, wherever there was life, wherever there was death.

"HOW can we go on like this?" he asked. "Understand one thing. This is our only chance. We must live by poaching too. We have to kill to live, it's as simple as that. We've got nothing left. There's only you and I. We have to survive. Look at me Aarti, are you crying?"

"No, I'm not. We are not animals that we should live this way. Let's go to Canning."

"You'll become a whore and I'll become a pimp, there's nothing else we can do. There is no money in Canning. Before you were born, we spent many years there. Father worked in a grain shop. We lived beyond the station. The marketplace was full of dirt and full of death."

"Everywhere you go, there is death."

"Here it is more open. We can survive."

"Is it important?"

"Yes. We must go on."

"Everywhere you look, life is *just* going on and on. Nothing changes. People who live here are no better off than ants."

"You're feeling alone. You need a man and a family."

"I can't stand this jungle anymore. Look around you. Crooked rotten roots, black mud that smells of a *murda* burning at the ghat, brown sickening water and rocks splashed with bird's droppings. And everywhere you look, ants. Can't you smell it? Everyone's dying. We can't get away from here..." she picked up a stone and flung it into the trees. A flock of pelicans exploded out of the green.

"Aarti, don't walk into the open, we might be seen. *Hai Bhogobaan...*"

"Don't call out to Him. Nothing will answer you. Only the cry of birds." She picked up another stone and helplessly swung it into the air. She walked back to him. She was crying. "Let's go to Canning."

"Killing a bird is easier than killing a man," he said after a silence. "It's also safer. We must live where we are living, fight till it's time you live with your husband."

She smiled to herself. "Husband. It's like dreaming of a world with no ants..." Aarti broke off as the vibrations of a motor boat broke the stillness. She scrambled to her brother's side, trampling on the upturned sharp edges of *sundari* roots, cutting the side of her foot. Blood started as the skin opened.

"Slowly, quiet, sit down here on this stone," said Ajitesh. "They mustn't hear us. Keep your head down." The sound of the motor approached and ceased close by. "They've cut the engine. They might be suspecting something." A red trickle of blood found its way into the mud. She watched the ants infest the pelican. A silence had fallen everywhere...

"They're in the clearing now. Keep your head down. Stop bothering about ants. Look, there they are. What's Bhoja the BSF man doing with them? He has a rifle on his shoulder."

"What will happen if they find us here?"

"Knowing Bhoja, he might even rape you."

Aarti's fifteen-year-old body stiffened. The pelican collected more ants.

WITH the sun behind the treetops, the motorboat moved away around the bend. Ajitesh dragged the bird to the water's edge and submerged it for some time. Clouds of red ants floated to the surface, struggled, then drowned.

They stretched its stiff wings and feathered the bird. Swiftly the knife skinned, gutted and dismembered the body, as Ajitesh quietly whistled to himself. A sweet smell of fishy meat hung in the air as they dragged the dinghy hidden among the bushes out into the water. Shadows followed them as they moved.

"The season of birds has only just begun," said Ajitesh, looking up at the darkening sky. "Before the sun rises and sets seven times, the jungle will be crying with water birds. Then I can use the net, the gum-trap, the smoking bamboo..."

"What's the easiest and most painless way to catch birds?"

"Nothing is painless, least of all catching birds. The net trap for instance. When we stretch the nets across from tree to tree we tie hooks of different sizes along its length and breadth. A bird trapped in the net is snared by sharp hooks as it struggles to get free..."

"How does it die?"

"When you hold the head between the thumb and forefinger and twist it around till you hear the bone snap... The gum trap is no gentler. Wood gum smeared on sticks hung up among the leaves stick to the bird on contact, even a short struggle further spreads the glue along the wing feathers. Then you hold..."

"Yes, I know what happens then .."

"The smoking bamboo trap is the least troublesome. We use a hollow bamboo. At night during roosting the mixture we burn in the mud *chatti* sends smoke up the wooden pipe into the treetops, suffocating the birds." Taking his sister's silence for interest he continued, "But this is all merciful when you think of the way they kill wild boar. They pack gunpowder and flint and metal pieces into a ball and cover it with *heeng* and flour. This is strewn along pig-trails. When a boar bites one, the bomb bursts and blows off half its head, I have seen a boar still half-alive running in circles..."

"Please. No more. I fear the season of birds," she said, breathing deep. "It only brings more ants; it brings the smell of wet feathers and blood..."

"It brings food."

"We lived on fish for so long and we were happy."

"Catching fish along the shore near Baghpara meant catching only *tengras* and eels and crabs and prawns. Enough for us to eat. Not enough, good enough to sell."

"But then we had enough. Why..."

"But cooking costs money. We need oil, *masala*. We need tar to patch up the boat. We need... there is money in poaching. Feathers are expensive. Ghosh Babu at Gosaba pays well for it."

"I cannot stay alone at home anymore. There is nothing. Nothing. Nothing for me to do. Wash the utensils, feed the goats, cook and wait. Sometimes I think you will never return. I feel so alone. I

imagine the guards have got you. I imagine you've been bitten. And strange things keep happening when I'm alone."

"What?"

"Well, I can't explain. I feel it and see it in the air around. That night you didn't return, I sat and waited on the stone outside the hut. Some jackals were crying near the lantana bushes. When I lifted the lantern towards them, their eyes glowed. Then I saw someone stand up. She was short and slim like Mother and she kept calling my name. Somewhere a *kaalobok* was calling from the tall grass near the waterside. And this woman never came near. She stood there and kept calling me. Ajitda, I swear, I saw her. She told me to feed sugar and flour to the ant hill near the jackfruit tree. Don't leave me alone."

"That's why I brought you along with me today."

"No, you are afraid I'll run away."

"You are imagining things."

"Where would you go if you ran away?"

"To Canning," she said, "to the whorehouse, disease and death." She laughed softly. She couldn't see his face but she knew he was hurt by her joke. So she tried to make him smile." You can marry then. It's time now, I think, for you to marry. You are many years older than I. Okay, *baba*, it is a joke."

AROUND them the jungle was festooned with fireflies. The smell of *sundari* roots, green mud, fish, water and animal dung grew. The waterway wound between wooded islands. The tide had fallen. The boat clicked and creaked. Oars sliced and pushed the water.

"Who's there?" a voice shouted from the foliage on the left. Aarti toppled into the water with a start. She splashed frantically like a wet bird and began hauling herself in when a torch beam scanned the water till it reached them.

Someone was holding the torch at an angle. The light threw him into shadow and lightly splashed three crouched figures behind him. They were skinning a *cheetal*, Ajitesh was sure, he had seen the antlers.

"Who's there?" the man shouted again. It was Bhoja, the Border Security Force guard with his rifle slung on his shoulder. "What are you doing here?"

"Shut up Bhoja, put the torch off, they'll see the *cheetal*," rasped one from the group.

"Let him go," said another. "Must be harmless. Collecting firewood."

Bhoja lowered his torch and turned around, "You are the forest guards, not me. I'm just trying to help." He didn't like being told to shut up. He walked down towards the bank and called out to Ajitesh again, "Hand over your weapons."

Aarti lay shivering in the boat. The Security Guard hadn't seen her. "Are you alone?" he called. Ajitesh didn't answer but quietly dropped his catapult with the pelican meat into the water. "Bring your boat alongside." The dinghy came closer and Bhoja saw the girl. "And does this belong to you? Stand up, woman." He flashed the torch across their faces. "You live nearby?"

"Two miles from Baghpara."

"How is she related to you?" Silence. "Speak up man, how is she related to you?" Bhoja kept the torch on Aarti, on her frayed sari, her small breasts, her bony hands, her large ungainly nose and close set eyes.

"She's my wife," said Ajitesh.

"Married? Liar."

"I bought her. She belongs to me."

Bhoja didn't listen anymore, he waded into the water to the side of the boat. There was no resistence. Her breath was caught in her small throat. Ajitesh couldn't move. He didn't know why. He wanted to do something. Smash the man's head with his oar. Make him into pulp. Break his neck like a bird. "You swine," was all he could say, and that too, under his breath.

IT was only when he heard her crying that he was propelled out of the boat. Thrashing through the waist deep water, he stumbled on shore. The torch lay on the ground lighting up grotesque shadows. Ajitesh snatched the rifle from Bhoja's loose grasp. The Guard's reflexes were slow at that moment. His rifle butt hit him between his shoulders and he blacked out, falling heavily.

"Don't Ajitda, don't kill a man," his sister was crying. The group arrived through the thicket and froze when they came into the pool of light the torch flung on the ground.

"If you kill him," one was saying," you will be hunted like an animal. We know you. We will get you."

Ajitesh pressed the trigger. The rifle jumped in his hand. Bhoja's knee-cap opened like a cauliflower. "You come closer," shouted Ajitesh, "and I'll make holes in you." Suddenly panic gripped him. He did not know how to work the bolt. The rifle was useless. He edged away slowly with his sister close beside him into the undergrowth. Bhoja rolled towards the waterside, striking a tree trunk. He was breathing like an old boat.

"Don't you come any closer or I'll shoot," rasped Ajitesh, backing into the dark. The night air was crowded with water-birds crying. Wet feathers spiralled down.

"They've gone," said one from the group and scrambled towards Bhoja where he lay in a moaning heap.

"Sink the bastard's boat, Bimalda, give me the axe. Give it here. I want to do it."

"I'll do it," Bimal said and swung the axe into the side of the dinghy. The vessel spun around, lurching under the blows. Each time the blade hacked into its side, it tilted towards the water's skin. Suddenly the skin split and the splintered wreck entered the opening and disappeared.

A pelican slid overhead into the trees beyond. Somewhere a night heron called. The fireflies returned. The water began wheezing softly again. ■

A WEALTHY Chicago woman sat for a portrait and when the artist was finished she expressed her displeasure. "I don't like it at all. The last time you painted me, I was gorgeous."

"Forgive me, Madam," he said, "but when I painted that picture, I was ten years younger."

FIRST grader. "We learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' today."
Father: "You did?"
First grader: "Yeah!"

THE company president told his sales manager, "To lessen consumer criticism, I've decided to offer a 10-year guarantee on our product."

"But, chief," the manager protested, "our product falls apart in three years."

"I know," said the president, "but we'll print the guarantee on paper that falls apart in two years."

A BUSINESSMAN who couldn't sleep nights, had tried several remedies, but nothing helped. So finally, he asked his doctors: "What about this twilight sleep treatment I've been hearing about?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "We just use that for labour."

"Well that sounds pretty one-sided to me," the executive complained, "haven't you got anything like it for management?"

"WELL, how is your insomnia? Did you take my advice?" Dan asked Jack.

"Yes," answered Jack, "and it was rotten advice, too."
"Why, what happened?"

"Well," explained Jack, "I got into bed and started counting sheep jumping over a fence. When I had counted to 24,510, I was so determined to make it 30,000 that I had to get up and make myself some black coffee in order to keep awake!"

AN overworked supervisor came down with a severe cold. First his voice became slightly hoarse, then extremely hoarse. Finally it gave out entirely. To show that he had not lost his sense of humour, he placed a sign on his desk that read, "Sorry, folks. Sound's out."

One of his employees, after looking at his miserable and haggard face placed a second sign beside the first: "Picture is terrible, too."

SPEAKER after speaker after speaker addressed the audience. Boredom replaced discomfort, which in turn increased the boredom. Therefore, when the master of ceremonies rose and started, "John Jones will now present his address," that is exactly what happened. Jones rose, walked to the rostrum, and spoke: "I live at 1914 Stoker Drive. Drop in for a visit." Jones returned to his seat. The audience applauded wildly.

THE man and his son came out of a pet shop with the youngster carefully and proudly carrying a covered box. They boarded the bus for the trip home, and just as they had settled themselves, the youngster asked in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear: "Daddy, is my kitten a man or a lady?"

"Why, it's a man-kitten," replied the father.

"How do you know?" asked the youngster.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief when the father spoke up: "Well you can see he has whiskers, hasn't he?"

"He is neither a 'yogi' nor does he intend setting any world record—he is merely on an 'indefinite strike'."

A TEACHER was taking her first golf lesson. "Is the word spelled "Put" or "Putt"?" she asked the instructor.

"Putt is correct," he replied. "Put" means to place a thing where you want it. "Putt" means a vain attempt to do the same thing."

A SHOPLIFTER, caught stealing a ring in a jewellery store, pleaded, "Don't call the police. I'll be glad to pay for it."

When the cashier presented him the bill, he said, "That's a little more than I planned to spend. Could you show me something less expensive?"

AS the young stalwart entered the clubroom he received a hearty greeting from most of the members present. "He seems very popular," a visitor said to a member. "Is he one of your prominent sportsmen?"

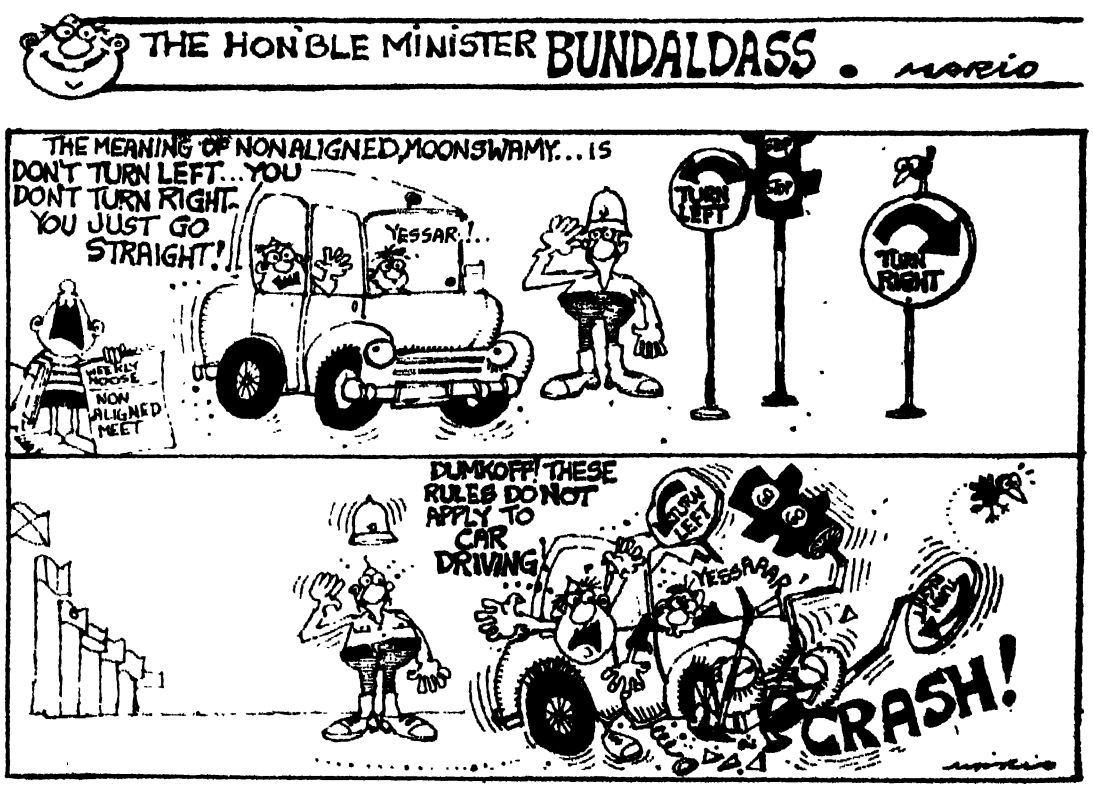
"No, but he distinguished himself by a bit of quick thinking, the other day when the circus was here. The tiger escaped, and the young man..."

"Saved someone's life," interrupted the visitor eyeing the hero admiringly.

"No, while everybody else was screaming and rushing about to escape, he walked coolly into the tiger's cage and locked himself in."

IF lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, and drycleaners depressed?

A FOOTBALL coach called his players together in the locker room before the first big game of the season. "Now remember, men," he said, "Football is a game which develops courage, leadership and, above all, individual initiative. Now get out there and do exactly what I tell you!"



THE man's car stalled in heavy traffic as the light turned green. All his efforts to start the engine failed and a steady chorus of honking behind him, made matters worse. He finally got out of his car and walked back to the first driver. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but I just can't seem to get my car started. If you'll go up there and give it a try, I'll stay here and blow your horn for you."

A FELLOW bought a country estate and turned it into a game preserve. Pestered by persistent poachers, he posted a series of "No Trespassing" signs without effect. Finally he put up his warning: "Anyone Entering This Property Without Protective Clothing May Sustain Radiation Burns."

Suspecting something lethal in the briar patch, the sheriff confronted the landowner with, "Just what does that sign mean?"

The man replied, "It means anybody coming on my place naked is likely to get sunburn."

THE editor of a newspaper was questioning a reporter who had covered a political rally. "What did the candidate say?" he asked.
"Nothing," said the reporter.
"OK," said the editor. "Keep it down to one column."

AS the judge was stepping down from the bench one day, he tripped on the top step and fell all the way to the floor. An astonished court attendant rushed to his aid, and said: "I hope Your Honor is not hurt, sir."

"No," said the judge, "my honor is still intact, but I think I've broken my leg."

THE editor of a small weekly newspaper, incensed over several government bills which had recently been passed, ran a scathing editorial under the headline: half our legislators are crooks.

Many prominent local politicians brought pressure on him to make him retract the statement. Finally, he agreed and ran an apology under the headline: Half our legislators are not crooks.

YOUNG Tommy's parents were trying to teach him the value of money. To cut down on his spending, they made him keep an exact account of how he spent his allowance each week. One day, he remarked to them, "You know, since I have to write everything down, I really stop and think before I buy things."

The parents were congratulating themselves silently when Tommy continued, "I just don't buy anything that's hard to spell."

SALESMAN: "I got two orders today."
Boss: "Splendid. What were they?"
Salesman: "Get out and stay out."

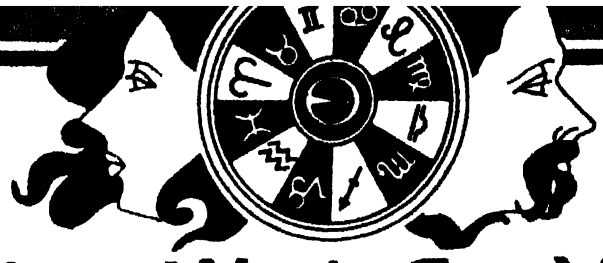
COMPUTERS will never replace man entirely until they learn to laugh at the boss' jokes.

ONE of the greatest mysteries of life is how the boy who was not good enough to marry the daughter can be the father of the smartest grandchild in the world.

WANTING to test her children's powers of deduction, a teacher told them to write down what they would think if they went into a room and found cobwebs there. Each child in the class, except one, gave her the answers she had hoped for: That the room had not been dusted lately; that it had not been in use; that the person responsible was dirty and lazy. Jennifer's answer was sublime in its simplicity and refusal to jump to fanciful conclusions. She wrote: "A spider had been there."

Compiled by R. Ramadorai

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep



Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Domestic matters should not be allowed to interfere with career/business activities. Respect the advice of seniors while faced with responsible tasks A temporary separation from loved ones cannot be ruled out. Invest carefully in land, buildings and the agricultural sphere. Midweek your must slow down activities.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

An outing either on duty or pleasure will be an ideal proposition this week. Don't displease seniors on petty grounds. Generation gaps should not be allowed to complicate domestic matters. Writers and artists will be at their best this week. Scientists should not be in an unnecessary hurry to air their findings.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar. 20

Finances and career look up from this week onwards. A trip abroad will be arranged without difficulty. Rely only on banks and reputed financial institutions to meet your requirements. Brothers and sisters must be taken into confidence during important discussions regarding property and family affairs.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Your constructive approach to all things and a sporting outlook on life will be much appreciated. Sportsmen and army and police officials will be at their best this week. You will willingly accept an invitation to join a club or contest an election that comes your way midweek. Your purse will be strained.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

Worries and anxieties concerning your life or business partner will engross you considerably. Debts and liabilities will go on increasing and the flow of funds will be insufficient to meet your requirements, at least for the time being. Labour problems may frequently disturb industrialists and factory owners.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

This is a week for socialising and taking the fullest advantage of group activities to better your career and business prospects. Elders will be busy finalising a long-delayed marriage. Your comfortable situation may tempt you to go in for the purpose of a lot of luxury goods and valuable articles.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

A pleasant and happy period is ahead of you. You will lead a team or a committee and establish yourself as a group leader. A large gathering of irate citizens will inspire you to deal with the local problems. Be sympathetic to their cause. Respond to friendly overtures from others.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

The events that take place this week will not only enhance your status and position but bring you greater responsibilities with more powers to execute Heads of organisations and management experts will shine in their respective fields. Youngsters should make every effort to go abroad now.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug 22-Sept. 23

Problems concerning the younger generation will now come to a head. Hypertension and diabetic patients should adopt preventive measures right away or else their conditions will deteriorate. Older persons of the opposite sex will develop unnecessary prejudices against you and cause all much concern.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct 23

Your keen sense of justice and fair-play is likely to be offended and you will fight against it just to prove your point. Physical and mental exertion will exhaust you considerably. Try to restrict expenses on unnecessary luxuries in the next few weeks. Sportsmen and artists will be at their best this week.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

Don't break existing ties while forging new ones. The generation gap should not be allowed to widen beyond a certain limit. Adopt conciliatory methods to prevent a break-up. Labour problems are likely to assume serious dimensions. Those in service may get lighter assignments.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov. 23-Dec. 20

A lucky and happy period is ahead of you. Hobbies and pastime interests will flourish. Love ties blossom and finally turn into a happy union. This is a week for socialising and taking part in public meetings. Health will be delicate and you must rest and relax as much as possible. Business will be brisk midweek.

STAR FOCUS — This Year For Ariens

Persons born between March 21 and April 20 come under this sign of the Ram. Ariens have abundant energy, an enterprising spirit, are great lovers of freedom, warm hearted and somewhat combative and erratic, as well.

During the current year, Saturn is going to transit in the seventh and eighth signs from the birth sun which betokens restrictions and limitations. It suggests that most of you have to move cautiously and carefully throughout the year. Any hasty actions mean frustration, disappointment and dislocation in career, business or vocation. No changes are advisable unless someone leaves you high and dry in the middle of the year.

The younger generation should seek stability in career and elders should look after their health. The middle-aged will have to bear various burdens with patience and tenacity.

There are indications of romance and a gay life between July and October. This period brings some sort of consolation but you must be prepared to give it all up in the face of unusual developments between November 1983 and February 1984. Those Ariens born at sun-set will be luckier than the rest. Those born at midnight should curb speculation and should not take any out-of-the-way chances. Those born at high noon will have a tolerably good period provided they are sociable and have a sporting outlook on life and follow a policy of give and take.

Sunday, March 20

Restrict your ambitions to your present activities and carry on with the routine. Take care and be tactful in all your dealings. Guard against possible ill-health. Curb investments.

Monday, March 21

You will be weighed down by excess burdens and will be under tremendous pressure. In desperation, you will venture out on a new activity in the middle of the year and that may prove unprofitable.

Tuesday, March 22

You are likely to be over-optimistic this year. You may be caught in the company of undesirable friends and associates who will embarrass you and do nothing for your status and prestige.

Wednesday, March 23

You will be keen on widening the horizon and your field of activities. Till May and again in November/December you will achieve something worthwhile. Mid-1983 is a tricky period when new changes and experiments must be avoided.

Thursday, March 24

This is going to be a year of steady progress. From now onwards until the end of May you will expand your business. Similar luck does not hold good between July and September.

Friday, March 25

An interesting and stimulating year. Do not neglect seniors, elders and those in authority between July and September. The last quarter of the year is good. Youngsters will indulge in romance in July/August.

Saturday, March 26

The year promises several opportunities to re-organise your business. You will adjust well to the swiftly changing circumstances. Until May things will go your way. Don't be in too much of a hurry especially in April, August and November.

SEXES

The Two Pay Cheque Couple

By C. Raju

A man will even face eternity if only someone will cater to his ego. The more a woman appreciates a man's abilities, the greater the chances for him to succeed. Boost up a man's ego and he will appreciate the gift for the rest of his life.

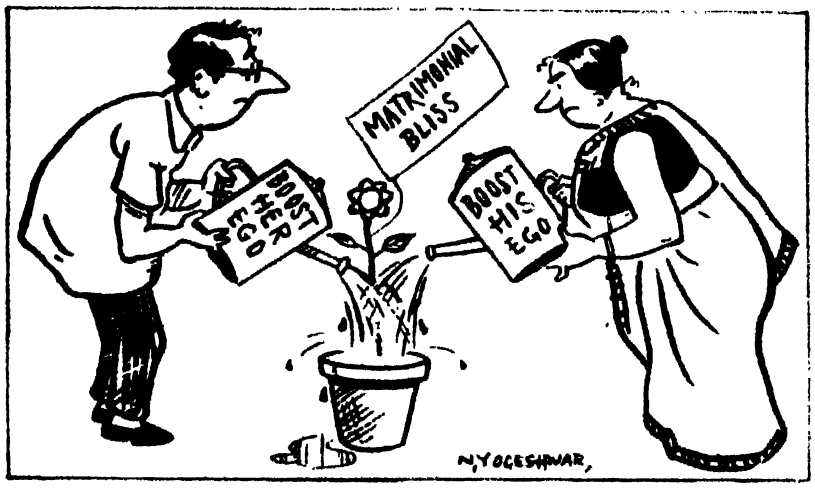
MRS. JOSHI wonders what has gone wrong with her Husband. There was a time when he used to appreciate every little suggestion of hers in buying curtains, bedsheets or clothes for the children. Now he does not volunteer to help her in anyway. He frowns ominously if she so much as straightens his wrinkle or pushes back his curls. He just grumbles over every little thing. And this has happened ever since Mrs. Joshi started working as a stenographer to supplement her husband's income.

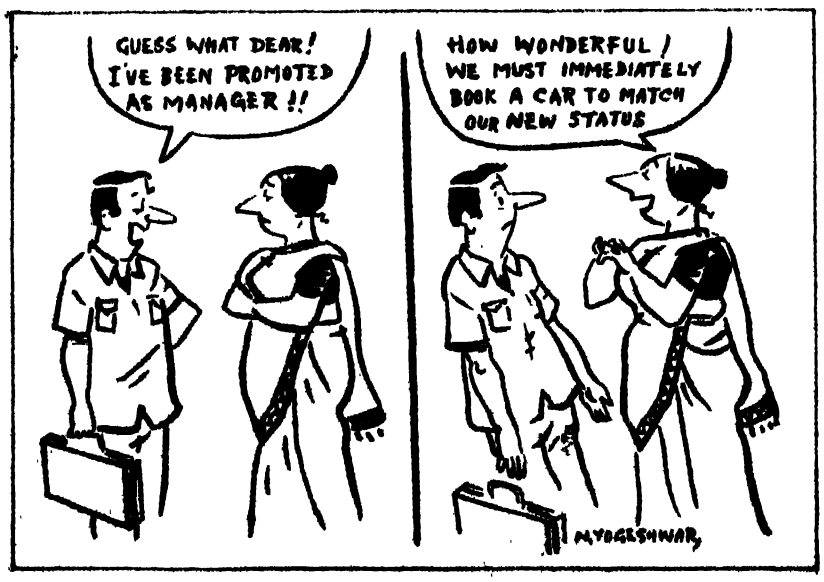
Though Mr. Joshi apparently accepted her decision to work, he could not reconcile himself with her decision emotionally and hence all these tantrums. A working wife makes him feel inadequate, as he was once the only bread-winner in the house. That is why he has become defensive and over-sensitive to real or imaginary situations that threaten his masculinity. Mrs. Joshi undermined his ego further by nagging and criticising which are generally known to be the prerogatives of a woman. In a complex and competitive society an average man is subject to continuous assaults on his ego. This makes him develop what psychologists call a 'defence mechanism' which upsets whatever quantum of harmony that may prevail at home. Every woman has her own ego to look after but psychologists, (who are invariably males,) believe that the male is far more vulnerable.

Package Deal

In earlier times a man's life was simpler. It was worth while if he could bring back enough to run the house. But today a man has to walk a tightrope over an abyss which threatens to engulf him any moment. He is not content with being merely a wage earner. He wants to be as well off as the next man. He wants to rise to the top of his profession. This cut-throat competition causes a great deal of tension and punches holes in his ego which he tries to fill up with similar attitudes as Mr Joshi's. Apart from this, a modern woman expects her husband to be a carpenter, a mason, an electrician, and compassionate father, an understanding brother and the life and soul of the party (which she loves to throw to boost up her ego,) and ofcourse a considerate husband at night!

It is hardly possible for any man to have these composite combinations. When he returns home his primary need is a balm for his bruised ego and what he gets is complaints galore, nagging and criticism. The most delicate and often intractable situations involve money, children and sex. A husband's income is very important to him. It often represents the barometer of his success. Sometimes it may happen that a husband proudly declares: "Shanta, I have become the Manager of International Ltd." This may often set in various chain reactions and a wife like Shanta must learn to cope successfully with Mr. Rao's success. A man's promotion may often mean extra strain for the wife. The husband has to face new responsibilities and is under greater stress. The wife has not only to cope with the stress of her husband but also with the jealous whispers of Gauri, Nalini and Vimla at the club. The boss will often hint that now that he has become the Manager, he should not be so chummy with his former colleagues. There is a hierarchy almost like a caste system between executives and employees in the lower cadre. As we often learn, the employees of the firm being one big happy family is just a myth. Often the wife has no choice but to cut off friendships with her former friends who are wives of subordinate employees.. At times a woman may feel that she would rather have her husband than his success. In such a situation it is necessary that husband and wife have a frank tete-a-tete and decide on their priorities; whether they aspire for success or family harmony. The proverbial tale of the cake which cannot be kept and eaten arises and one must decide between the two. A man's ego suffers appreciably, if his wife overspends or yearns for luxuries that are beyond his means. . This becomes even more destructive if the wife makes her husband feel inadequate by flaunting her own contribution to the family fund. Every man longs for respect and obedience from his children. Since both are at a discount today, he may very easily feel incompetent in some way.





Sanctum Sanctorum

The bed-room is a sanctuary where pleasure and tragedy lurk. And the biggest challenge to a man's ego takes place in bed A generation ago men were brought up to expect women to be mere instruments of pleasure, a woman's needs often went unheeded. Sometimes the wife might be tired or smarting from a quarrel with the grocer or a neighbour,or just upset by an unsavoury remark and would prefer to be left alone. This perfectly reasonable behaviour however, causes a severe dent in the man's ego. And he goes about sulking like a beaten dog—howling that he has been maltreated.

In such cases an understanding wife can render a vital service to herself, her marriage, and to her ego-stunted husband. Her first concern nevertheless should be to take the pressure off when her husband is in some kind of stress. A frank talk, (but not too frank,) will often work wonders. Sometimes a man may not like to tell his wife that he had a tiff with the boss or that he has failed to clinch a deal. A wife's job is to smoothen out her husband's crinkled ego.

A wife will prove prudent if she postpones all decisions that may involve arguments, until her husband is relieved of stress. Marriage may be an imperfect alliance striving for perfection, and both the wife and the husband may have their faults. Nobody is perfect. What is needed is a positive attitude on the part of both. A husband may annoy his wife in many ways, but that hardly gives her reason enough to enumerate and tabulate his faults. Its worth remembering that a man's life may be transformed by an honest expression of appreciation from his wife. The same thing is applicable to the woman as well.

Tact as we are well aware, is required both in business and in marriage. Whenever you quarrel, attack the deed, but not the person. Do not say: "You are mean and hateful." Isn't it better to say: "What you said is mean and hateful." And the golden rule is not to drag previous resentments into your argument. It is believed that men usually have more difficulty in talking about themselves and their frustrations than women do!

What about a wife's ego then? Is it to be submerged or annihilated? No certainly not. Everyone is entitled to his or her ego. It is only natural that a husband will be able to help the wife better, if his own ego is healthy. In the long run, it will surely pay good dividends if a wife learns to take the back seat, when her husband's ego is under stress. It is necessary for a wife in the interest of marital harmony to boost up her husband's ego and to give him a vote of confidence whenever required. At least the returns are often tempting..... the Kanjeevaram sari, perhaps? ■

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PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

ON EDEN... AS ANIMALS RECOVER FROM SLEEPING GAS...
THEY'RE STARTING TO WAKE...

THEY LOOK LIKE THEY HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK.. IF IT WASN'T FOR HZZ, IT WOULD BE FUNNY...

CAPT. BLAD
ANIMAL DEALER
THIS ONE'S STRONG AS A BULL! GET HIM.. OR IT... LOCKED UP FAST!

WHAT.. ARE THESE THINGS?
LIKE NOTHING I EVER SAW!
RIGHT! LIKE NOTHING ANYBODY EVER SAW!

BLADE, YOU TOOK THE WRONG MONSTERS! THIS STEGOSAURUS ...EXTINCT FOR 100 MILLION YEARS!
RELAX, CON. IF HE'S BEEN AROUND THAT LONG, HE'LL WAIT.

"THE MISSING LINK FAMILY!" I'LL SHOW THEM ALL OVER THE WORLD! UNIQUE! ONE OF A KIND! MAKE A FORTUNE.
SY BARRY 11/7

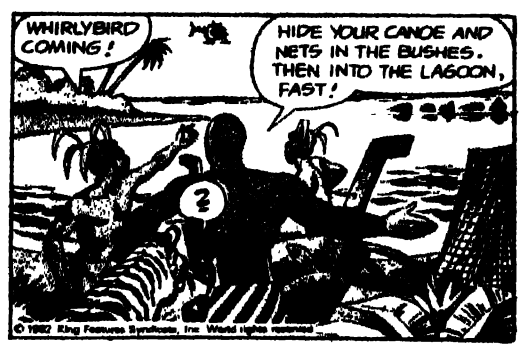
BIG ONE'S WAKING UP. SPRAY MORE GAS... KEEP HIM ASLEEP, UNTIL WE GET THE OTHERS BEHIND BARS!

WHOEVER GOT HZZ IS IN FOR TROUBLE.. LIKE CAPTURING A LIVE ATOM BOMB!
PURR.. PURR..
HSSS
CONT'D.

FIRST, THEY SHOOT AT HZZ.. AND STEGY. NOT WORK. THEN MADE FOG... ALL SLEEP...
DRUG DARTS... FAILED TO PENETRATE THEIR STONY HIDES. THEN THEY USED SLEEPING GAS.
THEY TOOK THE CAVE MONSTER FAMILY... WANTED STEGY TOO... NOT ENOUGH ROOM IN THEIR CHOPPER. THAT MEANS.. THEY'LL BE BACK...
HISSS...

LOOK AT THOSE WEIRD MONSTERS! THE "MISSING LINK" FAMILY. NOBODY EVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THEM. WORTH A FORTUNE!
HZZ...

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE...THE STEGOSAURUS? EXTINCT!
I'LL GET HIM...OR IT. ALSO A FEW MORE SPECIMENS FROM THAT GOLD MINE OF AN ISLAND!
CAPT. BLAD
ANIMAL DEALER


WHIRLYBIRD COMING!
HIDE YOUR CANOE AND NETS IN THE BUSHES. THEN INTO THE LAGOON, FAST!
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LOOK AT THAT GOLD MINE... ON THE HOOF! ALL MINE!

THERE GOES THE GAS BOMB! PUT THEM ALL TO SLEEP!
SY BARRY 11/14
?!
VOOM
CONT'D

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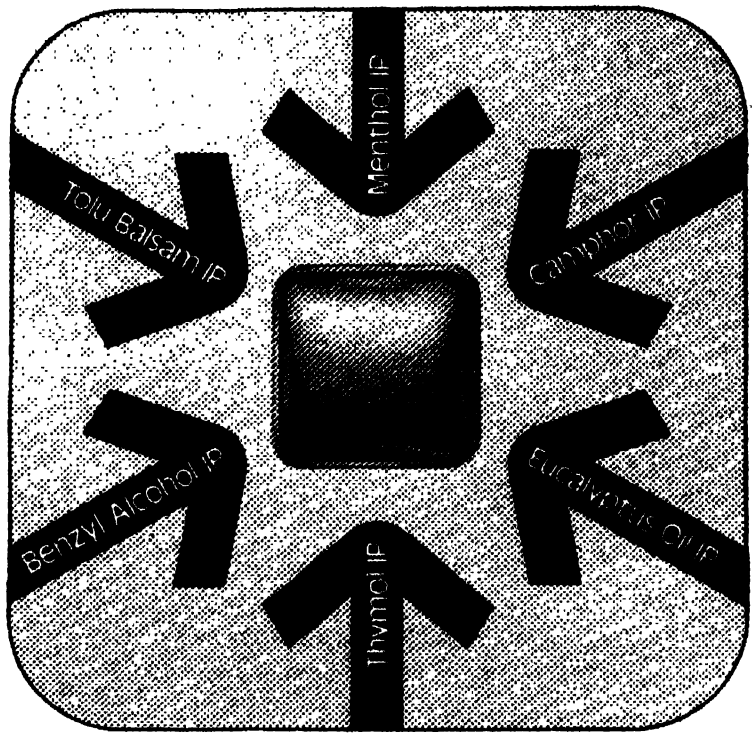
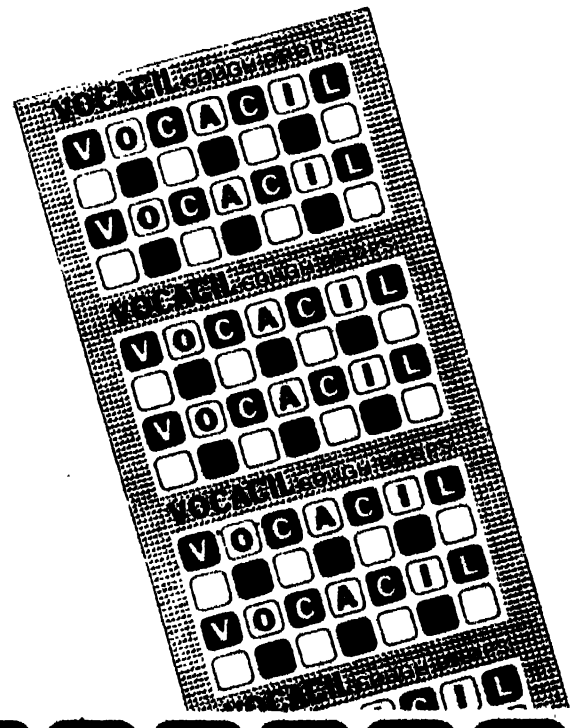
Six ways of soothing a sore throat.



With one Vocacil.



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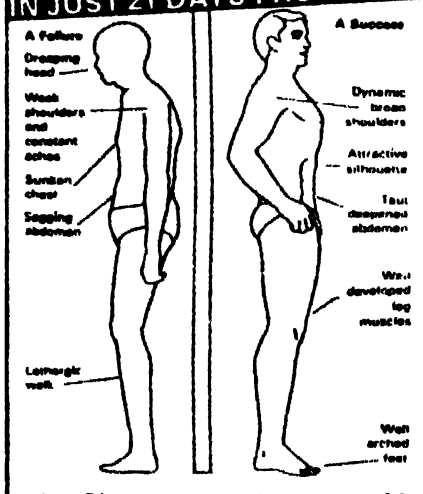

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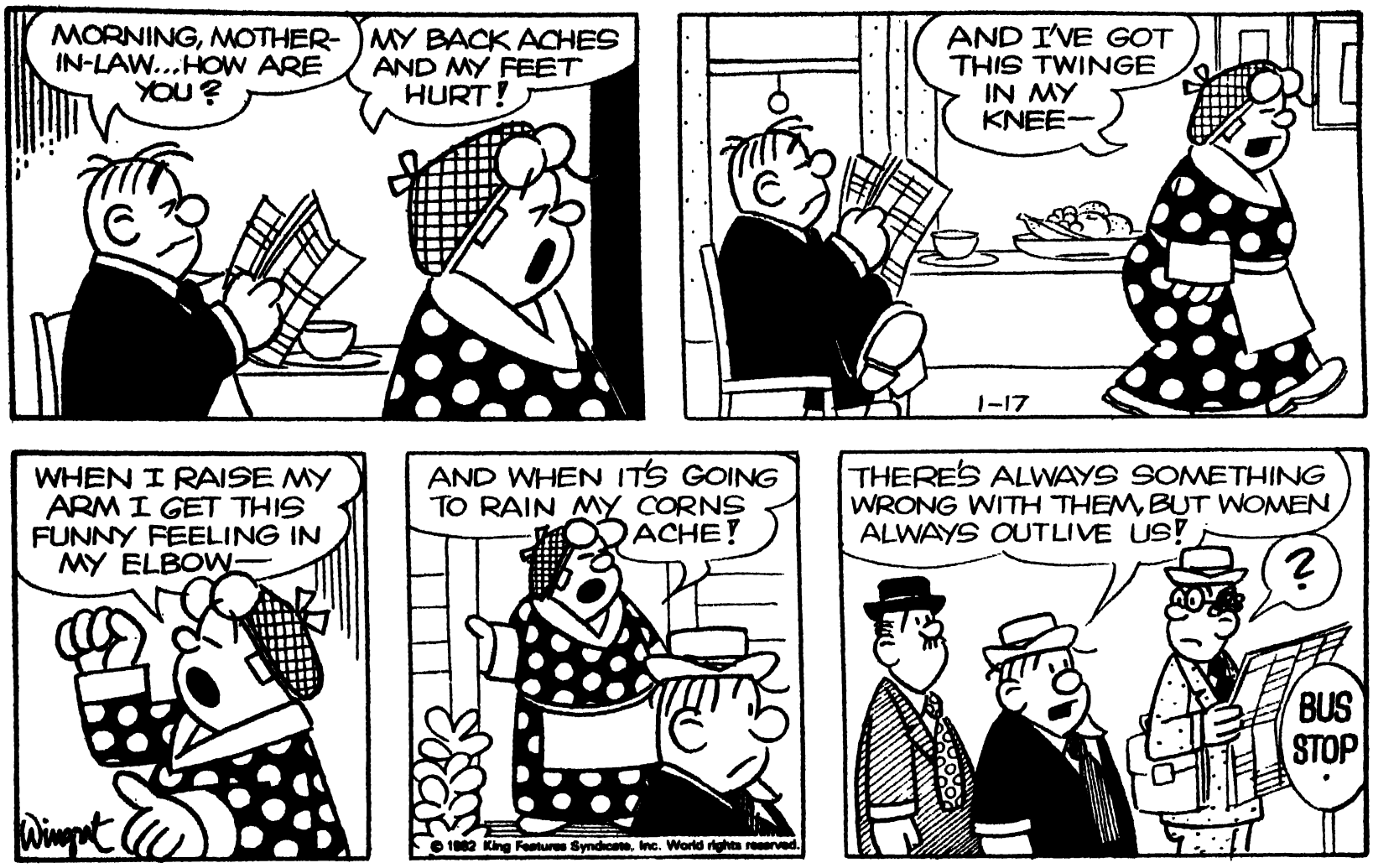
Abha

HUBERT

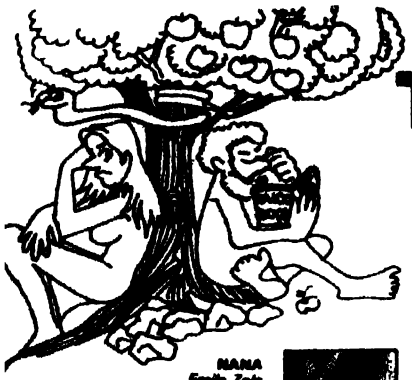
by Dick Wingert



Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham

Ciao, Columbia



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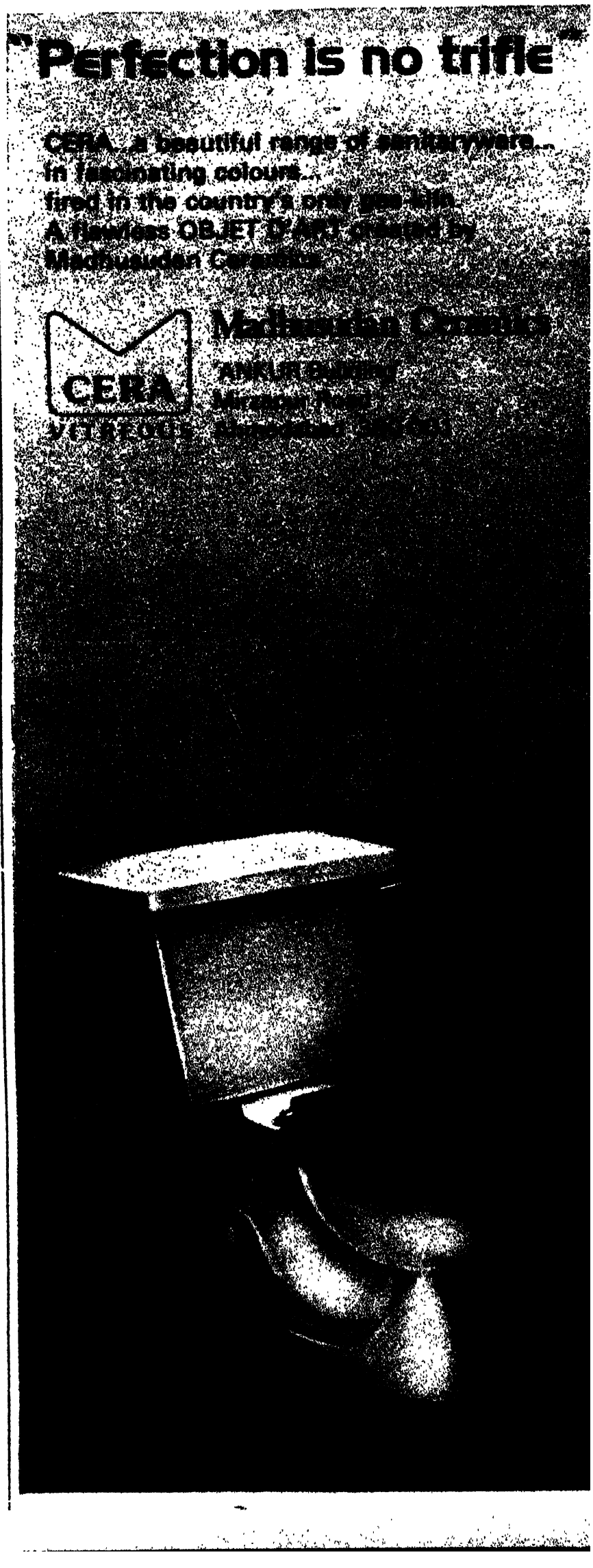

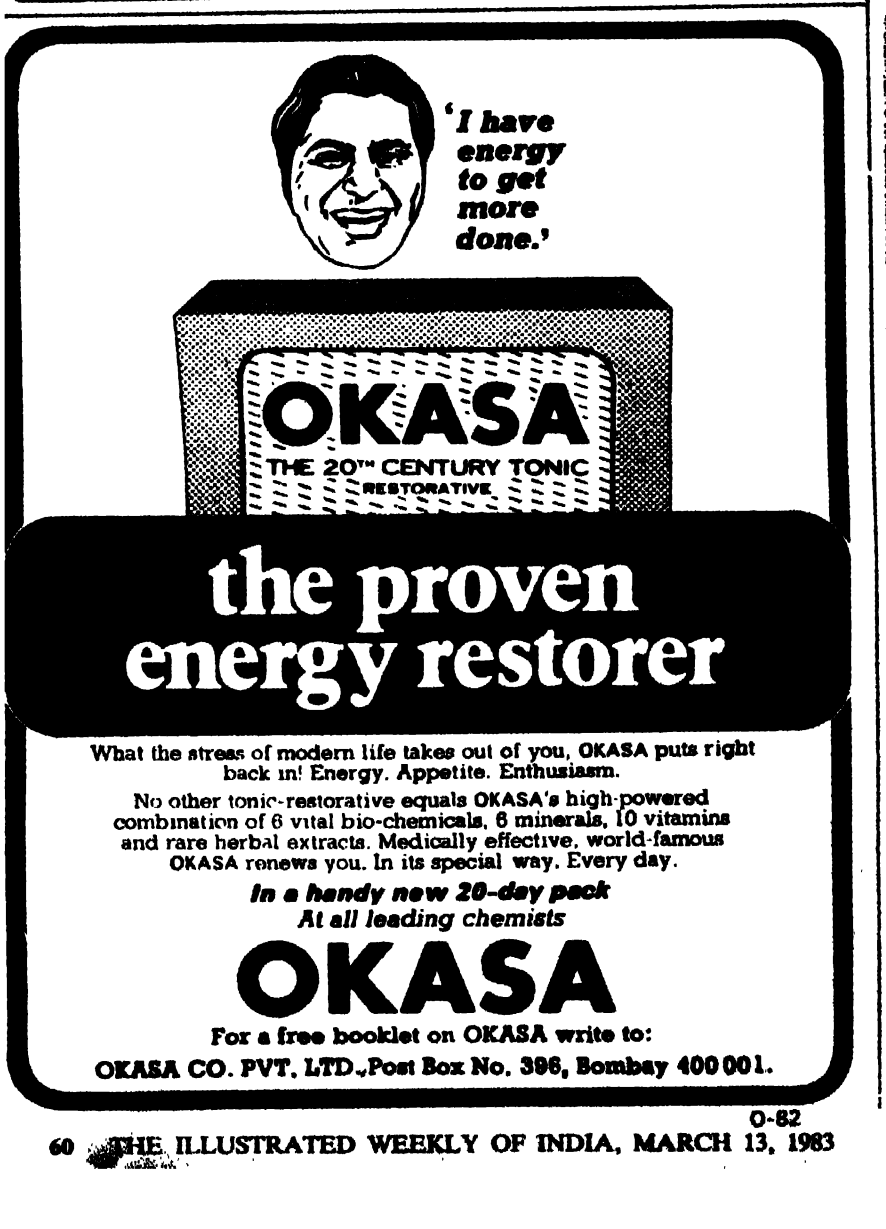

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O-82

This Week's Bridge
Calcutta Invitation Tournament-IV.

A PAIRS event preceded the Invitation Team event at the International Invitation tournament organised by the Saturday Club, Calcutta, and the West Bengal Bridge Association last January at Calcutta.

Several top pairs from all over India, pairs from Indonesia, Pakistan and Bangladesh, and the leading pairs of Bengal comprised the starting field. Most of the leading pairs made it through the First elimination, except for the Pakistanis Fazli—Isphani and Bengal's Kamal Roy—Subinoy Ghosh. There were a few shock eliminations in the semifinals, the biggest surprise being the elimination of Pakistani super stars Zia Mahmood—Masood Salim. Jimmy Mehta—Sharad Mhatre and Govind Singha—Prashanto Ghosh were other notable casualties.

In the 32 pair final field the favourites were Robi Roy—Sukha Ranjan Ghosh and the top Indonesians Sacul-Waluyan and Aguw-Lasut. But a less fancied pair got into the lead after eight rounds, and led all the way up to the end, winning eventually by over four top boards—Vigyan Gupta and N. Acharjee. This Delhi-Calcutta combination, playing together for the first time, beat several pairs of International renown to carve out an incredible win. Vigyan Gupta, in particular, according to his partner, played as well as he has ever done in his life. High praise indeed, and considering that Vigyan is about 75 years old, this must be an achievement without parallel.

One of the most interesting deals in the finals was this one.

West	East
♠83	♠AQ6
♥A64	♥KQJ1053
♦Q8752	♦AK63
♣AQ3	♣Void

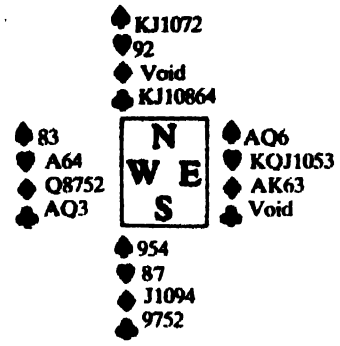
Jaggy Shivdasani and I played this board against Sukha Ranjan Ghosh, West, and Robi Roy, East. The bidding, with North dealer and neither side vulnerable, went:

West	North	East	South
	P	1C (i)	P
1D (ii)	2C	2H	P
3C	P	3D	P
4C	P	4S	P
4NT(iii)	P	5C(iv)	P
5NT	P	6D	P
6NT	P	7H	P
P	D'ble	P	P
P			

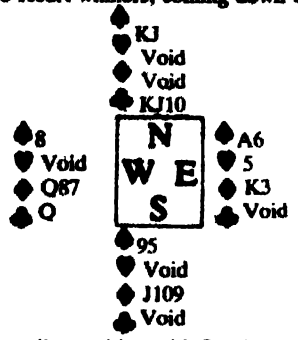
(i) 1C: 18 up
(ii) 1D:) Either 0-7, or 8 up Diamond suit.
(iii) Roman Key Card Blackwood
(iv) 2Aces, King of Diamonds, no Queen of Diamonds.

During this auction, which seemed a pretty confused one at the table, and indeed it was, Suku Ghosh needed to cue bid Clubs to clarify that his One Diamond bid was the 8 up Diamond suit variety, and cue bid again to show first round Club control, thereafter being unable to show his Heart fit until he bid Five No Trumps confirming all Aces. At this stage, I feel that Robi should have bid Seven No Trumps, since Suku's Five No Trumps, with the Diamond suit agreed, promised not only all the Aces but also the Queen of Diamonds. Be that as it may, the auction subsided in Seven Hearts when Jaggy, North, Doubled.

Even now Robi might have pulled to Seven No Trumps, but the earlier confusion probably prevented him from doing so. After the Double, I had an easy Diamond lead as South, which Jaggy ruffed, for down one. But if Robi had moved to Seven No Trumps, they would have got a top, because a player of Suku Ghosh's calibre—and that is very high calibre indeed—would have made the contract easily. This was the whole hand:



Jaggy, North, would certainly have led a Spade against Seven No Trumps, putting pressure on declarer at trick one. But after the Lightner Double of seven Hearts, more or less pin pointing the Diamond void in the North hand, declarer needs the Spade finesse, so Suku would doubtless have taken it. And now there is an easy Double squeeze for thirteen tricks. Declarer cashes the Ace of Diamonds just to confirm the Diamond void, the Ace of Hearts, the Ace of Coubs pitching a Diamond from dummy, and runs off four more Heart winners, coming down to:



or a similar position with South guarding the Diamonds, North Spades and Clubs. When dummy's last Heart is played, South must discard a Spade, to keep the Diamonds guarded. Declarer discards a Diamond, since that threat is no longer required. North discards a Club, painlessly enough, but when the King and Queen of Diamonds are cashed, North feels the pinch. If he discards a Spade, dummy's six of Spades is high-remember that South had to come down to a singleton Spade to keep the Diamonds guarded.

And if North discards both his Clubs, declarer's Queen becomes high.

The actual results on this board varied from three pairs down one in Seven Hearts Doubled, four making seven Hearts, a few in six Hearts, making six or seven, and one remarkable result: North opened two Clubs, East Doubled, South bid five Clubs, West Doubled and everyone Passed. East West failed to collect their Spade ruff, and got only 500 in exchange for their Grand Slam. Who were North and South?

Vigyan Gupta and N. Acharjee, of course.

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Timely Centre Action

ENEMY King side attacking plans can be halted by aggressive action in the centre at the critical moment. In the games of position Nos. 311 and 312 Black's advance ...d5! distracts White.

Szmaplk-Hort (Luzern, 1982)

1.e4, c5 2.Nf3, d6 3.d4, cxd4 4.Nxd4, Nf6 5.Nc3, Nc6 6.f4, e5 7.Nf3, Be7 8.Bd3, Qb6! 9.Rb1, 00 10.Qe2, Bg4 11.Be3, Qa5 12.Bd2, Rfe8 13.f5?!, Qc7 14.Qf2, d5! 15.Ng5!?, Nd4 16.h3, Bc5! 17.Qh4...

Position No 311: 17...Bxf5! 18.Rf1, h6! 19.exf5, e4! 20.Bb5, e3! 21.Bxe8, Rxe8 22.Nf3, Nxf5 23.Nb5, exd2ch 24.Kxd2, Qa5ch 25.b4, Be3ch 26.Kd1, Qxb5 27.Qe1, Bf4; 0-1.

Sicilian Defence.

6.f4) More usual variations are 6.Bg5 (Richter Attack) 6.Be2) (Boleslavsky system). 6.Be3, 6.Nb3 and 6.g3 are also interesting alternatives.

Ermenkov-Szabo, Sofia 1981: 6.f4, Bd7 7.Nb3, g6 8.Be2,, Bg7 9.00, 00 10.Kh1, a5 11.a4 (draw, 71).

8.Bd3) Moskovsky-Weingold, Riga 1980: 8.Be4, Be6 9.Bb3, 00 10.f5, Bxb3 11.cxb3, Qb6 12.Bg5, Nxe4?! 13.Nxe4, Qb4ch 14.Nc3, Bxg5 15.00, Bh6 16.Kh1, Rad8 17.Nd5, Qg4 18.f6 (1-0; 43).

8...Qb3!) Prevents White's castling and forces the passive 9.Rb1 to defend b2.

13.f5?!) He could play 13.00 and if 13...Qc7 14.Nd5.

15.Ng5!?) 15.00 may be replied by 15...Bxf5! 16.exf5, e4.

17.Qh4) Now White stands to win a piece, for if 17...h6? 18.hxg4, hxg5 19.Qh8 mate.

17...Bxf5!) But Black has pre-planned this sacrifice.

18.Rf1!?) Hoping for 18...Bg6? 19.Rxf6!, gxf6 20.Nxh7, Bxh7? (better 20...Re6) 21.Nxd5 with a promising attack.

21...Rxe8!) More incisive than 21...hxg5 though temporarily Black remains a Rook down.

23.Nb5) The only place for the Queen is 23.Qe4, but then 23...Qg3ch is killing.

D. V. Prasad—K. V. Shantharam

The Tamil Nadu Grand Prix of six tournaments highlighted the vigorous chess activity in that state. The total prize pool added up to over Rs. 30,000/-. The winners were: Sivakasi—R. Ravi Sekhar, 7½; Virudhunagar—P.Gopalakrishna,6/7; Tuticorin—D.V. Prasad, 8/9; Palani—Arun Vaidya 9/11; Madras (Indian Bank Open)—Arun Vaidya, 7½/9; Coimbatore—K.V. Shantharam, 7/8. This game is from the last event.

1.e4, c5 2.Nf3, e6 3.d4, cxd4 4.Nxd4, Nf6 5.Nc3, d6 6.Be2, Be7 7.00, 00 8.Be3, Nc6 9.f4, e5 10.Nb3, a5 11.a4, Nb4 12.Bf3, Be6 13 Kh1, Bc4 14.Rf2, Qc7 15.Rd2, Rfd8 16.f5?!, h6 17.g4?...

Position No. 312: 17...d5! 18.exd5, e4! 19.Nxe4, Nxe4 20.Bxe4, Nxd5 21.Bxd5, Rxd5! 22.Qf3, Rxd2 23.Nxd2, Ba6 24.c3, Re8 25.Bf4, Bd6 26.Bxd6, Qxd6 27.Ne4, Qc6 28.Nd2, Qd7 29.Ne4, b6 30.Kg1, Bb7 31.Re1, Re5! 32.Kf2, Qc6!; 1-0.

6.Be2) Belkon-Geller, Las Palmas 1979: 6.Nb3! Nc6 7.Be3, Be7 8.f4, a6 9.Bd3, b5 10.Qe2, Bb7 11.000, Qc7 12.Kb1, 00.

10.Nb3) No good is 10.Nf3?, Ng4. 10.Nxc6, bxc6 11.Qe1 can be considered.

15.Rd2) Better may be 15.Nd2, Ba6 16.Nf1.

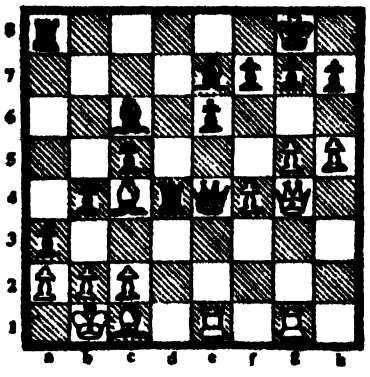
17... d5) A well calculated Pawn sacrifice to expose White's King.

21...Rxd5!) The point; if 22 Rxd5, Qc6 pins and recovers the Rook.

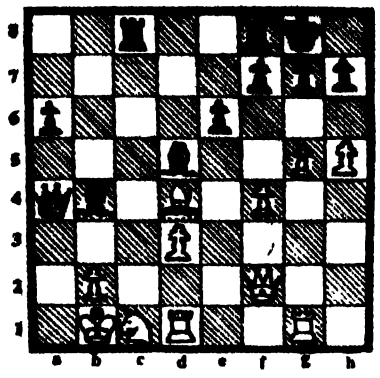
29...b6) White has no defence on the diagonal h1-a8.

32...Qc6!) White must lose the Knight or the Queen after 33.Nd2, Qc4ch.

R.B. SAPRE



N0 313 Black to play



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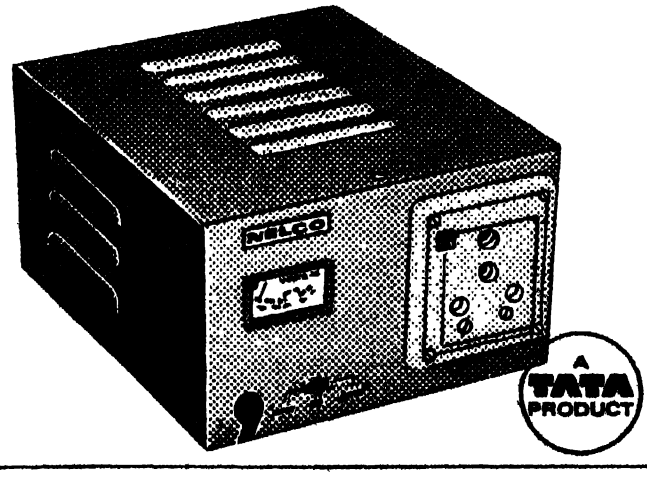

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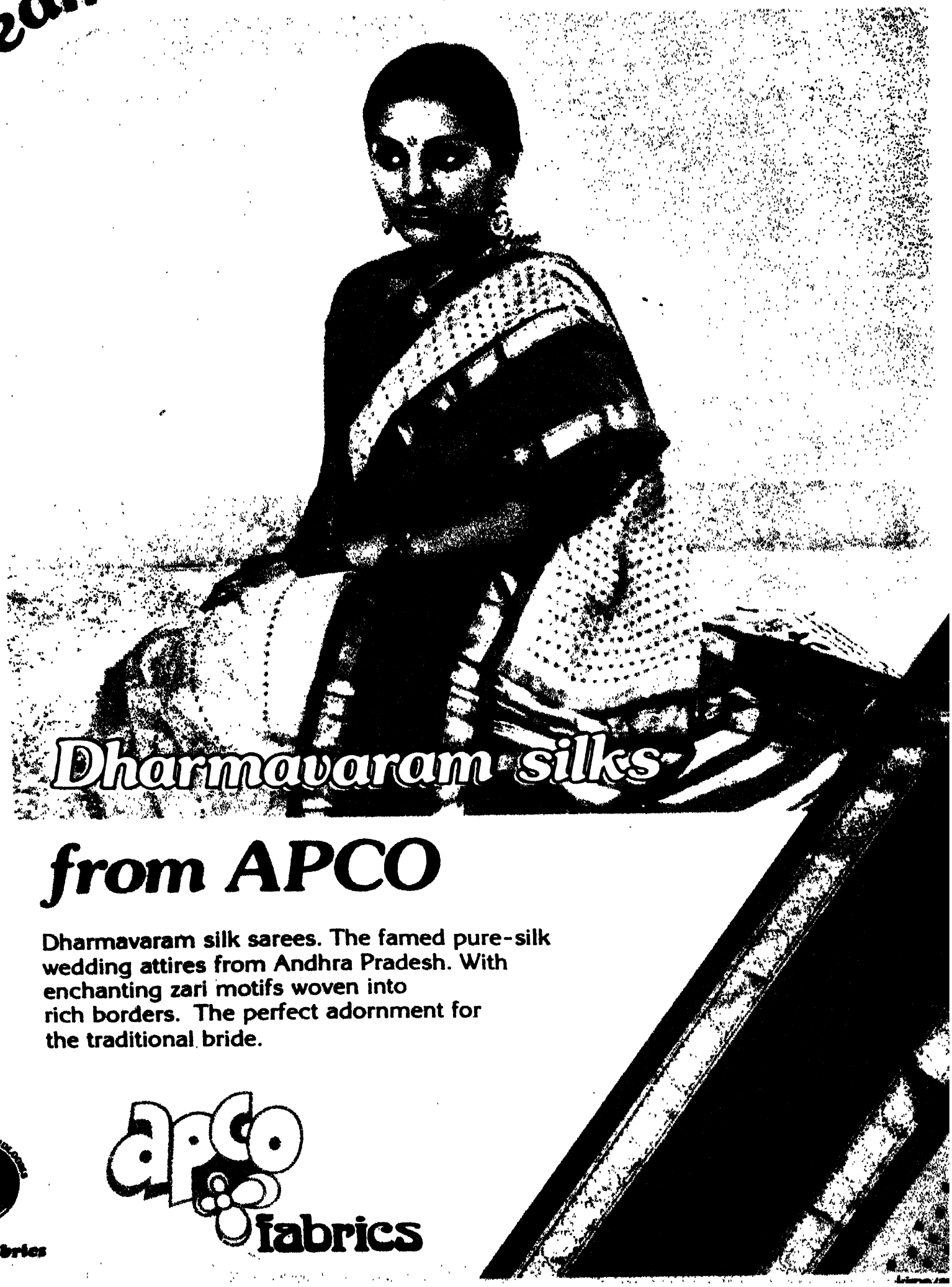

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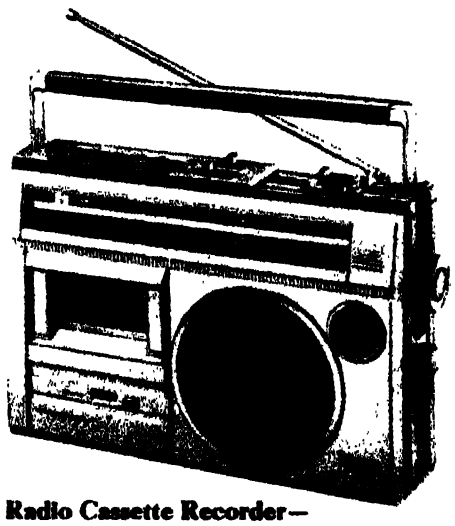

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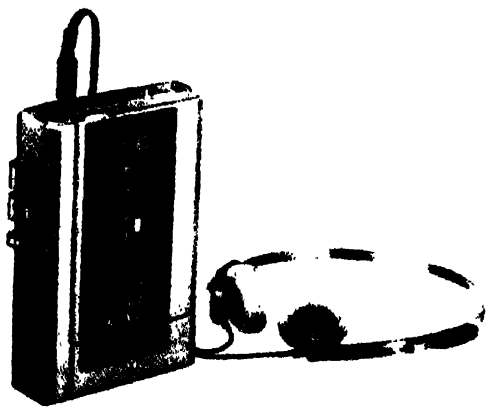

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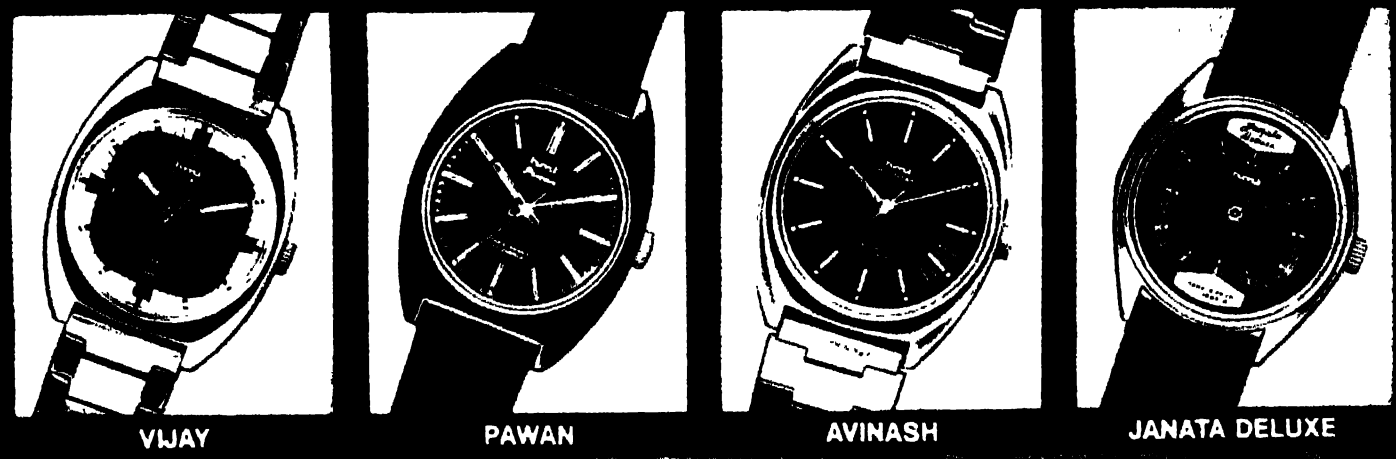

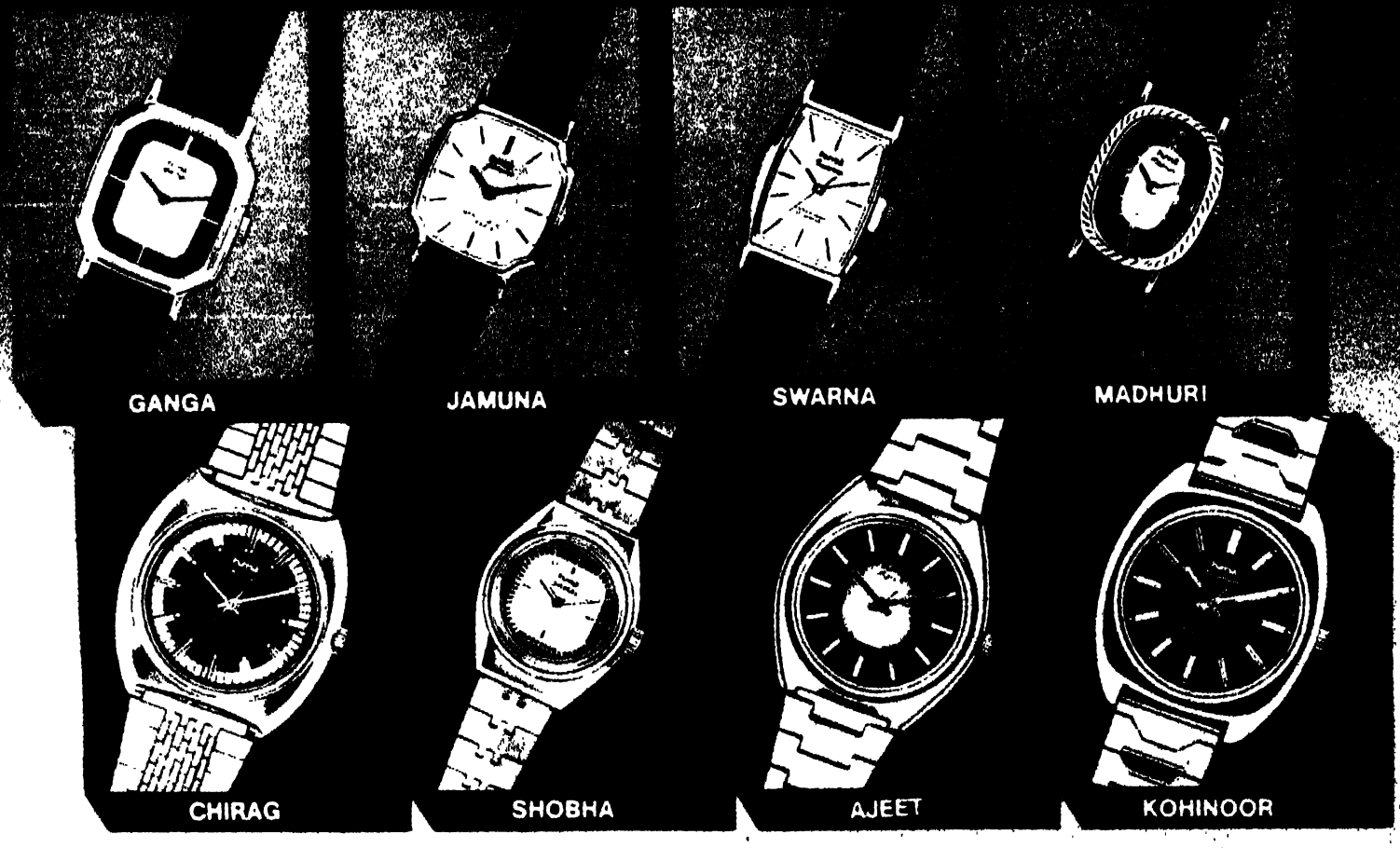

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NAMby-Pamby?

Sir—The caption to the photograph of Julius Nyerere and Indira Gandhi in the article, "Will They Guard The Ramparts?" (February 27), states: "...the Founding Fathers of Non-Alignment were also the Fathers of their Nations.." Since Jawaharlal Nehru was one of the Founding Fathers of Non-Alignment, the direct implication is that it is Nehru and not Mahatma Gandhi who was the Father of the Nation! Is it an attempt at rewriting history, Soviet style?

C Antony Louis
Bombay

Sir—The Non-Aligned Meet at Delhi was a tamasha of Soviet block sheep and American hirelings, where blatant violations of human rights were fiercely defended. Alas, Non Alignment has lost its dignity.

Tatya Tendulkar
Kolhapur

Superb Summit

Sir—The cover of your Non-Aligned Summit special issue ("Scaling New Heights?", February 27) was very attractive.

Usha Parekh
Bombay

Sir—The cover story by K Natwar-Singh was interesting. The Seventh Non-Alignment Summit is a great milestone in the history of the country, more so because as the founder member of the Movement and the present Chairman of the Summit, India has a stupendous task ahead of strengthening the Movement, making it more meaningful, relevant, practical and purposeful, especially when it is passing through such troubled times.

Prabha Padmanabhan
Bombay

Sir—The WEEKLY'S coverage of the Non-Aligned Summit was excellent. There is no doubt that the Non Aligned nations are getting increasingly aware of the benefits that flow from their block on the chess board of international politics. In one way or another, they are definitely diluting the Super Bloc's strategy to some extent. Still they have much left to be achieved. What the Non Aligned wish to achieve is not very different from the "detachment" enunciated in the Bhagvad Gita.

Prabhakar S. Harsole
Indore

Sir— Although the articles and the coverage on the Non-Aligned Summit were very good indeed, why did you show the flag of India on the cover with a greenish Asoka chakra? It should have been blue.

G.M. Srinivas Bhat
Bangalore

Superb Sci-Fi

Sir—Samar Jha's story "They Are Coming" (February 27) is a stunning piece of science fiction. Please, can we have more of the same kind from Mr Jha?

H.P Mitra
New Delhi

Assam's Agony

Sir—While people in Pakistan are dying demanding democracy, people in Assam are dying from an overdoes of it! For a change the Constitution has become more important to Mrs Gandhi than the lives of the people ("A Mockery Of Democracy?", February 27).

Anyone could have foreseen the violence and the communal hatred and linguistic passions such a situation would release. Is the formation of a ministry in the State so important? An amendment could have settled that and provided one more year to thrash out a solution. Or did the Government want to legalise the illegal infiltrators by giving them one more chance to elect the people's representatives? Or did the Government want to bury the demands of the Assamese people under an orgy of communal and sectarian violence?

The whole episode reminds you of Mrs Thatcher calling an election in the UK where the immigrants were ready to vote while the whites were boycotting it. What did the simple and hospitable Assamese do to deserve this?

Prasanta J Baruah
Dibrugarh

Firaq's Folly

Sir—In his interview with Firaq, P.D. Tandon (February 27) could have given us the poet's verses to illustrate the latter's views on men or matters. Was Firaq's wife worse than Xanthippa (the wife of Socrates)? Socrates bore his travails quite cheerfully. This only goes to prove the adage: "Marry by all means... if you get a good wife, you will be happy; if you get a bad one, you will be a philosopher!"

N Srinivas Rao
Hyderabad

"Primitive" Pak?

Sir—The articles "Inside Pakistan Today I-II" (February 27) were excellent. However, Pakistan's economic achievements are not matched by its record on human rights. Judging from the barbaric punishments in vogue there, the country seems to be going back to the primitive age.

C J Parmar
Surat

Striking Snakes

Sir—The pictures of a "Snake Eating A Snake" (February 27) were striking. How did Mr P.C. Dhir manage to get hold of his "models"?

T.H. Vora
Nagar Chakla

Ah, Ha!

Sir—Thanks for the superb jokes. I've compared them with those in other magazines but none have their class. Your cartoon strip "Beau Peep" is also hilarious; don't ever drop it!

Deepak Misra
Gorakhpur

Sexy Society

Sir—One may not agree with all that Mr Nijhawan has said about the role of sex in ancient Hindu society but he has to be commended for trying to extract himself from the defensive straitjacket we Hindus are heir to ("Sex Revolution And Hinduism", February 20).

For judging a theory, you have to have a universal frame of reference. That being absent in matters religious, it is unfair to judge one religion by the standards of another or one civilisation by the norms prevalent elsewhere. There can, thus, be no scope for one-upmanship.

But one can't agree with Mr Nijhawan that the culture of North and North-West was predominantly Islamic—I would say, it was predominantly composite. In my native Kashmir, the Muslim peasant would recite with equal gusto the pre-Islamic lore like Nagirai and Akanandun as the post-Islamic Laila Majnu and Shahnama. The Hindu quoted couplets from Hafiz or Saadi as enthusiastically as from the Gita.

C.L. Munshi
Bombay

Clay Feet?

Sir—Ramoji Rao's article "NTR's priorities in Andhra Pradesh" (February 20) is a panegyric to the celluloid hero. The author seems to have been moonstruck by the supergod, superman NTR who has come upon *terra firma* to protect the weak, preserve the right and punish the wicked. NTR does *not* maintain inner-party democracy. As with other "demigods", NTR's word is final and a law unto itself. This may well prove to be his undoing.

G. Azeemoddin
Anantapur

The Portrait Of A Young Man As A Leader

Sir—Congratulations for putting Rajiv Gandhi on the cover (February 20). Your remark that "Rajiv Gandhi believes in Organization" is an accurate assessment of the young man.

Ramapati Kumar Sinha
Gaya (Bihar

Pleasant Peasants

Sir—Thanks for publishing the pictures by Virendra Kumar ("Portrait of Peasants", February 20). The accompanying text was also quite appropriate. Indeed, one good picture is worth a thousand words!

Satya Prakash Mishra
Sonepur Raj

Splendid Excerpts

Sir—The WEEKLY deserves to be congratulated for excerpting Omni's Continuum (February 20). Please let us have one such excerpt every week. These advances on the frontiers of science not only illumine us most splendidly but also confirm what our ancient seers divined intuitively.

P. Ramachandra Rao
Hyderabad

ZZZZZ

Sir—The article on sleep ("Oh! For A Good Night's Sleep", February 13) has overlooked a few facts.

It is well known that Einstein was a marathon snoozer (up to 12 hours at times). The amount of sleep required depends on your constitution.

Also REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep does not appear "just once in the middle"—it occurs 4 to 5 times in a night, totalling 80-100 minutes.

Sleeping pills can upset our bio-clock which governs the ebb and flow of sleep stages and can also cause secondary problems.

S.N. Guruprasad
Vellore

Sir—The article was interesting. But the author seems to forget that she is not a professionally trained doctor. It is both preposterous and dangerous, if not also sacrilegeous to comment upon drugs like antihistamines, scopolamines and bromides!! (Perhaps Ms Chatterjee meant drugs like amphetamine which are generally taken as mood elevators, not as depressants!!) To term antihista-

mines "sedatives" is palpably wrong, to put it mildly!

Dr Prakash Pai
Mangalore

Licence To Torture

Sir—You are doing a great job by taking up the cudgels on behalf of the millions who suffer in silence ("Scourge Of Noise", January 30). The Press alone can rouse public opinion against the menace of noise and force the Government to act. Even nights are not free of the menace. Entire neighbourhoods suffer the onslaught of blaring loudspeakers during marriages, religious festivals and nightlong musical sessions. Any occasion, be it solemn or cheerful, is an excuse to use loudspeakers, all because one can easily obtain a licence to torture one's neighbours!

T.C. Katrak
Calcutta

The Minorities

Sir—Your correspondent S. Aquib Akhtar ("Letters To The Editor", February 20) is right. A Hindu President in Pakistan and a Muslim Prime Minister in India will go a long way to wipe off the bitterness of partition.

Satya Narayan Mitra
Burdwan

Sir—Have you noticed how not a single Muslim has criticised Syed Shahabuddin's views while a number of secular Hindus were quick to attack Balraj Madhok's article? ("Muslim Minorities: Pampered Or Persecuted?", January 9).

A. Dharmarajan
Bombay

Sir—Both articles distressed as acutely. Why publish them and inflame communal passions?

Akhtar Vohra
Rajpipla

Your affairs: There's The Rub!

Sir—I fully agree with Dr M.S. Narasimhamurthy's views on the obnoxious habit of Test cricketers. Some alternative *has* to be thought of to meet the bowlers' tactical need to keep the shine on one half of the ball.

Will supply of two pads of turkish towel material with a plastic base, to be wrapped around the upper arms of the bowler, with provision for a little water to be squirted on to one of them (keeping the other dry for rubbing) at his discretion—one of the umpires can keep a small supply of water in a suitable plastic dispenser for this purpose—do the trick? Or, if this is too blasphemous a suggestion, the rubbing could be restricted by rule only to the upper arms of the players, without the application of saliva or sweat!

L.A. Chungath

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8 COVER STORY: ***Why Are We Unfair To Our Armed Forces.*** Is a career in the Services so unattractive and so unremunerative that it no longer interests adventurous young men? Why do "insiders" say that life anywhere other than in the Army, the Navy or the Air Force is preferable today? By a Special Correspondent.

11 ALSO: ***Raw Deal For The Armed Forces?*** An investigation by Pradeep Shinde.

17 INDUSTRY: ***Birla's Brightest Star.*** Aditya Birla, grandson of the legendary "G.D." Birla, is making big waves in the corporate world. By Hashim Khairullah.

36 CRITIQUE: ***A Janus Of Our Times.*** R.G.K. analyses the life and work of Arthur Koestler, one of the foremost thinkers of the century.

37 ***Also:*** S.V. Vasudev recalls his fascinating meeting with the author in Bombay.

22 IN THE STATES: ***The Erosion Of The Congress (I).*** By G.S. Reddy, ***MP's Criminal Minister.*** By Mukesh Sharma. ***Reaching Farmers T & V way.*** By C.N.N. Murthy. ***More Yield Of Onshore Oil.*** By Dipak B.R. Chaudhuri.

13 ECONOMY: ***The Indian Railways: Their Track Record.*** Their improved performance will boost our entire economy, says Madhu Dandavate.

28 NOSTALGIA: ***Mesmeric Marilyn.*** A scintillating selection of photographs and excerpts from Bert Stern's book on the legendary actress.

38 CINEMA: ***Actors Are Made, Never Born.*** Prof Roshan Taneja, who runs an acting academy, on the honing of raw talent into the "right stuff".

40 PHOTOFEATURE: ***The Third Eye: Image India.*** By Gurmeet Thukral.

43 SPORTS: ***"Come September And I'll Be Back".*** G.R. Viswanath talks to Raju Bharatan about Imran Khan, Mike Holding *et al.*

32 FESTIVAL: ***Holi—Why? How? Where?*** Ashtavakra takes a look at the colourful event.

24 DANCE: ***Kuchipudi: Must Women Dance Solo?*** asks Mohan Khokar, the renowned *rasika.*

21 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya on the refugee rally at Calcutta Maidan, the incomplete second Hooghly bridge, and the All India Artists' Camp.

20 ALSO: ***Letter From New Delhi.*** N. Iqbal Singh focuses on the IXth International Film Festival; musical soirees and the visits of Lord Briggs and Marguerite Yourcenar, the first female member of L'Academie Francaise.

44 HEALTH: ***An Embarrassing Affliction.*** Coomi Chinoy on diarrhoea and ***Stomach Disorders*** by Julie Chatterjee.

49 FICTION: ***The Family Man.*** The first instalment of a story by Charles H. Heimsath.

26 HUMOUR: ***The Spy Who Came In For Cold Chicken.*** A spoof by H. Jesse Kochar.

35 BRAINTEASER: ***The Quiz Mountain.*** Introducing an exciting new feature to stretch your minds. By Partha Basu.

Plus: That's Business 19; The World Around Us 27; Weekly Pick 47; HA! 52; Stars 45; Comics 57; Bridge & Chess 61.

Next Issue

Brutalising The Police

Appalling service conditions, increasing interference from politicians coupled with public apathy and distrust are demoralising our police. Also, their mutinous rumblings have been put down ruthlessly. The Guardians of the Law are turning their wrath with increasing ferocity on the citizens, whose rights and interests they are supposed to protect. Nor are the police free from corruption—the pervasive malaise eating into the innards of our entire social order. The *Weekly* initiates a provocative debate (led by George Fernandes, Dharma Vira and K.F. Rustomji) on these and other sensitive issues.

Beyond The Non-Aligned Summit

K.C. Khanna takes a look at the daunting vistas ahead.

Hunger Stalks The Third World

Despite ample world harvests, large areas of Asia and Africa face the grim prospect of hunger. By Satyabrata Rai Chowdhury.

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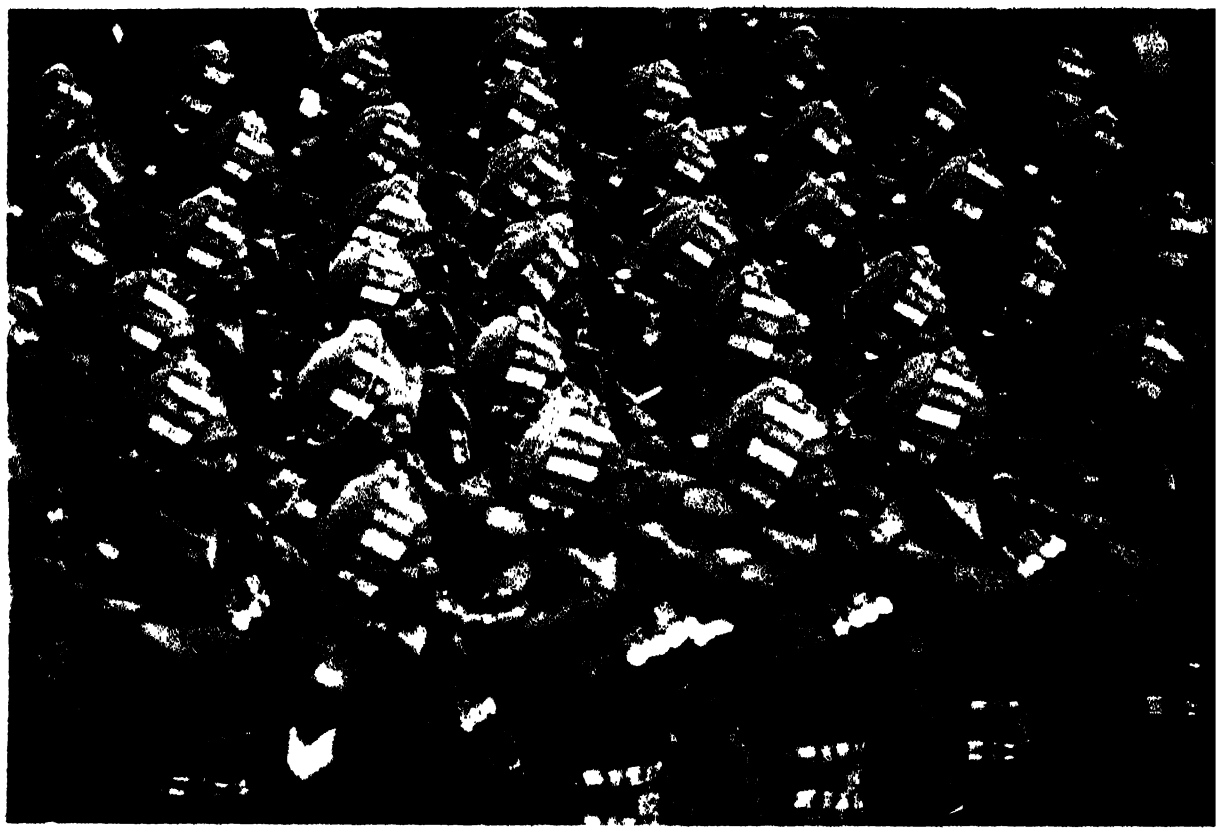
Cover Story



The safety, the honour and the welfare of your country come first, always and every time. The honour, the welfare and the comfort of the men you command come next. Your own ease, comfort and safety come last always and every time.

THE crucial question is how far will the Republic Day gift of added allowances and perks quell "the feeling of discontent (among Armed Forces personnel) when they find peddlers and *paanwaalas*, pimps and prostitutes, peons and page-boys—almost everyone who could be less rigid in his integrity and character—far better-off than they are materially.

The feeling, dramatically leaked out to the press some months ago, sent waves of concern through various sections of thinking men and women.

Why Are We Unfair To Our Forces

While the civilian officer is assured of job security and automatic promotion till the age of 58, the Service officer retires between the ages of 45 and 50. An ominous portent is the crystallisation of the conflict between armed and civilian services into a cold war. Apart from muscling the Armed Forces into a subordinate position, the civilians, allegedly, have scuttled the proposition for rejuvenating wage-scales in the Services. Is a career in the Services, then, so unattractive and so unremunerative that it no longer interests adventurous young men? According to highly placed officers, a life anywhere other than in the Army, the Navy or the Air Force is preferable today. Why? Perhaps the most telling commentary on a career in the Armed Forces is provided by the retired Brigadier or Lt-General who, given a second chance today, will advise his son not to follow in his footsteps.

By A Special Correspondent

In the context of the country's current economic situation, the new increase in perks and allowances are indeed more than a token gesture. The package concessions, ranging from free rations to free transport for school-going children, will cost the exchequer an additional Rs 32 crores every year. This follows the last cadre review and other decisions (taken three years ago) which had then added an annual Rs 35 crores' liability to the Government. The concessions in the new package will cover rations, clothing, education, transport, accommodation, mess facilities and special allowances to cushion the hardship of transfer and of being separated from families. Ex-Servicemen of public sector undertakings will also get to take home more money.

The entire package, generous as it may appear in the scale of the nation's economy, is but a drop in the ocean of expectations of the Chiefs of Staff, not to talk of the various internal reports on the betterment of the Armed Forces personnel—of which the "leaked report" was only one, and an extreme one, presumably. For the real issues are, firstly, of the brewing discontent among the personnel at all levels; and, secondly, the inability of the Armed Forces to attract and recruit the *right* kind of talent which is getting diverted to other avenues.

The joint paper presented by the Chiefs of Staff to the Government put forward proposals involving an additional liability of more than Rs 150 crores per annum. Some proposals highlight the need for indexing increases in allowances to inflation and, in a few cases, the recommended rates will amount to no less than a 600 per cent hike! It is a suggestion that will hardly be viewed with sympathy by the Finance Ministry, already wary of inviting similar demands from other sections of Government employees.

The general discontent in the Services has to be traced, not only to the declining capacity to fight inflation, but also to the choked promotion prospects in the Defence Services following the emergency recruitments, especially in the Army and the Air Force, made 20 years ago, and to intra-Service disparities. Another major factor is the moral ethos in a society where corruption has made life easier for those sections that are not called upon to sacrifice anything for the country.

The terrible problem of stagnation at the middle levels was sought to be relieved by an increase in the number of posts at the higher levels. But the pushing up of some people into the higher rank

THE PICTURE THAT THIS EX-SERVICEMAN PRESENTS is reflective of how the plight of the lower ranks is, if anything, worse than that of the officers in the Armed Forces. The Subedar and the Subedar-Major's emoluments (Rs 600 and Rs 750 a month) count for nothing in these days of inflation, while a Sepoy (Rs 300 a month) straightway falls into the ranks of the lower class. *Top:* Soldiers on the march may present an impressive spectacle, but a career in the Armed Forces is evidently no longer an attractive proposition.

has only led to the creation of a top-heavy structure. There is a realisation among Services personnel that unnecessary upgradation tends to devalue the post when the work of a Major is done by a Lt-Colonel.

A measure of the upgradation of posts can be had from the fact that 1,283 posts of Majors were changed to that of Lt-Colonel—with similar upgradations in the Navy and the Air Force. It is at the rank of Major that the stagnation was at the its worst and, therefore, the upgradations got over one hump only to create another one ahead. In the case of Lt-Colonels and above, the permissible percentage of selection declined sharply.

One of the earlier recommendations of the Chiefs of Staff was to have 6 more full Generals, 3 more Air Chief Marshals and 3 more Admirals. The Government did not accept it but the strains in the top echelons were partly relieved by the Army getting 11 additional Lt-Generals, the Air Force 4 new Air-Marshals and the Navy 3 more Vice-Admirals.

Another possible response to the bottleneck in promotions has been the idea of leaving the Services with the "golden handshake".

- In 1946, some 30 emergency commissioned officers were given an option to stay in the Army on full commission or join the civil services. All opted for the Army.

  In the mid 1960s, some 46 emergency commissioned officers were offered the same option and all opted for the civil services!

  Incidentally, they rose in their new careers far beyond their former col-

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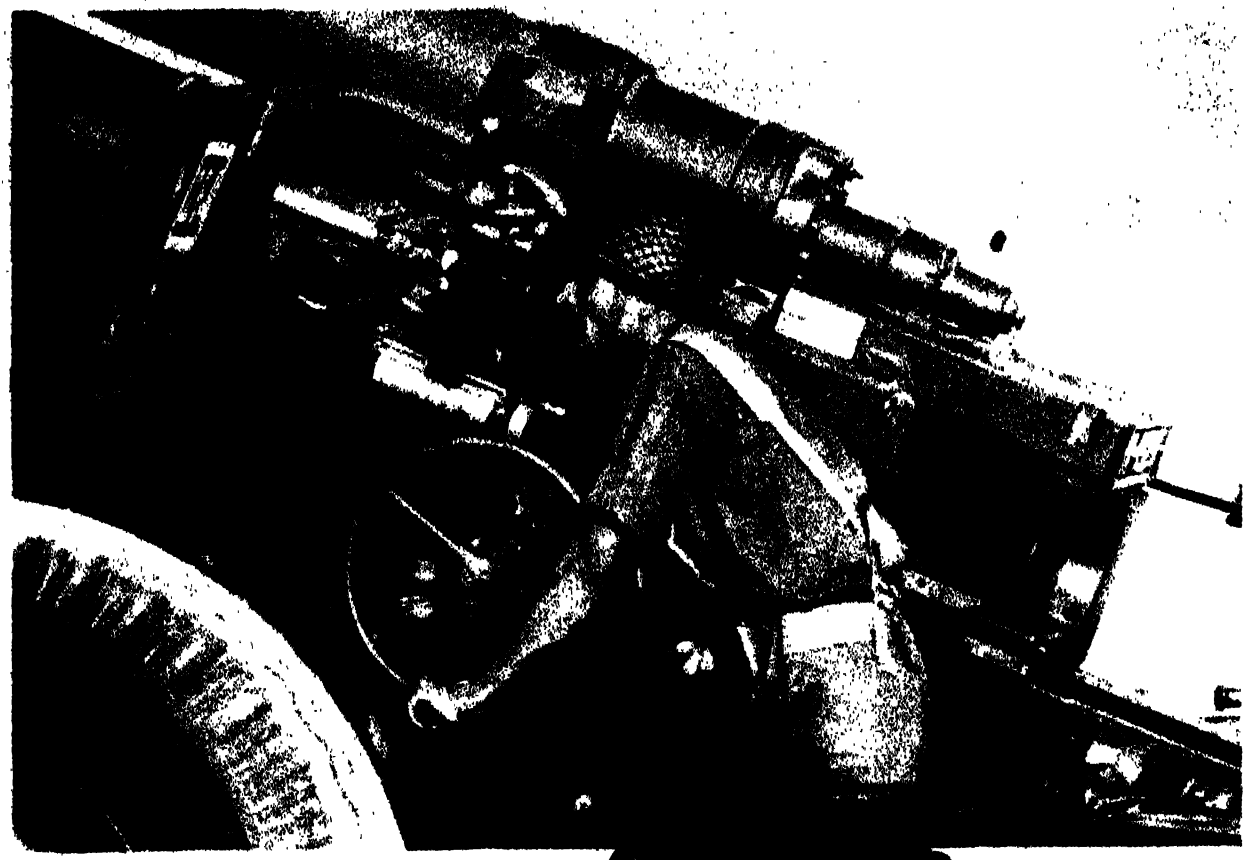


THE THREE SERVICE CHIEFS *(l to r)*: **Air Chief Marshal Dilbagh Singh, Admiral O.S. Dawson and General K.V. Krishna Rao. The Chiefs of Staff have at all times to speak with one voice if service conditions in the Armed Forces are to improve at *all* levels.**

ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL argue that,considering how lonely their job—a job fraught with danger—is, they are not sufficiently recompensed in the matter of pay and perks for their near isolation from the mainstream of life.

GAZING INTO A BLIGHTED FUTURE? All that a soldier gets extra for being on picket duty in NEFA or Mizoram is Rs 70 a month—officiously called a "Separation Allowance"!

leagues in military service. Two Foreign Secretaries, Jagat Mehta and R.D. Sathe, came from the Defence Services.

On the other hand, there was a time again when a retrenchment benefit was offered for those who had not fared too well in selection. The man concerned made calculations, found that the amount offered was less than what he would earn if he spent the rest of his years in service in the same rank and dug in his heels, patiently marking time for retirement—a situation not conducive to stepping up efficiency and morale in the military establishment!

Where then lies the rational solution to the problem? Among the suggestions are more than one Four-Star General, the creation of more specialised jobs, more research cells, a Defence University perhaps and more men sent out on deputation to civil jobs at various levels.

But, then, problems related to upward mobility are not the same in all sections of the three Services. All officer cadets pass out of the National Defence Academy together, but the one going into the Navy gets the Commander's rank after 12 to 13 years; in the Army, it takes 16 to 19 years to reach the rank of Lt-Colonel; and about the same time for a pilot to become a Wing-Commander.

The Air Force engineer, one of the worst sufferers of imbalances and anomalies, says his chances of making the Wing-Commander's grade are about half that of the flier and, above that rank, even less. Within the Army, officers of different classes of service face varying promotion prospects. While some units face the paucity of senior officers, in others a large number of senior Majors are destined to languish at the same rank for the rest of their careers.

For many of the problems, the Service Chiefs can pass the buck to the IAS-dominated administration, but they cannot escape the responsibility for two other sources of discontent: they have to ask themselves why more and more officers are knocking at the gates of the civilian courts for redressal of their grievances; the system of promotions, obviously, needs to be looked into, since it has been computerised only up to the Lt-Colonel's level.

A retired Lt-General regrets that frankness on the part of an officer has been devalued and a lot of *ji-hazoori* has crept into the promotion system.

The disparities within a service are often quite glaring. A free breakfast to the Air Force pilots has done more to disrupt the harmonious relations between the flying and the engineering branch than the flying bounty to which the pilots are entitled. One can still find an Air Force pilot's son joining the Air Force, but there is not one son of an Air Force engineer in the same Service. The three Services are progressively going in for more and more sophisticated equipment, but the technical wings are in disarray, because of discontent and shortage of personnel. If the situation is not remedied, one shudders to think of the maintenance of the computers on board Mirages and Jaguars.

For technical personnel, the Services have to compete even harder with other commercial civilian sectors who can buy up the best of available talents, offering fancy emoluments. Of course, the Services can stress motivation rather than money, but only up to a point. What they can do on an urgent basis is remove disparities and irritants being faced by the technical wings. Some of the old procedures of delegation of powers and authority within a unit handicap the engineers.

- The Government is aware of the problems of the technical wings of the Armed Services but, then again, it has to maintain some parity between the terms of services for engineers in the Army or the Air Force and those, say, in the Central Public Works Department or the Central Electricity authority.

The financial experts do not agree that the Services officer is any worse off than his civilian counterpart. All have been hit by inflation. A Services officer is educated at the expense of the state and he enjoys many additional perks as compared to a civilian officer, it is pointed out.

It is argued that weaponry handled by the officers has become more expensive and sophisticated and hence they deserve higher compensation for work. But this plea ignores the fact that the state makes a large investment in the training of an officer and equips him to handle this equipment.

THEY CERTAINLY NEED A LEG UP, our Service personnel, after a lifetime spent in defending the country's frontiers. It is dehumanising to see some of these ex-Servicemen living in chawls, earning a pension of as little as Rs 10 per month.

That still leaves us with the issue of the *perceived* decline in the status of Services officers as compared to the civilian administrative cadre. Some part of this view has a *visible* basis, some of it flows from the matrix of uneven socio-economic change in the country, but a part of it certainly stems from a petulant demand to be treated a cut above the rest of the people in the country, and even worse, with sidelong glances cast across our borders, a demand that our men must have an edge over the conditions of service of "our potential enemies"!

Some senior Armed Forces officers have expressed their genuine grievance of subordination to the bureaucracy—a matter that touches not at all their purse, nor merely their prestige, but the nation's stake in the maximum strength and efficiency of the Armed Forces. For instance, it is the bureaucrat now, and not the Chief of Staff, who leads a delegation going out to purchase defence equipment. This was not so three decades ago!

"We do not mind financial hardship, since we're prepared to even sacrifice our lives, but then at least this financial hardship should be shared by all," remarks an Air Force officer.

The Services officers must be able to lead a life free of financial worries, because their financial difficulties tend to lower their morale as well as hurt the command structure. The leadership role in the Services—the Indian ethos being what it is because of the feudal traditions—requires a certain life-style. Without this, an officer cannot inspire the admiration of his men. This aspect cannot be ignored either.

Tell-Tale Figures

The Government agrees that relative parity in pay and allowances between the military and the civil service must be maintained and says it is doing so. A comparative analysis prepared by the Government substantiates its claim. At some levels, the IAS officer may have an edge but, at some others, he is behind the Services officer.

- For example, an Army Major gets total emoluments of Rs 3,113.50 (including allowances and perks) while an IAS officer with 11 years of service gets Rs 2,388.80.

  Similarly, a Major-General gets Rs 4,550 while an IAS officer, after 26 years of service, gets Rs 4,300. The Services officers, on retirement, enjoy higher pensions than those given to the civilian officers retiring prematurely with the same pay and length of service.

The disparity in promotion prospects, according to the Government, is unavoidable to an extent, since the structures of the civilian and the military service are quite different. Of course, there are disparities galore. While there is only one Four-Star General in each wing of the three Services, several IPS officers have a rank equivalent to a Major-General. Full 60 per cent of the 3,000 IAS officers go beyond the level of Joint Secretary. An IAS officer in 18 years becomes a Joint Secretary, but a Services officer hopes to become only a Lt-Colonel or a Wing-Commander or a Commander in that period.

The civilian officer is assured of job security and automatic promotion till the age of 58, but the Services officer retires between the ages of 45 and 50.

The financial experts also point out that early retirement in the Services is far from a disadvantage. Moneywise, the Services officers are not badly off at the time of retirement and, at that age, they are well equipped to take up the next occupation.

But the most telling commentary on a career in the Armed Forces is provided by the retired Brigadiers and Lt-Generals, not many of whom, given a second chance today, will advise their sons to follow in their footsteps. These gentlemen, either enjoying their leisure or busy in some industry or on the farm, have retained their nostalgia for the life and the values in the Services but wish that their sons and sons-in-law had not joined the Armed Forces and, instead, taken up some other remunerative occupation. A

retired Lt-General admits he has to shell out Rs 600 every month to support his daughter and her Captain-husband. But not all young Captains and pilot officers can today draw upon the parental resources to pursue their not-so-glamorous career out of a sense of adventure or of national service.

Then there is growing discontent which gets reflected in light-hearted comments in the messes and in internal reports. Why is it that more and more Services personnel are knocking at the gates of civilian courts for redressal of their grievances? Every Service Chief, who is in office for 3 to 4 years, finds it necessary to take up with the Government the issue of pay and allowances and exerts gentle pressure on the Government through premature announcements on his recommendations.

Who does not feel the pinch today? There are, in fact, any number of Joint Secretaries in the Central Government at a given time who are counting the costs of their staying on in the Government instead of retiring voluntarily. But, unlike the IAS and other civilian groups, the Services officers, because of their tradition of isolation, have not adjusted themselves to the new realities in terms of financial situation, status and the changing social ethos. To add to their difficulties, the joint family system is no more and the cost of maintaining establishments—with the officer away to a non-family station—has become prohibitive.

The social and administrative changes of the post-Independence era have taken the extra shine off the status and glory in which this erstwhile representative of the emperor once basked. The IAS officer has been quick to perceive the change: it is common to see a District Collector getting up from his seat and offering tea to an MLA or a District Panchayat President. A Services officer, on the other hand, is still told by his father: "As a Second Lieutenant, I was entitled to a coupe in the train and, if by some chance I happened to be late reaching the station, I would still find the train waiting for me."

His father's colleague, a retired Lt-General, recalls: "The district administration used to be extremely sympathetic to all our problems. I was on the Front and my wife was living in Lahore with my uncle, quite an influential civilian. The uncle got a notice for the requisition of his house and all his pleas to cancel the notice failed. My wife went and met the Collector who, on knowing that I was away on duty, promptly cancelled the requisition order."

Little wonder that, today, a suggestion for immunity from writ jurisdiction of the Supreme Court crops up in an internal study in the Services on how to make the career more attractive.

The Biggest Setback

The biggest setback to the morale of the Armed Forces personnel stems from the rise in corruption in public life and in the civilian bureaucracy. An Air Force pilot can still live on thrill and air—provided he does not get to meet his former class-mate riding a personal car in his capacity of a minion in the industry section of the Factory Inspectorate. Try and imagine what a Naval Commander feels on being forced to give Rs 200 to a junior assistant in the Corporation office just to get the letter for the possession of his flat.

A Lt-Colonel compares himself to his class-mate who went in for a career in management. An Armoured Corps Commander is in charge of equipment worth Rs 50 crores and 700 to 800 men. His one mistake may cost the nation much more than that of a Managing Director of a Rs 50-crore company, but the emoluments of the two are nowhere comparable.

The resource constraints apart, the Government does recognise the need for improving the terms of service and working conditions of the Armed Forces.

The Defence Minister, R. Venkataraman (who held the Finance portfolio earlier), also favours a separate Pay Commission for the Armed Forces so that their peculiar conditions could be examined better.

Some more decisions on the recommendations by the Chiefs of Staff Committee are expected to follow. ■

AS THEY ARE CUT OFF for long days—and long nights—from home, they tend to feel uprooted from society and thrust into bleak wilderness. In fact, successive postings to different areas have all but made an alien of the Serviceman. And alienation is the cross borne not only by the lower ranks but also by the commanding officers.

They Are Getting A Raw Deal

Another point of view on how pay-scales in the Armed Forces need urgent revision.

by Pradeep Shinde

THE National Defence Academy at Khadakvasla is no longer drawing recruits from the upper and the middle classes. Instead, it has become a mobilisation point for denizens of the lower rungs of society. It is only those who have failed elsewhere that knock on the doors of the NDA. As if in concert, the number of disciplinary cases in the NDA and the IMA (Indian Military Academy) has shot up alarmingly. Turbulence and disorder have erupted where they should not—at the Training Schools.

There is absolutely no one coming forward with the required qualifications for technological courses. Since the majority of recruits are coming into the Armed Forces as a last resort, they lack the commitment and the initiative to enrol into advancement courses and make a career in the Services.

Left with no choice, a number of technical courses (electrical branch) in the Air Force and the Navy have been scrapped for want of trainees. In the last five years, the IAF has had only one B Tech from the IIT applying for a job. He was selected but he changed his mind.

● Are these symptoms a manifestation of a deep-rooted malaise in the Armed Forces?

Is a career in the Services so unattractive and unremunerative that it no longer interests adventurous young men?

An investigation into the working conditions and the life-style of the Services provides the answers. According to highly placed officers, a life anywhere other than in the Army, the Navy or the Air Force is apparently preferable. Why?

Consider, for example, the merits of a job in ONGC offshore installations. It is a lonely job, one fraught with danger and death, you might say. Its hazards and the isolation from the mainstream of life are sought to be compensated through sumptuous meals, comfortable accommodation and an extremely benevolent offshore allowance.

● In sharp contrast to these perks, all that a soldier on picket duty in NEFA or Mizoram gets is a niggardly Rs 70 per month. Officiously called a "Separation Allowance", it is assumed that Rs 70 is enough compensation for being uprooted from society and thrust into bleak wilderness. Attempts to increase this "alimony", says a Colonel, have been consistently sabotaged by civilian bureaucracy.

Successive postings to different areas have all but made an alien of the Serviceman. The alienation is a cross borne not only by the lower ranks but also by the commanding officer. Regulations may say that Captain so-and-so will have an uninterrupted tenure of two years. On →

paper, it will appear that the Captain enjoys at least two years of stability: what is not mentioned is that, during this tenure, the unit may be shifted *en bloc* to three different stations!

To soothe the pain of loneliness and separation, the Government bestows Rs 70 to married couples (whose families are not allowed to accompany them). If this separation is also threatened by the discomfort of high altitudes or hazardous areas, an additional allowance of Rs 125 is granted in the form of "uncongenial climate allowance". Thank God for small mercies!" remarked a Lt-Colonel (he got Rs 200 per month) who had just returned from a difficult assignment in the Himalayas.

It is really only the administrative and the quasi-administrative staff that enjoys some sort of stability and sends their kids to city schools and colleges. For this group, a paraphernalia of allowances helps generate a life-style much better than that of the average citizen. To name a few: concessions in house rent; water and electricity bills paid; outfit allowance of Rs 1,400 on first commissioning; and a renewal allowance of Rs 1,200 after 7 years, kit maintenance of Rs 50 per month; qualification pay of Rs 100 per month for Lt-Colonels; compensatory (city) allowance as per prevailing conditions, and so on.

An administrative duty or a Canteen & Stores job is now a much-sought-after posting. Besides precluding hazards like "uncongenial climate" and getting hit by stray firing, these postings have now assumed strategic importance for generating money. Duty-free rum and cigarettes, tinned food, beer and even small arms and ammunition are being siphoned off by groups of unscrupulous Servicemen and sold in the blackmarket.

- Whether it is the frustrating system which has created such cartels or whether it is simply human nature is open to conjecture. The fact remains that the machinations of the civilian world have crept into the Armed Forces.

Ominous Portent

A more ominous portent is the crystallisation of the conflict between armed and civilian services into a cold war. The bureaucracy dealt the first blow with the demotion of the three Chiefs of Staff. Earlier, this high-powered trio had preceded judges of the Supreme Court. In 1962, they were ranked above the Cabinet Secretary. Since then, however, the Chiefs of Staff have been superseded by the Attorney-General and the Auditor-General.

- This demotion has had its repercussions on the lower ranks. A Major-General with 27 years of experience now ranks below the Civilian Joint Secretary who assumes the post after only 18 years.

To add fuel to the fire, promotion in the police forces is a much quicker process. An IPS officer with only 16 years' service can easily aspire to become a DIG (Deputy Inspector-General). Moreover, at the top of the police pyramid, several posts (like Special IGP or Additional IGP) have been created. This ensures faster promotion and creates more vacancies for the lower ranks.

In contrast, only one-fifth of the Army and Air Force officers can hope to become either Lt-Colonels or Wing-Commanders. And, unlike the civilian and police forces which have innumerable Secretaries and IGPs, there can be only one General, one Air Marshal and one Admiral for the entire Armed Services. Here also, political considerations are uppermost—this again is a manifestation of the civilian-military cold war.

The classic civilian argument (to justify their quick promotions) is that, firstly, the average age for the commissioning of NDA/IMA officers is 19-22, while that for the civilian is 29 years. Secondly, Civil Servants invariably have a higher education and have spent a much longer time in academic institutions.

'Major' Drawback

The argument is valid to a certain extent. However, recently, the age limit for recruitment into the Armed Forces has been increased to 25 years.

- More important is the fact that most Armed Forces' officers have to retire between the ages of 48 and 52—about 6 to 10 years earlier than the Civil Servant.

Apart from muscling the Armed Forces into a subordinate position, the Civilians have also allegedly scuttled proposals for rejuvenating wage-scales. Today, a Major (after 10 years of service) receives Rs 1,500 per month. If he continues to stagnate in the same rank for another 10 years—*not an unusual phenomenon*—his pay will be Rs 1,800—an increase of only Rs 350.

- The Lt-Colonel suffers a similar fate. If he is lucky enough to be promoted to this post in 10 years, his salary would be approximately Rs 1,750 per month. Another decade of service will fetch him an increment of only Rs 200. Thereafter, for the next 5 years, both the Major and the Lt-Colonel will continue receiving the same salary, regardless of inflation and cost of living.

In fact, inflation has all but eaten away the earnings of officers.

- In 1947, for instance, the Lt-Colonel got Rs 1,560 per month after deductions—a princely sum those days. Today, he gets Rs 2,500, but the exact salary (at 1947 price index) would amount to only Rs 418!

The plight of the lower ranks (like Subedar and Subedar-Major) is still worse. How their monthly emoluments of Rs 600 and Rs 750 help them survive is anybody's guess. The Sepoy, earning Rs 300, at once falls into the ranks of the lower class—like casual labourers, poverty is a way of life for him.

They Have No Way Out

Inflation, of course, is a global phenomenon. However unlike other professions, the Servicemen cannot seek wage increases through agitations or strikes. Bound by discipline, the Armed Forces watch helplessly while their colleagues in the police force form unions and launch agitations for wage increases.

Not surprisingly, the Air Force is at the moment covered by a blanket of frustration.

- A Squadron-Leader, after 16 years of service, gets Rs 1,950 per month. Both inflation and income tax make large dents into this figure.

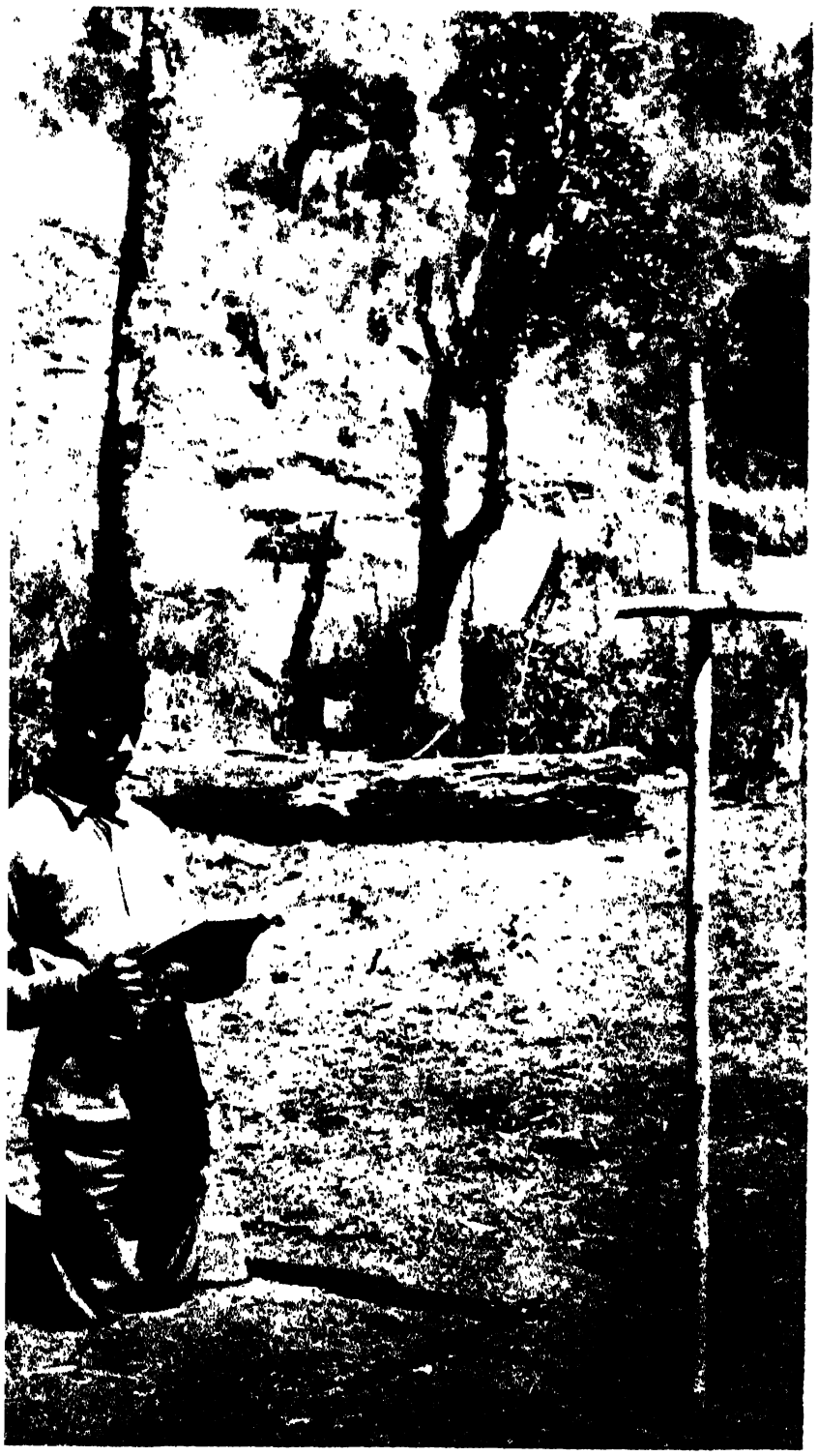
The bone of contention, however, is not the niggardly wages (compared to those of civilian pilots) but an allowance called "flying bounty". Every pilot who spends certain flight hours gets Rs 750 per month—a reasonable sum except for the fact that it comes under the purview of income tax and thus is reduced to Rs 400! "Why should flying hours fall victim to income tax?" asks an embittered Squadron-Leader stationed in the North.

To make matters worse, the Chiefs of Staff are themselves divided on common issues. For instance, a proposal to provide an allowance to engineers on the same lines as the controversial "flying bounty" was scuttled because the Army Chief apparently felt that his soldiers, too, should get some kind of "foot-slogging bounty". Not to be outdone, the Naval Chief opined that administrative executives should also get such a bounty. Finally, when the proposal was submitted, it was shelved by the bureaucracy on the ground that the Chiefs held different and contradictory views.

Such petty bickering and infighting have only served to demoralise senior officers who are now thinking in terms of defecting to the civilian sector and enjoying more satisfying emoluments as Vice-Chairmen or Managing Directors.

At this rate, our Armed Forces will consistently lose their best men to the private sector. ■

PRAY, WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR THEM? Leave alone the lesser ranks, even at the level of the Lt-Colonel the Serviceman today is none too well off. In 1947, a Lt-Colonel got Rs 1,560 per month after deductions—a princely sum those days. Today he gets Rs 2,500 per month: the exact salary (at the 1947 price index), therefore, would amount to only Rs 418 per month! Inflation has all but eaten away the earnings of officers



The Indian Railways Their Track Record

by Madhu Dandavate

The creation of a congenial atmosphere among Railway officers and men, the establishment of harmonious relations between the Railways' important wings like Traffic, Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering' etc' and effective coordination between the Railways and the economic Ministries are all essential for improving the performance of the Railways, the nation's biggest enterprise, and for keeping the nation's economy on the right rails, says the author, a former Railway Minister.

THE Railways form a vast network covering about 61,000 route-kilometres, dotted by about 7,000 stations. The undertaking—the nation's biggest—owns some 10,000 locomotives and runs just about the same number of trains daily. Some 10 million passengers move by train every day.

Despite all the criticism of the Railways, it cannot be denied that the movement of revenue-earning freight in 1981-82, at 221.2 million tonnes, was higher than the revised target of 220 million tonnes. During the first nine months of 1982-83 also, the total tonnage of revenue earning traffic moved was 3.5 per cent higher than the traffic in the comparable period of the previous year. Wagon turnround time, an important indicator of the Railways' efficiency, came down on broad gauge from 15.2 days in 1981 to 13.3 days in 1982-83.

These improvements have largely resulted from managerial and operational innovations, including the segregation of the conventional wagon fleets from wagons fitted with roller-bearing and central buffer couplers, the segregation of covered wagons equipped with roller-bearings and central buffer couplers into jumbo rakes, integrated end-to-end running of trains, and so on The Railways also resorted to loading in block rakes, wherever feasible, and this strategy has substantially contributed to the increase in their productivity. Thus, with all their shortcomings in financial and administrative management, the volume of freight traffic moved has substantially increased.

The financial results can be improved only by streamlining the policies and their implementation. The morale of the officers as well as the Railway employees has to be kept up. The undertaking can ill afford the confrontation between the Railway Minister and officers or employees. The open conflict between Ghani Khan Chaudhary and the Railway Board and its Chairman was, to say the least, unfortunate. Why did the Minister take the initiative through a press conference? He must take full responsibility for the successes as well as the failures of Indian Railways. He can ill afford to follow the motto: *Heads I Win, Tails You Lose*

Mr Chaudhary chose to make certain public allegations against the Railway officers as well as the employees. Referring to the cancellation of a few trains at the time of the elections in Andhra, he angrily remarked that officers cannot cancel the trains by giving priority to certain freight movements. The Minister conveniently forgot that the Railway Ministry itself has fixed priorities for rail movements Defence material, foodgrains and coal for power stations have high priority. Officers only implement the priorities fixed by the Ministry which, in turn, are approved by the Union Cabinet. If to conform to these behests some trains were cancelled by the officers, they only did their duty Why were they singled out for blame?

For good measure, the Union Railway Minister has let it be known that, since locomotive drivers got drunk on duty, the number of accidents had gone up! The allegation reminds me of an interesting story. When Lord Curzon was travelling by a special train, the Viceroy's staff warned the railway driver not to drink and be careful. The driver quipped. "To hell with your Viceroy: I don't drink and I would take care of the safety of the train because I'm equally concerned with my own safety."

Be that as it may, the Minister admitted in his Budget Speech that the number of accidents has declined by 26 per cent. Even with this reduction, it is no doubt quite high. For a comprehensive approach to the problems of safety on the Railways is called for. As on March 31, 1981, 14,000 kilometres of rails needed primary renewal so as to avoid multiple fractures to which these rails may be subjected For such renewals, adequate funds are necessary. But enough money is not provided and the niggardly allocations have, of late, been seldom fully utilised! In a long-distance journey, the rakes need to be checked at intermediate points. However, this is being largely dispensed with, thereby putting the safety of trains in jeopardy. Likewise, the automatic signalling system needs to be completely overhauled.

That is not all. A number of goods trains are being moved without guards while many others are driven under normal conditions by firemen, trained to drive locomotives in an emergency. The rule about restricting the continuous duty for loco-running staff to 10 hours—particularly of the drivers—is followed only in the breach. Besides, on an average, 100 railway accidents a year occur on unmanned railway level-crossings. The concerned municipalities and local bodies are supposed to bear a a portion of the expenditure for manning the gates and for recurring expenditure. Since they do not, unmanned level-crossings continue to be safety hazards.

Lofty Announcements

The Railways may make lofty announcements about ensuring the security of men and material on the trains. Every transhipment point is the place that encourages pilferage on a large scale. The unloading and loading operations at the transhipment points while transferring the materials from wagons on one gauge to the wagons on a different gauge are a God-given opportunity for the antisocial elements. A simple technological innovation—a container system or the lifting of closed box-wagons from one gauge to another without opening them—can end this menace. Similarly, the computerisation of reservations in a phased manner will be a great boon to passengers harassed by malpractices in that area

(Continued on page 15)

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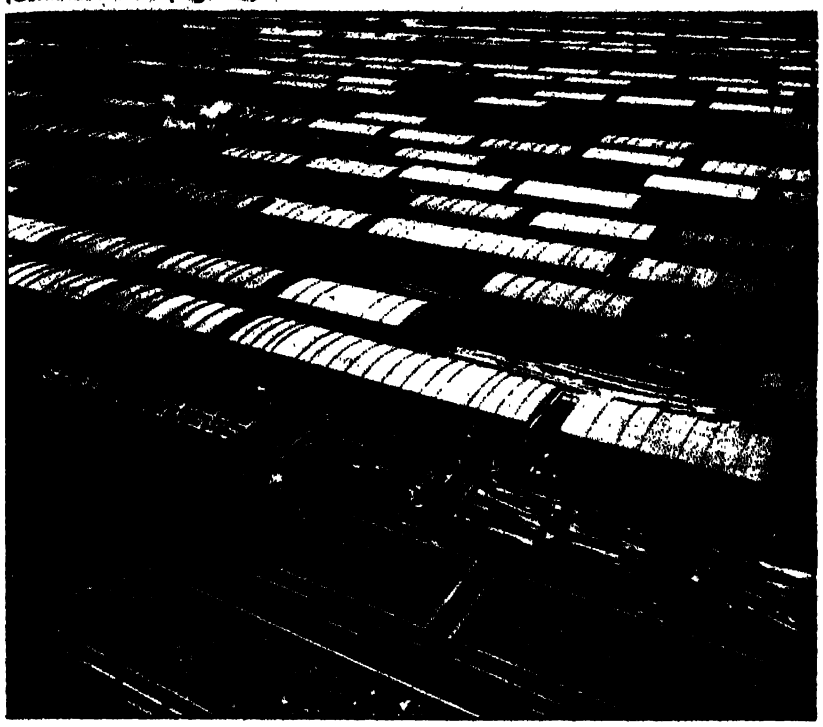
(Continued from page 13)



NUMBER ONE IN INDIA AND ASIA. This marshalling yard at Mugalsarai, the biggest in India and Asia, handles over 10,000 wagons a day.

The Railways badly need to augment their locomotive power. The import of high-power locomotives will fritter away a good deal of precious foreign exchange. Double-headed trains, hauled by two locomotives, will ideally fill the bill. The experiment has already succeeded in the case of the Andhra Express, the Tamil Nadu Express and the Karnataka Express. The double-heading of trains has almost doubled the passenger capacity of these trains. The innovation should be tried in a large number of trains so that, without enhancing the frequency of the trains, their passenger-carrying capacity can be augmented.

The outmoded capital structure of the Railways—that remained in operation right from the year 1924 when the Railways' finances were seperated from the general finances up to the year 1977—requires basic changes. Formerly not only was the capital borrowed from the general revenues at a dividend of 6 per cent but, when Railways finances were in the red, a loan with interest was taken from the general revenues to meet the dividend liabilities. In the new capital structure that was introduced during the Janata regime, all dividend liabilities were treated as deferred liabilities and, therefore, the old system of taking loans with interest for meeting dividend liabilities was discarded. Even then, further changes in the capital structure are still needed. The heavy social burdens on the Railways—arising out of movement of essential commodities below operating costs, losses in the coaching and other services and heavy losses due to unremunerative railway-lines—are at present borne completely by the Railways. At least a substantial portion of these social burdens should be borne by the general revenues of the Government so that Indian Railways' finance would be improved.

As on March 31, 1981, about 14,000 kilometres of track, 8,000 coaches and 65,000 wagons are due for replacement during the Sixth Plan period. Unless substantial allocations are made for these replacements, assets of the Railways cannot be strengthened and its performance cannot be further improved. In the vast railway network, apart from monitoring that is done by various concerned officers, the Union Railway Minister himself has to remain vigilant and maintain a constant rapport with the railway operations and the financial management through zone-level meetings of all the concerned officers. A rapport with Officers' Associations and trade unions in Railways is a must for the Minister. One wonders whether the present Railway Minister is inclined towards such a rapport at all. Every step of his appears to be an intimidation and a confrontation between the employees and the officers. Such an approach will be self-defeating and destructive. If the administration is carried on by the new Railway Minister with this perspective of confrontation and isolation, whatever financial results were available in the past may be frittered away, giving rise to new constraints in the working of the Railways.

The Imperative Need

The Union Minister for Railways will have to keep in mind the imperative need of a ministerial coordination between the Railway Ministry and the Ministries of Energy, Power, Industry, etc. These Ministries are interdependent and any failure in one gravely affects the other. One doubts whether any concerted move for effective ministerial coordination is on the agenda of the Railway Minister. The style of functioning of the Railway Minister is not congenial to the improvement of healthy industrial relations in the Railways. A cordial atmosphere among the Railway officers and harmonious relations between the important wings of the Railways (like Traffic, Mechanical Engineering and Civil Engineering) are highly essential for railway operations. The disequilibrium in these harmonious relations has recently affected the atmosphere in Rail Bhawan. Restoration of this equilibrium is a must if the Railways are to improve to any degree. To the extent the performance in Railways keeps pace with the performance of various sectors of our economy, the Railways will be able to play their rightful role in the planned development of the country. Thus an effective coordination between all the economic Ministries (including the Railways) must receive the highest priority with a view to improving performance. ■

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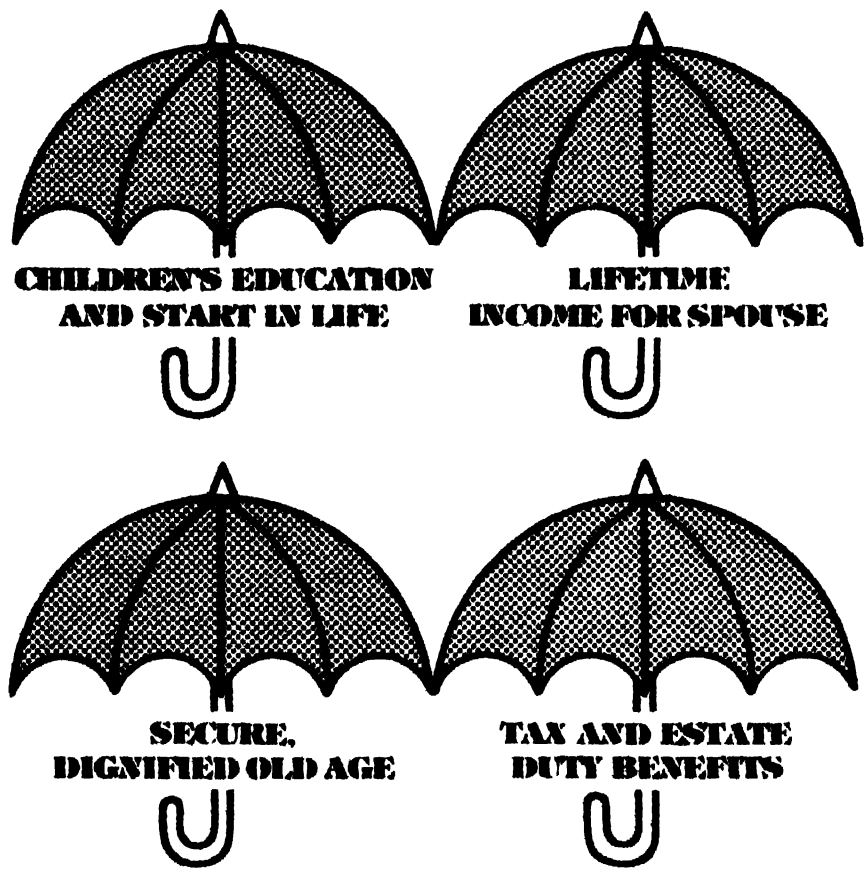

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Young Entrepreneurs—II

Birlas' Brightest Star

By Hashim Khairullah

From rehabilitating the sickly Indian Rayon Corporation to pioneering a dozen joint ventures abroad, Aditya Vikram Birla's achievements are admirable even for a member of the Birla empire. He is now spreading his corporate wings all over South East Asia

BORN in the first family of Indian business, Aditya Vikram Birla, has nevertheless managed to make big waves in the corporate world on his own At 40 Aditya is credited with the success of two of the brightest stars of the Birla industrial galaxy Gwalior Rayon (turnover Rs 325·76 crores) and particularly the Indian Rayon Corporation, which he turned around from a loss-making unit (Rs 29 lacs) to a highly profitable company making a profit of Rs 14 5 crores last year As Chairman of Gwalior Rayon, he has been instrumental in diversifying and expanding its activities in cement, caustic soda and sale of turnkey projects to foreign parties He is also the Chairman of Hindustan Gas and Industries (turnover Rs 9 4 crores) and has pioneered a dozen joint ventures abroad and is now spreading his corporate wings all over South East Asia His joint ventures in Thailand, Indonesia and Malaysia have been a resounding success

An engineering graduate from MIT, Aditya is the grandson of the legendary G D Birla He started his career by setting up a textile mill in West Bengal He denies having received "everything on a platter" He admits that he made mistakes and complements his father B K Birla who gave him his first opportunity to launch a new enterprise He now controls net assets worth nearly Rs 400 crores His achievements are admirable even for a member of the Birla empire Well-mannered and soft spoken he brushes aside the notion that he is the next heir to the Birla throne by categorically denying the very idea "There is no throne in the Birla house, only a lot of Birlas working"

In the course of an hour-long interview, Aditya Birla spoke on a wide range of topics Excerpts

The Union Budget: The Finance Minister has attempted to give a growth oriented Budget There are some positive proposals which would definitely benefit the economy The foremost amongst them is the changes in policy with respect to Indian Non Resident investment According to my reading, this would attract phenomenal investments if properly administered The higher rate of depreciation would also benefit industries as also the incentives given for Capital Gains tax There are, however, some taxes which may retard growth, specially the one which relates to the minimum 30 per cent of profit being taxed for corporations This would affect fast-growth companies which are providing employment and substantial revenues to the exchequer by way of excise duty, sales tax and octroi Their contribution is substantial Hence there is no justification for this further tax The levy on income-tax surcharge on individuals and companies is not understood, because this is a penalty on efficiency

Government Policies: I think the Government's intentions are quite conducive for growth. The Government wants production to improve It had declared 1982 as the "Productivity Year"

ADITYA BIRLA, grandson of the legendary G D Birla is making waves in the corporate world

It may not have been successful for various reasons like power constraints, the global recession to a certain extent and so on Even the Bombay textile strike has affected our productivity But we are basically talking about the Government's attitude and intentions, which are encouraging It is quite another thing that they can take more such steps or that all the steps they have taken have not given as much benefit as they should have

Global Recession And Its Impact On India's Economy: Worldwide recession does have an impact on our economy but not to the extent that it would have on countries like Thailand or Malaysia Frankly speaking, we Indian industrialists do not know what global recession really is We have to work outside India to really understand that Recession abroad means working the plants two days in the week None of the plants here work for two days in the week Recession in India means reduced prices, profit-squeeze and difficulty in selling some isolated commodities But one cannot say that there is a general recession here in India We have a gigantic market at home for practically all commodities So we are somewhat insulated from worldwide recession

Textile Strike: Even though the textile strike is localised in Maharashtra, it will have wide-ranging effects on the country It is a peculiar phenomenon If Dr Samant were to succeed in getting the kind of wage increase he wants, the Bombay mills vis-a-vis the other mills, would become completely uneconomic The net result? The Bombay mills would loose their competitive edge and will turn sick. Datta Samant might feel that he is trying to help the mill workers, but in the long run he is doing a great disservice to them, because once the level of wage as advocated by him is fixed, these mills due to high wage costs will not be able to compete and will die a natural death And the workers will (all) be out of employment

Labour Relations: I think labour relations are primarily the job of local management and if the management is strong, I think labour relations can be sorted out and there can be a healthy relationship between the two However once in a while there are adamant and unreasonable labour leaders who may be genuine in their desire to improve the lot of the workmen but are not practical and are unaware of the harm their actions inflict In such cases, as in the textile strike for instance, everyone suffers the millowners, the workers and the nation But basically I would think that the laws should be made such that the worker works The labour laws have become so lop-sided that they highlight only one aspect, i.e. job security They should give more importance to the fact that there should be higher productivity and unless there is higher productivity, we will have a serious problem on our hands Having the experience of working abroad I can say with first-hand knowledge that Indian labour is the most pampered

Problems Of Indian Industry Vis-A-Vis World Competition: We can become an international industrial force but there are factors hindering us The first is our old attitude of abhoring anything big Till recently we did not want big industries Actually, only big industries can reduce the cost of production And it is only with a reduced cost of production that the consumer can get his goods at a lower price In the case of small units, it will ultimately reflect in high prices for the consumer That is why our economy is a high-cost economy making it difficult to compete internationally Secondly, our excise duties and indirect taxes are among the highest in the world This also adds to the cost of goods Our products are thus high priced compared with those of say Thailand or Malaysia

Lastly, we do not utilise our resources efficiently The basic raw materials are high priced Take power, for instance In Gujarat, which has one of the best investment climates, the cost of power is twice that of say Thailand Now when we talk about competition outside we must remember that power, which constitutes a major raw material in any industry, costs us more than double what it does to our international competitors Likewise the cost of coal is also high Unless there is an all round improvement in the utilisation of existing infrastructural facilities like power, coal production and rail and port facilities, we cannot reduce the costs of these inputs and, hence cannot reduce our production costs

Dumping And Price Increases: Today anyone and everyone is dumping their products in India By dumping I mean they are even selling below cost This can be verified Unfortunately India opened up her frontiers when there was a general recession in the world We were caught in that kind of a situation There are anti-

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dumping laws in America but none here. All countries protect their indigenous industries by way of duty protection for most of their products. India also has to protect its industries against unfair dumping through suitable duty protection.

That is not all. Today the textile mills are cash-starved. If you import goods you get six months credit, but if you buy locally the bankers give no credit. So it is a peculiar situation where India is promoting the sales of international giants at the cost of the indigenous producer. Thus the cash-starved textile mills are buying imported goods because of the extended credit (ironically extended by the Indian banks) and our plants have to run at 50 per cent capacity because the Government is starting the "closed" plants of international giants and closing Indian plants. Nothing comparable exists anywhere in the world.

Gwalior Rayon at a Glance

	(Rupees in Crores)	
	1980-81	1981-82
Assets	203.13	216.66
Turnover	294.59	325.76
Profit before Taxes	16.53	12.08
Profit after Taxes	9.15	6.57
Dividends	3.89	3.89
Net worth per Ordinary Share	51.76	53.26
Dividend on Ordinary Share	20%	20%

In England and Europe there are textile quotas and the textile industry is protected by their government. Although developed countries are protecting their products, India, which is a developing nation, has no suitable protection machinery. We understand there is a foreign exchange crisis and here we are stopping our industries from growing and importing unemployment, thus further aggravating the strain on our foreign exchange reserves.

India's Industrial Future: If the Government and industry cooperate, we can become a big industrial power. We have everything. Good management skills, an abundance of raw materials and our biggest asset, good manpower. But we have not been able to capitalise on that since most of the skilled men are going abroad and are not contributing to our economy due to high personal taxes and very low take-home pay. We need greater discipline in our labour force and more co-ordination and cooperation between the Government and industry, so that we can become "partners in prosperity".

India's Politics And Policies: A sound Central policy is what we need in politics as well as in the industrial sector. Local politics do not affect our industries very much. It might affect the working of a particular unit but not our overall industrial expansion. It is the Central policies which would affect our expansion. Of late there is such a hue and cry about big business which is really not big. If smaller units are licensed to produce everything, it would ultimately result in a high cost economy. Ultimately the consumer would suffer. So the Government's policies must be far-sighted to benefit the whole country.

Indian Rayon

(Rupees in Lacs)

	77-78	78-79	79-80	80-81	81-82
Total Assets	2,880	2,346	2,747	3,994	4,933
Turnover	4,085	4,919	6,853	6,176	10,042
Gross Profit	514	767	925	868	1,445
Profit after Tax	212	348	400	474	867
Gross Profit/Turnover%	12.83	15.59	15.28	14.07	14.49

Take the IMF loan, for instance. The so-called big business was supposed to be the main benefactor of the loan but it is, in fact, being hampered by this move. The IMF may have suggested that there should be more free trade. The IMF may suggest anything but ultimately it is for the Union Government to decide what is in the best interest of the nation.

If the Communists were to take over the nation, they will have a big problem on their hands. If the industries are nationalised and operate at 44 per cent capacity utilisation, as the power plants are doing now, there will be a revolt and complete chaos. If the State controls and also runs all production facilities, there will be scarcity and spiralling prices. Moreover, the whole economy would collapse. We would have a situation like the one in Iran now. Confusion and chaos.

Parallel Economy: Our "parallel economy" is created by laws and taxes. Remedy of the root cause is more important than doing just superficial patchwork.

Ratan Tata and Competition: Ratan is a good friend of mine and there is no competition or conflict of interests between us. There is so much scope that we are not growing at each other's expense. Frankly, there is no race at all. I have a great admiration for the House Of Tatas and for Mr J.R.D. Tata in particular. There is room enough for both the houses to grow without treading on each other's toes.

On Being A Birla: I am proud to come from such an illustrious family which is so closely associated not only with industry but also social welfare activities, the arts and educational institutions. My grandfather, Mr G.D. Birla, was a close associate of Gandhiji and played an important part in the freedom movement. We have built hospitals, schools and temples all over the country, besides building industries. We believe that we should expand our national industrial base and run our industries economically and efficiently for the benefit of our nation. ■

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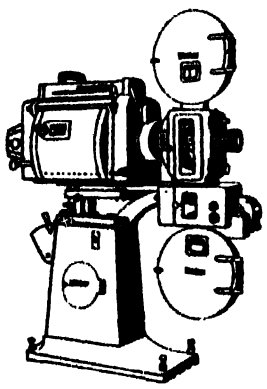

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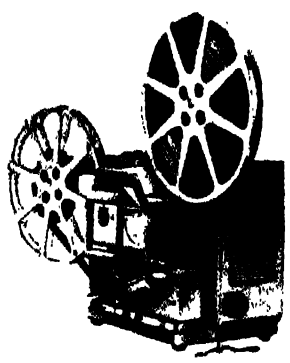
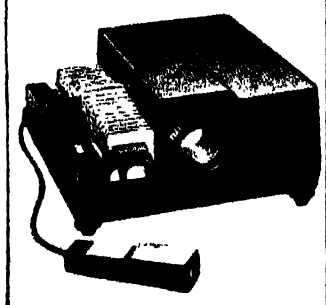
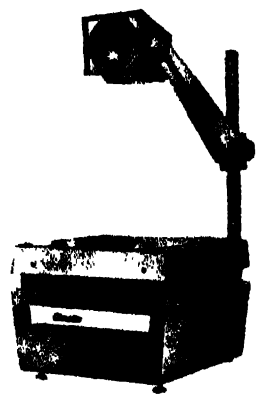


Automatic Sound-Slide Projector



Overhead Projector



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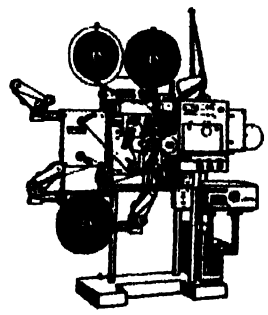

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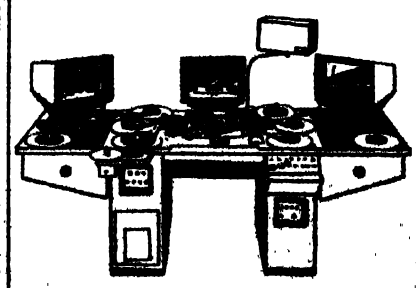

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That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MR C. M. KAPOOR is a typical young go-getting Punjabi businessman. He remarks grimly: "Unless something is done about our hopeless export infrastructure, particularly the absence of containerisation facilities in the hinterland, we will be knocked out of the world market—and the greatest danger is from China. Unfortunately, businessmen are so habituated to cowering before governmentwallahs that they never get down to brass tacks while talking to them." Mr Kapoor's impatience is, however, laced with naivete, for he would rather give a paper written by him to someone with influence in the corridors of power

Anyhow, his Jullundur-based export house, Kasinka Trading (he is its Managing Director), appears to be on a good wicket. It has won the Engineering Export Promotion Council (Northern Region) Shield for the best performance in exporting the products of small-scale industries in 1980-81 Kasinka Trading's exports have increased 20-fold in the last decade and now exceed Rs 2 crore, the main item being hand tools The Chinese gave Mr Kapoor gooseflesh because of their cheaper cast-iron vices, but he has left all that behind him, having switched to steel vices with the help of German technology at his manufacturing unit in Himachal Pradesh.

The top exporter's shield in the large scale manufacturer category has been won by the Faridabad-based Gedore Tools (India) Private Ltd. Cashing in on the growing popularity of the do-it-yourself trade, the company now exports hand tools worth over $ 16 million to more than 50 countries. Claims Mr Ashok Jhalani, its Executive Director. "We are the world's largest manufacturer of flat wrenches." He may be right, for Gedore wrenches seem to be turning half the screws in the world

Durable Old Man

I go to see Mr Morarji Desai at his Marine Drive flat on February 27. As I enter the room after taking off my shoes, he motions to me to sit down and continues his letter-writing, looking unlined for his 87 years. The soft murmur of the waves beating gently against the pylons barely a stone's throw away adds to the serenity of the atmosphere.

Q: May I extend my good wishes to you for your birthday which is tomorrow?

A: My birthday comes only once in four years—on February 29. But you should be worrying about the economic health of the nation which is being undermined by corruption. We urgently need a Lok Pal to curb corruption at the very top.

Q: Why did you not bring in a Lok Pal when you were Prime Minister?

A: I wanted to, but the Lok Dal would not let me. In fact, it was I who gave to Shakdhar the scheme about Government funding of elections.

Q: What else?

A: Indiscriminate imports under IMF pressure are spoiling our economy... I will not speak a word more You cannot suddenly jump in here and start an interview.

The durable old man is as crusty as ever.

DDA, Are You Listening?

Although the advanced countries switched to "ready-mixed" concrete long ago, here cement is still mixed at a construction site resulting, according to the Cement Research Institute of India, in at least 15 per cent wastage. The main obstacle to the popularisation of ready-mixed concrete in this country is the capital-intensive nature of the truck-mounted mixer in which the wet mixture must be constantly rotated. It costs about Rs 10 lakh and its payload is low. Moreover, it is an energy guzzler: much energy is consumed in constant rotation. And it has to return empty after disgorging its contents.

DR H.C VISVESVARAYA.

The Ballabgarh-based CRII has, therefore, been trying, under the guidance of Dr H C. Visvesvaraya, to figure out how to eliminate the truck-mounted mixer Now it thinks it has found an answer. semi-wet concrete which can be transported in ordinary trucks and to which the remainder of the water can be added at the site. Dr Visvesvaraya says that in this method the quality of the concrete remains unaffected. Naturally, the proportion of water to be added at the transportation stage and, later, on location will depend on the climate and the nature of construction.

Another advantage of this innovative methodology, about which the CRII is understandably chary of talking, is that ready-mixed concrete is less susceptible to thievery than pure cement. What with all the furore over the collapse of houses built by the Delhi Development Authority, its importance cannot be overemphasised. DDA, are you listening?

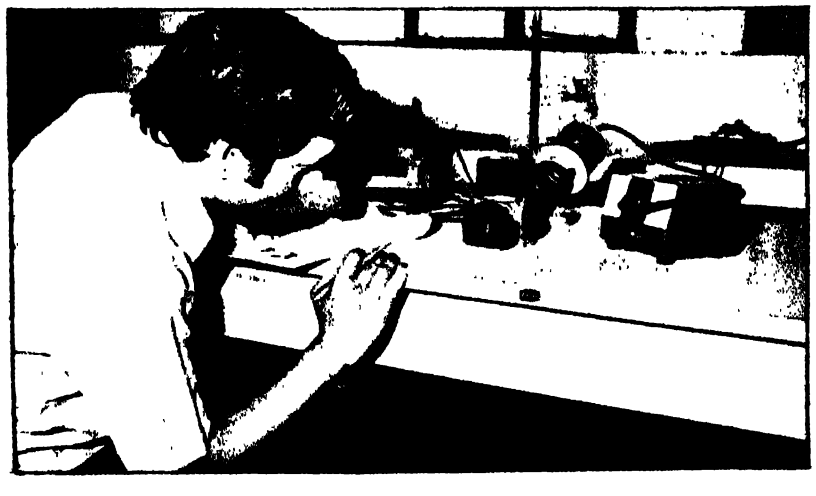
SEMI-WET CONCRETE being loaded into a mixer for second-stage mixing

Suspicion Justified

Some time ago, the release of statistical information on the 20-point programme by the Press Information Bureau was reportedly withheld on last-minute instructions from the Prime Minister's secretariat, engendering suspicion about its unsatisfactory progress. The following table of percentage performance of drinking water supply and electrification in rural areas over April-December 1982 shows that the suspicion was not groundless:

State	Drinking Water	Electrification
	in villages	
Andhra Pradesh	114	48
Assam	56	20
Bihar	50	23
Gujarat	53	29
Haryana	42	*
Himachal Pradesh	29	75
Jammu & Kashmir	65	40
Karnataka	140	40
Kerala	28	*
Madhya Pradesh	72	84
Maharashtra	32	53
Manipur	42	12
Meghalaya	23	25
Nagaland	52	120
Orissa	71	38
Punjab	83	*
Rajasthan	85	20
Sikkim	87	40
Tamil Nadu	72	29
Tripura	41	42
Uttar Pradesh	134	66
West Bengal	10	75

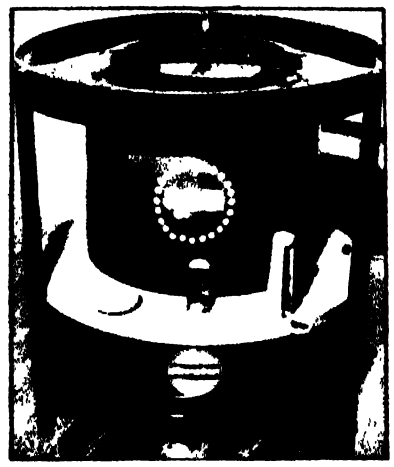
* Most villages electrified



TERTIARY RECOVERY at the Institute of Reservoir Studies, ONGC, Ahmedabad.

"Nutan" Saves Kerosene

The Indian Oil Corporation's "Nutan" stove is supposed to have a thermal, efficiency of 60 per cent compared to the 35-40 per cent efficiency of most other wick stoves sold in the country. The IOC estimates that if "Nutan" were to find its way into every kitchen using kerosene, it would save the country 3 lakh kilolitres of kerosene.



Until now, there was a problem. In keeping with the Indian penchant for promoting monopolies, the licence was given to only one manufacturer, Oriental Metal Industries, Calcutta. But the company went under, thanks to labour trouble. The silver lining is that it has induced the authorities concerned to reverse its policy, and now licences are being given to small units in different parts of the country This augurs well for the easier availability of "Nutan" at competitive prices

ONGC Bags Big Fish

A little-known feather in the Oil and Natural Gas Commission's cap is its success in selling its expertise abroad Its subsidiary, Hydrocarbons India Ltd, has just bagged two contracts basin evaluation for Ceylon Petroleum Corporation and reservoir studies of a field in Iraq. The work will involve mainly interpretation of seismic data

The ONGC first went overseas in 1965 when, in collaboration with the Philips Petroleum Company of USA, it explored oil in the Gulf region on behalf of the National Iranian Oil Company. In 1976, the ONGC secured a contract from the Tanzanian government for drilling in the Songo-Songo Island. If the American reputation is bigger, so are their prices, enabling the ONGC to edge in sideways. ■

Letter From New Delhi

by N. Iqbal Singh

Flop Film Festival

THE year opened with a non-event I am, of course, referring to the Ninth International Film Festival. Seldom have I witnessed less interest, or less enthusiasm, for any of the international film festivals held during the last three decades. It took me back to 1952 when the First International Film Festival in India was held in Bombay. With what excitement had film buffs waited for the opening day and what a revelation it had proved to be for those who had not seen any foreign films before. As I happened to be head of the Bombay Radio at the time, and had a great deal to do with its radio coverage, I cannot forget the wonder with which films like *Bicycle Thieves* from Italy or *Yukiwarsoo* from Japan were received. They were to set a new trend in film-making in this country.

The contrast this time was startling because, whereas then the festival films had run to full houses, this time most of the theatres showing the films were half empty. Partly, this was due to the high prices of admission. However as regards the indifferent quality of the films in the competitive section, there could have been no more telling comment than the remarks made by the chairman of the jury, Lindsay Anderson, who after stating that the jury felt "obliged to record (their) disappointment at the general level of the films chosen" said "We must record, with regret, that in our judgment, no film had shown the power of expression, the importance of the theme or the originality of the conception which would justify the award of the Golden Peacock whether for a short or a feature film."

Most people attribute the chief reason, for the failure of the Festival, especially far as the competitive section is concerned, to the "terrible bureaucracy", to quote Lindsay Anderson again. Aruna Vasudev, documentary film maker and author of a couple of books on Hindi films, spelt it out clearly. "What actually happened was that there were three organisations which were running the Festival—the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, the National Film Development Corporation and the Directorate of Film Festival. It became a triangular contest You can't run a festival like that."

True, in the Retrospective section, there were films by distinguished producers like Rocha but, in the opinion of one critic, "There were too many undistinguished films too." And Rocha's were 16 mm films which were subjected to the ultimate indignity of projection in substandard theatres.

Among the documentaries screened at the Festival, I thought Mira Nair's *So Far From India* was a good film made with a great deal of sensitivity.

DR HASSAN ALI HUSSAIN AL NI MAH, the present Ambassador of Qatar, has perfected the art of holding musical soirees.

Musical Soirees

IT was the last Belgian ambassador, J Graff, who started the vogue of inviting Indian musicians to perform at his house in Tilak Marg before an exclusive audience of his friends. Each evening's concert was followed by drinks and dinner. This festival of Hindustani music used to last for three or four days, and was a annual event.

The present ambassador of Qatar, His Excellency Dr Hassan Ali Hussain Al Ni Mah, known to most of his friends as Hassan, also holds similar concerts- and even dance recitals—but with a difference. In fact, he has reduced it to a fine art. The locale is a replica of a sort of *khema* (a large tent) which one would expect to find in a desert or in an oasis.

Designed by the ambassador himself, it is illuminated by hurricane lamps, which, he feels, are the nearest equivalent to a desert lantern, even the magnificent chandeliers, comprise a cluster of these lamps. The inside of the *khema* is snow white—its walls, its ceiling- and the flooring is covered by priceless carpets and skins with cushions and bolsters aplenty.

The music is heard in the traditional *baithak* style—sitting or lounging on the floor. The last two artists to perform at these musical *soirees* were Ustad Asad Ali Khan, perhaps the best performer on the *Vichitra Veena* in the country, and Ustad Munnawar Ali Khan, one of our foremost exponents of vocal music.

Noble Mission

LORD Briggs, known to most of us as Professor Asa Briggs, a distinguished writer and author of the monumental history of the BBC and also Chancellor of the Open University, was here, but on a strange mission.

The story goes back, as James Ure of the British Council told me, to the year 1916 when a man called Charles William Wallace, a Scotsman, a merchant and an entrepreneur, died leaving a sizeable fortune. At some stage in his life he had been connected with the well-known firm of Shaw Wallace and had lived in Calcutta. He had obviously a very liberal bent of mind because in his will he stated that, when a proper provision had been made for his descendants, he wanted his money to be channelised back to where it had come from, namely, the British and the Indians. So a trust was formed for his descendants who benefitted from the trust money for 60 years—the last descendant died in 1976. A knotty problem then arose because according to the terms of his will, the money was to be now equally divided between the British Treasury and the Treasury of "British India". But British India had ceased to be a legal entity. After a great deal of confabulation, the lawyers of the Wallace Trust decided that the money apportioned for British India should be divided, according to a formula, between present-day India, present-day Pakistan, present-day Bangladesh and present-day Burma. India, however, got the largest share—about eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. (Britain got about a million pounds.)

The next step was a meeting in 1978 between the British Prime Minister at the time, James Callaghan, and his Indian counterpart, Morarji Desai. The two prime ministers decided that in order to fulfil Wallace's objective, the money should be devoted to providing facilities whereby British people should learn more about India and the Indians more about Britain, a trust would be set up in Britain to pursue that aim, while in India a society called The Charles William Wallace Memorial Society would be constituted for the purpose.

Lord Briggs, along with Sir Charles Troughton, formerly chairman of the British Council, and the British Council, represented by Roddy Cavoliero, its deputy director-general, are the three members of the British Trust; the Indian Society is headed by Dr Kapila Vatsayana, additional secretary of Ministry of Education, and eight other officials representing various ministries and the Indian Council for Cultural Relations.

Lord Briggs was here to meeet members of the Indian Society to work out and identify a number of projects in which there could be an inter-change of people in both directions.

LORD BRIGGS, a distingurshed writer, was in Delhi to work out projects to be sponsored by the Charles William Wallace Memorial Society, in order to bring about greater cultural exchange between England and India.

"Immortal" Woman

FANCY meeting a French "Immortal", and a woman at that! Marguerite Yourcenar is the first woman to have been admitted to that purely male three-hundred-year-old citadel of the arts, L'Academie Francaise, which has a membership of forty. They are popularly known as the "Immortals" and you can only be elected when one of the existing members dies. Author of the famous *Memoirs Of Hadrian*, which received a special award from the Academie as well as the Prix Femina for 1952 and has already become a classic, Marguerite wrote her first book, *Alexis*, when she was 16.

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR, the first woman to have been admitted to the all-male L'Academie Francaise, whose members are popularly called "Immortals".

She has never looked back since. She has written a large number of books which include fiction, historical works, books of essays and even poetry. But it was *Hadrian* that made her famous. Did she feel thrilled when she became an "immortal", I asked her. "Not much," she said, "they had to take a woman, I suppose." She added: "It is an old institution, but don't forget that many great writers were never its members."

There wasn't much of a tradition of writing in her family, she told me, and she had had no formal education. However, she spoke good English because of her trips to England and the United States. She loves to travel, and had loved it here, her trip to Rajasthan in particular. And Agra—the Taj Mahal lived up to her expectations and more.

A gracious woman, Marguerite Yourcenar exuded tremendous charm and if *Memoirs Of Hadrian*, which is the only book of hers I have read, epitomises some of her greatness as a writer, she has undoubtedly earned her status as a French "Immortal". ■

A SCENE FROM "OPEN HEART", an entry at the IX International Film Festival, held at Delhi.

Letter From Calcutta

All For A Ball

THEY called him the Chinese Wall because he so stoutly blocked the advance of British footballers; but Goshta Pal, the legendary soccer player, the first recently to be honoured with a statue in Calcutta, was not the only one to triumph over boots with bare feet. It was the style of the times; exalted in the historic match of July 29, 1911 when Mohun Bagan, the team Pal later joined, won the IFA shield.

About that time, *The Times of India Illustrated Weekly* (as this magazine was called) wrote that "on Thursday and Friday every Bengali carried his head higher and the one theme of conversation in the tramcars, in offices, and in those places where babus most do congregate was the rout of the King's soldiers in boots and shoes by barefooted Bengali lads". That was on July 24, when Mohun Bagan defeated the Middlesex Regiment, five days later scoring an even more momentous victory over the crack East Yorkshires.

Goshta Pal was 15 (born August 20, 1896) when the "Immortal Eleven" so distinguished itself. But he must have experienced the delirious frenzy that gripped Calcutta, was himself one of the "Immortal Eleven" during a playing career that stretched from 1913 to 1935, and remained a reminder of that heroic age until his death in 1976.

Seeking Sanctuary

THE massive rally of refugees on the Maidan on March 2 draws attention once more to a problem that is permanently associated with West Bengal. The Maidan and its Shahid Minar, Ochterlony Monument to older readers, is similarly identified with lost causes: this was where a hapless community, driven out of new homes in Dandakaranya, congregated some years ago to demand refuge in the Sunderbans. The Left Front soon sent them packing to Orissa and Madhya Pradesh.

Mr Jyoti Basu is less inhospitable to victims of persecution in Assam. About 17,000 dispossessed people from the Karbi Anglong riots of 1979-80 still languish here, joined by thousands more, fleeing the election bloodshed. But Assam's Gana Sangram Parishad says there was no violence and, hence, no victims. All talk of uprooted humanity is "totally false and motivated" explain the men responsible for the carnage, accusing the West Bengal Chief Minister of "collecting Bangladeshis, vagabonds and beggars in trucks and buses" and passing them off as refugees. As for the camps in Assam, why, they are peopled only by malicious foreigners who set fire to their own houses and destroyed all they possessed just to claim official compensation.

Such novel versions are not exactly new. When in 1971 more than nine million people fled what was then East Pakistan, General Yahya Khan also accused Mrs Gandhi of collecting vagrants to elicit world aid and sympathy.

Hands Off

MRS Gandhi set the fashion, now everyone sees a "foreign hand" behind every disturbance. In Dhaka not long ago, the Zonal Martial Law Administrator, General Abdur Rahman, blamed "foreign agents" for leading astray Bangladeshi students and politicians. Two days earlier in the West Bengal Assembly, Mr Jyoti Basu too claimed to see a "foreign hand" behind the Assam troubles. He was promptly supported by the Congress(S) leader, Mr Zainal Abedin, who similarly accused an "outside force" of the violence. To be imitated so widely must be gratifying for Mrs Gandhi; the charge also nicely exonerates ourselves of any blame.

Photographs by Mona Chowdhury

REFUGEE RALLY AT CALCUTTA MAIDAN

"DRESS-AS-YOU-LIKE" poses adopted by painters and sculptors who participated in the All India Artists' Workshop in Calcutta. Picture shows Balkrishnan (above left) and Prakash Karmakar.

BRONZE STATUE of noted footballer Goshta Pal, a legend in his time.

Still Unbridged

MR Pranab Mukherjee spoke as a true Bengali when he explained in his Budget speech that since the still incomplete second Hooghly bridge "falls on a local road" it is a State responsibility. Bengali village life is riddled with tales of generations of bitter friction over a mango tree in one man's land whose fruit droops over another's, there are even more expensive and acrimonious lawsuits over "char" land that breaks away from one man's property and attaches down river to another's.

The Budget's promise of a paltry Rs 0.39 lakhs for 1983-84 seems grossly inadequate to the Minister for Urban Development, Mr Prasanta Sur, who now wants an immediate loan of Rs 83 crores and says that the total cost has gone up to Rs 158.80 crores. But Mr Mukherjee too argues like a litiginous Bengali and not as a rational Marxist when he points out that while 49 per cent of the work has been completed at the Calcutta end, the negligent authorities in Howrah, across the river, have bothered to finish only 22 per cent of their job. We now know why Hindu joint families in Bengal collapsed under the weight of strife and rivalry.

Life On Canvas

WHAT would Calcutta, or any other Indian city, be without its foreign cultural missions? I am moved to this acknowledgement by the vivid relevance of the All India Artists' Camp at Max Mueller Bhavan, especially the revealing insights provided by its theme—'Human Conditions in the 20th Century.'

As a dozen or so artists paint and draw in public, visitors wander among their canvases, engage them with questions and admire their work. There are talks on such pertinent topics as Man and Environmental Pollution or Civilisation in Crisis; and a simultaneous exhibition of the haunting works of Sunil Das, the young and talented Calcutta painter once noted for his horses and *tantrik* symbolism. Bombay is represented by Suruchi Chand, and Werner Knaupp, a German, who is the only foreigner participating.

The human condition, as it emerges here, is bleak though not without hope. Perhaps the most telling of all the pictures is Paritosh Sen's depiction of Assam's tragedy. His collage shows a woman slicing a chicken, her breast composed of newspaper illustrations of the massacres. "I just cannot imagine how an artist can put in so much into one canvas, like the Indian artists do", says Knaupp, who also believes that a similar camp would be impossible in West Germany because German painters cling to their privacy.

Publish And Be Saved

IT is not often that a judge upholds violation of his own orders. This happened here on March 1 when Mr Justice P.C. Borooah of the Calcutta High Court not only refused to punish *The Telegraph* and its editor, M.J. Akbar, for disobeying his specific instructions but even praised the disregard.

Mr Borooah had asked that pictures of what goes on in Dum Dum jail should not be published in *The Telegraph* or in *Sunday*. The order was ignored and both publications carried several grim illustrations of how lunatics are treated in this infamous prison. Counsel for the jail promptly complained of contempt and, respecting procedure, the Court asked Akbar to show cause why he should not be prosecuted.

His reply moved Mr Booroah to admit that "the boldness shown by Mr Akbar is certainly commendable in the sense that it is in the wider interest of the miserable and helpless inmates of the Dum Dum Central Jail". Pleas to the contrary by the Government's lawyer, Mr Naranarayan Gooptu, that the law should not be flouted with impunity and that the State and the jail had been brought into disrepute by pictures that prejudged the issue were brushed aside by the judge who said that the editor "may have been carried away by his emotions and sense of duty after seeing the nature of the photographs".

It was a signal victory for *The Telegraph* and its courageous campaign against prison callousness, but an even greater triumph for the noble traditions of India's judiciary.

Sumita Sandilya

In The States

The Erosion Of The Congress (I)

HYDERABAD: If the Congress (I) in Andhra Pradesh does not soon shake itself out of its complacency, the party in the State may soon become a thing of the past Presently, it is teetering on the brink of virtual extinction The results of the four by-elections , held on February 27, amply demonstrated this. It is very obvious that the people are not in a hurry to forgive the party for its misdeeds

For example Yemmiganur, from where former Chief Minister K. Vijaya Bhaskara Reddy was once elected by more than 11,000 votes, was generally regarded as a"safe"constituency by the Congress (I). Mr Reddy toured the constituency for more than 10 days, vigorously campaigning for the party candidate R. Hanumanth Reddy The dissensions in the ruling Telugu Desom Party, especially over the choice of the party candidate seemingly enhanced the chances of a Congress (I) victory But when the results came in, the Congress (I) lost its seat to Telugu Desam by as many as 6,639 votes

The miserable performance of the Congress (I) in Himayatnagar (a city constituency in Hyderabad) compounded the distress of the party. With the Telugu Desam and the Bharatiya Janata Party fighting tooth and nail over the seat, the Congress (I) hoped to run away with a victory. Their hopes were boosted with the entry into the fray of the Janata Party which spared no efforts in its speeches to make the BJP look small.

Although Telugu Desam spent a fortune on the campaign the chances of its victory were doubtful because of several unpopular decisions made by the ruling party The most unpopular of these is the one with regard to the reduction of the retirement age. Since Himayatnagar houses mostly the middle-classes, "Telugu Desam" is a dirty word in this area The Congress (I) banked on this, but came in for a rude shock when the people preferred the Bharatiya Janata Party candidate to its own. The BJP candidate, A Narendra, won by a huge margin of

MRS GANDHI must rehaul her entire party machinery in the State if she desires to save the Congress (I) from virtual extinction.

28,134 votes, surprising even the BJP workers themselves The Congress (I) candidate on the other hand polled only 3,599 votes, and lost even the deposit.

What a fall for a party that once held unchallenged sway in the State!

Nevertheless, the Congress (I) was hopeful of securing the Tirupati seat NTR's decision to divert the Tirupati temple funds towards social welfare measures went against him as did his decision to give up the Tirupati seat (won by a margin of 47,000 votes) in favour of the Gudivada seat. The choice of the Telugu Desam candidate had also whipped up a good deal of dissatisfaction among party workers. The Congress (I) could not have asked for a more perfect situation to exploit. But the Tirupati voters refused to be taken in by Mrs Gandhi's rhetoric. Despite everything, they voted for the Telugu Desam which retained the seat by a margin of 11,000 votes. In Madanpalli as well, NTR's party trounced the Congress (I) by 10,661 votes.

A pall of gloom now envelops the Congress (I) in Andhra Pradesh. The party's confidence is totally shattered. Padayatras undertaken by former CM, T. Anjiah and Union Minister P. Venkatasubbiah failed to refurbish the sagging image of Mrs Gandhi. The rot that set in more than 3 years ago is now eating into the party's vitals. Anjiah's quixotic acts, like undertaking a fast in protest against NTR's Government, have only helped to blight its image further.

Apparently disgusted with the party's dismal performance, the chief of the State Youth Congress (I) has sent in his resignation from his party post. It is expected that the State party chief, G. Venkataswamy, will also quit his post to facilitate a total overhaul of party machinery.

If the party is serious about ensuring its continued existence in the State, let alone returning to power, it has to discard a lot of deadwood, draft young blood and acquire a clean image. Mrs Gandhi can no longer take things for granted if her party is to avoid the prospect of extinction in the very State which returned her to the Parliament with such a thumping majority, only three years ago.

G.S. Reddy

Corrupt Forest Officials Help To Denude Forests

SIMLA: Illicit felling of trees has reduced the forest cover in Himachal Pradesh over the years from 30 per cent of the total area to barely 18 per cent (See *Weekly* August 22-28, 1982) Alarmed by the decline, the State Government nationalised all commercial cutting of trees and swept, through an ordinance promulgated on in October 1981, all private sales of such produce into the public sector. It has eliminated contractors' agencies and decreed that pine trees will no more be utilised to tap resin

But none of the measures is being sincerely implemented Dishonest contractors, backed by corrupt politicians, continue to make hay

The forest officers not only help the contractors in felling the trees but also guide them in the transportation of timber, through safe routes, out of the State. Costly timber worth crores of rupees has been smuggled out of the State with impunity, with the connivance of forest officials and others

Dishonest contractors fell trees under the cover of Departmental Tree Felling Rights and use fake permits or no permits at all to take timber after dusk when such traffic is prohibited under the law. Cases are not wanting when officials have been pressurised by 'political bosses' to release smuggled timber held at check posts

Likewise, merciless bleeding of pine trees for the sake of resin has had a disastrous effect on the pine trees *('cheel)*,(See *Weekly*, January 2-8, 1983) According to officials of the forest department, the estimated number of pine trees destroyed due to this process in one district of Himachal Pradesh alone amounted to 40,000. Despite the stipulation that cuts should be only half inch deep, in most cases they are as deep as four inches

One particularly brazen case was taken up by the Chief Justice of Himachal High Court through "*suo moto* powers" of the Court. It pertained to a forest lessee from Jubbal (the home town of Mr Ram Lal, Chief Minister of Himachal Pradesh, in Simla district).

After hearing the case, the Chief Justice, ordered cases under sections 420, 467, 468, 471 and 379 of the Indian Penal Code registered against Mr Mast Ram Tanta, the forest lessee, for forging a permit and illicitly transporting timber to Simla and suggested that the whole matter should be investigated by the Central Bureau of Investigation The Chief Justice has also ordered the parties to appear before him on March 1 and directed that the case should be tried by the Chief Judicial Magistrate, Simla.

Mr Tanta had been earlier prosecuted under sections 41 and 42 of the Indian Forest Act in April last year and was fined Rs 500, the maximum penalty that could be levied under the Act by the Judicial Magistrate of Tehsil Headquarters, Theog The Chief Justice subsequently received an anonymous complaint that Mr Tanta, an influential man, was a habitual offender and had been lightly dealt with.

The Chief Justice issued the notice of enhancement of sentence to Mr Mast Ram Tanta. The Deputy Director of Enforcement,Mr S.D. Minhas, after thoroughly examining the records and relevant papers, came to the conclusion that Mr Tanta had forged the permit to transport the timber worth Rs 2 lakhs. He recommended Tanta's trial under sections 420, 467 and 468. The Judicial Magistrate let him off with a mild fine when the accused pleaded guilty in this case

CHIEF MINISTER RAM LAL'S son and son-in-law were found to be involved in the Himachal Pradesh forest scandal.

The Chief Justice observed that the consignment of the timber in question was smuggled in trucks belonging to Mr Jagdish Thakur, son of the CM, Mr Ram Lal, and Mr Padam Singh, the CM's son-in-law. This is why this case of smuggling was considered "sensitive and delicate" by the State Enforcement Directorate and the Public Prosecutor opined that only a case under sections 41 and 42 of the Indian Forest Act be filed in the Court against Mr Tanta. The Chief Justice observed that Enforcement Directorate had concealed some papers from the Court.

The Chief Justice has pronounced strictures on the conduct of two directors of Directorate of Enforcement, Mr K.N. Kapur and Mr Lashkari Ram, and other officers. He said they displayed 'convenient memory' and were evasive in their replies to the questions put by the Court.

It was only when the Court ordered the investigating officer to find out the names of the owners of the trucks used to smuggle the timber that he gave the names. Even so he avoided mentioning the names of the fathers of the owners. He was again directed by the Court to verify their parentage and then he had to reveal that the trucks were owned by the son and son-in-law of the Chief Minister.

K. S. Tomar

Higher Onshore Oil Yield

AHMEDABAD: The ONGC's onshore fields in Gujarat and adjoining areas may begin yield five to six million tonnes of crude oil a year by 1980.

The tentative estimate of oil production for 1983-84 from the Gujarat fields, according to the latest annual plan of the ONGC is three million tonnes (1.6 from Ankleshvar and 1.4 from Gujarat) while the figure for 1984-85 is 2.8 million tonnes. The reasons for the predicted decline are not far to seek. The conservative coordinators in the ONGC's Dehra Dun headquarters and at the Energy Ministry in New Delhi's Shastri Bhavan are optimistic of achieving a major leap in production from ONGC's north-eastern fields but not so enthusiastic about increasing production from the Western Region. The Ankleshvar crude is highly valuable for preparing detergent alkalites for petrochemicals and it is, therefore, considered necessary to produce this crude for a longer period as far as possible to meet the requirements of the PCL at Baroda.

At the recently-held 6th Oil and Gas Conference at Dehra Dun, Mr A.T.R. Raju, Chief Geologist of the ONGC, unfolded a strategy to produce five to six million tonnes of oil in the Western Region (Onshore) by 1990. About 25,500 sq km of the Cambay basin has been well-explored and about 500 million tonnes of oil has been struck here—localised in an area of 330 sq km, spread over 51 fields and pools. It is believed that small structural accumulations in the basin might yield another 150 million tonnes. By adopting timely and effective measures on proper well maintenance, stimulation and artificial lift, the present level of production in North Gujarat fields can be markedly improved. Mr Raju thinks it is possible to achieve a production of 2.75 million tonnes from North Gujarat.

The virgin areas of the Gulf of Cambay are expected to yield 100 million tonnes of oil. This area entails high risk exploration but with high rewards. In view of its immediate vicinity to the areas of production any discovery here could also be quickly developed for commercial production. The Western Region of the ONGC also includes Saurashtra, Kutch and parts of Rajasthan.

The Jaisalmer basin of Rajasthan is located on the eastern flank of the hydrocarbon-bearing Indus Basin with thick sediments deposited under favourable conditions. There is no reason why this hydrocarbon should not be tapped. The main problem, however, is the acquisition of sufficient data for ideal tapping conditions. A preliminary survey based on available data indicates that this area may yield 50 to 100 million tonnes of oil but the yields are expected to be much higher once the operations begin.

Dipak B.R. Chaudhuri

JABALPUR: Mr Satyavrat Chaturvedi, the Madhya Pradesh Deputy Minister for Irrigation, has resigned from the State Cabinet following his conviction by the High Court in a case of abduction.

A Division Bench of the High Court comprising Mr Justice J.S. Verma and Mr Justice M.L. Malik, in their judgement delivered at Jabalpur, held Chaturvedi guilty under sections 367 and 148 of IPC and sentenced him to three years rigorous imprisonment.

The bench also directed Chaturvedi to surrender after a fortnight during which he could also obtain a stay from the Supreme Court.

Soon after the judgment, Chief Minister Arjun Singh contacted the Deputy Minister on phone at Chhatarpur and is understood to have asked Mr Chaturvedi to resign.

MP's Criminal Minister

The Prosecution case was that Vinod alias Satyavrat Chaturvedi, son of a former Minister of Madhya Pradesh, Mr Baburam Chaturvedi, and Mrs Vidyawati Chaturvedi, Member of Parliament, along with five others had kidnapped one Brindaban Ahir of village Duda in Chhatarpur on April 25, 1973 and forcibly taken him to a nearby village where they inflicted serious injuries on his person with lethal weapons. Brindaban Ahir died in a hospital the same night.

The case was filed in the Court of Additional Sessions Judge, Chhatarpur who acquitted all other five co-accused but not Mr Chaturvedi.

The father of Brindaban Ahir had appealed to the then Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh and the Prime Minister to intervene and see that due justice was given to him.

The CID was subsequently ordered to conduct an enquiry and the case had been filed afresh in the Chhatarpur Court. In the revision case, the Government then appealed in the High Court and the Court found guilty all the accused.

They were sentenced to three years rigorous imprisonment each.

Mukesh Kumar Sharma

Reaching Farmers The T & V Way

The Training & Visit system is a reorganised and streamlined agricultural extension method under which Village Level Workers (VLWs) and Agricultural Extension Officers (AEOs) receive periodical training and pass on their knowledge to farmers during their periodic visits. In this system, the VLW is a single purpose extension worker, concerned only with agriculture under a single line of command. The VLWs and AEOs receive training from the Subject Matter Specialists once a fortnight on current field operations and disseminate the relevant technology through selected farmers called Contact Farmers during their regular visits.

The T & V System was launched at the Rajasthan Canal Project and Chambal Project in Rajasthan and Madhya Pradesh respectively in 1974. Later, it was introduced in some projects in Andhra Pradesh. This system is now also in operation in the States of Assam, Orissa, Bihar, Gujarat, West Bengal, Tamil Nadu, Kerala, Haryana, Karnataka and Maharashtra. Other States are expected to adopt it shortly.

Under the programme, training is imparted on fixed days of the week or the fortnight at a training session by the Subject Matter Specialists (provided at the Sub-Divisional level). The training is a proper mix of theory and practice, employing the use of audio-visuals. A subdivision is attached to a Regional Research Station operated by the Agricultural University. The Subject Matter Specialists and Sub-divisional Agricultural Officers receive a two-day monthly training from the research scientists. They visit the farmers and note the adoption of the techniques.

The training, to begin with, is confined to a few selected crops which are grown by a large number of farmers in the area. The knowhow is limited to the stage of crop growth covering a fortnight at a time and concentrates on important practices and operations relevant to the following fortnight. For example, during the sowing of redgram or greengram, the treatment of seed with rhizobium culture forms the subject of training. The Subject Matter Specialists prepare a crop lesson in consultation with research scientists. This is printed or cyclostyled and distributed at the training session. Important points in the lesson are highlighted at the end of the lesson.

The VLW visits the farmers in his circle once every week in intensive areas, or once every fortnight in other areas. One VLW supervises about 800 farming families. He divides these families into 8 groups of 100 each and visits each group on a fixed day covering all the 8 groups every fortnight. In intensive areas, which command major irrigation projects, there are 500 farming families in a VLW circle and the VLW visits every week at the rate of about 60 families each day.

He groups 10 families into one unit and appoints 10 farmers as Contact Farmers. The Contact Farmers are the leaders of the group. All the neighbouring farmers are encouraged to meet the VLW during his visits.

Representatives of input agencies like Agro-Industries Corporation, Seed Corporations and Marketing Co-operatives are invited to the training session and the problems relating to the supply of inputs are discussed at the session and solutions found.

Supervisory support to the sub-division is provided by the Deputy Director of Agriculture and a group of SMSs at the district level and by the Regional Director of Agriculture, wherever provided.

At the State level, the Director of Agriculture is assisted by an Additional Director of Agriculture (Extension) who is supported by other staff. They conduct regular monitoring, evaluation and in-depth studies to determine the impact.

The system is designed not only to deliver messages to farmers but also to identify and feed back to senior extension officers, and ultimately applied researchers the farm level problems. This feedback mechanism is designed to ensure that the system remains responsive to farmers' needs and continues to deliver relevant technology. This reverse flow of information, however, is not sufficient for managers to monitor the system's efficiency in delivering information nor to form judgements about the extent to which improved practices are adopted by farmers and the consequent effects on crop yields and productivity. So resources needed for evaluation are also provided.

The T & V System, wherever it was adopted, has shown very encouraging results. It has been observed that the yields can easily be raised significantly under this system. There is no reason why similar results could not be ensured in other areas within a brief period of one or two crop seasons.

C.N.N. Murthy

TRAINING AND VISIT. An Extension Officer demonstrates pesticide operations to a group of VLWs in the fortnightly programme under the system.

Dance

Kuchipudi: Must Women Dance Solo?

Degeneration, Not Development

Kuchipudi has plummeted alarmingly from an uplifting and edifying theatre experience to a frail and suggestive stage affair. Seductive poses, titillating passages, sizzling duets and the sort today constitute the hallmark of the trade, says the author.

Text and Photographs by Mohan Khokar

A TYPICAL DANCE-DRAMA in Kuchipudi

HE COULD have been walking on air, so delirious with excitement was Siddhappa. He was to be with his bride for the first time. The two had been married earlier, much earlier—he was four and she a mere six months—but the time had now come for consummating the union. In the evening there was to be a reception, after which he and his Kameswaramma would be escorted to the nuptial chamber. He could hardly wait. And it was yet only afternoon. He had to cross the river to reach his wife's place. Heady with anticipation, he slid into the waters and headed for the other bank. He had traversed half the distance when dark, ominous clouds foregathered above and, without warning, unleashed their fury in a nightmarish downpour. Siddhappa found himself hopelessly trapped, with water from every side threatening to swallow him up. Fearing that his hour had come, on an innate impulse he made a pact: if the Lord would spare him this once, he would renounce his wife and become a *sanyasi*. The next moment he was numb.

When he came to, Siddhappa found himself on the other bank. The villagers soon discovered who he was and, when he came to, carried him with ceremony to the bride's house. Eventually Siddhappa and Kameswaramma were alone, and when she raised her eyes to see him, she was transfixed. The uncanny radiance that invested his person told her that he was not of the earth but a transcended being. And she had no two thoughts. In an instant it was clear to her what role she would have to play in his life. She would be his spiritual companion, not worldly wife.

Not long afterwards, pleased with how Siddhappa had honoured his vow, Sri Krishna appeared to him in a dream and bade him recreate in word and action the story of Satyabhama's love for him, for that too centred round the theme of surrender and sacrifice. By now, by virtue of the pure and austere life he was leading, Siddhappa had come to be known as Siddhendra Yogi. As per the behest, he wrote the play, which he called *Parijatapaharanam*, but which later came also to be known as *Bhama Kalapam*. Keen that his work should be clean and virtuous and presented as a spiritual exercise, Siddhendra Yogi fought shy of women dancers, the *devadasis*, who were the leading practitioners of the art and enlisted the aid of a handful of raw Brahmin boys of his village. He offered the *Parijatapaharanam* as a dance-drama, and it is in this fortuitous way that the Kuchipudi tradition began, around the middle of the 17th century.

Dance And Drama

The art, however, was not entirely of Siddhendra Yogi's making. He fashioned his creation, in terms of both text and technique, on the forms of dance and drama then obtaining in the region, of which there were quite a few. The most rewarding description of these is given in the *Pandityaradhya Charitra* of Palakurki Somanatha, who belonged to the thirteenth century and was a great scholar and one of the most prominent poets and propagandists of the Lingayat sect of the Saiva fold. These were, for example, the *Siva Lasika*, performed by itinerant bands of devout men, which later expanded to take on Vaishnava themes as well and gave rise to the *Natya Matas* or *Brahmanar Matas*. And there were *devadasis*, hundreds of them, in temples such as at Tallapalem and Bhimavaram and who later also came to dance in the court and for public entertainment, when their art came to be given the label *Nattuva Mela*.

The earliest form of a full-bodied stylised dance-drama, however, was the *Yakshagana*. This had its roots in tribal usage but in course of time matured into a delectable theatre art involving dancing, acting and singing and carrying a blend of the crude and the refined, the folk and the classical. The first *Yakshagana*, *Sugmna Vijayam*, was written in 1570. And it is on the *Yakshagana* format, more than any other that Siddhendra Yogi modelled his art. In fact in local parlance Kuchipudi plays are to this day referred to as *Yakshaganas*.

The Kuchipudi tradition also stemmed from the Bhakti movement, which emerged in the south in the sixth century and spread rapidly with an overpowering and lasting impact. The cult acknowledged adoration as pure and exclusive love and ardent yearning for God, expressed through such means as ecstatic singing and dancing in glory of the Lord. The Kuchipudi players were accomplished artistes, but they were also inspired men who led saintly lives. They were Brahmins, and they performed not for livelihood or entertainment but as sheer offering on their part. And as the first play *Parijatapaharanam* and most of the plays that followed carried themes from *Bhagavata* lore, performers of Kuchipudi came to be known as *Bhagavatulu*.

The village of Kuchipudi, after which the dance-drama takes its name, was associated with performers long before Siddhendra Yogi stepped into the picture. It is on record that as early as 1502 a *melam* or team of actors from Kuchipudi staged an unrivalled piece before the Raya of Vijayanagar, focussing attention on the atrocities committed by a late chieftain and so forcefully did they bring home the message to him that the Raya ordered the latter to be beheaded. The

[illegible] the Queen Rudrama[illegible] witness a Kuchipudi performance [illegible] gifted the village [illegible]. But there was one stipulation: the male issues in the line of the benefactors would continue to serve the cause of Kuchipudi by pursuing it as a moral obligation. The stipulation has, by and large, been honoured. Even today, during the upanayanam or sacred thread ceremony, boys coming from traditional Kuchipudi families [illegible] daily, where they are made to wear ankle bells as part of their initiation into the art.

Kuchipudi has two temples, at Pairha-[illegible], which also enshrine relatives or images of Krishna as Rajagopala, which Siddhendra [illegible] and worshipped, and of Balakrishnamurthi. The Kaalingeswara temple started a public stage on the outside for Kuchipudi performances, which for a long time were presented, regularly, every Friday. Since about 20 years, the stage has been demolished. Though the village of Kuchipudi remained its focus, in time the art spread to some other places as well, such as Srirallam, Alampoor, Tanguturpalli and Mandapeta. The different centres bred their own systems, which were well patronised by the temples, local rulers and zamindars.

In the tradition, training in Kuchipudi began at the age of seven and continued for five to seven years. The boys were [illegible] a male dancer trained by a [illegible] presentation was in the open, [illegible] an improvised stage comprising [illegible] platform of raised earth with a [illegible] for covering. Illumination was provided by flaming torches or gaslight, [illegible] wonder known as gaspillam, which gives a strong flare when ignited, was used at climactic moments. The performance began about nine at night and continued till the early hours.

In a traditional Kuchipudi play, the *sutradhara*, or conductor, holds a key position. He is the leader of the *melam*, master of ceremonies, who sings, acts and dances and serves as an effective foil to the principal characters through his [illegible] innuendos and repartee. He appears in a set costume and with make-up, holding a crooked staff as the badge of his authority. The play opens with the musicians led by the *sutradhara* seated on one side singing an invocation to the Mother Goddess as Amba. This is followed by the appearance of a boy wearing a mask of Ganapati who prances for a while to the strains of a *Vinayaka stuthi*. Then come the ritual dancers, carrying the sacred flag, holy water, incense and the like, who go through their paces by way of purifying the stage. After this, begins the play proper with the *sutradhara* announcing its theme in a sing-song manner and exhorting the audience to witness it spiritedly and attentively for their own profit.

Unique Feature

Each major character in the play—and this is a feature unique to Kuchipudi—makes his or her first entry dancing and singing a *daru*, a type of composition that lists, in flattering terms one can be sure, the qualities and attributes of the charac-

pace; and the sequence is interrupted with a dance, by way of an interlude, a divertissement. This may be an abstract, ornamental number or a regular expressional piece. The ornamental compositions, such as the *Jatiswaram* and *Tillana*, are patently patterned after their Bharata Natyam counterparts. But Kuchipudi also incorporates a number of exclusive, and one might say enthralling items, such as dancing on an inverted earthen pot, or with a vessel of water balanced on the head, or with the feet planted on the rim of a tray, or to an uncommon rhythmic cycle at the same time tracing with the feet the outline of an elephant or a lion.

Expressional Numbers

The expressional numbers, projecting songs in Telugu or Sanskrit, are borrowed from a variety of sources. The most popular of these is the dance-opera *Krishna Lila Tarangini* of Tirthi Narayana, of which the first section *Balagopala Tarangam*, is a lasting favourite. Compositions of inspired poets like Tyagaraja and Kshetragna, too, are common, next to which come snatches from Jayadeva's *Geeta Govinda* and the *Adhyatma Ramayana*. Also ubiquitous are *Sabdams*, which are in praise of a deity or patron, and *Abhishekams*, which glorify divine personages. All such attractions, it should be noted, are injected into scenes showing a king holding court, for this lends a legitimate excuse to bring in a dancer as entertainer, or by a deliberate break in the play. The dancers are not extras but the very performers who have roles in the play, and the dances often are often an encore from the audience.

From its inception, the Kuchipudi art remained of interest and concern only to the Telugus. Though a large chunk of the present Andhra Pradesh was, till hardly

KUCHIPUDI FOUGHT SHY OF WOMEN DANCERS for over three centuries, till 1948. But once this trend was born, it soon became the vogue. Left: Yamini Krishnamurthi. Right: Vedantam Satyanarayana Sarma, the foremost artiste for female roles, as Satyabhama in Bhama Kalapam.

three decades ago, part of what was known as Madras Presidency, no Kuchipudi *melam* ever stirred out of the strictly Telugu-speaking areas. During the Telugu Nayak rule over Tanjore in the 16th century there came into being an extension of Kuchipudi known as Bhagavata Mela Nataka, but that is another story. The first time that Kuchipudi came to be seen outside its acknowledged bounds was as recent as 1948, when it was taken to Madras. The city was then riding the crest of a dance wave, which is probably what provoked the local Telugus to contribute their bit for their own art of Kuchipudi. This took the form of a function to honour the greatest master of Kuchipudi in our time, Vedantam Lakshminarayana Sastri, then 68 years of age, when he was presented a *simhatalatamu*, a carved golden bracelet. There was no staging of any Kuchipudi play, but a Smt Samarajyam gave a rendering of the *Balagopala Tarangam*. And this became the first occasion for a woman to appear in Kuchipudi on a public platform. And with this was born a trend, which soon became the vogue, and then the norm.

Idea From Bharata Natyam

The idea obviously was borrowed from Bharata Natyam, where women soloists, apart from the *devadasis*, were at the time enjoying considerable popularity. Indeed, speaking at the felicitation, B. Gopala Reddi, Finance Minister of Madras, fervently exhorted his people: "Kuchipudi style of dance has remained to be merely a style. No great exponent has come forward to spread it. The secret for its languishing lay in the fact that only men were its exponents. If it was confined to men alone it is doomed to be completely dead. They should start schools in which beautiful women, with proper facial features and physical build, should be trained." The advice was heeded only too well, for soon there were any number of Telugu girls engaged in the pursuit of Kuchipudi. And practically overnight, the male dance-drama aspect of Kuchipudi became secondary and the art came to be identified as a solo dance by women. Thus, when Kuchipudi was taken for the first time to Bombay, in April 1955, it was represented by two girls from Andhra. For Delhi, the first exposure was at the National Dance Festival, in December 1955, to which the foremost Kuchipudi *melam*, Venkatarama Natyamandali, contributed not, as one should have expected, a traditional play but an assortment of dances by a bevy of girls, billed, tellingly, as Kuchipudi Bharata Natyam. And at the prestigious Dance Seminar sponsored by the Sangeet Natak Akademi in Delhi in 1958, at which a number of obscure dance and dance-drama traditions were brought to light, all that came by way of Kuchipudi was a demonstration of technique by a Miss Konchanamala, B.A.

Understandably, therefore, Kuchipudi today is endowed with a character and flavour far removed from what it was intended to have. There are presently only two professional troupes of male performers. The bulk of the dancers are women, who in rare cases are paired with men. Essential elements of the art, such as *vachikabhinaya*, acting and the *sutradhara*, have conveniently been given the go-by. Of the kernel of the art *sringara bhakti*, what survives is plain *sringara* without the faintest veneer of *bhakti*. Indeed some of the more erotic pieces are so overplayed that they border on the *risque*. A male dancer portraying the passion of a woman in love is obliged to exaggerate, but if a woman is not on her guard her projection can easily slip into embarrassing impropriety and prurience. None of the established male Kuchipudi dancers dare attempt any female role, leave aside Satyabhama's which all along constituted the touchstone of the art. Features alien to the style, such as static poses based on *karana* and other sculptures, have been freely inducted into the presentation, evidently to give it a richer sparkle. Nor has Kuchipudi lagged behind in dabbling in what passes under the name of ballet, mostly with whimsically odd results. Playback singing wedded to cloying lip movement by the dancer, rackety orchestration, unconventional if not entirely new-fangled costume and adornment, and all the garishness of the tinsel cinema blazon the new game.

In sum, Kuchipudi has plummeted alarmingly from an uplifting and edifying theatre experience to a frail and suggestive stage affair. Seductive poses, titillating passages, sizzling duets and the sort today constitute the hallmark of the trade. As a seasoned dance-watcher from abroad on seeing a present-day dispensation of Kuchipudi pithily put it: "I suppose that's your version of oomph!" ■

DANCING ON AN INVERTED POT is both popular with and exclusive to Kuchipudi.

The Spy Who Came In For Cold Chicken

by H. Jesse Kochar

HIS eyes darting from edge to edge Comrade Poon stepped out of a small military plane at a secret air-base in Pyongyang. Half way down the gangway he let out a shriek—he saw a blanket advancing towards him. Before he could yell again he had been bundled into a neat roll and driven downtown, to the headquarters of the North Korean secret service.

Poon was unfurled on the floor before the ageing Spy-Chief. Poon slowly raised his head and spitting out four carpet-bugs managed to croak, "I protest, Comrade Spy-Chief. It is ridiculous the way I have been brought here, that's no way to welcome me home...!!" Poon produced two more bugs which had drowned in his mouth.

Spy-Chief threw a cold steely glare at Poon. "Go on," he ordered.

"...I was saying Comrade, that is no way to treat a fellow spy just because he comes home without summons," his tears dropped near the departed bugs.

"Next time use a clean blanket," the Spy-Chief told the tough-guys. Then turning to Poon he demanded, "Tell me, why did you leave your post in New Delhi without my orders?"

Tandoori Gobhi

"I was fed up Comrade," Poon lamented. "Try eating tandoori gobhi, tandoori frogs-legs and tandoori chicken day in and day out..." He saw Spy-Chief was taking notes.

"...In New Delhi they don't eat juicy snakes, fried lizards, roasted pigeons like us. It was a gastronomic tragedy. I was starved for cold chicken Comrade, so I made up an excuse and came here. But why that stinking blanket...?"

From the shadows, suddenly the Head of the Indian-Desk came out and placed a top-secret dossier before the Spy-Chief. He began to read it.

"You should not have been wrapped in a dirty blanket and brought here Comrade Poon," said the Spy-Chief, his face showing the various shades of red. "You should have been shot. You have been filing cock and bull stories from New Delhi."

"I? Cock and bull stories?" Poon protested. He saw one of his reports being dangled before him.

"Yes," the Spy-Chief sniggered meanly. "Here is one report from you on the New Delhi fly-overs."

"The one I got by bugging Buta Singh's buggy?"

"That's right, you reported that seven fly-overs are being built at a cost of ten crore rupees... length, half a kilometre; breadth, seventy-five metres; four lane traffic... and right in the next report you say thirteen persons died in the capital of severe cold while living on footpaths. How on earth.....?"

Nothing But The Truth

"I only told the truth Comrade. That's the way India runs..."

"You are a bloody liar." The Spy-Chief selected another report from the dossier, "Here is one of your horse-manure on a film."

"Is that the micro-film I sent in the tooth cavity of our football coach who visited Delhi?"

"Bloody right you are. You said that Bombay policemen may strike again. Because they are not allowed to bring cots to sleep during night duty! Do you think I am some kind of a nut to swallow that one?"

"It happens in India Comrade, it happens frequently," Poon wanted to be believed.

"And this manual of the Mirage aircraft Indians are building? Your note says you stole it from a test-pilot travelling in a city-bus. You blithering third-rate spy, you want to throw cow-dung in my eyes? A test-pilot travelling in a city-bus? A fellow who flies a twenty million-rupee aircraft travels in a city-bus to his workplace?"

"Comrade Spy-Chief I swear that is true. Absolutely true. In India smugglers travel in big cars and the test-pilots in buses..." Poon fell down on his knees. He knew he was not being believed at all.

A Rare Gem

"And here is an absolute gem from your fertile imagination." The Spy-Chief stared down at one of Poon's June-82 reports, "You used your transmitter, hidden in your riding boots, to tell us that western secret services are lamenting trouble in India..."

"Yes Comrade I did."

"...by planting cow-tails, pig-teeth, bull-horns and cigarette butts in places of worship. Are you trying to be funny Comrade Poon?"

"You must believe me Comrade, Indians take their animals seriously ..."

"Guards!" Comrade Spy-Chief thundered. "Take this man away and feed him to the hungriest chickens in Pyongyang." ■

THE "LIFE AND TIMES OF SHRI JAMNALAL BAJAJ." This exhibition of photographs, held at Bombay's Bajaj Bhavan, was inaugurated by the industrialist and philanthropist Shriyans Prasad Jain. Showing him around is Ramkrishna Bajaj

THE WORLD AROUND US

SUPERGIRL LEAPS ONTO CELLULOID Supergirl, who journeyed to earth from the planet Krypton, will soon hit the screen in a £15 million film produced by Alexander Salkind.

A FLEETING BURST OF GLORY This unusual flower, the Brahma Kamal, blooms only once a year and that too, for about four hours.

CITY SLICKER Clio Rocas enlivens Londoners wearing a costume from the recent Kenny Everett TV series

—F.R. Rama

Mesmeric Marilyn

The innocence and the fire that was Marilyn Monroe are captured forever in the most ravishing photographs ever taken of the legendary star. Bert Stern, famed photographer of beautiful women, had a dream. It was to create a great portrait of Marilyn Monroe, to catch on film her unique quality in one immortal photograph. Through a *Vogue* assignment, Stern arranged a meeting with Marilyn, who agreed to sit for him. It was to be the last sitting she ever gave. Six weeks later Marilyn Monroe was dead.

The photographs in Stern's book *The Last Sitting,* published on the twentieth anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death, include some of the most famous of the star, as well as never-before-published photos from his private collection. Marilyn Monroe posed nude for Stern, the only time she had done so since the famous calendar shots taken when she was eighteen. Here you will read a part of Bert Stern's account of what happened then—how the sitting ignited into an extraordinary romance in which a man and a woman made love through a camera's lens. Here is Marilyn, clothed and unclothed, joyful, playful, wistful, deliciously wanton—a love goddess.

SHE was beginning to lose patience. I could see it on her face. She had been a good sport, but it was well after midnight, and the fashion was wearing thin. Besides, if I was drunk by now she was far from sober herself. I'd been sticking to Dom Perignon, but around the middle of the sitting I noticed that someone was spiking hers with 100 per cent vodka. That was a guaranteed way to get her very bombed. It could also create a very volatile situation.

One thing I knew for sure—it wouldn't be any fun to get in Marilyn's way if that combustible mixture ever ignited—and I could feel the storm clouds gathering.

I got down on my knees in front of her to shoot a low angle shot. Suddenly she seemed so cold... I had the crazy ideo that maybe she'd take pity on me if I knelt down to pay proper respect to her as the greatest symbol of woman that America had ever created. What I envisioned was an image of Marilyn that would be symbolic and sexy. I saw her in the nude wrapped in a chiffon American flag. That would make a great picture. Unfortunately, there were no chiffon stars and stripes around. Instead, there stood Marilyn in a black dress, looking down at me. Getting madder.

"Why don't you direct a movie?" she said out of the blue.

"Uh-huh," I said, without lowering the camera from my eye. Direct a movie? I was having enough problems getting a few great photographs.

She picked up her champagne glass, took another sip and said, "What's your premise?"

My premise? What a strange question. I didn't know what my premise was. I didn't know a photograph needed one. I didn't know how to answer, so I flashed off a few more frames on my knees to distract her. Usually when I am looking up at a woman, she seems more beautiful. It's sexier in a way. But Marilyn wasn't yielding.

I could feel her slipping away through my fingers. Admittedly we'd been working for hours. I'd done all these fashion shots for *Vogue,* and they were beautiful, but what did I really have of Marilyn? Of course I hadn't come here to get *her*... but that was what I really wanted, wasn't it?

But more, even more than that, I wanted something no one else could get from Marilyn, captured in a photograph forever.

That was my premise. I was down on my knees to her and I wanted her to award me with herself. To knight me by giving herself. And she was saying, *You're too talented to be given something so easily.* Not in words, but by the way she stood there looking at me, by the challenge in her eyes.

Marilyn and I had unfinished business, it seemed. I wanted something more from the pictures, and she wanted more from me as a person. I could sense it.

But what?

I got to my feet "I think we've done enough of this dress," I said. "Lets take a break."

Why was I so tired? The first time we'd worked all night without fatigue. Of course, then we'd been doing what we wanted. We hadn't had the whole Establishment to please.

As I went to get a glass of champagne, I remembered the little heart-shaped pill in my pocket The doctor had said, "If you get tired in the afternoon, take half." I was certainly tired. And there was no way I was going to stop until I got what I wanted. Maybe that little pill would help keep me going.

I took it out of my pocket. The little pink heart complemented the yellow of the champagne and the green of the bottle. I broke it in two, put half in my mouth, took a sip of Dom Perignon, and swallowed.

All the craziness of the sixties really began for me at that moment. But I didn't know that. All I knew was that after a few minutes a kind of cold energy flowed into my bloodstream. It wasn't much, just enough to bounce me around a few times and put a nice sharp edge on my fatigue.

Babs had dug up yet another black dress, and I was ready for anything. But Marilyn had had it.

"Do we have to do any more of this fashion?

"We're really almost finished," I said "Just one or two more dresses."

"I'm tired of all these clothes," she said. "Isn't there anything else to shoot around here?"

She looked around and then she walked off the white no-seam and grabbed a flimsy bed jacket that was lying casually on a chair near the strobe. I had tossed it there as a "no" when we were going through the clothes earlier, because Babs said it was bad fashion, and I didn't think much of it either. But Marilyn zeroed right in on it.

"Well, what about this?" she demanded, holding it up. It was a double layer of frills over black chiffon. "Is this fashion?"

"Well, I didn't think it was that nice," I started to say. But her mind was made up.

"I think it's very nice," she said, and she stormed off into the bathroom to change.

I looked at Babs. Babs looked at me. I shrugged, as if to say, it's not my fault. I didn't tell her to put it on.

"Bert, this is a waste of time," Babs said. "We can't run a picture of that. It's terrible. Tacky."

I said, "I know, but what am I going to do? It's late, and she's really been working hard. I'd better do a few pictures of her in the bed jacket."

The bathroom door opened, and Marilyn came out in this *thing*. Two layers of chiffon, a towel around her bottom, and that's all.

Babs winced. Kenneth threw up his hands.

Marilyn ignored them.

She came right up to me and lifted one layer of lace. I could see right through the sheer black chiffon... those beautiful breasts.

And she said, "How's this for thirty-six?"

She didn't mean her bust size. She meant her age.

I looked her straight in the eye, "I'm not afraid of you, Marilyn."

I turned to Babs. "Why doesn't everybody just leave the room and let me shoot her alone?"

Babs said, "I think that's a good idea, Bert." Everyone got up and began to file out of the room. As they were leaving Babs said, "We'll be right out here if you need us."

"Great," I said, and I closed the door and locked it.

I turned around. Marilyn Monroe stood in the centre of the room, backlit, with nothing on but a towel and a little bit of chiffon. Waiting.

We were alone. There was no one to tell us to shoot another dress or straighten another hair. This was just for us. Our scene... the brash photographer from Brooklyn and the sexiest woman in the world.

"What do you want to do?" she said.

What did I want to do? I didn't know where to begin. Looking around the room for a starting point, my eyes went straight to the daybed in the corner. I walked over to it, scooped up the lenses and boxes of film strewn on the bedspread, and pulled off the spread and blanket, leaving just the white sheets. Still cradling my Rolleiflex in one hand, with the strobe cord dangling, I dragged the bed to the middle of the room where the lighting was focused. Marilyn was watching.

"Here," I said. "Why not just get in the bed?"

Marilyn lay down between the bedsheets.

"Why don't you take the towel off?" I suggested. "It'll make bumps."

She reached down under the sheet, and then she raised her arm up high and handed me the towel. I took it and put it on the other side of the room. As I turned back, I caught a glimpse of her in the mirror we had used during the fashion shooting to show her what she looked like. I put on some music, picked up the bottle of Dom Perignon, walked backward toward her, watching her in the mirror, and sat down on the edge of the bed. Now I saw myself sitting beside her in the mirror. It was like a dream. In front of the mirror were her shoes, an empty bottle of Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, a cable release, and some used film boxes.

I picked up my Nikon and shot a picture of me and her.

She was really on, rolling around on the bed and giggling. I sat there trying to figure out the exposure without taking a Polaroid. I didn't want to do anything to turn her off. Because whatever else this was, it was one hell of a photographic opportunity. Here she was, ready to be something I'd never seen in the movies or anywhere. Right before my eyes, she was turning into an animal made of light. There was no time to stop. I set the camera at f/8.

I took a few shots, with the bed jacket falling down, and then I stopped. It wasn't right. I was taking bad pictures; I could feel it. Momentarily I was at a loss. But when I'm taking pictures, I trust my intuition. If something's wrong, all I have to do is *stop*. I simply stand there, and after a few moments what I have to do will come to me. It didn't take long to figure it out.

"You know," I said, "you're beautiful. But that bed jacket is... it's not... well, frankly, it's terrible. What are we going to do with it?"

"I'll take it off!"

"Why don't you do that?"

"But what should I wear?"

"You could just wrap yourself in the sheet," I suggested.

"Oh! Okay." And she wriggled out of the bed jacket under the sheet, while I kept on shooting.

The bed jacket slipped to the floor.

There was nothing but a sheet between me and the fire.

What was I going to do now?

"Just a second," I said to Marilyn. I went to the door and opened it. "Kenneth, could you come in here for a minute?"

"Sure, Bert," he said. He came in. Marilyn was lying on the bed with the sheet pulled up to her chin.

I said, "Could you just fix her hair a little bit?"

"Yes, of course," he said, and he brushed her hair out with that magic touch.

"Okay," he said, straightening up. She really did look much better.

"Thanks a lot," I said.

I walked him to the door. As he left he turned and asked, "Do you need anything?"

"Well... we could use some more champagne," I said.

He went out and handed a fresh bottle through the door.

"Okay, thanks very much," I said. And I closed the door again.

I heard a giggle behind me. I turned, Nikon in hand.

Now she was really ready. She felt pretty again.

I filled her champagne glass beside the bed and stepped back to watch her through the camera.

She reached down for the glass. Her leg flew up, and the sheet came flying off. "Oops!" she giggled as she fell toward the floor, one hand on the champagne glass, the other clutching the sheets. *Blam*... I shot. She looked up and took a drink of champagne. *Blam*! I couldn't resist shooting. She looked at me strangely, as if she was wondering just what I had in my mind. And what *did* I have in mind? Nothing but the pure magic of this moment. I couldn't speak, I was so excited. *Blam*!

She was rolling all around the bed, and I was shooting. *Blang Blang. Click Click.* There was no time to check exposures, it was all happening so fast. Somehow she crawled on top of the sheet. I said, "Why don't you lie so that nothing shows?"

"How?"

"Well, if you hang one foot off the bed, I can only see your back."

"I need another glass of champagne," she said.

What I wanted was a totally stark clean beautiful nude... no clothes, nothing between her and me but the air. We were moving there... getting closer. *Blang*... I moved closer... *blang*... closer...

I was standing right above her.

But I didn't make that last step, where vision dissolves into touch. Not yet. If I did what I wanted to do now, it would be over too soon, and the energy that was creating the pictures would dissolve—fffft! So instead of reaching for her, which was what I wanted to do, I stayed right on the edge, at a magnetic distance that was like the opposite of touching. I wanted to take the time to dwell on the sight of her, and not go past.

That *energy of observing* is marvellous. When you desire someone so much, and she's right there in front of you, there's something very special about *not* touching and just letting *the light* caress her. And the camera plays a very powerful role in all this. Because you've got love coming through the lens. You just let it in and click! Close the box, and you've recorded impressions of that love, that energy, in photographs you can print and preserve.

Ours is the first age that has been able to do that. There are no photographs of Cleopatra, no prints of what Paris saw and felt when he gazed at Helen of Troy. They're like dead stars. The light from them no longer reaches us. But there *are* photographs of Marilyn Monroe. The *same* light that touched her passed through the lens of a camera, leaving these pictures of her.

I stood beside her bed looking down at her, so close I could feel the heat of her skin. I didn't know whether to be her photographer, or to hold her. Since I was thirteen, I had dreamed of a woman who would roll around on a bed with me and do everything I ever wanted. Now I had found that woman. She was vulnerable and drunk and tender and inviting and exciting. But I had a camera in my hands and a drug in my veins.

My mouth was dry. My desire all seemed to be drawn up into my head and my eyes. I just kept going into that desire, expanding that space, making it brighter and brighter and brighter. The shutter feverishly clicked and whirred. In the whole world there were only the two of us, a man and a woman, alone together in that magical space of flashing white light.

How long were we out of this world? Gradually the intensity subsided. Marilyn looked at me with a sleepy intimacy. I captured that look. The flashing of the strobes got slower.

The flashes stopped.

She was quiet, her eyes closed.

She was mine... alone, all mine. What was I going to do next? Take off all my clothes and get into bed with her? With all those people sitting out there waiting for us?

Come on, Bert, whispered my demon. *The greatest opportunity any man could ever dream of, and it's right in the palm of your hand! You'll never have this chance again.*

No. I didn't want Marilyn Monroe this way.

It was late, Babs, Kenneth, and Peter were waiting patiently in the other room.

had they gone home? I wasn't about open that door and see. They were obably still out there, tapping their feet, maybe half asleep. How long had it en? Ten minutes? Twenty?

My half a Dexedrine was beginning to ar thin, and I could feel fatigue creep- up. There was no reason to take any re pictures. I had shot everything I uld.

Marilyn moved a little. I sat down on bed next to her. I could hear her othing. At least she's alive, I thought. I ked at her. She was just lying there side me, peacefully, her eyes closed.

Or was she?

Maybe she was just waiting for me to... er all, why had she lifted up the veil d let me throw everybody out of the om? She had been in the mood for *mething.*

But what?

Maybe I should kiss her. Why not?

I leaned over her...

As my lips touched her, she turned ghtly away.

"No," she said.

My heart sank. I felt defeated.

But Marilyn didn't move. She didn't eam. She didn't sit up and slap me. e just crept back into her trance. I told rself all I had wanted was to pay tribute the goddess of love on the altar of her s. I cared about her enough to kiss her.

Of course there were other thoughts. aybe all I was doing was trying to make dumb pass at her, and not getting very

I sat there trying to feel better.

But if she'd been insulted, wouldn't she t get up and leave? She didn't want to s... but maybe she wanted to make re.

I put my hand under the sheet and ached her skin.

The room stopped moving. Everything come silent.

She nestled closer.

The energy between us was pure magic. We were inches away from pure erotic pleasure.

She wanted to make love. And I wanted to.

She was ready.

I was the one who stopped.

Why?

I've asked myself that question many times, and I've come up with many answers: marriage... prudence... cowardice... destiny... Dexedrine... But at that moment I think the truest one was that I cared too much for her. My desire for Marilyn was pure, it bordered on awe. To make love to her would have been too much... and not enough.

Slowly I withdrew my hand.

Marilyn's eyes half opened and she stretched. She looked up at me, and said:

"Where have *you* been so long?"

Those were her last words to me that night.

So long.

And then she was asleep.

It was Sleeping Beauty in reverse. The prince was supposed to wake her up, not put her to sleep.

I stood up and picked up my camera. One more picture. The lighting was all wrong, and I didn't have the foggiest notion of what the exposure was. It wasn't even a good picture. But I had touched one of the sweetest of God's creatures and it seemed right to take one last shot of her.

I wanted her profile against the pillow. The only way to get that was to stand over her. I climbed up on the bed in my stocking feet. The shutter softly went click.

She didn't stir.

I stepped down off the bed and looked around the room. It looked like a bomb had hit it. Champagne bottles all over the place... her shoes in one corner... a bottle of Chateau Lafite '55 on its side... a half-empty glass still standing.

I carefully opened the door.

Everybody was still sitting there, half asleep. They looked at me. I closed the door softly.

"Well," I said, "I'm finished. She's asleep," I added. "I'm going for a walk."

And I left the bungalow.

The east was just beginning to get light. The night was cool and blue-black, and the tiny stars seemed even farther away than usual. I walked slowly around the bungalow. I wasn't happy, I wasn't depressed. I felt detached.

I walked around the corner of the bungalow. And there, behind the bedroom where I had left Marilyn asleep, were two Japanese cooks in their tall cook hats peering through the window. I had pulled down the shade in the studio so that the window was blacked out, but there was still a crack where light streamed through.

What a story they could have told if we had made love! As it was, they'd seen enough. I'd gone right up to the edge with her. ■

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Festival

—M.S. Sharma

Holi represents a colourful synthesis of several cultural strains which are probably difficult to unravel today.

WE do not have a clear idea of why we celebrate some of our festivals The ignorance is not altogether undesirable the more instinctive our participation in a festal event the merrier After all a festival is a festival is a festival But sometimes one cannot help being a kulljoy and ask questions Why is Dipavali celebrated? There are a number of stories told but none of them contains a satisfactory answer to the question Hardly any Indian scholar has gone into the roots—anthropological, social, psychological and historical—of our festivals

A study of regional variations in observances could also be rewarding Dipavali is usually claimed to be a national festival It is celebrated by Hindus Buddhists, Jainas and Sikhs But Kerala is not part of the "Dipavali map", though of late the festival is making feeble inroads into the State The manner in which Dipavali is celebrated in various parts of the country is also different In the South it is usually a one-day affair—Narakachadurdasi Also no lamps are lit making nonsense of the name Dipavali From this some have concluded that Dipavali was an import of recent centuries into the South It is also suggested that the real Dipavali in these parts is Karttika on which occasion lamps are indeed lit

Why is Onam (the word is derived from Sravana) celebrated only in Kerala? In the story pertaining to this festival there is an echo of the legend relating to Dipavali In both a demon is commemorated

Holi is largely a Northern festival it belongs to the areas where the Indo European languages are spoken There

—Brahm Dev

HOLI—Why? How? Where?

—M.D. Sharma

are pockets in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka where it is celebrated, but it "weakens" and fades off beyond the borders of Maharashtra. From this it would seem that Holi is an "Aryan" festival which the South refused to accept. But even this conclusion is a little hasty.

On the authority of Sabara's commentary on Jaimini's *Purvamimasasutra* it is believed that Holi was confined to the eastern parts of the country. the *sutras* (1.3.15-23) in question constitute what is called *Holakadhikarana* or *Holikadhikarana*. According to the commentators they sanction the celebration of certain local customs, among them Holi. (This writer has gone through the *sutras* and has failed to see mention of the word *Holika* or Holaka. But in all commentaries they are specifically related to the festival.)

Whatever the authority of the composers of *mimamsas* and their commentators, the inference is clear: Holi is a non-Vedic and non-Aryan festival which came to be accepted by the Vedic Aryans. But what is the "eastern country" referred to by the commentators? Bengal? Assam? Or further east? It is doubtful if the origin of the festival was Dravidian since there are no vestiges of it in the South. That Holi, a non-Aryan, non-Vedic festival, should be celebrated in the so-called Hindi belt, Aryavarta, is significant.

There are a number of stories about Holi, the one relating the festival to the demoness Holika, believed to be the sister of Hiranyakasipu,being the most popular. P.V. Kane tells the story that Krishna is believed to have told Yudhishthira. According to this, during the reign of king Raghu a demoness called Dhondha tormented children in his kingdom day and night. His *purohita* said to the king that in the month of Phalguna "boys with bits of wood in their hands may go out of houses in great glee, collect a heap of wood and grass, set it on fire with *rakshoghna* (demon- or demoness-killing) mantras, clap their hands, go round the fire thrice, laugh, sing and utter obscene words in the popular language and by that noise and loud peals of laughter on the part of boys and by the *homa* the ogress would die".

According to some authorities Holi is also "Raka Holake" observed on a *raka* or full moon for the *saubhagya* of women. The only religious rite associated with Holi, says Kane, is the worship of Krishna in Bengal where they also have a *dolotsava* or swing festival. Presumably because of the bonfire lit on the occasion Holi is also known as Hutasani. In the

Konkan area, men went about in the guise of women singing obscene songs.

Holi also signifies the burning of Kama. As in many other festivals—and not necessarily unique to those of India—there is an attempt in this to reconcile opposites, for Holi is at once an occasion for love and its destruction. In other words it symbolises the sublimation of love. Fire has in all cultures signified purification, the burning away of dross, evil.Remember that Kama, after he is consumed in the fire bursting out from the third eye of Siva, appears in an ennobled incorporeal form as Ananga. The attempt to unite several cultural strains, or the attempt to weave together several symbols, is a fascinating aspect of our civilisation and it is demonstrated in the evolution of Holi.

Holi is of course the festival of spring—indeed *the* festival of spring. It has provided inspiration for music and art and for romantic poetry. It evokes pretty pictures in our mind: of dainty princesses sprinkling water and dust on their lovers, of the flame of the forest burning like a love-smitten *nayika*, of the sun crowning the trees with flowers of red and yellow. Then of course there is the inevitable mango blossoms and the koel.

The warrior Spring,
Comes with armorial bearing,
Armed with the nimble shafts
Of the swelling mango blossom,
And the murmurous line of bees
Is the twang of his lustrous bowstring;
He is shooting his flowery arrows, my dear,
To pierce the hearts of lovers.

—from the *Ritusamhara*, translated by R.S. Pandit

Much of the romance and beauty has vanished from the Holi revelry. I believe our festivals have an important place in our ethos. But Holi today seems to have only what they call a "nuisance value"

—Ashtāvakra

An Abortive Coup

by Arun Bhatia

IT was an abortive coup.

The authorities that enforce the laws that protect endangered species of wildlife in our country needed volunteers because they had information that behind a city hotel, a shop sells skins of animals that face extinction. Stocking or selling such skins is against the law as it encourages poaching and killing India's precious tigers and dozens of other magnificent creatures of the wild.

The shop had to be raided, and we were told that fresh faces were needed as bogus customers. So we, X, Y and Z volunteered. We were given marked money and some pointers: how to dress, enter, obtain a cash memo as evidence, etc.

The flashiest Hawaiian shirt adorned X, who wore outrageous green socks with buff coloured shoes, posing as the "non-resident Indian going back to *phoren*" wanting a cat skin item for the wife aboard. Y & Z posed as his *desi contacts*.

We lingered at the target show window and allowed ourselves to be lured in. Once inside, the *phoren* X kept up the front of not being able to think in rupees. He would peer at every price tag and ask: "How much is that in dollars?" We clucked our tongues: "Not a single purse made of civet cat skin?"

We were then further enticed into the innards. The sanctum sanctorum, spacious, brilliantly lit, air-conditioned, was in stark contrast to the dreary cramped outer shop. The salesman boasted: "This winter fur coat was made by stitching skins of forty Himalayan foxes." We winced inwardly.

We kept up the charade successfully, but all three of us soon realised that while we were nature lovers, we were unfortunately not experts at identifying the correct items to bring off the coup: Does the long-eared desert lynx (*Felis caracal*) have spots like a leopard? Is the leopard cat (*Felis bengalensis*) endangered or not? If yes, exactly which pursue was made from its skin? We could obviously not ask the salesman. We ourselves were not sure and indeed, the variety of skins was bewildering.

Just buying an item, in hopes that it was of an endangered animal, would be a shot in the dark. All concerned would have a lot to explain if an innocuous legal item was bought by us with marked, government money!

With every passing moment, excitement mounted. Did the salesman's eyes narrow with suspicion?

There was no opportunity to consult one another. All three had the same idea: we would need to talk to some cat experts and get guidance on what to buy. We would need to go out, and then return.

We made excuses to the salesman, promised to return with more cash, and came out—empty handed.

Outsided, we explained what had transpired and were told sadly, that it was no use going back. The shop people would be wary, and alert and if we went back in, we may come to physical harm.

We were no longer fresh faces. It was an abortive coup. ■

Hello, Quiz Buffs! Here's just what you wanted: a Quiz Mountain! An opportunity for you to scale new mental peaks. From those peaks, do write and let us know what you make of this Quiz—whether it's too tough or too simple. For on your letters will depend the height of this Quiz Mountain

Question: How many newspapers and magazines in India currently carry a Quiz Section?

Answer: We do not know.

However, what we do know is that, if they do not stop doing it the way most of them are doing it now, Quizzing is going to get a bad name. With the 40 odd rupees required to buy a paperback Guinness Book of World Records and the time and the inclination, almost anyone can answer the longest, tallest, highest, lowest, widest, narrowest hottest, coldest and silliest of questions. That is not what a Quiz should be.

This Quiz will be different. No standard source-books will be used, least of all the GBOWR which, as an outstanding reference manual, has been unfairly used by many Quizpersons with intent to overkill. Further, instead of being a pot-pourri, our Quiz will cover one specific subject, or object, at a time. It will contain three sections: Level-ground, Uphill and Summit—as it moves from the Easy, through the Exacting to the Esoteric. Most of all, we will make The Quiz Mountain interesting, competitive and a fun thing. Like Quizzes should be.

Score 1, 2 and 3 marks a question in succeeding sections as you climb away from the non-experts. Then match your total score against ours, which we shall give you. If you cannot beat us, ever, then mountain-climbing is not for you. If you beat us about 50 per cent of the time, then what are you doing stuck in a 10-to-5 job? And, if you do it more often, then you should be setting the Quiz instead of us!

Remember, Quiz Mountain is going to be difficult, but fun.

The Quiz Mountain

This being the first time round, I want you to get the feel of it. Maybe I want to soften you up a little. The first instalment is, therefore, TRIVIA. The OED defines Trivia as things being of small value and importance, trifling, slight. Let us see.

Levelground (1 mark per question)

1. In Bharata Natyam, what are the first movements generally known as?
2. Which country won the most gold medals at the 1982 Asian Games?
3. The most celebrated law-maker in Indian history and also a hater of women Who?
4. In legend, what was the bird symbolising hope and continuity of life which rose from its own ashes?
5. What is the nickname given to The Times of India?
6. Playboy magazine's first cover uncovered who?
7. During the 1971 war, what was the Bangladesh resistance force known as?

Uphill (2 marks per question)

8. Who was the Beatle who was shot?
9. Best was the Beatle drummer who died; who is the other famous Best?
10. Speaking of football, who was the most expensive player when the World Cup commenced in Spain in 1982?
11. Speaking of Spain, who painted Guernica?
12. Madame Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society along with whom?
13. MX is very much in the news. Who or what is it? Incidentally, it is also called the Peace-Keeper.
14. What a mystique! He's absolutely cuckoo! Who?

Summit (3 marks per question)

15. Americans buried in the Kremlin Wall? Yes, two of them were. Who were they? Both names please
16. Dr Barney Carr has recently become famous for being the first human to receive a mechanical heart At about the same time, Charlie Brooks Jr has become the first what?
17. Ah, Television! Who said: "Television is chewing-gum for the eyes?"
18. Where in the human body would you find the philtrum?
19. Your best friends all have slipped discs. In America, the extract of a very popular tropical fruit is now working wonders in the treatment of the ailment. What fruit?
20. If you are in Madras, you will probably need him now. Who is a Pluviculturist?
21. And just to ensure that you do not get an all-correct score, what is Novbosh?

Scoring

Our Score 30

10 to 20: All you need is a little bit of luck

21 to 30. Stay with us

31 & OVER· Call us

Below 10: Mountain-climbing is not your sport

Answers

1 Pranam. Anything that sounds close enough will score. 2. Who else? The People's Republic of China. 3. Manu 4. The Phoenix. 5. The Old Lady of Bori Bunder. 6. Marilyn Monroe, naturally. 7. The Mukti Bahini 8. John Lennon, one would imagine 9 George Best, the English Football superstar. 10. Diego Maradona, the Argentinan super flop. 11. You know the one with the screaming horses and dismembered humans: Pablo Picasso. 12. Sorry, not Krishnamurthy. Henry Steele Olcott. 13. Missile Experimental, the latest of America's most deadly nuclear goodies. Peace-Keeper after Peace-Maker, the Colt 45 revolver which won the West. 14. Prince Andrew of Falklands fame 15. John Reed, whose book shook the world, and William Heywood, chief of the Wobblies, the US Labour organisation 16 The first death-sentencer to be finished off with an injection, not voltage or gas Sodium Pentothal, if you are interested. 17. The American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright 18. The indentation just below your nose, on your upper lip. 19 The unglamorous, plebian papaya. 20. A rainmaker. What do you do? 21. Heard of the Hobbit? JRR Tolkien That's his language. Its Finnish, meaning New Nonsense.

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Homage to Arthur Koestler, one of the great writers of this century, a two-faced thinker who vainly sought a synthesis of the fragmented world view of his time.

by R.G.K.

"THERE is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide," says Albert Camus in his *The Myth of Sisyphus*. "Judging whether life is or is not worth living," he continues, "amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy." Wonder about the enigma of existence is common to all of us though few have moments of illumination For some such wondering is a lifelong affair and part of their creative endeavour. For more than forty years Arthur Koestler sought answers to Camus's fundamental question of philosophy He gave verbal expression to his quest often in lively prose, always provocatively, and tried to give a meaning to his life through his actions.

Does the manner in which Koestler died suggest that he "judged" that life was not worth living? To many the tragedy of existence is not merely that life is not worth living—they take a whole lifetime to realise the worthlessness of life. It is, however, different if we do not ask questions, accept life as it is or if we believe we have the answers to our questions There is nothing more abhorrent to our inner nature than a vacuum We try to fill our minds with one dogma or another, one set of beliefs or another, affirming the dogma and belief as truths and trying to rationalise them. All through our lives we deceive ourselves consciously and unconsciously with lies and half-truths or truths that are not really truths But self-deception is as much necessary for our upkeep as food is for our metabolism.

All his life Koestler wrestled with the lies and half-truths of his generation He tried to scan the "invisible writing", hoping to understand a syllable here, a word there He surveyed several branches of knowledge, several disciplines, for an understanding of man and his estate. Did his intellectual efforts and adventures fail to provide him with answers for the questions he asked? Did he finally hope to find the meaning of life in the embrace of death or was it despair that drove him to death? Death as an answer to the problems of life is a paradox and to some minds a beautiful, though painful, paradox. Koestler himself had an obsession with what we in India call *dvandvas*, pairs of opposites. Referring To Goethe's exclamation, "Two souls, alas, inhabit my breast," Koestler says "... if I am to remain truthful, the separate existence of those 'two souls' must be emphasised, for the split remained with me... It is reflected in the antithetical titles of several books: *The Yogi and the Commissioner, Insight and Outlook, Darkness at Noon, Le Zero l'Infini, Arrival and Departure*, and so on."

The profoundest antithesis is of course that of life and death in nature. Koestler speculated on death as he did on life. As a prisoner in Spain he was almost snatched from the jaws of Death by the British. In his *Dialogue with Death* he says. "Death tripped down the corridor, changing step, struck out here and there, danced pirouttes; often I felt his breath on my face when he was miles away; often I fell asleep and dreamed while he stood leaning over my bed." In the same work he says that even before getting to know Spain he used to think of Death as a Spaniard, "as one of those noble Senors painted by Velasquez, with black silk knee-breeches, Spanish ruff, and a cool, courteously indifferent gaze". We shall never know how Death appeared to Koestler when he was struck down. Did he seek a meaning in death? To think that death has no meaning is even more intolerable than to think that life has no meaning.

Did Koestler have a strong death-wish? In his criticism of Freud's concepts of Eros and Thanatos he quotes Pearl who said "Neither senescence nor natural death are necessary, inevitable consequences of life... the protozoa are potentially immortal." Sexuality and the death-wish, says Koestler, cannot claim universal validity and that both are based on "biological novelties" which appear only on a relatively high level of evolution. Freud did not study the "psyches" of lower orders of creation. Koestler's psyche was different from that of a protozoon—the more highly evolved we are the stronger perhaps the death-instinct. Ambivalence, too, is a characteristic of higher beings, one should imagine.

Unique

Koestler was unique among writers, though one must hasten to add that uniqueness is a quality present in any writer of merit. What is meant in the remark made about Koestler is that it is not easy to link him with any other literary figure or fit him into any broad category. I sometimes wonder whether he resembled Aldous Huxley in spite of their obvious differences. Both were, to use a term which Huxley often employed, cerebrotonic, though, I suspect, Koestler had also a strong streak of the viscerotonic in him. The two were also alike in being encyclopaedic, polymathic, surveying—or eager to embrace—all branches of knowledge.

The loss of faith in established religion was common to both. Also to be remembered is that, all the same, they were engaged in a lifelong quest for a faith, for glimpses of the Reality. Huxley flirted with many ideas and eventually found refuge in the Perennial Philosophy. Koestler had many passionate affairs of the mind and at least a couple of affairs of the political heart. He married Communism like many other intellectuals of his time only to discover that the marriage could not be consummated because of the claws and fangs that his red lady love cocquettishly flaunted

Was Koestler a committed writer? Instead of claiming that he was one, it would be more correct to say that much of his life was devoted to discovering an intellectually and emotionally satisfying commitment. Like Huxley he also wrote fiction, but his stories were incidental to his intellectual progression or travail. As a child of Central Europe he was a colourful character with some of the sad romanticism of the Danube. Huxley tried his best to be unBritish, found a home in California but retained his Englishness. Britain was a refuge for Koestler but he remained the wandering Jew all his life.

Precocious

Koestler viewed the world on many planes and he lived his life on different levels. He was born in Budapest in 1905, the son of a Hungarian father and an Austrian mother. As a precocious lad of 14 he felt a mystic elation when gazing at the blue sky and into spatial infinity. This was perhaps the initial step in the difficult journey towards a cosmic awareness. Predictably his heroes were not warriors and statesmen but men of science like Kepler, Newton, Mach, Max Planck. It is tempting to speculate whether, had he not been a school drop-out, he would have become a great scientist. However, there is no need for regret on this score. As a professional scientist, however eminent, he would have been confined to a narrow field The fact that he turned out to be a philosopher with an overall view of different branches of learning has been a gain

Koestler's early career was spent in journalism and politics. He was the sole newspaperman on the 1931 Graf Zeppelin Arctic expedition. This experience served to hone his sense of adventure as well as to provide ballast to his soaring ego. Though brought up in the liberal spirit, he was a Zionist in his youth and spent some time in a kibbutz in the Holy Land. Like most intellectuals of his generation he was drawn to Communism and its promise of Utopia. As a leftist journalist he had perhaps a sense of the missionary. He went to Spain as a special correspondent of *The News Chronicle* of London primarily to obtain "first-hand evidence of German and Italian military aid to the insurgents". He was arrested by General Franco's Military Intelligence and would have been shot but for British intervention. A close encounter with death like this must have had a profound impact on the mind—on the psyche of the young Koestler. The experience could awaken new sensibilities as it did in the case of Dostoevsky, or it could benumb.

Koestler's red period was just seven years—1931 to 1938. He said of his days as a Communist: "I went to Communism, to quote Pablo Picasso, 'as one goes to a

spring of fresh water', and I left Communism as one clambers out of a poisoned river strewn with the wreckage of flooded cities and the corpses of the drowned." Looking back, Koestler must be reckoned as one of the chief personalities who turned the intellectual tide against Communism. His *Darkness at Noon* has been acclaimed as one of the great political novels of the century. (Orwell's *1984* was probably inspired by this work.) In this the horrors of the Stalinist regime were portrayed in all their chillingness. The horrors were the more terrifying because they seemed absurd—and the absurd seemed possible in a labyrinthine totalitarian state.

In some chapters of *The Yogi and the Commissar* Koestler carried the debunking of Soviet Communism a step further. In the forties it became fashionable to draw upon it for ideas and phrases. A recurring theme in Koestler's works is the problem of morality and expediency. The choice between the two is difficult and the one can be as disastrous as the other. "The fact that both roads lead to disaster," says Koestler, "creates a dilemma which is inseperable from man's condition... The dilemma admits no final solution. But each period has to attempt a temporary solution adapted to its own conditions... a certain admixture of ruthlessness is inseperable from human progress." Could it be argued that the ruthlessness of the Stalinist regime was of this type?

Arthur Koestler, the breaker of idols, the tarnisher of the false gods that promise heaven on earth, was one of the outstanding polemicists of the last few decades. But it is likely that he will be remembered not for influencing the political thinking of his generation but for his explorations into science and the creative arts and philosophy. There are, however, critics who think that he was a great dabbler, a charlatan. He has his shortcomings like all writers and thinkers but it would be too harsh to denigrate him as a pretender to the title of philosopher or thinker.

Koestler had the Central European Jew's gift for universalising things. The sort of romanticism that an Englishman lacks can help in breaking out of the shackles of the common-sense view of the world. I believe Koestler stood on the lofty shoulders of Einstein, Schroedinger, Heisenberg, Mach and other great physicists of this century and on those of Freud and Jung to synthesise their beliefs and, to some extent, go beyond them. The man who began as a "science writer" rose to be one of the most controversial thinkers of his time.

Synthesis

Koestler did not conform to the common idea of a handsome man. There was a certain roughness about his face, at any rate as seen in photographs of him. He seemed to carry the furrows of suffering. One does not expect a man so grave in appearance to write about humour. It is, of course, palpably absurd to think that a man of wit and humour must look witty and humorous. At the same time to write on humour is not always a humorous exercise. Koestler's ideas of humour are part of one of his most original works, *The Act of Creation*. In this book he observes: "The conscious and unconscious process underlying creativity are essentially combinatorial activities—the bringing together of previously separate areas of knowledge and experience. The humorist's game is to contrive a *collision*; the scientist's purpose is to achieve a *synthesis*; the artist aims at a *juxtaposition* of the familiar and the eternal."

The Sleepwalkers, The Act of Creation, The Ghost in the Machine—these three works of Koestler are almost indispensable to an understanding not only of the evolution of scientific thought but of the very springs of creativity. Incidentally they also help us in unlocking the great minds of modern times and in creating a framework of our own to understand the world around us. These great minds were not rigorously logical or matter-of-fact and they too had their dreams and visions and intuitive leaps. Indeed reading Koestler we cannot help concluding that creativity in science is almost an irrational process, almost close to mysticism. He says: "In *The Act of Creation* I have ventured some guesses as to how (this) unconscious guidance works—how a temporary regression to less sophisticated mental levels can produce the happy combination of ideas, the focal bisociation, which produces the solution of the problem."

It is my personal feeling that Koestler shows a partiality towards Jung. He is fiercely critical of Watson, Skinner and the horrors of Behaviourism. Koestler, the man steeped in science, became more and more attracted towards the irrational and the inexplicable, the recondite. That is one reason he was not at home in the far too simplistic determinism of Watson and Skinner. "Reductionism," he said, "is the philosophical belief that all human activities can be 'reduced' to —i.e. explained by—the behavioural responses of lower animals—Pavlov's dogs, Skinner's rats and pigeons, Lorenz's greylag geese, Morris's hairless apes; and that these responses in turn can be reduced to the physical laws which govern inanimate matter. No doubt Pavlov and Lorenz provided us with new insights into human nature which we share with dogs, rats or geese, while the specifically and exclusively human aspects which define the uniqueness of our species are left out of the picture."

Koestler, one suspects, could not countenance the "dehumanisation" of man at the hands of the Behaviourists. He also opposed what he called "the totalitarian claims" of the neo-Darwinians, "the claim that chance mutation plus natural selection explains everything in evolution". He thought that there were a number of other forces that influenced evolution, many unknown forces. One of them, according to him, was environment

Koestler, with his profound understanding of science, leaned more and more towards mysticism and occultism during the last years of his life. The paradox of this development is more apparent than real. Physics, with the mysteries of the subatomic world, brought him to metaphysics. In his *The Roots of Coincidence* he gives a detailed account of the strange behaviour of subatomic particles, of entities being particles today and waves tomorrow, of time flowing back. According to him many physicists, including Einstein, flirted with parapsychology. In *The Roots of Coincidence* he also tries to explain the phenomenon of synchronicity with the help of the ideas of Jung and the physicist Wolfgang Pauli.

Many Indians are incensed by Koestler's debunking of yoga and his irreverent references to Gandhiji in his *The Lotus and the Robot* in which work he has also lambasted Zen. Koestler came to India—and travelled to Japan—in the hope of finding an "answer... to our perplexities and deadlocked problems". Clearly the East could not have offered readymade solutions to the problems of mankind. He looked at India and Japan with the scepticism characteristic of Europeans and with a certain arrogance. There was, however, no need for him to caricature yoga for we had done the job ourselves. When he came to our country he brought with him a different mental luggage and it did not include the ghost in the machine. As for Zen, he did not realise that it was less absurd than particle physics. He was not an arhant and was not sufficiently illumined to have a *satori*. He wrote that when he had finished *The Lotus and the Robot* "I went back in a chastened mood to Western science, to holarchies and holons, and man's urge to self-destruction."

The mysticism born of physics did not save him and he could not perhaps resist the urge "to self-destruction". Or did he hope to discover new cosmic horizons during his new voyage? ■

In Remembrance

by S.V. Vasudev

IT was in January 1959 that Arthur Koestler was in Bombay, on a tour of India for his book, *The Lotus and the Robot*. He had not yet gone round the country nor met anyone of consequence and his idea of India was confined to his reading in the British libraries. Even so, he seemed quite aware of the Indian mind and when I went to his room at the Taj he was conversing with a reporter who said that importations of that time, like the "yo-yo" craze, really affected the young in our country.

Apparently, Koestler was sure that the Indian mind was far beyond and above the reach of such feeble assaults, but the reporter was overenthusiastic about India and talked of the gradual corruption from abroad. I was not in the least surprised when Koestler soon saw him to the door and, closing it, turned to me and said: "Now, let's talk sense."

I had not gone to him with any set questions and the remark he made put me at ease for I understood that what he wanted was an experience of India, without any pretensions. Somehow the topic turned to god and it was a bit of a surprise to hear from Koestler that he did believe in "messages" I waited for an elucidation on this point and he said: "God, to me, is no bearded personage. You see, I was carrying a bottle of gin on this trip and had resolved to cut down on drinks. Last evening, I opened the cupboard, thinking I shall have a drink. But, just as I opened it, the bottle, which was placed on the top shelf, fell and broke. I took it that there was a message in that small happening. To you, it may not mean the same. But everyone has to think of a meaning to connect various incidents from his own point of view."

A passage from Koestler's *Spanish Testament*, his first work, came to mind. Of course, the experience he is talking about there is different. Yet, it brings out Koestler's other side: "The lesson of this type of experience, when put into words, always appears under the dowdy guise of perennial commonplaces: that man is a reality, mankind an abstraction; that men cannot be treated as units in operation of political arithmetic because they behave like the symbols for zero and the infinite, which dislocate all mathematical operations; that the end justifies the means only within narrow limits; that ethics is not a function of social utility, that charity is not a petty-bourgeois sentiment but the gravitational force which keeps civilisation in its orbit."

Koestler's search in India was to understand man as the symbol of the infinite. He believed in the "seasons" of life and that is why, in later years, he shifted from the political plane to psychology and the understanding of the creative process.

"I can say this definitely," he told me, reflecting on his life and career, "that except for small things, like having been impolite to certain people, I would have avoided nothing else."

It is sad that such a man died under circumstances that cannot easily be understood and I see him now standing on the kerb on Warden Road, waiting for the car sent by his friend. He had been to Kerala, but returned in haste to Bombay, when he found a delegation from the USSR in the same hotel. He was always a little overwrought and one could never utter conventional words like "see you" to him. He would want to know why and when, for he seemed to want to prepare himself for the next moment. We had a cup of coffee together, that evening, and he felt assured only when the misunderstanding over the late arrival of the car was cleared after a telephone conversation.

It was on a Derby day that he had invited me for lunch and he seemed happy when I pulled out my race-book the moment he told me of his programme after lunch.

"I can stay in America for a short period, talk to the people and see the country and feel that I understand both the people and the country. But I am sure that, however long I stay here, there will always be something that I cannot grasp." I did not meet Koestler after his Indian journey but, I am sure, he was not over-enthusiastic about his Indian experience, for he never was one to accept anything that was not authentic and there is very little today, that India can offer in authentic terms. That explains why *The Lotus and the Robot* is dedicated to Dr Verrier Elwin, easily the only authentic life of dedication that Koestler came across during his journey.

Koestler was not averse to mysticism. "It is a perverse mistake," he said, "to identify the religious need solely with intuition and emotion, science solely with the logical and the rational." His was a mind that sought knowledge through all the mainstreams of thought, refined it through continuous debate in the mind, and brought out the distilled essence in his writings.

What should be the ambition of a writer? "To exchange 100 readers now for 10 readers in ten years' time and one reader in a hundred years' time."

Surely, Koestler will have 100 readers in hundred years' time. It is a safe bet. ■

IMPROVISATION is a potent force in the training of an actor. It provides a good chance to draw from the real self and produce honest reactions.

To say that actors, like poets, are born, not made, is, according to a well-known actor abroad, tantamount to placing the art of acting below that of a handicraft, for no art becomes respectable or respected until its principles, its tenets, its precepts, are recognised, methodised and housed in a system.

Actors Are Made, Not Born

by Prof Roshan Taneja

WHEN, in 1963, the Acting Department of the Film Institute of India, Pune, began imparting training to aspiring actors and actresses, we came face to face with the age-old dictum. Actors are born, not made. "Whoever had trained Dilip Kumar?" they asked. And who had taught acting to Ashok Kumar before that?

We were pooh-poohed for our presumption in undertaking such a task. Things came to a point where some of the enrolled students decided to pack up and leave, so utterly demoralised were they by this "browbeating". One such student, who had gone to Bombay over a weekend, had the opportunity to meet certain people connected with films and, it seems, they had so mocked at the poor young man for his temerity to try and learn to act that, returning to Pune, he had immediately packed his bags and was on the verge of leaving the campus when he was prevailed upon to change his mind.

This is indicative of the kind of notions prevalent about the training of an actor, the fallacies that have spread about "talent" as opposed to "training". In this context, it is pertinent to quote a well-known actor from overseas who, during a speech to the FTII fraternity, had this to say. "During a discussion, certain influential members of the public and the press pronounced it as their opinion that acting could not be taught, that it was not an art at all, that it was a gift, that it was an effusion of enthusiasm; that, in point of fact, actors, like poets, were born, not made. Now that appears to me to place our art below that of a handicraft, for no art becomes respectable or respected until its principles, its tenets, its precepts, are recognised, methodised and housed in a system.

In this context, let us imagine the creator of the Taj Mahal. Had he been born in a place far removed from civilisation, without any possibility whatsoever of seeing architecture of any kind, would there be a Taj Mahal today? Or where would Shakespeare have been if he had accidentally, and unfortunately, been born in some remote region at the plough-tail, where the Drama School of Stratford-upon-Avon was not within his reach. He would have perished at the plough-tail and been buried in a furrow, and we would never have known him.

You must have principles in all arts. You cannot produce your own thoughts, your own feelings, unless you have some guiding principles. Our own veteran actors have acknowledged the need for training. Ashok Kumar asserts that training is a prerequisite for any actor venturing into the profession. He himself had to learn on the job and on his own. Dilip Kumar, the legendary actor, and also one of our most articulate, has been in favour of training, too. Amitabh Bachchan, our most popular actor and, in my view, our best, in an interview in Bangalore before his unfortunate accident, had this to say on how important technique is to an actor: *Speaking for myself, I feel terribly handicapped because I could have been much better if I had been at the Pune Film Institute or studied with recognised teachers...*

MOVEMENT Aspiring actors and actresses must attend dance class to keep them supple and graceful

According to tradition, these words in Latin were affixed as a motto at the Globe Theatre, London, in Shakespeare's time: *Everybody follows the trade of acting.* In the present day, it is apparently true that everybody feels competent to do so and that, too, without seeking even the slightest training for the trade. Yet acting *is* the most exact and exacting of all arts. In it, nothing can be left to chance—to an inspiration of the moment—after the camera has rolled and the performance has begun.

In acting, to wait for inspiration to flash upon you is about as sensible as waiting until your house is on fire before looking for a fire-escape. No actor has ever produced a truly great performance except after long study, close thought, deliberate purpose and careful preparation. That is the testimony of all the masters.

As we examine a variety of manuals from different periods, we become aware of a curious kinship—the same scheme of procedures, the same emphasis upon bodily expressions and classification of the elements of physical expression, a kind of grammar of expression, an analysis of the voice and its reproduction, and the means by which it is suited to different ideas, characters and moods. This has by now become such a generally recognised procedure that it seems to be accepted as the only possible one.

Yet, Horace said: *If you would have me weep, you must first of all feel grief yourself.* What he means is that when the right feeling is mastered it imparts the right movements to the limbs. In effect, the correct, logical and real behaviour pattern results from the right attitude.

Stanislavsky's 'Method'

The advent of cinema coincided with the search for true-to-life acting. Stanislavsky was busy researching and discovering the finer points of the art of acting as practised by the great actors of the day, like Salvini and Talma, and actresses like Duse and others, methodising and housing them into a system which has come to be known as the Stanislavsky system or the Method style. The Stanislavsky system is no continuation of the textbooks of the past or the present. It represents a sharp break with traditional teaching and a return to *actual* experience. It teaches, not *how* to play this or that part, but how to *create* it *organically*.

To show how basic the idea is, and yet how far-reaching, a simple example may suffice. Let a young, inexperienced actor begin to execute simple actions before the camera and let him begin to regulate his attention. He will immediately realise that he cannot rid himself of the idea that someone is looking at him, that someone

is present right near him and that that is why he cannot divert his attention to the right object. A muscular tension arises; the actor feels that he is not free any longer, that he is paralysed. His attention wavers and he starts to resort to cliches. But as soon as he obtains mastery of his attention, as soon as he succeeds in directing it expeditiously upon the object, everything becomes simple. He needs a focal point and does not have to resort to cliches.

Generally, most acting is cliche-ridden. A cliche is a ready-made form for the expression of a particular feeling. For, over the centuries, audiences have been conditioned to a highly complex language of stock symbols. It is this language that a majority of actors unerringly provide: a man who shifts his eyes from side to side is suspicious; a woman who pops her eyeballs and chews her fingers is afraid; a man who looks lovingly into a woman's eyes is in love; a man who stoops his shoulders and ambulates in a series of disjointed shuffles is old; a cliche used to indicate deep thought is wrinkling one's forehead and looking at the ceiling.

A cliche forces the feeling into a set cast and is likely to break up the continuity of the real experience. Hence it is very harmful for the actor. In order to eradicate a cliche, real activity should be substituted. If the forehead-wrinkling actor will stop and actually think—even if all he does is multiplication tables—thought will manifest itself on his face and his body.

The crux of the idea behind the training of an actor is for the actor to acquire the ability to really think, feel, listen and be involved. This may well be illustrated by what a great master like Charlie Chaplin had to say to an actor who was on the threshold after seeing some of the rushes of his film: "You don't listen." He told the actor that it was essential for an artiste to really listen to other artistes: "For a real reaction, you *must* listen."

These three words, *You must listen*, contain the gems of wisdom. Like all truth, it sounds all too simple, but in those three words is capsuled the whole secret of the art of good acting. For "listen" here means "contact" with the other actor or a sense of "relationship".

Involvement comes from practice or *abhyas/riyaz*. Through systemised exercises, an actor learns the technique of involvement. Involvement precludes an absence of consciousness—the greatest hazard of all acting. Beginning with the consciousness of the Self, it proceeds to register the presence of the camera and the crew, the sets, the lights—in short, the environment.

Emotional Limbering

Improvisation is the potent force in the training of an actor, the exercise *par excellence*. Its main function is to provide a thorough and complete emotional limbering for the actor. Also, the improving actor is on his own—free of the oppressive influence of the script—which gives him a good chance not to lapse into conditioned reflexes and current cliches but to draw from his real self and produce honest reactions.

The ultimate benefit is a realisation of the Self: of who he (the actor) is and how he reacts to various situations. In the freedom of improvisation, the actor taps his innermost feelings. The improvising actor learns what a full-blooded emotion really feels like and also what it will naturally lead to: he learns and understands the mechanics of spontaneous reaction organically while he is involved totally in the situation. Later, when he requires this emotion to emerge, he will be able to express its nuances accurately, because he has known its full range.

Improvisation makes him a keener critic of the drama and, consequently, a better interpreter of it. The acting specifics (credibility, contact, inner truthfulness) are all actively involved, for improvisation tends to establish values. The actor comes to learn that acting is effective when credibility is not violated; when he has made genuine contact with his fellow actors; when he has delivered a truthful emotional climax. He comes to learn that his acting is bad when his choices are widely melodramatic and illogical; when he is so preoccupied with his own performance that he does not register the presence of others; when he sidesteps the emotional high point and resorts to a convenient cliche.

Eventually, improvisation becomes his own personal laboratory in which he experiments with such basic elements as contact, concentration and involvement. To the modern actor, it is a useful—nay, indispensable—emotional limbering. Its constant use trains the organic parts of himself. It encourages a purity of feeling. A methodology in the training of a film actor is very important. Because film shooting is so discontinuous and fragmented, it is difficult for the actor to absorb his role in its entirety.

Yet another difficulty, characteristic of the work of the film actor, may be mentioned here. In theatre there is a "living link" between an actor and his emotionalised audiences, also, the performances differ from night to night because of different reactions from the audience each night. Stage actors derive their inspiration from knowing the audience is moved.

This element of direct consciousness is completely absent in cinema. And yet it does not follow that the feeling of an audience and the creative excitement and inspiration deriving from the audience are necessarily excluded from the work of the film actor. On the stage, an actor plays before hundreds of people; in films before millions. Unconsciously, the film actor is thrilled and inspired by this prospect when he faces the camera. As he imagines a house-full cinema, it gives rise to a new kind of excitement, not less real and, of course, not less significant.

Summing up, the actor's special position in the arts must be emphasised. In this context, the words of Constant Coquelin; *The actor has his first self which is the player and his second self which is the instrument*, are very appropriate. In the moment of his creation, he is the artist as well as the work of art. He is called upon to be involved and remain detached at the same time. This requires a high degree of concentration. The ability to master one's attention in full—regardless of any circumstances—and to always cleave to the necessary object is a fundamental rule for the actor. Once the mastery has been obtained, the action is then executed as a reflex, a motor discharge, without any interruptions ■

"I Wanted To Defect"

by Brahm Dev

The author thought he would come into the limelight if he announced his decision to defect to the United States. He made the efforts but, sadly, there were no takers.

IT was by mere chance that I was in New York. And, I wanted to defect. There were many reasons. I have had a desire since my childhood to hit the headlines some day. I seem to have missed all the opportunities during World War II. Then missed all the others of trying to assassinate one of the leading public figures, raping some Lolita or hijacking a plane. This last also I had missed during my last trip as I thought that the air hostesses on the plane were not worth holding as hostages. I felt that in the autumn of my life, this was the only chance left.... yes, defection.

I saw photographs of an elderly couple who had defected earlier (from Poland, I think), hugging their two-year-old child, on the front pages of almost all the papers in the USA. Well, I had gone to meet my grandchildren for the first time since they were born, had hugged them and had been hugged by them, too, BUT—no photographs!

Then I also learnt that one does not require any skill to defect, except whisper the four magic words: I want to defect. As simple as that. Well, that is what I thought.

With everything to gain and nothing to lose, I decided to defect. It was a difficult decision to make since from my childhood I was told by my parents, teachers, professors, politicians, intellectuals *et al* that one's nationality is a thing of pride. I have also heard about heads rolling like nine pins in fights, attacks and wars for the sake of one's national pride. As an exception there are some insane intellectuals who tell us that internationalism is above nationalism, but who cares for such a minority. What will the ammunition manufacturers all over the powerful countries do if people started paying heed to such foolish sermons? Sermons are meant for the half-hour every week when people gather in their places of worship. And in that half hour also, women keep looking at the dresses the other women are wearing and men at other women.

Sorry for these asides, but coming to the subject of my problem, I decided to defect.

I phoned up the office of the American Consulate and when a sweet voice asked, "Who is calling?" I said in a whisper, "Put me on to the highest authority in your office and do not ask my name or purpose of the call."

I heard some whispers, and a click on the line. A voice asked, "What can I do for you?"

It was gruffy but unmistakably a lady's voice. I am surprised that all the important posts in the USA are held by women, and they still have the ERA and other similar agitations all the time. I tell her: "I want to defect."

The voice queried: "From which country?"

I whispered back: "India."

"No, I am in favour of defecting."

"Are you in favour of Khalistan?"

"But why?"

"There are many reasons. You give me the green signal and I can tell you all these in person."

"We don't accept defectors from India."

"Not even if I am a communist," I try.

"In that case, you have the wrong number. Phone up USSR."

I correct myself, "I am not a communist, but I want to defect."

"Sorry," and the phone went dead.

I try again and this time the sweet little voice says, "You are an Indian. We give green cards only if you are a doctor or an engineer specialising in nuclear medicine or computer science." And the phone went dead.

Having failed there, I phoned up our Ambassador's office in Washington. Again, a sweet little voice asks, "Who is calling?"

I give my name. The voice asks, "What do you want?"

"I wish to speak to the Ambassador."

"He is busy on the hot-line."

"Hot-line? With whom?"

"Prime Minister of India, who else?"

"But it's important. When will he be free?"

"Are you dying? If so, you must have given the name and address of some friend or relative when filling the sponsorship form to take care of your last rites. Better contact him."

I am agitated. I say, "No, I am not dying and do not wish to yet." Then I whisper the magic words, "I want to defect to USA."

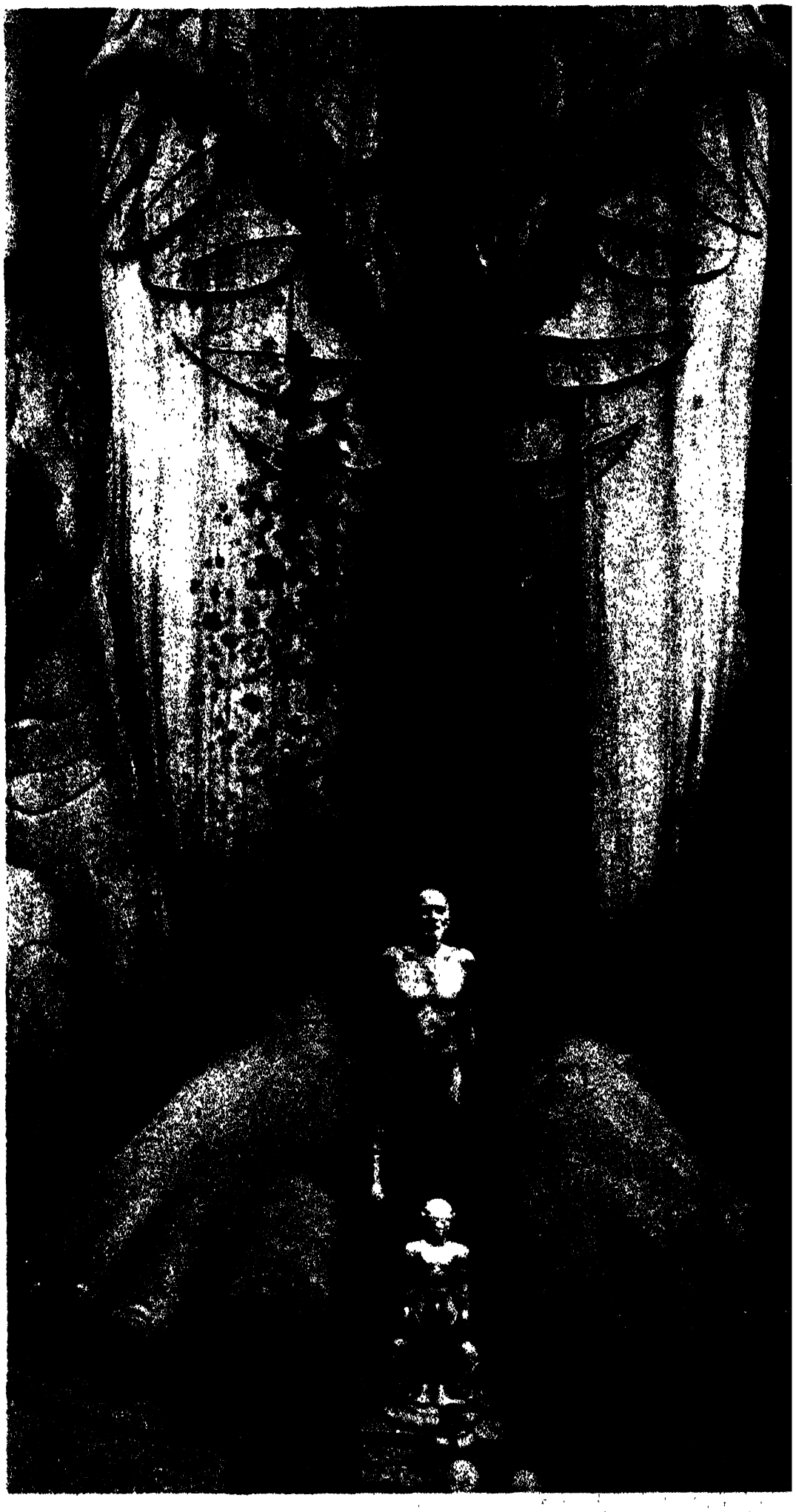
"What?" she says. "Go ahead, who is stopping you?" And the line went dead. ■

Photofeature

THE THIRD EYE

Image India

Photographs by Gurmeet Thukral



GURMEET THUKRAL is a young up-and-coming photo-journalist. The son of a professional photographer, he learned to handle a camera with ease and assurance at an early age. His subjects then were people and the "eternal" Himalayas. These sights and sounds instilled in him a thirst for adventure and, camera in hand, he has trekked from Ladakh to Nepal and has also travelled widely through the rest of India, covering a number of large and small festivals. "People and culture from every corner of India interest me most," says Gurmeet.

Over the years he has contributed to a wide variety of magazines. In India, his photographs have been published in the *Weekly, Madhuri, Youth Times, Filmfare, Imprint, Mirror, Swagat* (the in-flight magazine of Indian Airlines), various ITDC publications, as well as calendars and greeting cards. Abroad, his work has appeared in *The Sunday Telegraph* and *She* (London), *Stern* and *Geo* (Germany), *Fair* (Switzerland), *Actual* (Paris), *Asia Magazine* (Hong Kong) and *Hemisphere* (Australia).

"For a photographer, India is a treasure," says Gurmeet. An exhibition of his photographs, based on ten years of travel throughout the length and breadth of the country, will be held at the Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay, from March 23-29. Called "Image India", the exhibition will consist of colour blow-ups depicting diverse aspects of Indian life and Indian atmosphere. ■

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'Come September And I'll Be Back'

—G. R. Viswanath

by Raju Bharatan

—Patrick Eagar

After a world record of 87 Tests in a row, G.R. Viswanath says he feels mentally weary and physically drained. He wants a spell away from it all to return fresh for the fray. Come September and "the effort will be there" on his part, he says, to win back the No 4 spot that was once his by divine right in the India team.

NO, G.R. Viswanath is not a father yet. When, following his traumatic dropping from the India team for West Indies, there appeared the news item that Kavita was all set to deliver, it seemed a situation pregnant with possibilities. Indeed, Vish was in Baroda when that news item was sprung on him. "It was certainly news to me!" recalls Vish. "I immediately trunk-called Kavita and asked what the hell had been going on behind my back while I was away in Pakistan. When she said the whole report was a canard, I heaved a sigh of relief that at least my marriage was safe even if my place in the India team was lost!"

Runs he may have lacked lately, but Vish never lacked a sense of humour. This alone enabled him to accept philosophically the fact of his banishment from a team he had done so much to hold together these 12 years. Only, contrary to public expectation that he could have been given one last chance in the West Indies in view of his track record as a thoroughbred, Vish himself was expecting the axe.

"By what logic could I have expected the selectors to retain me?" he asks. "Especially when I myself was not feeling up to the job? I knew I'd lately played more Test Cricket than was good for a man of my temperament. You tell me that, of my 91 Tests, no fewer than 48 have been played in the last 4½ years—starting with the late-1978 series in Pakistan. That's a hell of a lot of Test Cricket to pack into such a brief span, no wonder in Pakistan I suddenly began to feel stale! Remember, I started my sequence of 87 Tests running in West Indies in March 1971. Now, of these 87 Tests in 12 years, if 48 have gone into the last 4½ years, I can understand why I've *this* feeling. No, I'm not making any excuses for my failure in Pakistan—that failure speaks for itself. But you do need to be mentally fresh to take on the challenge of Imran Khan. Especially when he bowls so *accurately* fast as he did in this series. If you say you saw me play *and* miss much more often than ever before in this series, then that's it—I wasn't equal to the job this one time, I badly needed a spell of rest and I've got it now!"

"But if too much cricket was at the root of it all," I pointed out, "what if you'd gone to Packer, as quite a few of you were scheduled to do early in 1979? After all, Packer drove his players harder than any Cricket Board anywhere in the world..."

"Ah, but you forget," said Vish, "that, with Packer, I'd have been playing for the cash and not the country! When you're playing for your country, you've to be giving cent per cent all the time and that takes a hell of a lot out of you. Still, there's no greater honour than to play for your country, that's why I want to *feel* I'm up to it before making the effort again. And the effort, make no mistake, *will* be there. Which is not to say I'll go there and labour at the job. My runs never come *that* way—at Test or any other level of cricket. I'll just go and play my shots. If they think I'm still playing them well enough, they'll recall me, otherwise I'll have no regrets—never have had and never will."

Vish is like that: to this day he remains untouched by the crass commercialism of the game as it has evolved. And he *can* still afford to play his shots, since he is not only a run-millionaire but also a millionaire in real life. When I met him, Vish had just returned from Sharjah, richer by Rs 4½ lakhs (150,000 dirhams) from the Cricketers' Benefit Fund Series there in which, aptly, he had been bracketed for favour this year with Zaheer Abbas. The Gulf between his bat and pad, which proved his undoing in Pakistan, Vish now hopes to close when he makes his challenge afresh in September.

How Quick Was Imran?

"Was Imran Khan," I asked Vish now, "quicker than he was in 1978—when you had faced him so well?"

"No, Imran *wasn't* quicker now than he was then—if anything he was slower!" said Vish. "But he was much more *on target* now. That's to say, he wasn't merely fast, he also swung the ball like a boomerang! One thing let me tell you: that not in all my 91 Tests have I encountered a quickie who swung the ball as much as Imran did now at *his* pace. That ball at Karachi to which I shouldered arms and got out for the first time in my life offering no stroke—that ball, the way it moved at *that* pace! Never have I seen a cricket ball come in so *diagonally*. And I can't agree that my reflexes have gone any slower now than they must do in the case of a cricketer who's played so much Test Cricket for so long. But my responses, I agree, were not always swift enough. I'm hoping that the enforced spell of rest I'm having now will do the trick here. If it doesn't—well, a younger man is needed to do the job."

But where is the young man to do the job? Our present middle-order crop may have the guts but they visibly lack class. And Vish's greatness lay in the fact that he combined character with class. That character, can we now ever get it back *with* the class?"

"Remember the one Test innings at Faisalabad in which I did pass 50 in Pakistan?" says Vish. "Didn't I play my shots in that knock? That was one time I got going. At other times, I was getting out before I found my momentum. The most testing part of a Test innings is at the beginning. And this is when Imran managed most times to get at me. This is when I wasn't quite able to summon my old application. But summon it I must if I want to play for India again."

Yes, the style is the man. And the style has certainly gone out of Indian Cricket with the exit of Viswanath. With the style has gone the stability that Vish brought to the otherwise hour-glass-thin middle of India's batting. Those extra pounds around his waist, Vish needs urgently to shed them if he's to be *on* the Imran or Holding ball again. If, as he says, the Holding he faced early in 1976 "was a yard faster" than the Imran he encountered late in 1982, Vish, too, is 6 years older today. 'The Littler Master'—Vish is exactly a ¼ inch shorter than Gavaskar—can he get up on his toes again to play down the fastest bowling in the world in the form of Holding, Marshall, Roberts and Garner? For *that* is the quartet Vish is ironically likely to be up against when he makes his comeback bid.

Genius And Drink

The point has been made that it is his 'soft' living that's proved Vish's downfall. But, then, how many know that on the night preceding his greatest innings in Test Cricket (the night of January 10, 1975) Vish was so drunk and unruly that he had literally to be pressed into bed and put to sleep? Yet, next morning, he coolly walked out and hit 97 not out against Andy Roberts & Co in the Fourth Test at Chepauk, Madras. Said Tony Cozier of that epic innings.

The sight of any fast bowler repeatedly beating the batsman with sheer speed is always an exciting phenomenon; for him to be confronted by a batsman equally hostile and belligerent is the stuff of which the game's followers' dreams are made. As Viswanath plundered Roberts with his team in desperate trouble after lunch, there was the memory of Ted Dexter playing a similar innings in a similar situation at Lord's in 1963 against the fury of Hall and Griffith. Dexter's 72 then will always be talked of as one of the finest Test innings. So will Viswanath's, for he met force with force in an amazing display.

Can Vish be the same force again? Well, it is only against Holding & Co that he can retrieve the kind of ground he's lost to Pathan Imran. ■

Health

An Embarrassing Affliction

by Coomi Chinoy

COME vacation time and there is a mass migration from the cities by rail bus plane, car and ship for peace and quiet, fun and adventure

Whether people travel for pleasure or business, by land sea or air the "change' they undergo is unmistakable, for travelling involves a temporary change in life style and puts even the seasoned traveller to severe stresses "The stomach and the colon are mirrors of our mind observes Dr R H Dastur Bombay', eminent physician, "and when one is tense excited or emotionally upset there is a chain reaction in the stomach and the colon

A change of time zones while flying the excitement of arrival, the fresh air, the exotic food and drinks go to many people's heads, and they indulge in an orgy of eating and drinking An ominous feeling of uneasiness is followed by abdominal cramps, and a frantic rush to the toilet And so, a much looked forward to holiday or a crucial business trip is ruined by an attack of diarrhoea

Travellers have been easy victims of diarrhoea since ancient times Hippocrates (5th century BC) defined diarrhoea as "an abnormal frequency and liquidity of faecal discharge " Quite simply diarrhoea is an ingenious, self protective device of the gut to throw out unwanted contents through vigorous bowel movement

The state of health of an individual determines the course of diarrhoea The healthier a person the better is his resistance The easiest victims are persons taking antacids or drugs for ulcers and confirmed drinkers This is because antacids neutralise the acid in the stomach, which is a natural barrier against infection, and prolonged intake of excessive alcohol damages the stomach cells With the stomach's defences down the germs invade and colonise the intestines with painful consequences

Diarrhoea also poses a danger to diabetics, heart and kidney patients, and infants and the aged who become quickly dehydrated due to loss of body fluids and salts

Diarrhoea has several *avatars* Mercifully most diarrhoeal cases are mild and self limiting stomach upsets (due to over indulgence or unfamiliar food) with three or four loose stools daily with mucus, pus or blood Most travellers take this temporary discomfort in their stride Entero vioform (now banned because of its effect on the optic nerve), and Mexaform have been the travellers' sheet anchor for plugging troublesome stools

But all diarrhoeas are not so transient and innocuous Some can be vicious and life-threatening with explosive watery stools, nausea and vomiting The cause of misery is usually an invasion of the gut via food or water contaminated by any of the several types of disease-causing microbes The most notorious mischief maker is a two timer colon bacillus *Escherichia coli* which sticks to small bowel cells, and is also capable of diarrhoea producing toxins This 1/250th of a millimetre rod shaped bacterium is guilty of causing 25 per cent of all diarrhoeas in all age groups in the developing countries

However, six of its cousins in the colon can be lethal *Shigella* can inflame the mucous membrane of the small intestine and cause bacillary dysentery (frequent stools containing blood, pus and mucus accompanied by abdominal cramps and fever) *Salmonella* can survive in freezing or drying temperatures, contaminate ice dust, sewage and foods especially oysters lobsters, crabs and prawns and give typhoid

But the most feared microbe is *Entamoeba histolytica* which felled Alexander the Great and Napoleon This tiny unicellular parasite can cause amoebic dysentery (stools with mucus pus and

—Lenny Aarons

DEHYDRATION— THE COMMONEST and most dangerous side effect of diarrhoea

blood accompanied by griping abdominal pain) amoebic colitis amoebic hepatitis or amoebic abscess of the liver Ten per cent of the world's population is under its sway Unlike *Shigella* which stays put in the lumen of the intestine and is amenable to treatment the wily amoeba cysts penetrate the mucous membrane of the colon and carry on protracted guerilla warfare from their intestinal hideouts They even sail to the liver via the portal vein and cause amoebic hepatitis and amoebic abscess

Comma shaped *Vibrio cholerae* colonises the small intestine to cause sudden massive diarrhoea ('rice water stools"), watery vomits and rapid dehydration (loss of vital body fluids and salts) While the West got rid of cholera over a century ago, the developing countries are still in its vice like grip The seventh cholera pandemic (world epidemic) raged from 1961 to 1975 from the Celebes northward to Korea and westward to the whole of Africa and Southern Europe

Pretty, looking like a bunch of grapes, *Staphylococcus aureus* can be as poisonous as a snake! An instance of its venomous nature was provided by an outbreak of food poisoning on a jetliner 'flying high" from Anchorage to Copenhagen Fiftyseven per cent of the 343 passengers aboard became acutely ill with vomiting, diarrhoea and cramping abdominal pain Thirty of them had to be rushed to hospital on landing and given intravenous fluids Luckily, all survived to tell the tale A *Staphylococcus* had managed to sneak into the ham omlettes through a chef's infected finger and as the food was not adequately refrigerated aboard the plane, it had a wonderful opportunity to multiply *Staphylococci* can multiply at temperatures from 4°C to 46°C and thrive in cream pastries, salads and mayonnaise Heroin addicts and insulin using diabetics are more susceptible to *Staphylococcus* infections

By comprison, *Giardia lambia*, a pear shaped protozoan with popping eyes that parasatises the human duodenum and jejunum, is a barking dog that seldom bites A citizen of the world it particularly afflicts travellers to the Caribbean, Latin America, India, Russia and South and East Asia Giardiasis is marked by yellow, foul smelling, frothy stools without blood or mucus, gas in the stomach and mild abdominal cramps Giardiasis is a late starter during travels usually persists for weeks and often clears up by itself

Treatment

In most diarrhoeal cases which are mild giving the patient plenty of fluids (butter milk, weak tea, rice water, pomegranate juice) and a light diet -*khichdi* (rice and *mung dal* cooked with a pinch of salt), stewed apple half boiled minced meat -are all that's needed until the diarrhoea stops Curds rice dal, and mashed potato can be added to the diet when the patient feels better

But in cases of severe diarrhoea, cholera and food poisoning dehydration poses the greatest threat to life Dehydration symptoms are easy to detect—cold, clammy skin, sunken eyes, dry mouth, intense thirst, shallow breathing, muscular cramps, reduced flow of urine Dehydration can be quickly corrected by giving the patient at frequent intervals, a rehydration drink made of glucose and electrolytes (3 5 gm table salt, 2 5 gm sodium bicarbonate, 1 5 gm potassium chloride and 20 gm glucose mixed in 1 litre of boiled cooled water) as well as other fluids till the doctor arrives Readymade packs of Oral Rehydration Salts (ORS) are available at most chemists

Since the 1970s Oral Rehydration Therapy (ORT) has revolutionised the treatment of several diarrhoeas The National Institute of Cholera and Enteric Diseases at Calcutta has shown dramatic results in reducing the death toll from diarrhoea and cholera by the oral glucose salt mixture

Medicines

What about medicines? It has been found that anti-diarrhoeal drugs and binding mixtures (kaolin, bismuth and pectin), may temporarily relieve the symptoms but do not really help to cure diarrhoea Rather, they hamper the bowel's protective function to rid the body of harmful contents and should never be taken for dysentery Broad spectrum antibiotics are effective only on cholera and bacillary dysentery and giardiasis Antibiotics are not to be taken indiscriminately like peanuts as they kill off the useful bactena in the bowels along with the harmful ones and their progeny develop an immunity to the drugs For instance, Penicillin, which originally performed wonders against all strains of *Staphylococcus aureus*, now kills only ten per cent of them

Cures That Endure

Stomach Disorders

That excruciating stomachache again! Was it the *bhelpuri* you ate at Linking Road last evening, or the *pau bhaji* you gormandised at lunch? Yes, contaminated food is one of the most common causes for loose bowels and cramps in the stomach So next time you shoo off a fly from your *bhelpuri*, be prepared to do the rounds of the toilet all night

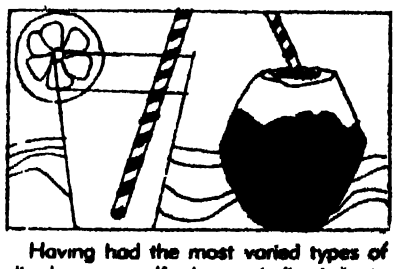
But *bhelpuri* and *pau bhaji* apart, diarrhoea may be a result of gastritis (an inflamed tummy) or gastro-enteritis (inflamed intestines) And modern research in the field has revealed that diarrhoea is often nothing more than allergy — apparently like your nose, which may be particularly sensitive to dust and pollen, your stomach may have an inborn dislike for certain foods Spinach, for instance, or cola drinks have an unhappy effect on some stomachs Believe it or not, excitement, nervousness, shock and great emotional stress is often the root cause for stomach upsets

The worst effect of diarrhoea is dehydration and this can be serious, as there is a highly quickened bowel movement playing havoc with the nutrition you require The nourishment you would normally get from the process of absorption is completely at a standstill and before you know it, the undigested food passes through your bowels

Though adults are not spared, diarrhoea is extremely common among children And the fluid loss they suffer is very difficult for them to withstand indeed!

For children, a sterile solution of sugar and salt in boiled water is very effective If the child can be coaxed into drinking an ounce or two at a time,then the tension of the baby's dehydration can be avoided The *jeera-pani*,we know,is very effective in diarrhoea *Babul* tree leaves and black cummin seeds crushed in equal proportions and taken regularly, guarantee respite from intermittent trips to the bathroom *Amla* is known to be very helpful as well The inner bark of the Mango tree (if you are lucky enough to have access to one) is known to be miraculous in its merits as a pacifier if applied gently around the navel, for those in this condition

Some times it is best to take as much *dab paani* or *nariyal paani* as you can get yourself to swallow. The fluid is very good for this condition and can give you some of the electrolytes and glucose you need.



Having had the most varied types of diarrhoea myself, due to indiscriminate eating habits, I have always found that fresh lime juice in a tumbler of cold water has never let me down. My blind faith in lime, would you say? No, the merit lies in the little sour fruit itself.

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Although your present activities do not yield immediate results, they make way for further openings. Revolutionary trends and ideas will keep you occupied but do not be too hasty. Avoid clashes and conflicts with those in authority. Deal tactfully with seniors. Financial gains are likely midweek.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Those in advertising have a very lucky week. Interior decorators will make a mark in their career. Journalists and scientists will be in the limelight on account of their superb performance. A trip abroad awaits sportsmen. Midweek is ideal for pushing professional interests. Expect money gains.

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Whether you like it or not you will have to take important decisions that will help re-organise your affairs successfully. The necessary finances can be raised with the aid of influential persons. A marriage will be settled, bringing relief to elders. Those in service will receive a promotion. You must slow down activities.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr. 20

A profitable business deal will come your way this week. If you launch a new scheme let it be only on trial basis. Representatives of various cosmetic firms and those dealing with fashionable goods will secure good business. Their success will bring them further promotion. Deal with customers and clients tactfully.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

You will be kingmaker but you will work behind scenes. Negotiations or discussions for foreign aid or capital are likely to be finalised, shortly. Artists and writers should maintain the punctuality and efficiency in their present job rather than take up new assignments. Invest carefully. Your purse will be strained.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

Keep your cool while solving public problems. Keep in touch with influential people and if you need help remind them of an earlier promise. Intellectual pursuits will bring a lot of profits, midweek. News from abroad helps to boost up export-import business. The weekend is spent with family and friends.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Politicians and social workers will be publicly honoured and receive recognition for their services. Those in authority must delegate their powers and keep up their efficiency. Businessmen should introduce their expansion plans with caution. Seek the opinion of family members midweek.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21

You must keep on building goodwill. Your interest in foreign countries will pay off. Keep a careful eye on the ads in the dailies and you will secure a suitable job in the next few weeks. You may have to travel early in the week. You will be in the limelight midweek. Consult seniors and experts Artists will be at their best

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

Ill-health will dog you the entire week. Your spare time should be utilised in reorganising business or revising earlier plans. Secure the help of youngsters and trusted subordinates for running your day-to-day business. Restrict domestic expenses in the early part of the week. You will be involved in a celebration.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

You will have to struggle hard for the success you anticipate in your work. Deal with partners sympathetically and with tact. Do not allow strangers to interfere in your private life. Guard against possible injuries during travel or while handling machinery. All important jobs should be cleared early in the week.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

You must be prepared to face a storm in the near future. Your rivals will give you sleepless nights in the next few weeks. Those in service may be transferred shortly. Labour issues should be handled with utmost care. While submitting or proposing new plans, heed the advice of seniors and elders.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov. 23-Dec 20

A lucky period begins this week for activities both in and outside home. Youngsters will find a romance intriguing. Invest money carefully and do not be rash about speculation. Secret talks and exchange of views midweek help to gear up your business activities. Luck favours all your activities during the weekend.

STAR FOCUS

Be A Dancer

Today, dancing is not merely a hobby or pastime interest but an independent profession in its own right. Generally followed by women, a few men have also attained proficiency in this field.

Dancing is a spontaneous expression of joy, taking the form of rhythmic movements. According to Western ideology, the combination responsible for this is Aries-Libra 15 linked with Mars/Neptune plus Gemini-Sagittarius with Mercury.

I personally feel that if the above signs are converted into the Indian system, Pisces-Virgo and Taurus-Scorpio are associated with this artistic line. Pisces is most relevant for two reasons: (1) It relates to the feet, (2) Neptune, lord of the ascendant, suggests artistic and rhythmic movements.

Similarly, Taurus and Scorpio are excellent for artistic and effective expressions either in speech, writing or facial gestures.

Manju Bhargavi, the famous cine-star from South India and recipient of the award for *Shankarabharanam*, was born on July 24, 1952, on the Cancer ascendant. She is an adept dancer as well as an actress. In her birth chart Venus and Moon are in close proximity with the ascendant. In the Navansh chart, Mars and Pluto are in Pisces and Jupiter-Venus in Scorpio. She came into the limelight in 1979 and will enjoy public favour till 1995. 1983 and 1994 will be difficult years.

Birthday Forecast

Sunday, March 27

Respect the advice of seniors and elders while implementing new schemes and projects. Move cautiously in mid-1983 and during the end of the year. May and January are excellent months.

Monday, March 28

In everything you do this year, you must be patient and cautious, especially between June and September. The last quarter of this year and early 1984 are periods of consolation and extreme satisfaction.

Tuesday, March 29

You secure more than average success this year. Judges, lawyers and writers will be especially lucky. Do not take on heavy responsibilities in mid-April, July and October.

Wednesday, March 30

Maintain cordial relations in and outside home. Make use of all opportunities that come your way. Financial rescurces should be conserved carefully in August and September.

Thursday, March 31

The year provides ample opportunities to rehaul business and effect the necessary changes in your organisation. Associates and partners must be handled tactfully between August and October.

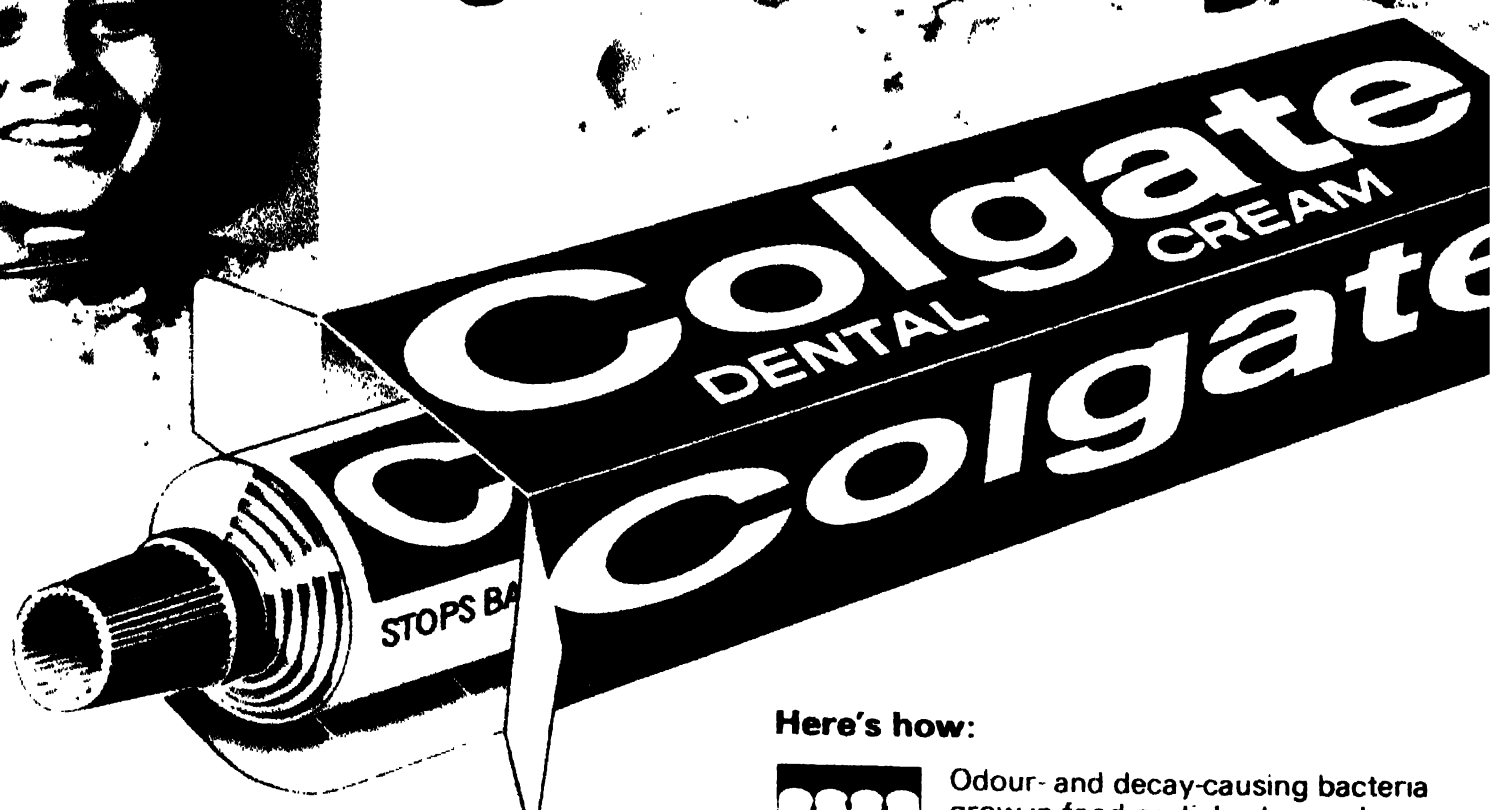
Friday, April 1

A lucky year for the realisation of your aims and objects. Promotional chances await those in service in this and the next month. You will have to make the necessary adjustments by mid-1983. Guard against ill-health.

Saturday, April 2

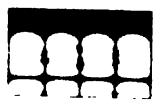
A year full of contentment and happiness. It also brings a new and happy phase in work life and business. Keep a tight reign over financial matters between June and October.

Stop bad breath... Fight tooth decay

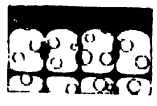


Colgate's trusted formula works to give you clean, fresh breath.... strong, healthy teeth every time you brush.

Here's how:



Odour- and decay-causing bacteria grow in food particles trapped between your teeth.



Colgate's unique active foam reaches deep to remove dangerous food particles and bacteria.

Result: Fresh-breath confidence, protection against decay, strong healthy teeth.

Remember to brush with Colgate Dental Cream after every meal: Stop bad breath... fight tooth deca

You'll love its fresh minty taste!

The Weekly Pick

India And The Non-aligned World

Hari Jaisingh; Vikas; Rs 75.

In the wake of the Seventh Non-Aligned Summit held at Delhi recently, this book gives a neat and concise background to the Non-Alignment Movement, which should prove useful to students of international affairs.

Beginning with the meaning of the term Non-Alignment, the author analyses how India's Non-Alignment policy was formulated on the basis of our traditions, experiences as well as certain practical considerations.

The chapter "From Belgrade To Havana" provides a brief summary of the earlier Summits and their individual significance. The author also devotes an entire chapter to the architect of India's foreign policy, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Tribes Of India

Christoph Von Furer-Haimendorf; Oxford University Press; Rs 100.

An all-encompassing account of the various aboriginal races in India, whose origin dates back several thousand years ago.

While earlier the tribal folk lived undisturbed in their secluded regions, improved means of communications opened up previously inaccessible areas and the tribes had to counter infiltration by economically and politically advanced ethnic groups.

The author discusses, at great length, this oppression of the tribals, especially in the state of Andhra Pradesh.

The book, which is a little too serious to appeal to most readers, also contains chapters by Michael Yorke and Jayaprakash Rao.

Business Law

S.R. Patel; Asia Publishing House; Rs 125.

Undoubtedly an asset for businessmen, senior executives and company secretaries, who face legal problems in their daily quota of work, but also valuable for beginners interested in the subject.

The author covers the important principles underlying the Law of Contract, the Partnership Law, the Law of the Sale of Goods, the Law of Negotiable Instruments, Company Law and all other laws connected with commercial dealings.

Though the chief merit of the book lies in its simple and lucid style, it is, nevertheless, "heavy" reading, even for a select target audience.

Minnie

Going, Going, Gone

Two houses of the late film actress Meena Kumari were auctioned last week by the income-tax department in order to recover dues amounting to Rs 6 lakh. This is perhaps the first time that the property of an actress is being auctioned nearly ten years after her death. In another instance, the film *Ganga Jamuna*, produced by the late Nasir Khan, brother of Dilip Kumar, in the early '60s will also be auctioned. However, the auctioning of the film's negative and other material was stayed by a court order.

—The Evening News of India.

Gandhi Causes Trouble

A sailor in Norway, Ms Leslie Cole, was court martialled and sentenced to 60 days' hard labour with forfeiture of 60 per cent of her pay-cheque for refusing to wear her navy uniform or perform her military duties after seeing Attenborough's *Gandhi*. Ms Cole will be discharged from the navy after she has served her sentence.

—Trade Guide

God In Court

Comedian George Burns, who starred in the film *Oh God*, was told by a lawyer during a brief court appearance: "I never cross-examined God before." "I am only God when I get paid for it," the 81-year-old Burns replied. Burns was giving evidence for the defense in a case concerning the late Groucho Marx, whose companion, actress Erin Fleming, is being sued for $1.68 million by the Bank of America. The bank alleges she obtained $ 400,000 from Marx and syndicated rights to his TV shows by exerting undue influence over him.

—Reuter

DisGRACEful Behaviour

A bronze bas-relief portrait of the late Princess Grace of Monaco was stolen from a commemorative pillar on the outskirts of Nice, in France. Prince Rainier and Princess Caroline unveiled the plaque last month when a major road, linking Nice and the neighbouring Ville Franche-surmer, was renamed in memory of Princess Grace. The plaque was screwed to the pillar and the thief removed it without damaging the marble base. It was sculpted by Nice artist Alexandre Mari.

—The Evening News of India

Vicar On The Run

Young vicar Reverend Jay Hawg of Auburn, Massachusetts, is swapping his cassock for a track suit after watching the film *Chariots of Fire*. "For a long time I could see my life in two compartments—the runner and the vicar. Now *Chariots of Fire* has changed my life."

—The Sun

Jackie

Accused A Witness!

Can an accused appear as a witness in a lawsuit against him?

It sounds strange but this did happen in Poona some 50 years ago.

In a suit filed at Vadgaon before a magistrate, who in those days was also the tehsildar, one of the accused in the case involving illegal felling of timber was also asked to become witness, for want of evidence.

When an objection was raised by the defence counsel, holding a brief for the six accused, the chair ruled that the order was perfectly legal, pointing out that when he could play the dual role of a magistrate and a tehsildar there was nothing wrong in the accused also appearing as a witness.

—PTI

Uncivilised Society?

The most charitable thing that can be said of Mrs Indira Gandhi's recent utterances on the grim tragedy in Assam is that she does not know what she is saying. They are a stock mixture of naivete, arrogance and irresponsibility that is all the more shocking because a Congress (I) Ministry has been formed in Assam and will no doubt attempt to rule a sullen populace. ....A government in any civilised society would have submitted its resignation in the face of the immense tragedy that took place in Assam.

M.V. Kamath in *Express Magazine*

Ban This Obscenity

Women members of the Bharatiya Janata Party will start a campaign against obscene publicity hoardings and advertisements.

They plan to go in groups to places where such "offensive" hoardings are to be seen. The women will paint the hoardings in jet black.

—The Hindustan Times

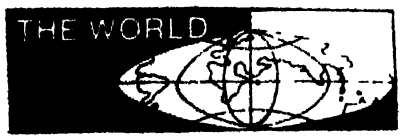
Mourning Tourism

The country's leading hoteliers and restaurant owners attending an All-India Convention in New Delhi, stood in silence to "mourn the demise" of tourism in India. This provided a fitting end to the convention whose theme was *Are We Really Serious About Tourism?*

Interestingly enough, among those in the audience grieving tourism's passing away was the Director-General of Tourism, Mr B. Mehra.

—Express News Service

Goldie



Maxim's In Peking: Mon Dieu!

Surely you know the place. The ghost of Edward VII hovers over the Red Table. Prince Ali Khan, Picasso and the Aga Khan have each presided over the five tables of the Banquette Royale. And Table 16 was once the exclusive preserve of the Prince of Wales.

The place, of course, is Maxim's, the *belle-époque* restaurant on Rue Royale in Paris. But courtesy *couturier* Pierre Cardin, the self-styled "most famous restaurant in the world" will soon go into something resembling mass production. Under Cardin's auspices, exact replicas of the Parisian Maxim's—with its bronze garlands, *art nouveau* murals and scarlet banquettes—are scheduled to open within a year in New York, London, Rio de Janeiro and, improbably, Peking. Other clones are planned for Istanbul, Rome, Moscow, Miami and Los Angeles.

Jill Smolowe

Talking Car That Warns

A talking car that warns when seat belts aren't fastened, breaks need checking and gas is running low has been introduced with fanfare from state-owned British Leyland (BL).

Even Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher got into the promotional act by test-driving a computerised BL Austin Maestro Sedan up and down Downing Street.

A digital voice synthesiser in the Maestro dashboard reproduces a 32-word vocabulary recorded by actress Nicolette Mckenzie.

—AP

Historical Howler

"Jawaharlal Nehru was born in 1889 in Allahabad, which is now a part of Pakistan."

This is what a former President of the United States of America, Richard Nixon, wrote in a recently published book *Leaders*.

—PTI

Puzzling Fragments of the Papal Plot

According to British and American intelligence officials familiar with the operations of the Bulgarian security services, the Rome-based Bulgarians who have been linked to papal assailant Mehmet Ali Agca held cover jobs that are normally assigned to members of the military intelligence service (RO) and not the DS, Bulgaria's equivalent of the KGB.

A US Embassy official in Rome told Sen Alfonse D'Amato that the Italian defence minister was mistaken when he charged that there had been an increase in radio traffic between Sofia and the Bulgarian Air Lines office in Rome just after the shooting.

—Newsweek

Gigi

The Family Man—1

By Charles H. Heimsath

Illustrated by Francis H. D'Sa

The visiting American businessman was lonely on his first day in the Indian city. He liked a family setting at breakfast and approached the table at which sat a blonde woman and child, both dressed in saffron.

ENTERING the hotel coffee shop he
it immediately at ease. So many Euro-
pans and Americans sat idly having
reakfast, talking casually or reading the
ewspaper, he noted. They all were loose
lothing, the unstarched flowing cotton
hirts and pyjama-like pants or full skirts
nat nearly all the young travellers in India
ad ordered for themselves on arrival.

Men were bearded and had embroi-
ered cloth bags with long straps for easy
houlder carrying. Some wore small wal-
ets of cloth around their necks in which
hey kept things requiring greater safety.

Most of the women had either braided
heir hair or wore it tied in a loose bun;
ree flowing hair caught a lot of dust. So
lack were their blouses and so loosely
rovan their skirts that a good deal of the
utline of their bodies was visible. He saw
in this context of the bra-less styles back
ome and diagnosed correctly that it was
ot meant to provoke sexual interest but
ust the opposite. In fact, with far less
xposure of raw skin than he saw this
norning, Indian women had begun to
timulate him, their saris about the only
consistent feature of aesthetic interest in
he otherwise dreary land.

Besides wearing floppy clothes, these
Westerners produced a striking uniformity
f colour—saffron, India's colour for hol-
ness. Though in different shades the clear
urpose of the saffron dress was to unify

the wearers, set them apart from others, give them identity. They were followers of the Master Spirit. He had been told about the ashram, created about six years earlier by a commanding spiritual leader and now attracting hundreds of Europeans, Americans, Australians and a few Japanese.

He liked the looks of these breakfasting followers of the guru. They were healthy, strong, mostly under thirty and obviously not on heavy drugs. Whatever they were getting out of their Indian experience, they were obviously better off than Americans of his generation who had taken in Europe during the 1950s, searching for some cultural or intellectual inspiration but finding instead how cheaply they could live a dissipated existence in the student quarters of Paris or Rome or on a Mediterranean beach.

In the 1970s gurus in India began organising these disaffected or adventurous young people for whom Europe was too expensive—and in any case too Americanised. They were offered a programme of directed rebelliousness in ashrams such as this one, some intelligent direction for their individual psychological searches and probably healthier environments than he had found in his first wanderings in Europe. If the Master Spirit served no other purpose than to keep potential malcontents and drifters off the streets of Europe and India, he was providing a useful public service. With these thoughts he surveyed the scene.

WHILE the crowd having breakfast seemed unexpectedly reassuring to the well-dressed American entering the room, it also posed a problem for him. There were no empty tables. A few accommodated single Indian men and he thought momentarily of asking one of them if he could share the space. But this was a large transit hotel catering to preoccupied businessmen and none of them appeared likely to offer more than a grunt of recognition in case he sat down.

He hoped for a bit of conversation to spark off his day, a word of friendly exchange on some meaningful topic. He liked a family setting at breakfast. No matter what was said over toast and coffee his day began well if he could fit himself into someone else's day. He liked to think that this proved he was a sharing person, not dependent on others but by exchanging experiences with them, he gained some enhancement of his own identity. He was, in short, lonely, on his first day in this Indian industrial city.

And then he saw her—and the little girl. He had walked the length of the room, ostensibly to pick up a menu card from the desk at the back but in fact to give himself time to think about the space problem. Half glancing at the menu, he faced the two empty seats of a table at which sat a woman and a child. They were both blonde, perhaps American, dressed in saffron; they had no noticeable ties with the others in the room. The woman could be approached, asked if she minded sharing her table, and perhaps even engaged in conversation. The little girl was present to assure that his intentions were purely friendly. He had a busy day planned, and this could be a good beginning—if he was lucky.

"Excuse me. Good morning. You must be a member of the ashram," he began, leaning a bit over the table from behind one of the vacant chairs. He hoped it was a plausible opening and he took care to smile with special warmth at the little girl, who looked up at him. The woman returned the smile and nodded in a natural and welcoming way, pushing herself back slightly to look directly into his face. "Yes, of course. Good morning."

His next remark had to be casual, yet it should engage her somehow in a small conversation that would lead naturally to having a stranger at breakfast. "Even the children wear saffron, it seems..."

She was smiling, glanced at the child and nodded pleasantly. "You see," she replied quickly, "Guruji wants everyone to look the same, at least dress approximately the same, and so..." He was easing himself around the empty chair, his eyes conveying the question, would he be permitted to join them? With a graceful gesture, still speaking—she was obviously European, probably French, with such natural courtesy—she offered him the place opposite her.

FRANCIS H. D'SA

Interrupting with the necessary remark to match her offer, he protested, "I'm afraid I may be disturbing you..."

"On the contrary," she said at once and repeated the gesture of invitation. He seated himself with a smile of gratitude and an extra smile and nod towards the girl, who by then was returning to her porridge.

"How far is the ashram from here?" he asked, agreeably relaxed in the cushioned chair, as if he had often eaten with these people.

"Only ten minutes," she replied—she was French, he could now be certain—"by auto-rickshaw."

THEY continued to talk about the ashram; he asked nothing very serious, she replied with more information than she was asked for. She spoke English in carefully chosen words and phrases. She was educated, he judged, used to intellectual society, a cultivated person in good command of herself. They said nothing about themselves, but made the most of the simple pleasure of agreeable talk. It was a fine way to begin the day, he thought, and he had the feeling that it meant as much or even more to her, to be able to chat happily over breakfast.

All the while directing her main attention to the newcomer, the French woman also gave thoughtful care to the child, who was not eating well. "...*un peu de sucre, ma cherie?*.." The woman offered to sprinkle more sugar on the scarcely touched porridge, then to pour more milk. She stroked the child's forehead, sat her up straighter in the low chair—business-like movements of concern for the child's comfort, accompanied by soothing words. "She's not eating well; she had high fever last night, and look at those mosquito bites on her cheek."

He looked attentively at the mosquito bites on the blonde child's cheek and thought of his own children when they were her age—about three, he estimated. "All last night she was awake with those damn mosquitoes," the woman said, without annoyance, just stating the fact. He remembered his own experience in the hotel room; he had to turn on the ceiling fan to scatter the insects.

"Don't you have a fan in your room?" he asked.

"No, not yet, but I'm going to buy one today," she answered; then seeing his slightly questioning look, added, "You see, we're not staying in this hotel." She spoke while peeling an orange; she handed a section of it to the child after removing the seeds. "You should see our little room; it's in a very old house and it's very dirty and has no fan. We only come here occasionally for breakfast."

The woman was round-faced with dark blue eyes, the colour of his own, and a strongly accentuated thin nose, expressive mouth and well-formed chin. Her colouring was French-English blonde, not the faded or ghostly pale blonde of the north but the sunny blonde of middle-Atlantic Europe. She smiled often and completely, not a snatched smile out of politeness but a total smile, with beginning, middle, and end—the end poised, it seemed, to introduce the beginning of a new smile. Her voice was animated but not at all agitated in the way of some intellectual French people. She had views but expressed them without embellishing arguments. "I don't know why I like that funny guy," she said referring to the Master Spirit of the ashram and laughing. "But we all enjoy ourselves so much out there. I just cannot keep away from him!"

She liked to talk, that was plain, and he found it useful to get this insider's view of the famous ashram and its guru. There was nothing secret or hidden about the place, everyone was free to discuss what went on, even in a lighthearted tone.

"Isn't that sacrilegious," he asked, half smiling, "to speak of him as a 'funnyguy'?"

"Why not?" she answered. "He wants you to say whatever comes to your mind about him. That way you find out your real feelings about your own quest for truth." Everyone in the ashram was given an Indian name, he was told for example, "Swami Anand" in real life could be Mike Greenberg from Berkeley, California. There were lots of Jews there, mostly American. The major national group, however, was German.

The little girl had by now left her porridge uneaten and dropped her head into the woman's lap and fallen asleep. Her flushed face was hidden beneath the tablecloth. "I may have to consult a doctor," the woman said, "if her fever doesn't go down." She looked at the child, but not with any intense concern. "She was fine for the first week we were here, and then... with those mosquitoes last night, just couldn't sleep."

"Any other symptoms?" he asked, sounding, he thought, rather professional. In fact, he had at once become involved with the child's welfare.

"No, none. She's really all right. Today I'll get a fan."

"Do you know a doctor here?" he asked, realising that within a week she probably had no good local contacts. "No, I don't," she replied. "Last time we were here—she was just one and a half—the ashram doctor looked after her. But she never really got sick. And that swami is gone now."

"I can find the name of a good paediatrician," he told her, with a warm sense of satisfaction in offering fatherly help. He liked being able to talk to her in this way. There was an easy intimacy about their common concern for the child. He knew some local people with small children through his business relations with an Indian pharmaceutical firm.

"Oh, that would be very nice of you. I'd appreciate that!" she told him, smiling broadly. He liked her smile; it was both trusting and lighthearted. This woman could be an engaging companion, he thought.

The child was not stirring. She seemed to be making up her lost sleep and might well remain there a long time. They had eaten, the waiter moving back and forth seeing to their common needs. He was beginning to feel a certain indecisiveness about his day's work. Soon he would have to persuade himself to leave for his first engagement. It was almost 10 o'clock, India's starting hour. There would be a car at the hotel entrance.

"I'll leave you my name and room mber," he said, deciding he had to get . "If you are here at lunch time, about e, we can meet and I'll give you the ctor's name."

She was nodding. How lucky for him at they would have reason to meet gain. Then he checked himself and tried imagine the woman's schedule that ay with a sick child and shopping for a n. "But if you're not here," he added, lon't worry, I'll understand you've got her things to do. You can call my room the evening and I'll give you the me." He rose, having paid his bill.

"Thank you," she replied, not moving. e smiled again and bowed slightly as backed quickly away from the table. ey had made a fine beginning. oughtfulness, good manners, intelli nt talk; it was all there between two angers in an alien land.

HIS business that day required rapid vement from one appointment to other. His Indian counterpart in the gotiations their firms were conducting d provided a car—a well-maintained t old Ambassador, an automobile ose British prototype had been de loped in the 1950s. He settled into the r seat, noted the handsome leather holstery and the starched uniform of driver and geared himself up to what uld have to be a high standard of rformance if his firm was to get the siness they sought

ndians were behind the times in most the obvious ways—manufacturing old del cars, for example—but in business als or any legal negotiations they stood well up to world standards. He had to be sharp today, and he must remember to be patient as well; Indians of high position were impressed as much by the person they dealt with as by what he was offering. He reviewed his figures, repractised his ordinarily instantaneous conversion of rupees into dollars. He must remember that a *crore* meant ten million, a *lakh* one hundred thousand.

His firm manufactured the most durable variable speed heavy mixers that anyone could buy. But they were expensive, perhaps the most expensive of that line. He had to fight for every sale by convincing the buyer of the benefits of long-term trouble-free use, good follow-up service and high resale value of the used machinery. This day would be demanding, possibly more than usually so. But it had begun very well.

From the hotel near the railway station he was driven first through the old city—narrow, poorly paved streets lined by three-storied residences, their carved wood balconies unpainted and stained Honking in unpatterned bursts the driver would move swiftly among carts, cycles, labourers with head loads, women rushing to get their children across busy intersections, young men strolling amiably together (fingers interlocked), scavenging dogs and cows, and occasionally a leper hauled along by a small boy or girl on a low wheeled cart, his bandaged finger stumps held up in imploring display.

The backbone of the human traffic were the shoppers. Nowhere, he considered, except perhaps in New York City's garment district, had he seen so many people on the street intent on doing business. India for all its centralised, supposedly socialist economic policies appeared to him to be the most vigorous free enterprise system on earth. He found it exciting—familiarly enterprising and competitive.

The sturdy and manoeuvrable Ambassador had reached the city's outskirts unscathed, picked up speed, and now was finally turning through the high iron gates of the pharmaceutical plant. He ran over a few opening phrases that had conveyed in past encounters the right mixture of business and social grace and glanced again at the list of corporate officers he was likely to meet. The car pulled up to the entrance, a guard opened the door and saluted him. And then someone he knew, a thin man in shirt and tie, rushed out smiling with outstretched hand. He was well received, he felt himself in perfect form.

The time passed quickly. Business dealings in the States raised everyone's adrenaline and left him drained, but in India, he had often found, his body relaxed in negotiations like these, and his mind thus functioned more clearly. That's why high-level Indians seldom had to repeat themselves in serious matters, he had observed; their minds were so keenly focussed on the subject at hand that once a statement, an offer or acceptance was pronounced, that was the end of it. Of course the common person talked endlessly, mostly needless chatter But at the top, in striking contrast, words were precise and they were binding.

Such was the hour's work this morning: his deal was understood, his high prices already anticipated and appreciated, he would need no further dealings at present and would learn the outcome after return ing to Bombay.

He had then to escape from a luncheon invitation involving an hour's lay-over at the plant waiting for the strict one o'clock meal time and another hour over lunch Fortunately, he'd made a tentative arrangement to visit a government microbiology laboratory if he was free about noon, and he used that excuse to leave In fact he was tied down more compellingly to the possible reunion with the French woman and the child back at the hotel.

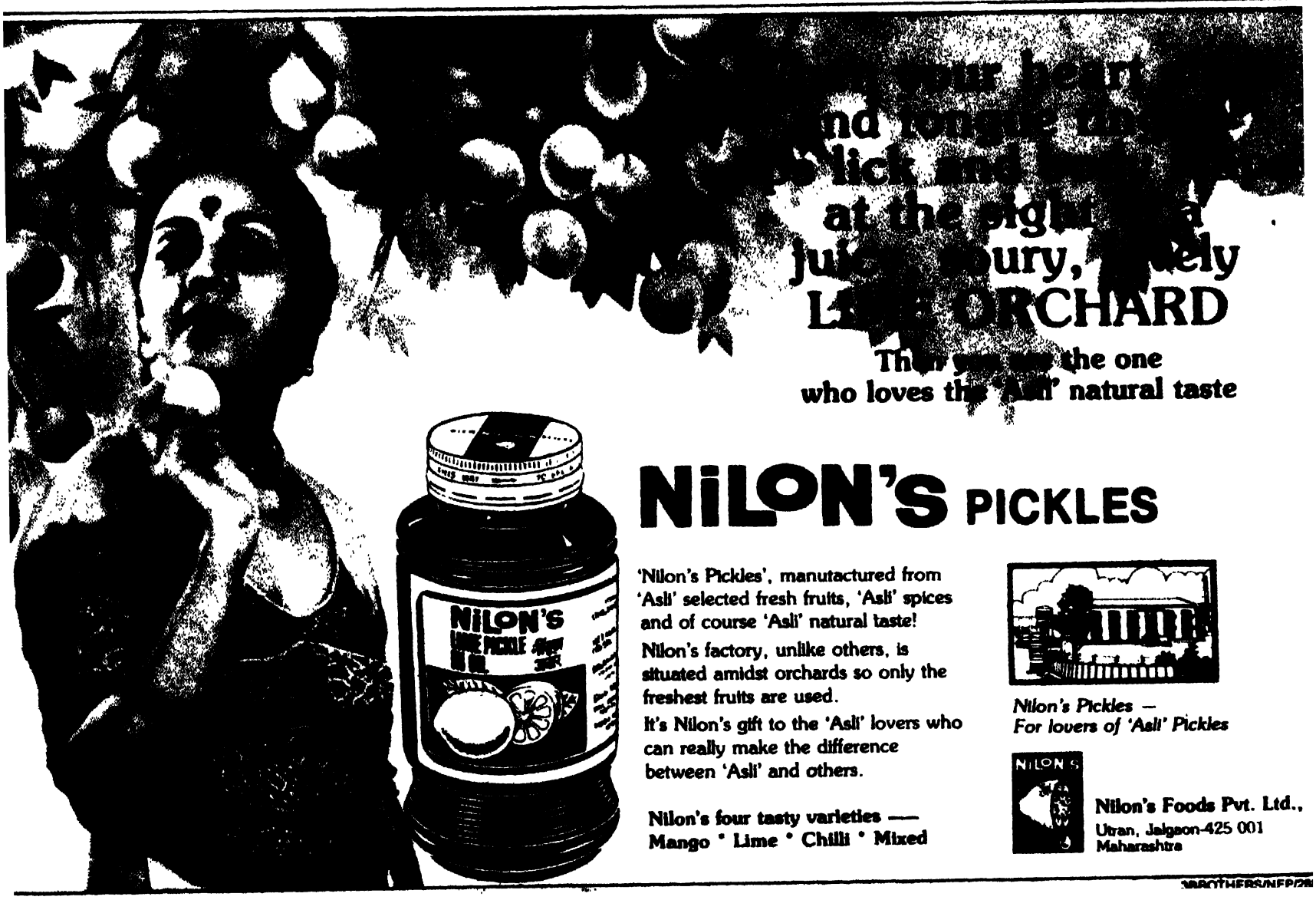
He moved fast, in and out of the laboratory, re-established useful scientific contacts, confirmed his guess about the direction the Indians were moving in certain immunological experiments, and was back at the hotel just before one o'clock. Would she come? He thought so, because of the child's illness He had telephoned his friend with the small children during a spare five minutes at the plant and had the doctor's three addresses and telephone numbers at hand

At the hotel reception desk he asked for his key. The clerk reached back and gathered up with the key a small piece of paper. It was a note, which he read quickly

> *Savitri and I will be at the hotel at 20 hrs to see you. She had a high fever and is sleeping all day*
>
> *Love, Ma Prem Priyo*

So that's her name! he thought. And she's coming tonight—never mind the lunch, which would be too abrupt anyway. She signed herself with "love," he mused. What does that mean? He knew it would be difficult this afternoon to concentrate on his work

(to be concluded) ■



HER Husband is so stupid, that when she gave birth to triplets, he wanted to know who were the fathers of the other two.

"I FINALLY cured my kid of biting his nails."

"Really. How did you do it?"

"I knocked his teeth out."

A PRETTY girl was looking at a large collection of greeting cards labelled, "For your sweetheart." She read each card carefully before rejecting it. Finally she decided on one which said simply and directly, "Because I love only you"

She held the card up, turned to the shopkeeper and said "Please give me a dozen of these."

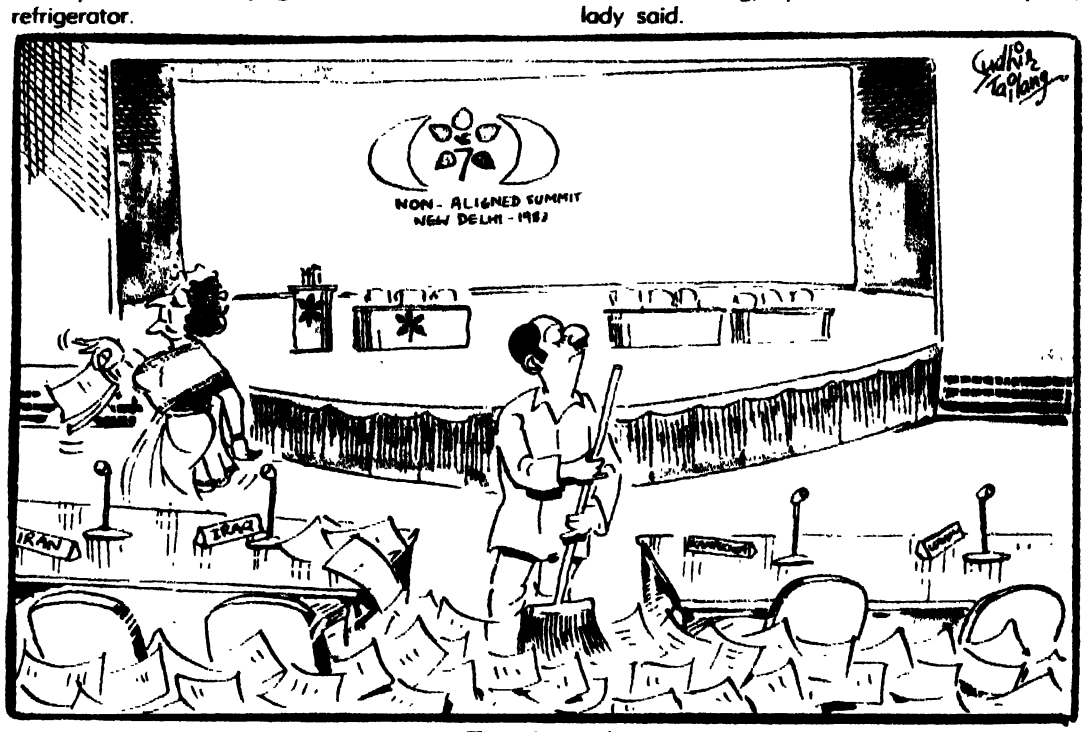
MAID: "Oh, Madam, I am very sorry, the twins have fallen down the well."

Mother: "Oh, dear me. Just rush up to the library and get me the latest issue of "MODERN MOTHER'S MAGAZINE". It contains an article on how to bring up children."

AT a charity function a beautiful young nurse was selling kisses, for 50 paise each, to help a good cause. A stout, balding man, old enough to have more sense, bought Rs 5 worth and declared "I'll double that order if you promise to nurse me if ever I am a patient at your hospital."

The nurse agreed, and said sweetly, "Thank you. I work at St. Ann's Maternity Hospital."

THE honeymoon is really over when he phones to say he will be late for dinner, and she has already left a note saying that dinner is in the refrigerator.



The Aftermath

"MOTHER, I just took a splinter out of my hand with a pin."

"A pin! Don't you know that's dangerous?"

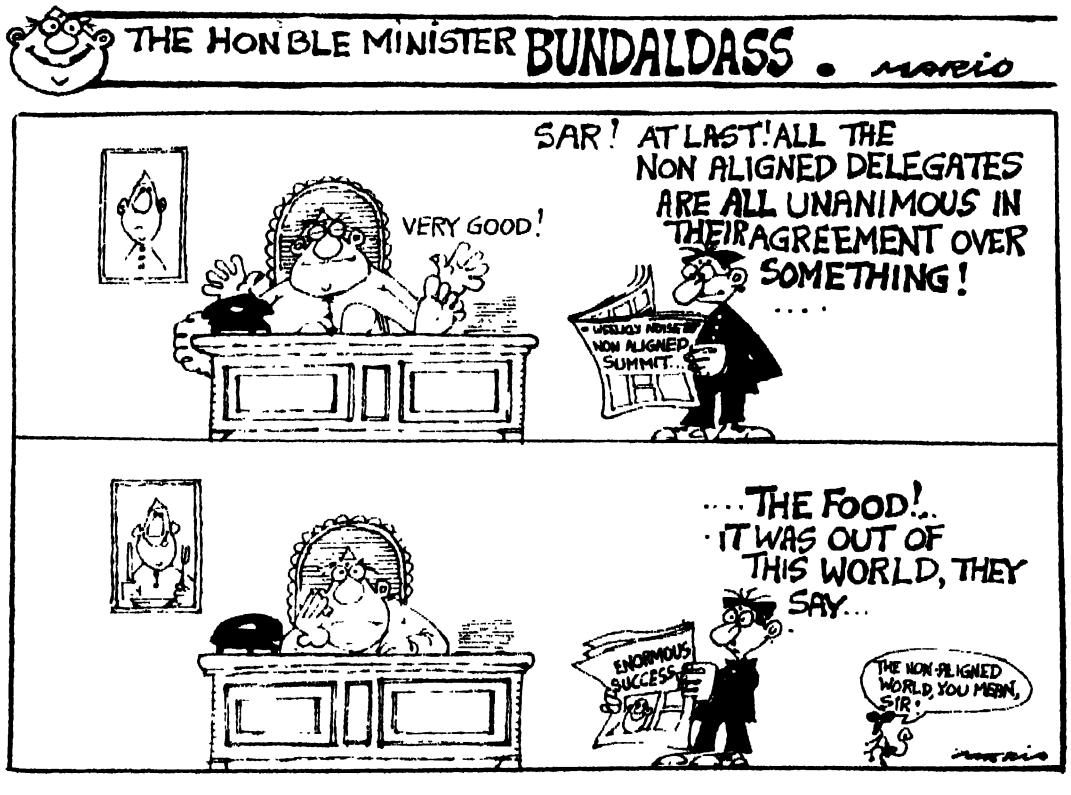
"Oh no, mother, I used a safety pin."

"WHY didn't you shave this morning Ashok?"

"Well, Sir, there were eight of us shaving before the same mirror this morning and I must have shaved the wrong face."

A LADY'S maid rushed into the room and cried "Hurry, your husband's lying unconscious in the hall beside a large round box, with a piece of paper clutched in a hand."

"How exciting, my fur coats have arrived," the lady said.



THE Manager of a hotel suggested to a guest that he step outside and see the beautiful sunset.

"How much will it cost?" asked the guest cautiously.

A VOTER stood outside the voting booth for about thirty minutes. Finally, he stuck his head through the curtain and said "Lady, does it take you that long to vote?"

"Who is voting?" hissed a heavy, fat woman. "I just stepped in here to try and loosen my girdle The damn zipper's stuck."

"PAT, if Mr John arrives before I return, please tell him that I will be here at 2 p.m."

"Okay sir, but what do I tell him if he doesn't come?"

CUSTOMER: "Do you serve women in this bar?"

Barman: "Sorry, sir, you have to bring your own."

"PETER, can you tell me the difference between cowardice and caution?" asked the teacher. "Well, teacher, when you are afraid it is caution, when the other person is afraid it is cowardice."

"HAVE you got the book, "Man, the master of Woman," enquired a customer. "Fiction counter, to the left sir," was the reply.

VANTED: Men, women and children to sit slightly used benches on Sunday mornings. am to 12 noon. Reads a Notice Board near urch.

WELL, son," asked the father, "how are ur marks at school?"

"Under water" said the kid.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they are below 'C'level."

AFTER winning an argument with his wife the sest thing for a man to do is to apologise.

WE need a responsible man here," declared personnel manager at the interview.

"Sure sir, in all my previous jobs, they held me sponsible for all the mistakes."

HIS book will do half your work at your ams," declared the book seller.

"My goodness, give me two of them, then" owed a lazy student.

A FATHER was scolding his son "Idiot! I ver told lies at your age."

"Then at what age did you start?" asked the n.

WHY did you leave your last job?" asked a end.

"Illness, the boss got sick of me."

EMPLOYEE: "Sir I have been here for 10 years, ing three persons' work on a one-man's salary. ow I want a raise."

Employer: Well, I can't give you a raise but if u tell me who the other two men are, I will fire em."

A YOUNG man was in love with a beautiful l. One day she told him that the next day was r birthday. He promised to send her flowers, e for each year of her age. He asked the florist send a bunch of 20 roses to the girl. But the rist, in a mood to make his customer happy, t an extra dozen in the bunch.

That was the end of the love story

BUT why do you drink so much? asked a dge.

"Well, sir, I got into the very bad company of ee friends. Whenever I have a full bottle of wine, ey never touch it, so I have to finish it on my m," said the drunk.

YOUNG James came home after a fight. ighting again? Didn't I tell you to count to a 0 when you are angry?"

"Yes mummy but the other fellow's mother told n to count only upto fifty."

A MAN was told by his doctor: "You are oing to make medical history, you will be the ly male ever to become pregnant."

The man replied, "This is terrible, whatever will e neighbours say, I am not even married."

DOCTOR: "I am sorry, but your wife's brain had completely gone." "Doctor, I am not surprised. She has been giving me a piece of her mind for the last 20 years."

IT is a wise wife who asks for something she knows her husband cannot afford. So that she can compromise on what she really wants.

"I WILL meet you half way" the wife said during a fiery argument. "I will admit "I am right" if you admit "you are wrong"."

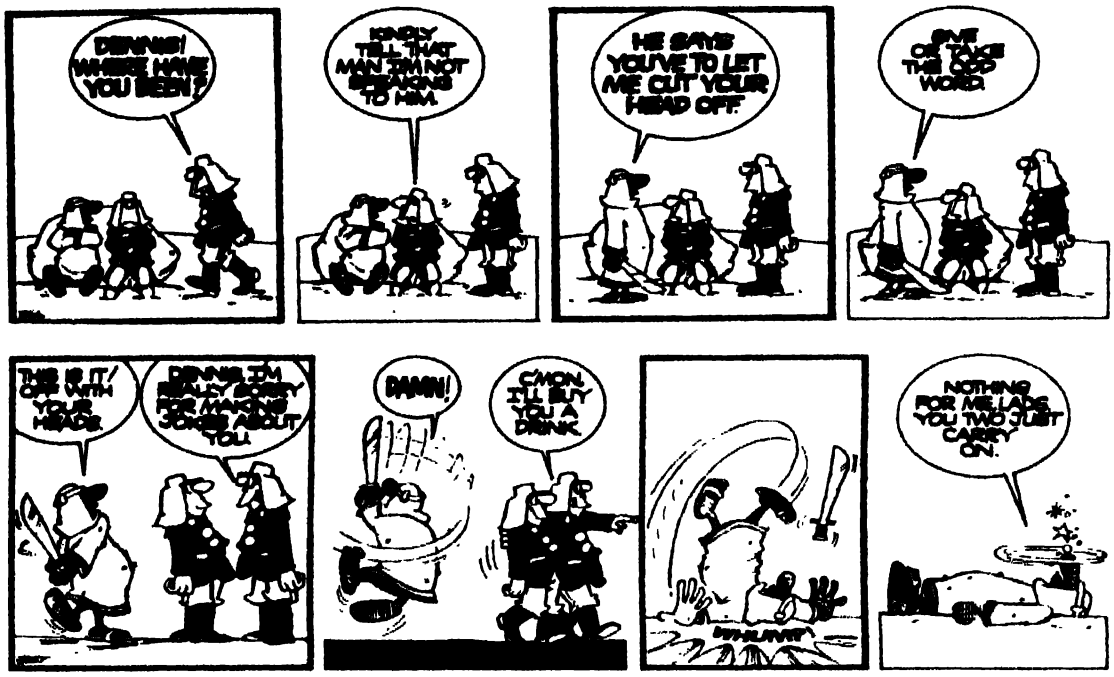
ARUN was very annoyed with his wife. "Good heavens, Anitha, I wonder why God made you women so beautiful but so stupid."

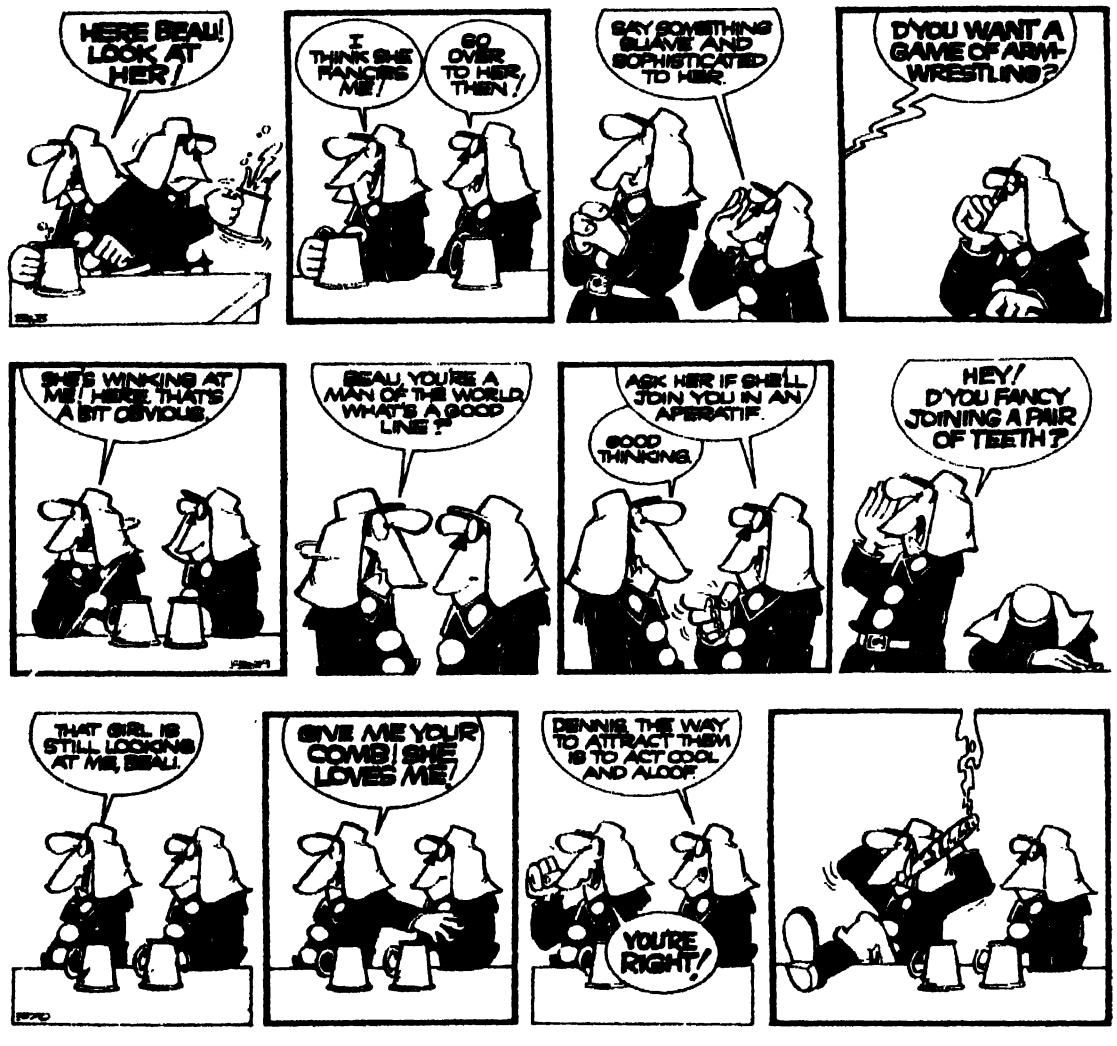
Anitha answered, very sweetly, "God made us beautiful dear, so that men could love us. Then he made us stupid so that we could love you in return."

A DOCTOR said to a colleague: "You know, I performed that operation in the nick of time, otherwise he would have recovered without it."

Compiled by Mohan and M.A. Poorna Chandra Rao.

BEAU PEEP — the adventures of Legionnaire Beau Peep





ABHA 106

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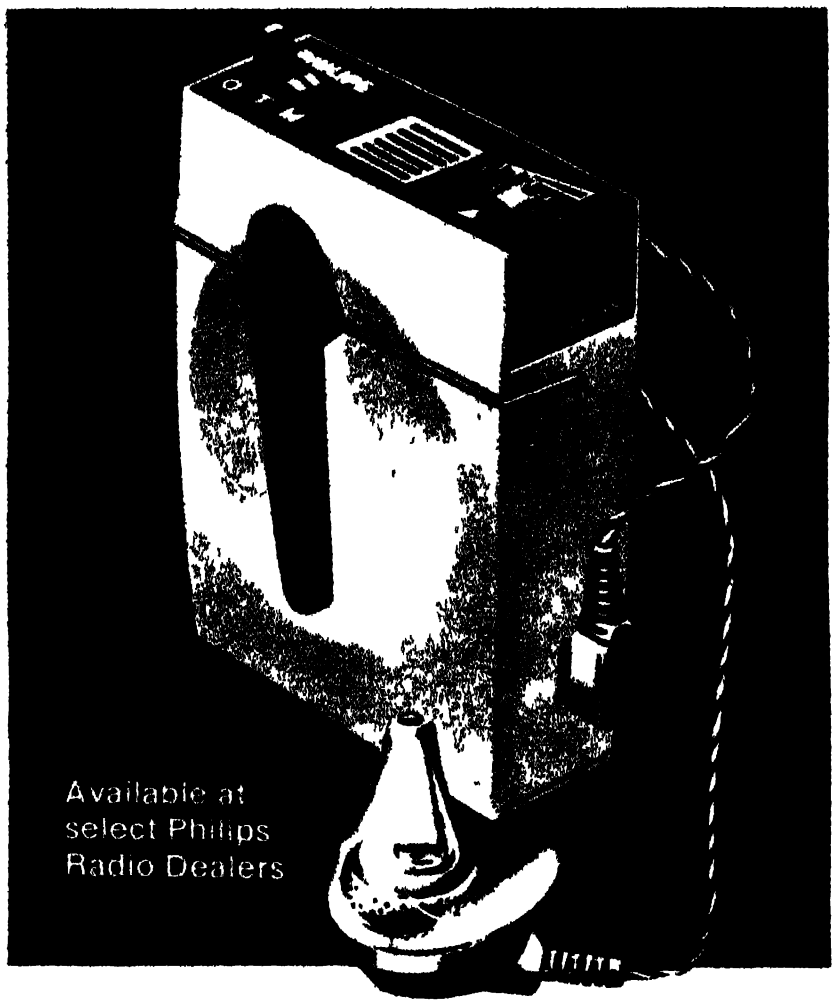

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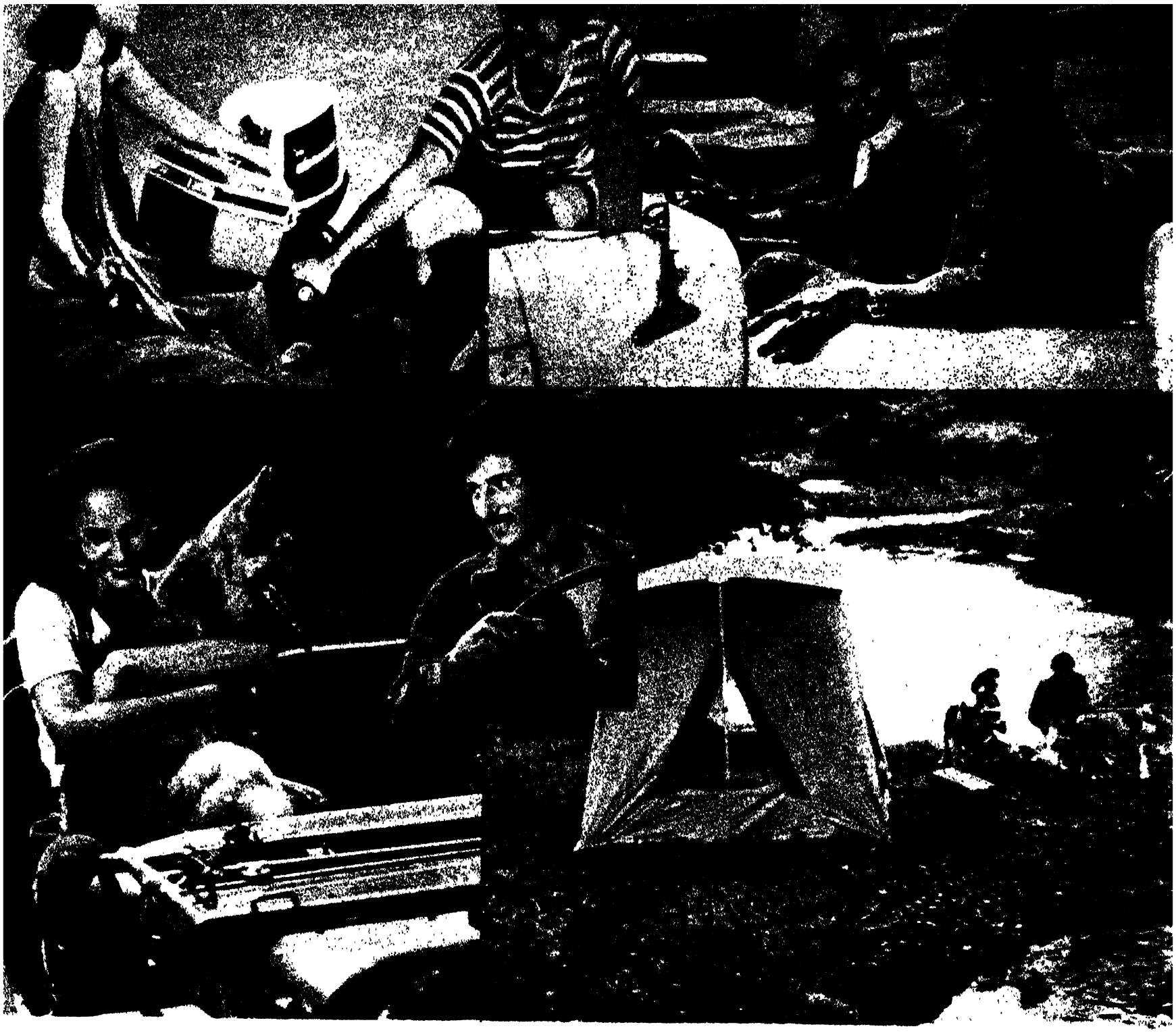

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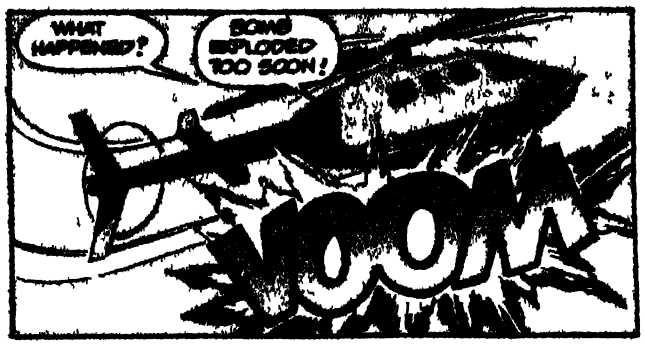
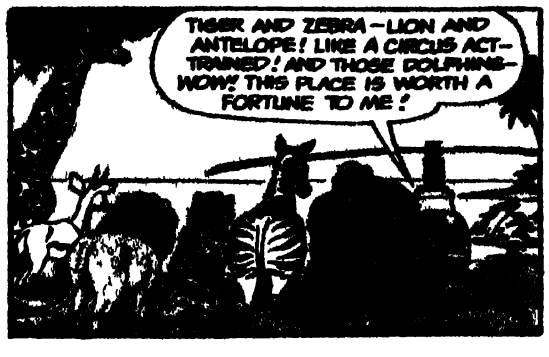
PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

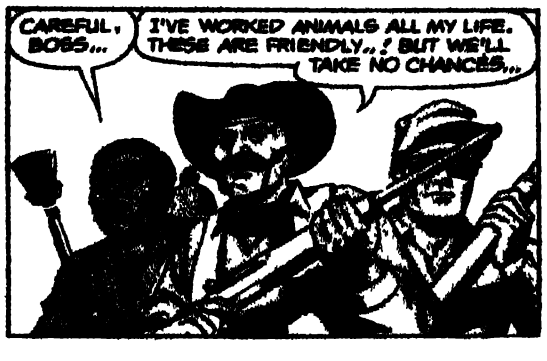

WHAT HAPPENED?
BOMB EXPLODED TOO SOON!
VOOM

ALL THAT EXPENSIVE SLEEPING GAS WASTED ON BIRDS.
I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE HERE, WISE GUY. HERE IT GOES.

BLAST! HAPPENED AGAIN! BLEW TOO SOON! THAT MANUFACTURER'S GONG TO HEAR FROM ME!
VOOM
11/21

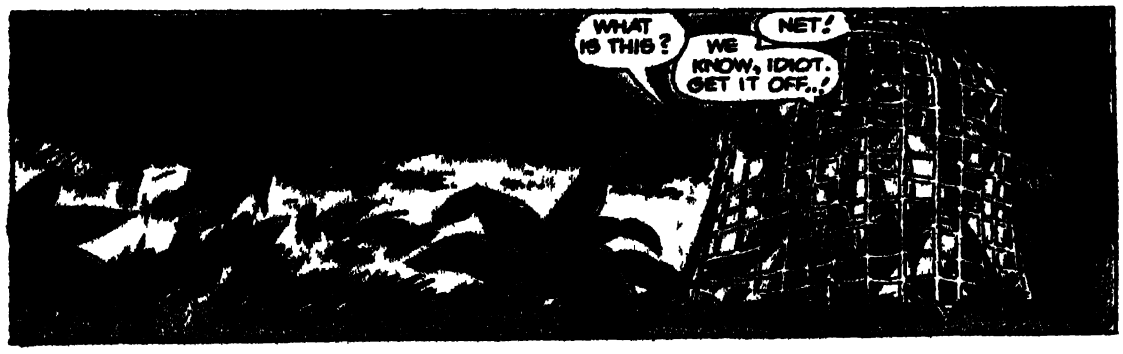
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK SOMEBODY SHOT THEM DOWN. BUT NOBODY CAN SHOOT LIKE THAT! BESIDES...NO GUNS HERE.. OR PEOPLE.
LAND...WE'LL DO WITHOUT!


TIGER AND ZEBRA—LION AND ANTELOPE! LIKE A CIRCUS ACT—TRAINED! AND THOSE DOLPHINS—WOW! THIS PLACE IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME!


CAREFUL, BOSS...
I'VE WORKED ANIMALS ALL MY LIFE. THESE ARE FRIENDLY..! BUT WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES..

I'LL TAKE THE GORILLA WITH THE DART..YOU SPRAY THAT TWINS. WE'LL TAKE THEM BACK, THEN COME BACK FOR THE REST! READY...
HIGGS..

??!!


WHAT IS THIS?
NET!
WE KNOW, IDIOT. GET IT OFF..!

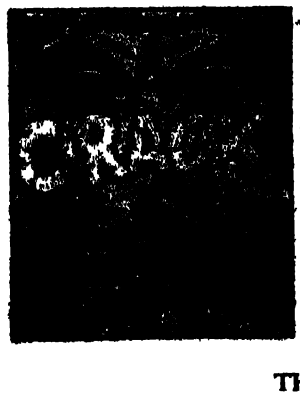
NOW!

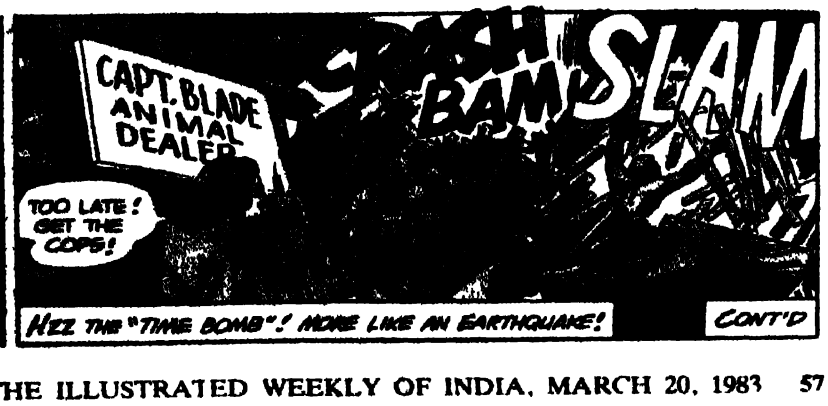
ON THE PHANTOM'S ISLE OF EDEN.
DON'T MOVE FOR THOSE RIFLES, OR IT'LL BE YOUR LAST MOVE.
11/28

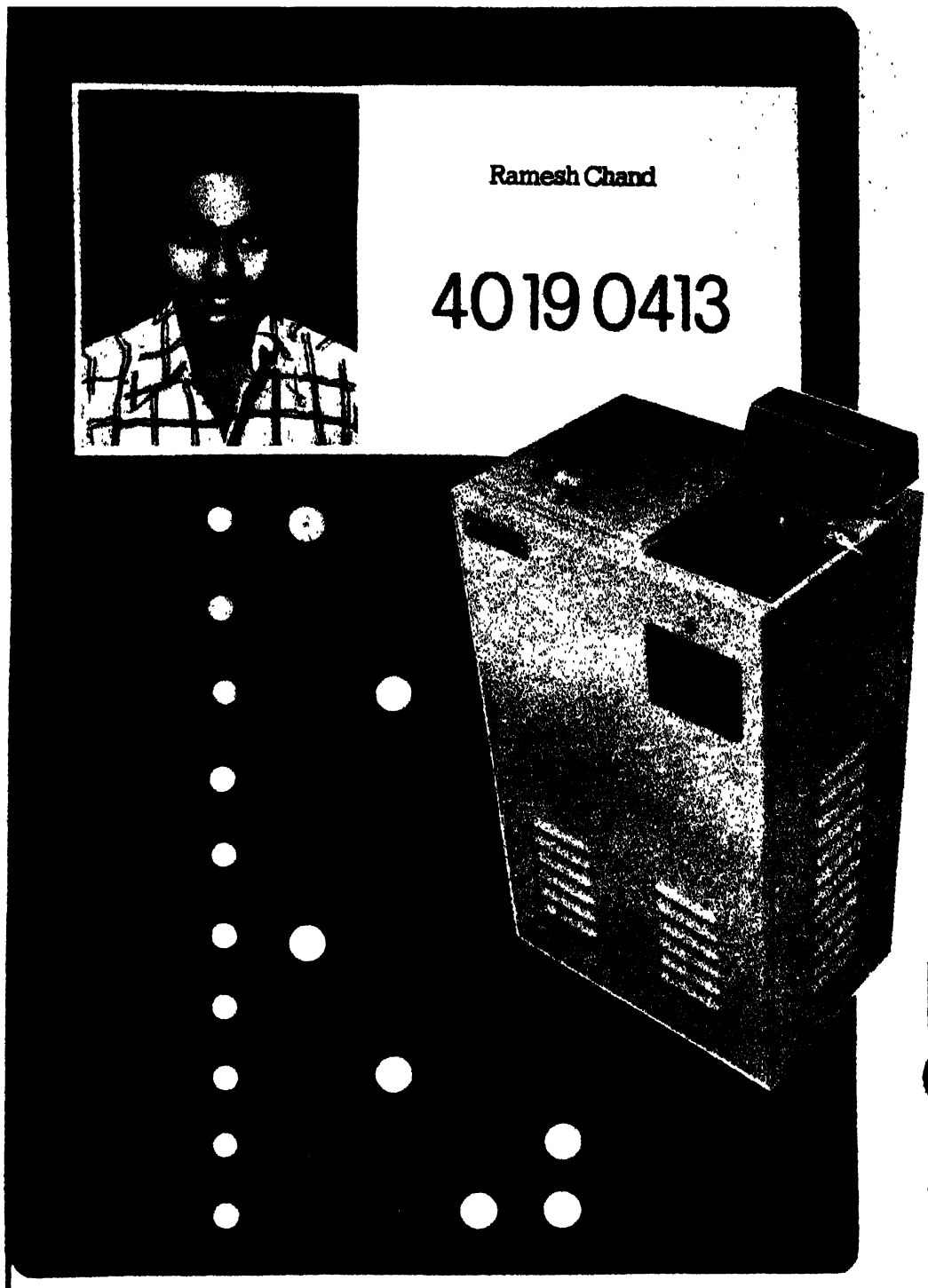
UH..A BANDIT... CUTTING IN ON MY GOLD MINE! WANT..A CUT?
WRONG! THIS IS MY ISLAND. YOU ARE THE BANDITS. WHERE ARE THE CAVE MONSTERS?

BETTER TELL HIM, BOSS.
THOSE FREAKS? WHAT'S IT WORTH TO YOU TO KNOW?
FOOL! WHEREVER YOU LEFT THEM..IT'S LIKE LEAVING A TIME BOMB..SET TO GO OFF!

QUICK...GET THAT GAS SPRAY!
HIRZ...
FZZ...




CAPT. BLADE ANIMAL DEALER
CRASH
BAM
SLAM
TOO LATE! GET THE COPS!
HEZ THE "TIME BOMB"! MOVE LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
CONT'D



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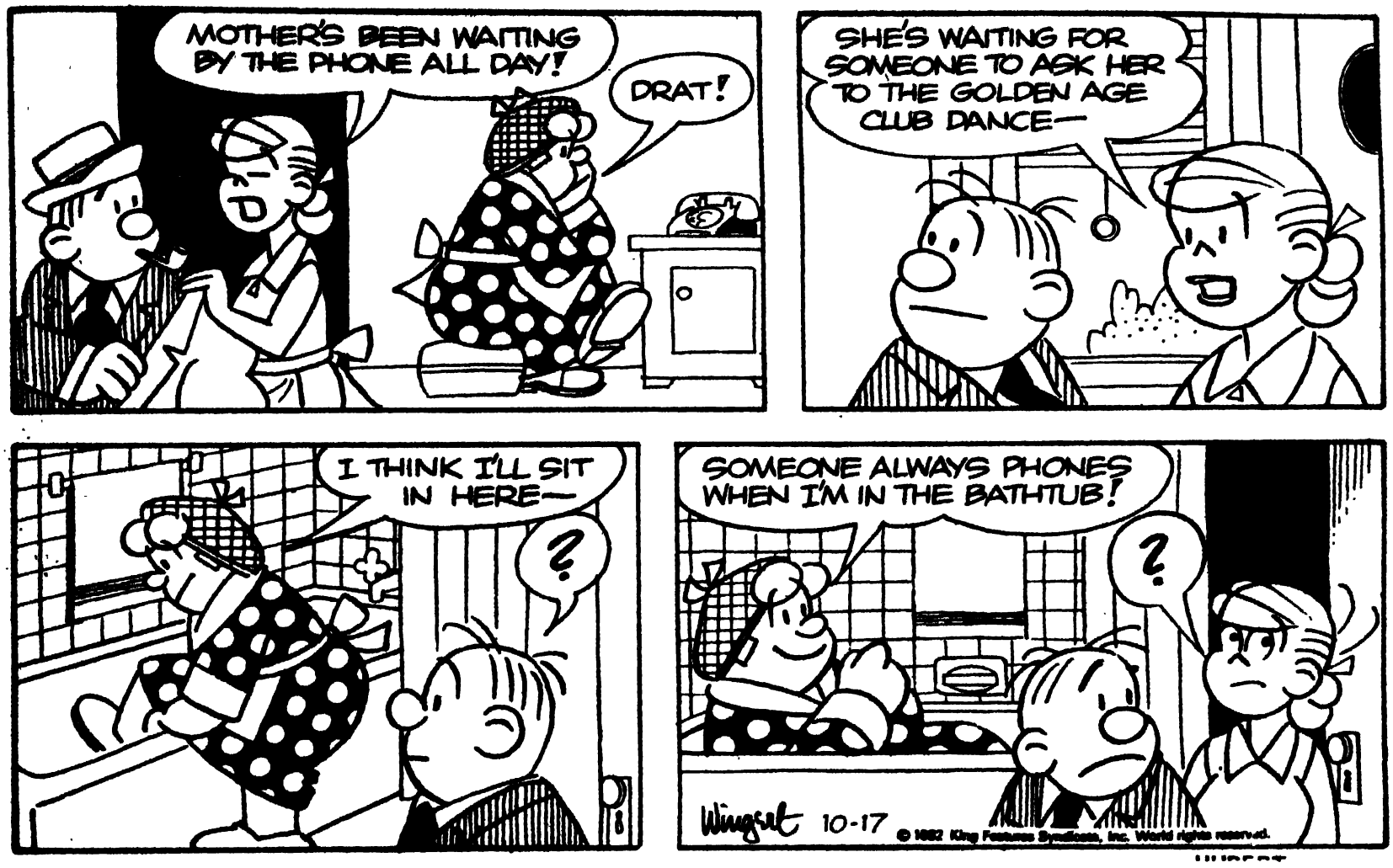
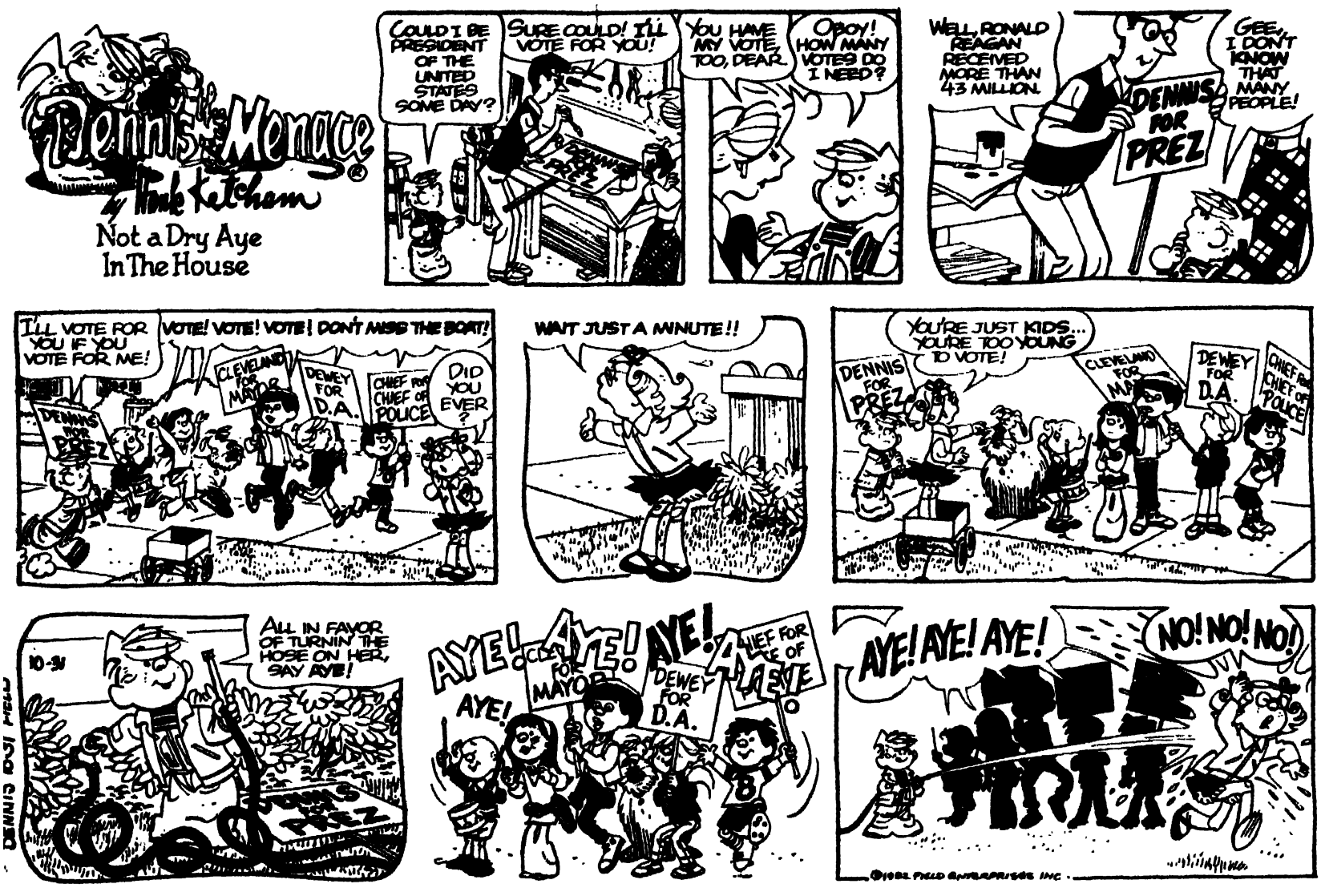
HUBERT **by Dick Wingert**





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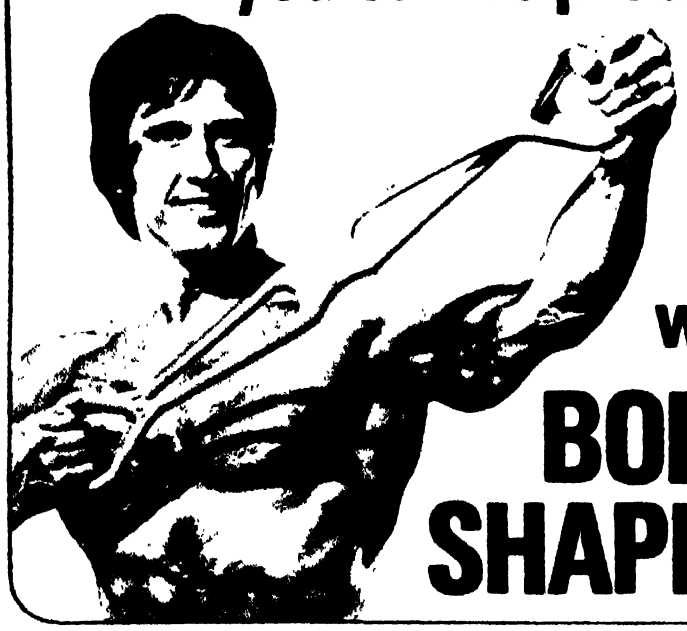

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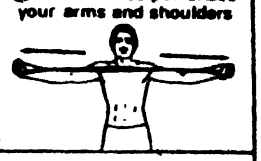

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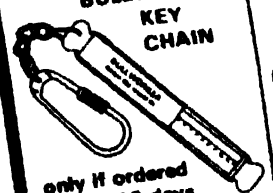

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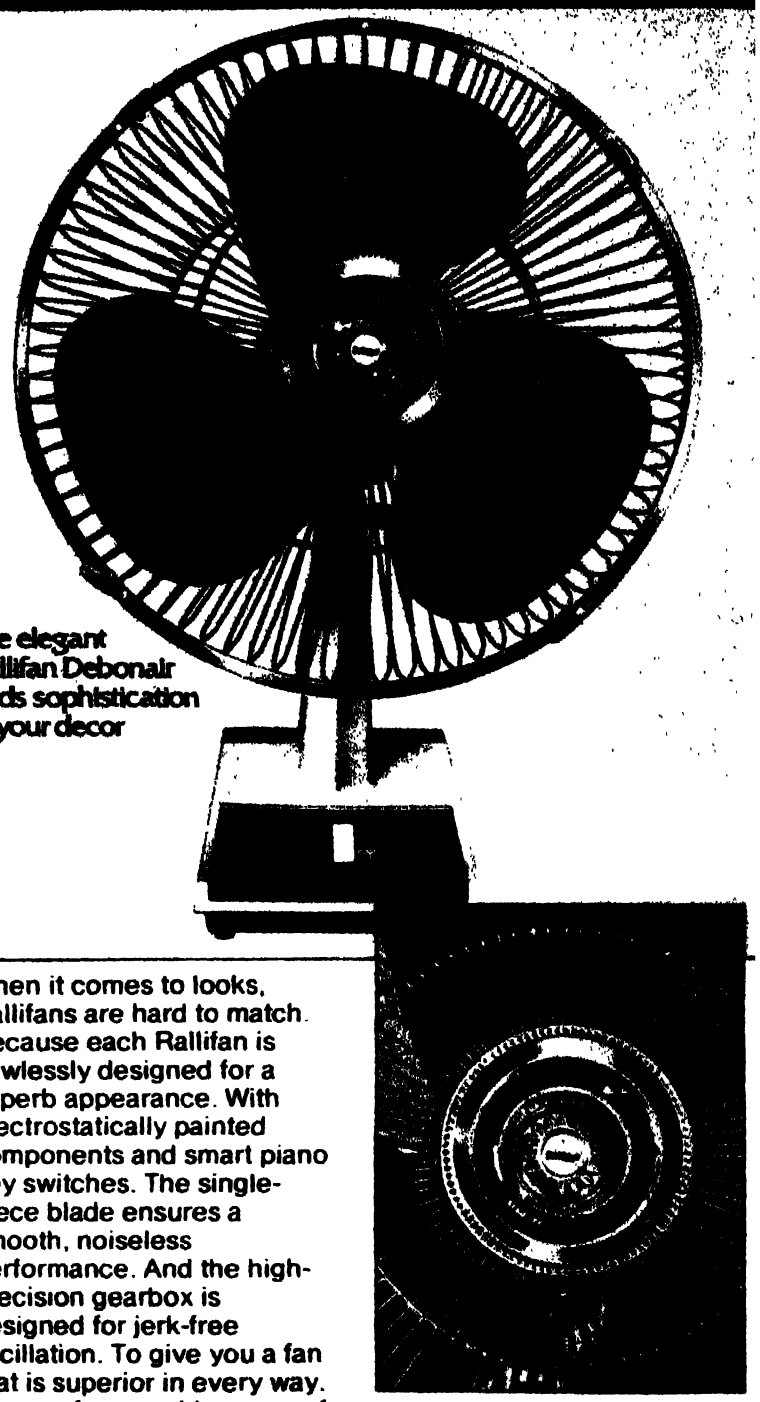

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This Week's Bridge

Relay Trouble

T the recent Calcutta Invitation tournament, Jaggy Shivdasani d I played together, in the absence of r regular partners. The train ride from mbay to Calcutta is long, and usually y boring but neither of us minded it cause it gave Jaggy enough time to ne to grips with the Relay system which evised a few years ago, and which I play ularly with Kejriwal.

There are many Relay systems in the rld, most of which need years of prac-. My methods are not too complicated, l once the logic is grasped, bidding uracy improves immeasurably.

Like on this deal for example, from the lcutta tournament:

st dealer, Both Vul.

st	East
AKQ2	♠10964
A6	♥KQJ72
AQJ5	♦8
A63	♣K82

had a long auction:

st	East
inash	Jaggy
	2D
	2S
	3S
	4D
	4NT
	5NT
	7C
	P

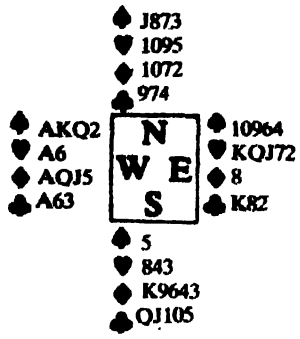
Footnotes wouldn't do justice to this auction. All my bids from 2H to 6H were Relays. The meaning of the bids is:

1. IC 16 up
2. 2D 5 or more Hearts, 8 or more points
3. 2H Relay for distribution
4. 2S 4 Spades, or 5 Spades and 6 Hearts
5. 3D Relay, agreeing Spades
6. 3S 2 controls, one Ace or two Kings.
7. 4C Trump Ask
8. 4D 4 Spades, no top honour
9. 4H Asking in Hearts
10. 4NT King of Hearts
11. 5D Asking in Diamonds
12. 5NT Singleton Diamond
13. 6H Asking in Hearts
14. 7C KQJ five Hearts.

So at the end of 14 bids, I could call East's hand almost to the pip, to reach the odds-on 7 Spades, a contract very difficult indeed to reach with most existing methods. With Spades 3-, 2, or even 4-1 with the Jack singleton, the Grand Slam is almost laydown. If Spades break 4-1, with the Jack in finesse, these are reasonable chances.

Alas! North had 4 Spades to the Jack, so the Grand Slam had to go down.

At the other table our opponents got to Seven Hearts, a distinctly inferior contract. This was the whole hand:

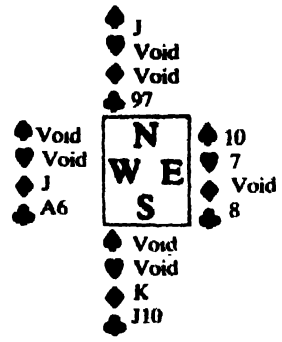


South led the Queen of Clubs. Declarer could see twelve tricks off the top, provided the major suits behaved, and a Diamond guess would give him the thirteenth. He won dummy's Ace of Clubs, drew three trumps discarding a Club from dummy, and tried the Spades. When South showed out on the second Spade, he cashed the third Spade, South pitching a Club and a Diamond, entered his hand with the King of Clubs, and played off two more trumps. South naturally hung on to three Diamonds, and although declarer took the Diamond finesse, that was only twelve tricks. North's nine of Clubs was good enough to beat declarer's eight spot, enabling South to discard his high Clubs.

No Swing.

But declarer could actually have made this contract. The opening lead is won in hand, with the King, and trumps are drawn, *dummy discarding a Spade on the third round*. Declarer now finesses the Queen of Diamonds (superior to taking the ruffing finesse, very slightly, because that gives declarer an extra chance if Spades do not break), and tests the Spades. When the 4-1 break comes to light he cashes his Sapde winners, discards a Club on the Ace of Diamonds and ruffs a Diamond, trying to drop the King in three. Which, by the way, is why a Spade should be discarded on the third trump. And the small Club shouldn't be discarded either, because it has a more important role to play later.

The hand has now reached this stage:



Declarer is in hand—he plays his last trump, squeezing both opponents. South must keep the King of Diamonds, so he is forced to pitch a Club. Dummy now discards the Jack of Diamonds, its work done, and the screw turns on North. He must keep the Jack of Spades, so he too must discard a Club, and dummy's six of Clubs is the thirteenth trick.

Then in the Finals against Pakistan we had another relay auction in which we quickly identified that the King of trumps was missing in a nine card fit, so we stopped in a small slam. Zia and Masood blasted into seven, the finesse worked, trumps were 2-2 (even the Jack was missing), and the Grand Slam made!

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess

Black Attacks Faster

WHITE's plan of long castling in order to storm Black's King on other flank sometimes works in the erse. In position Nos. 313 and 314 we ice that Black's attack develops much ter than White's.

Mithrakant-D.V. Prasad Virudhunagar 1982

.e4, c5 2.Nf3, Nc6 3.d4, cxd4 4.Nxd4, 5 5.Nc3, d6 6.Bc4, e6 7.Be3, a6 8.Qe2, 7 9.Bb3, Be7 10.000, 00 11.Rhg1, Nd7 .g4, Nc5 13.g5, b5 14.Kb1, Nxd4 Bxd4, b4 16.Na4, Bd7 17.Nxc5, dxc5 Be3, Bc6 19.f3, a5 20.h4, a4 21.Bc4, 5 22.h5, a3 23.Bc1, Rfd8 24.Rde1, 4! 25.f4?! Qxe4 26,Qg4...

sition No. 313: 26...Rxc4! 27.Rxe4, e4 28.Qe2, Bxc2ch 29.Ka1. axb2ch Kxb2, Rc3 31.Rg2, Bf5 32.Qe5, Rd8 Qc7, Re8 34.Qd7, Kf8 35.h6, gxh6 gxh6, Rd8 37.Rg8ch, Kxg8 38.Qxe7, 8 39.Qf6, Rc2 40.Kb1, Rg2 41.Ka1, b3;

5.Bc4) Sicilian Defence; Sozin Attack. ack's alternatives here are 6...Qb6; .a6; 6...Bd7.

)...Be7) Velimirovich-Ivanovich, go. 1982: 9...Na5 10.g4, b5 11.g5, Nd7 a3, Nb6 13.000, Rb8 14.f4, Nbc4 15.f5, a3 16.fxe6, Nxb3ch 17.cxb3, b4 exf7ch, Kxf7 19.Rhf1ch, Ke8 20.bxa3, Qxc3ch, 21.Kb1, bxa3 22.Rd3, Qb2ch; drawn (41).

14.Kb1) Chandler-Judasin, Minsk 1982: 14.Nxc6, Nxb3ch 15.axb3, Qxc6 16.Qh5, b4 17.Bd4!, Bb7! (not 17...bxc3? 18.Qh6!, e5 19.Bxe5!) 18.Rg4, bxc3 19.Rh4, cxb2ch 20.Bxb2, Qxe4! 21.Rxe4, Bxe4; drawn (47).

17.Nxc5) 17.Bxc5, dxc5 18.Nb6, Rad8 19.Nxd7, Rxd7 20.Rxd7, Qxd7 may lead to equality (21.Qxa6, Qd2).

19.f3?) This is passive; 19.Bc1, Qe5 (19...Qxh2 is risky) 20.Rde1 and f4-f5 might offer equal chances.

26.Qg4) White hopes for 26...Qf3 27.Bxe6, but is surprised by a Queen sacrifice.

30.Kxb2) 30.Bxb2?, Bb3,

31.Rg2) 31.Bd2 will be answered by 31...Bd3.

37.Rg8ch) If the Queen moves 37...Bf6 is deadly.

39.Qf6) If 39.Qg5ch, Kf8 40.Qg7ch, Ke7 41.Qg5ch, Kd7.

40.Kb1) After 40.Kb3, c4ch etc. mates.

41...b3) Threat 42...Rxa2 mate. 42.Bb2 is met by 42...Rg1ch.

Lindberg-Dan Cramling Sweden, 1981

1.e4, c5 2.Nf3, d6 3.d4, cxd4 4.Nxd4, Nf6 5.Nc3, a6 6.Be3, e6 7.g4, 8.g5, Nfd7 9.a3, Nb6 10.Qd2?, Bb7 11.000?, N8d7 12.f4, Nc5 13.Bd3, Rc8 14.Kb1, Nxd3 15.cxd3, d5 16.exd5, Nxd5 17.Nxd5, Qxd5 18.Rhg1, Bd6 19.Qf2, 00 20.h4, b4 21.axb4, Bxb4 22.h5, Qa5 23.Nb3, Qa4 24.Nc1, Bd5 25.Bd4...

Position No. 314: 25...Rxc1ch! 26.Rxc1, Qa2ch; 0-1.

Sicilian, Najdorf Variation. The popular line is 6.Bg5. 6.Be3 is often met by 6...e5.

7...b5) Tzeshkovsky-Mihachshin, USSR Ch 1981: 7...h6 8.h4, b5 9.a3, Bb7 10.Bg2, d5 11.g5, hxg5 12.hxg5, Rxh1ch 13.Bxh1, Nxe5 14.Nxe6!, Nxc3 15.Qh5!, Qe7 16.Nxf8, Qxf8 17.bxc3, 1-0 (36)

8...Nfd7) Tzeshkovsky-Dvoiris, Sochi 1981: 8...b4 9.gxf6, bxc3 10.fxg7, Bxg7 11.b3, Nd7.

10.Qd2?) This move is passive and next move Black practically 'castles into it'. Sharp and consistent is 10.f4 and f5.

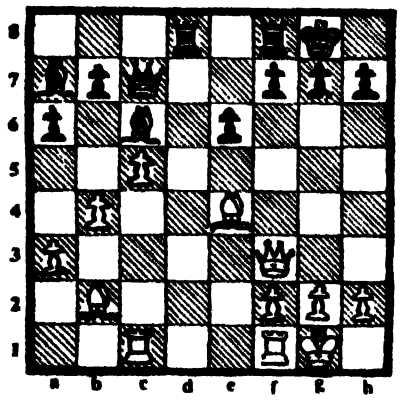
12...Nc5) White's e-Pawn comes under pressure; if 13.Bg2, Nc4.

20...b4) Black's attack is far speedier than White's.

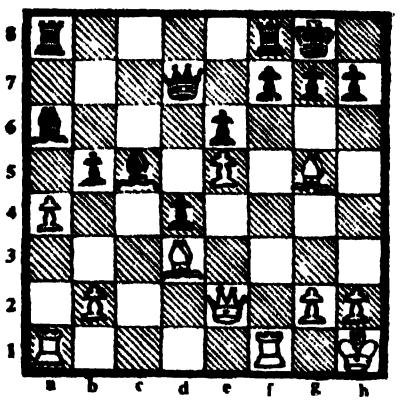
26.Rxc1) If 26.Kxc1, Bb3 and ...Qa1 mate.

Nielson-Hoen (20.2.83): In note 17.f4) 20.Nxg6 etc. is not convincing. Better may be 20.Nxc6, Qd6 21.Bxd5!, hxg5 22.f5.

R.B. SAPRE



No 315 White to play



No. 316 White to play

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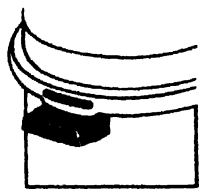

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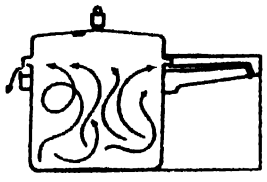

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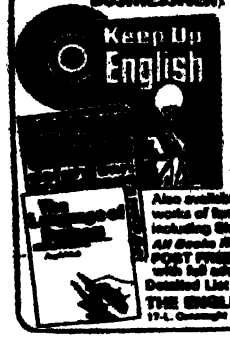

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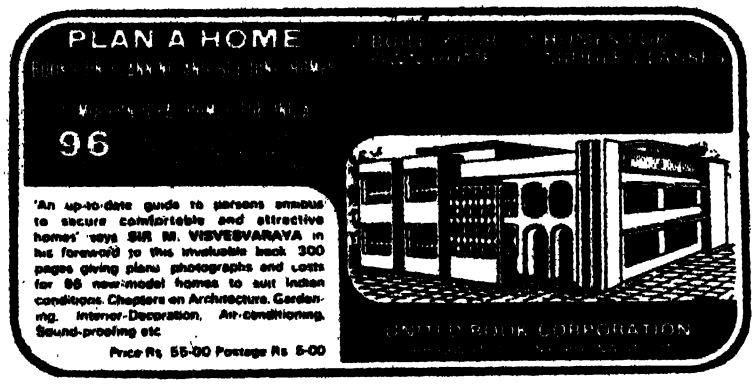

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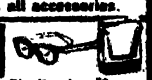

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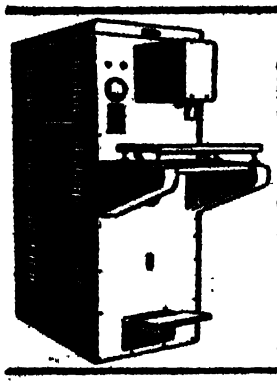

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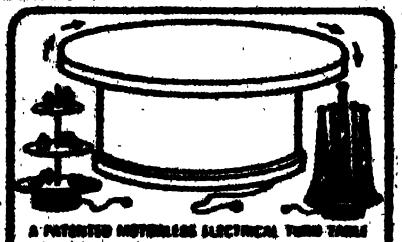

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4 If accident insurance is offered, is it irrevocable ?	No*	Yes
5 If the person who joins the scheme dies within 60 days, does his family get the accident benefit ?	No	Yes
6 Can disability benefits be provided for ?	No	Yes
7 Is there income-tax exemption on premiums ?	No	Yes
8 Do the premiums entitle you to relief from compulsory deposit ?	No	Yes
9 Is there saving of Wealth Tax ?	No	Yes
10 Is there saving of Estate Duty ?	No	Yes
11 Is there provision for loan for housing ?	No	Yes
12 Will banks accept policies as security for loans ?	No	Yes
13 Are claim payments free from income-tax ?	Not always	Yes
14 If the scheme is wound up for any reason, are you sure of getting your money back ?	No guarantee You may have to go to a court of law.	Yes LIC policies are fully guaranteed by the Government of India.

*Accident insurance offered by private savings schemes is a third-party arrangement. Availability of, or conditions for, accident cover may change from time to time.

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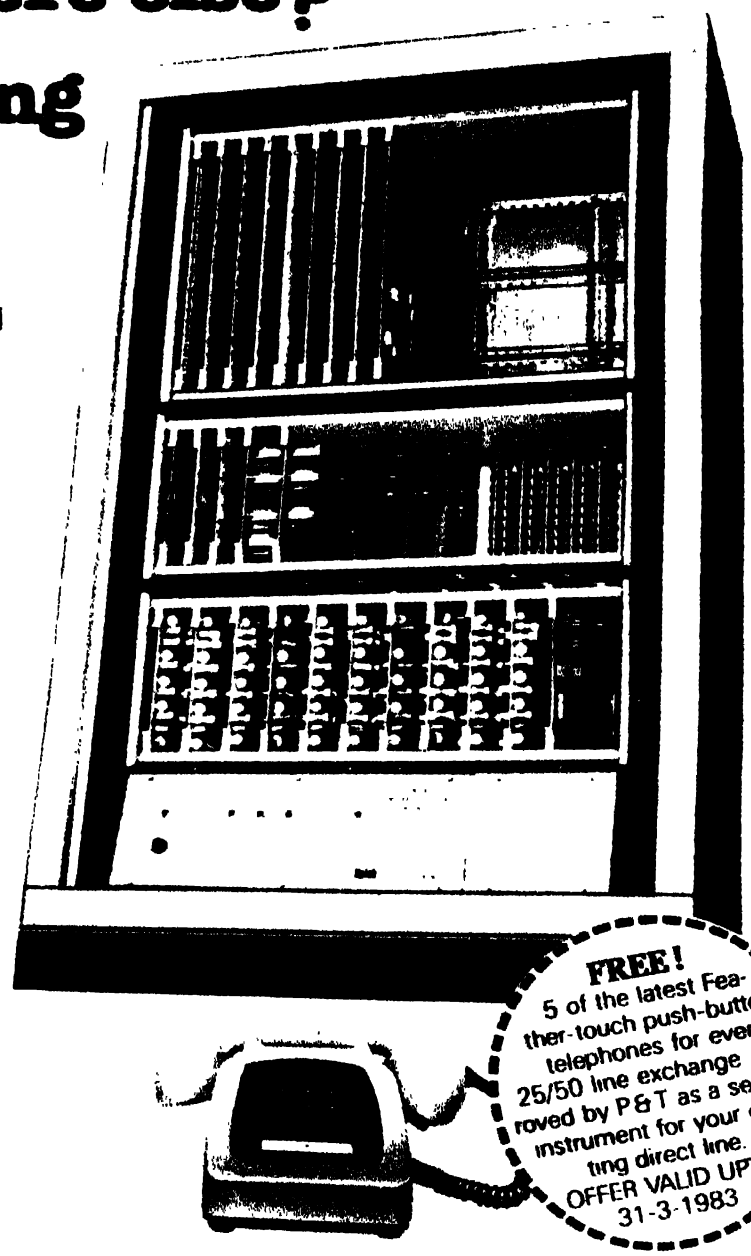

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Of Captains And Caprice

Sir—Mr Raju Bharatan's article, "New Captains For Old" (March 6), was interesting. It gave the history of Indian cricket with all its vicissitudes.

The captain plays a vital role in cricket. He has to judge the wicket, use his bowlers judiciously and maintain the team spirit. (Bishen Singh Bedi, one of our "popular" skippers, was sacked in his heyday because of the politics of regionalism and display of partiality.

Almost every year we have a new captain whereas in West Indies and in Australia captaincy remains unchanged for years together.

Mukund Kudtarkar
Bombay

Stop Phoolan Around!

Sir—Vithal C. Nadkarni's anti-view on Phoolan Devi ("The Taming Of The Shrew", March 6) makes bizarre reading. He is right in denouncing the tamasha of Phoolan's surrender in Bhind. The event proves nothing but the stupidity of some of our politicians. But in his scholarly study of the origin and growth of the Dacoit Queen's myth, Mr Nadkarni seems to take the alleged raping of Phoolan by a gang for 23 days lightly—he rhymes leaps and bounds with rapes and rounds!

What is the difference between Arjun Singh, the Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister who arranged the tamasha of Phoolan's surrender, and the writer who considers the raping of a woman by a gang for 23 days an occasion to celebrate with a bawdy rhyme?

Ramlal Agarwal
Jalna

The Devil's Dues

Sir—Applications are hereby invited for scholarships and prizes to be awarded to reputed killers, brutes and dacoits.

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Director,
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Jarvik's Valentine

Sir—Dr William De Vries and Robert Jarvik ought to be honoured with Nobel Prizes for their feat of making the man-made heart a functional reality ("The Man-Made Heart Is Here", February 27).

I am sure that the JARVIK 7, with its accompanying power-unit, will be made compact enough in the coming years ultimately to make the use of man-made hearts as simple as spectacles!

C.P. Belliappa
Coorg

Mind The flag

Sir—I had the pleasure of going through a recent issue of *Weekly* (February 27).

On the cover page you have a collage of flags ("The Non-Aligned—Scaling New Heights?"). In the absence of proper information, the old Iranian flag has been printed.

I am enclosing the new flag of Iran for correction.

Ali Salehizadeh Monshadi
Acting Consul General
Consulate General of the
Islamic Republic of Iran
Bombay

Sir—Kudos for bringing out a special issue on the eve of the Seventh Non-Aligned Summit. All the articles were noteworthy. I particularly liked "The Dangers Ahead" by J.D. Singh—it was short, precise and thoughtprovoking.

The Non-Aligned Movement faces grim challenges from within. The Non-Aligned countries in their relations should be firm and consistent in their refusal, denial and condemnation of an international policy based on the use of armed force. They should absolutely refuse to recognise results achieved by the use of violence.

Khursheed Ahmed
Patna

Assam's Agony

Sir—"Assam Elections—A Mockery Of Democracy" by Sujata Anandan tends to slander the CRPF which is doing a very difficult job under extremely trying conditions in Assam (February 27). The author writes: "At yet another district town, CRPF men opened fire arbitrarily, killing four, when a group of men attempted to decamp with bullet cases and other ammunition stocked there by the guards." Though details are not given, could this type of firing be called "arbitrary"? Even a private citizen can intervene to the extent of causing death in saving persons and property against murder and arson.

Further she says, "CRPF jawans have been instructed, a CRPF jawan tells me, by their officers and the administration that the Assamese are not unlike the Naga and Mizo insurgents in the neighbouring States." No one in the force has ever issued such instructions to the jawans. We wonder whether the author ever had an opportunity to talk to any CRPF jawan.

According to the article, against the CRPF bullets, Assamese exhibited only gunny-bags filled with stones and rolled these at the jawans from certain vantage points as their defence. Obviously the author is not well-informed. There were numerous instances when the CRPF men on duty were fired upon by the agitators apart from attacks with deadly weapons like poisoned arrows, spears, daos etc. The extremists among the agitators had put hidden spikes on the roads to deflate tyres of vehicles and violent armed mobs had attacked small CRPF parties with a view to killing them and taking away their weapons. In these incidents, a number of CRPF men have been killed and seriously injured.

Moreover, Ms Anandan writes: "They never relax; not even at roadside "dhabas" and wayside inns. Nothing moves them, not even women". We take this as a tribute (though unintentional) to the discipline, training and sense of duty and dedication of the CRPF men. CRPF men are not allowed to eat at wayside *dhabas* or inns. They get food from their units, both as health and safety measures. You may please also note that, in spite of heavy deployment and violent incidents all around, not a single allegation of molestation of any woman by our men was reported.

N. Bhardwaja
Asst Public Relations Officer
Directorate General, CRPF,
New Delhi

Sujata Anandan replies:

I have reported factually and accurately with no attempt to malign or slander the CRPF, as claimed by Mr Bharadwaja

It is perhaps in the fitness of things for Mr Bharadwaja, as Assistant Public Relations Officer of the CRPF, to let out howls of protest at facts that do not exactly enhance the reputation of his organisation.

Mr Bharadwaja seems to be under the misconception that just because further details of the CRPF's gory record in Assam were not carried (due to exigencies of space, I may add), the report is distorted.

In fact I have it from some CRPF personnel themselves that the firing was more arbitrary than essential with a view to creating panic among the "agitators". And however much Mr Bharadwaja may deny the fact, the CRPF men admit that they have been given a totally false picture of the people and the situation in Assam.

Certainly, by no stretch of imagination can such statements from within the ranks of the CRPF be considered "hearsay", as Mr Bharadwaja alleges. He should appreciate that as a professional journalist who understands the consequences of misleading readers with wrong information, I would be the last person to base my reports on hearsay and flimsy, unsubstantiated charges.

May I ask, if avoiding critical facts such as the incident at Sipajhar where CRPF men bodily ("arbitrarily"?) lifted four young men and hurled them into the fire that had engulfed the block development office there, is, by the CRPF's standard, the hallmark of accurate reporting?

How the CRPF men are fed under the regulations in force is not really relevant in this context. I did run into a half dozen of them at a roadside dhaba, some kilometres from Gauhati.

Even reading between the lines, no discerning reader could accuse me of having hinted in my article that the CRPF were involved in cases of rape or molestation. The compliment was fully intentional for even as I was disgusted by the atrocities committed by some of the CRPF, I was impressed by the others' devotion to duty.

I have made every effort to be fair and objective and, if the truth was found unpalatable, I can hardly be accused of bias. I stand by everything that I have said in my report, indeed, I have a lot more information that remains unpublished. Mr Bharadwaja protests too much.

Kitchen Caucus

Sir—In "Future Of The Kitchen Cabinet(s)" (February 20) Nachiketa has overlooked an important point; Maulana Azad (until February 1958) Rafi Ahmad Kidwai (until October 1954) and Pandit G.B. Pant (from 1955 to February 1961), belonged to Jawaharlal Nehru's inner circle. Panditji always consulted them on all important matters till their last days. And in many matters their opinion prevailed. To say that Messrs Morarji Desai and S.K. Patil had been very close to Panditji is not really true.

Dr M. Hashim Kidwai
AMU, Aligarh

Sir—The two interesting accounts by Nachiketa and Sitansu Das indicate that all the members of the Kitchen Cabinet, inner or outer, are insecure. Even Mrs Gandhi constantly feels insecure due to the insecure company she keeps.

In any system relying on a single source of power, such a chain reaction is inevitable.

Sujash Kumar
Calcutta

Erotic Classics

Sir—In his article, "Sex Revolution And Hinduism" (February 20), P.K. Nijhawan is dealing with ancient Hindu culture and not the present-day Hindus. Modern Christians are quite frank about sex and it is the Hindus who seem to be sex starved and are, as a result, prone to perversions.

Mihir Bain
Calcutta

Sir—P.K. Nijhawan's idea of "Christian ethos" is based purely on present-day "Christian human concepts", which have nothing to do with the teachings of the Jewish prophets as confirmed by the One True God's "Only Begotten Son", Jesus, the Messiah. "Sin" as stated in the New Testament is "transgression of the law" of God. It is God's commandment to man to "multiply and replenish the earth". Sex is permitted only within the bounds of marriage. And this law along with every commandment of God given to the nation of Israel is for humanity as a whole.

Bro Lukas Ninan
Bombay

Sir—In ancient India when sage Vatsyayana wrote the erotic Kama Sutra it was appreciated *not* because it was an amatory manual but because of its literary style.

Sanskrit literary works—both religious and secular—openly describe feminine beauty. Adi Sankara has so minutely described the contours of Goddess Parvati that one wonders how a sanyasin became so familiar with female physiognomy!

Mrs Jaya Venkat
Nilgiri

Your Affairs: In Memoriam

Sir—One of the most cherished moments of my life has been when, in the far corners of the world, I have been recognised, not as Kamini Kaushal but as the daughter of Prof S.R. Kashyap. His students and associates hold him in deep regard and respect even today, an emotion rare in these times.

Many institutions and halls have been built to immortalise his memory. I, as his daughter, and in a small way, would like to institute a scholarship in botany, his field of research.

What better time than now, on his hundredth birth anniversary? I would very much appreciate ideas and suggestions from your readers for implementing my desire.

My address is: B2 "Anita", Mt Pleasant Rd, Malabar Hill, Bombay 400006.

Kamini Kaushal
Bombay

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[illegible] Sri Lanka

Contents

8 COVER STORY: ***Brutalising The Police.*** Police excesses have their base in caste antagonisms that are intertwined with class interests, says George Fernandes.

10 ALSO: ***The Job Brutalises Them.*** An investigation by Sheela Barse

11 ***Why The Force Is Restive.*** What can you expect from a policeman who is paid half the wages of the lowest of industry? By K.F. Rustamji.

12 ***The Anatomy Of Corruption.*** P.K. Ravindranath on the malefic monster threatening public order and morality.

13 ***Crime Control Is No Picnic.*** A social scientist's view of the problem. By P.R. Rajagopal.

14 ***The Police Of Tomorrow.*** Dharma Vira, Head of the National Police Commission, discusses the measures to improve the present force and to create an ideal force for the future.

43 ***The Police And The Media.*** Swinder S. Sahni examines the question of a more meaningful relationship between the two.

18 INTERNATIONAL: ***Beyond NAM-7-A Chasm.*** G.H. Jansen assesses the impact of the recently concluded
19 Summit. Plus: ***Those Who Enjoy Also Serve.*** Editorial by K.C. Khanna.

22 ALSO: ***These Are Hard Times For The UN*** . An exclusive interview with the UN Secretary-General, Javier Perez de Cuellar.

20 ***Critics Are All Wrong: Major Move Forward.*** T.N. Kaul analyses the success of the Seventh Summit in tackling the internal and external dangers to the Non-Aligned Movement.

21 ***World Economic Reforms: Still A Cry In The Wilderness.*** L.K. Sharma analyses the Summit against the backdrop of a world economic crisis which could be worse than the 1930s' Great Depression.

47 SPORTS: ***The Mohinder Factor.*** The exciting story of how Mohinder Amarnath, almost written off as a Test player, staged a spectacular comeback and that, too, against peak pace. By Raju Bharatan.

24 ALSO: ***A Unique Sport In Simla.*** K.S. Tomar on the glorious history of the Simla skating rink.

26 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya focuses on the Metro; the Panchayat Seats; the squabble over Tagore's house; the tramways; and, the coal mafia.

27 ALSO: ***Letter From Chandigarh.*** Darshan Singh Maini on dog shows; art exhibitions; book fairs; and, rose shows.

32 RELIGION: ***Rajasthan's Sheetla Festival.*** U.B. Mathur covers the colourful Chaksu Fair.

54 HUMOUR: ***A Morris Minor And A Mixed-Up Major*** *by Sudhir Vaishnav.*

44 HEALTH: ***The Malnourished Millions*** by Dr Y.P. Gupta. Also: ***Malnutrition: The Malady*** by Julie Chatterjee.

36 ECONOMY: ***Hunger Stalks The Third World.*** "The Grim Reaper" haunts large numbers of starving Asians and Africans, says Satyabrata Rai Chowdhury.

17 INDUSTRY: ***The Piramal Phenomenon.*** Profile of Dilip Piramal, the man behind the moulded luggage success story, by Hashim Khairullah.

38 PHOTOFEATURE: ***Summer Is Here!*** By Satish Khanna.

25 PHILATELY: ***The Curious Case Of The Asiad Archer.*** The controversy over the postage stamp was much ado about nothing, says Asok Das.

46 EXPOSE: ***Sophia Loren-Carlo Ponti: The Mafia Connection***

40 ARCHAEOLOGY; ***Did We Build Stonehenge?*** by S.S. Kaul

41 TRAVEL: ***Down Memory Lane. Manoj Das's Indonesian Diary***

49 FICTION: ***The Family Man.*** The concluding instalment of the story by Charles H. Heimsath.

PLUS: In The States 30; That's Business 34; The World Around Us 35; Poetry 45; Quiz 54; Stars 55; Comics 56; Bridge & Chess 59; The Weekly Pick 60; HA! 52

Next Week

Punjab In Flames

The country's unity and prosperity are menaced as never before by the Akali agitators and the radicals' demand for a "Khalistan". Punjab, justly renowned as India's granary and as its sword-arm, now teters on the brink. The complex and emotive issues *must* be speedily resolved to avert disaster. On the occasion of the Baisakhi festival later this month, the *Weekly* devotes a special issue to the land of colourful warriors, Sikh and Hindu, the problems that beset it, the State's unique role in the service of the nation, and the rich promise that it holds for the future. Contributors include Surjit Singh Barnala, Justice Gurdev Singh, Darshan Singh Maini, Ganga Singh Dhillon and P.K. Nijhawan. Plus spectacular colour features and a survey of the political scene by K.C. Khanna.

Godmen Are Frauds

"Cacophony about Godmen in this country has reached a crescendo. . . . it is necessary to put matters in perspective," says Vasant Sathe, Union Minister for Fertilisers and Chemicals.

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS: RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR: VITHAL C. NADKARNI SUB-EDITORS: RAJIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR, MINNIE VAID, HASHIM KHAIRULLAH ART DIRECTOR: RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE): PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT: K.A. NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS: J.S. JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES, SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: JITENDRA ARYA, S.N. KULKARNI

Brutalising The Police

eorge Fernandes argues that police excesses have their base caste antagonisms that are intertwined with the class nterests. "It is the upper-caste policemen," he says, "who are esponsible for the atrocities: those killed are Harijans and ther weaker communities. The British legacy continues to be pheld by the successor government."

HROUGHOUT THE DAY, the policeman sees the wrong side of life the worst aspects of uman behaviour His eyes and psyche are brutally exposed to the morbid sight of corpses in anous states of decomposition

—NURDIN PARDIWALA

THOUGH it may sound somewhat far-fetched, the fact is that 5,000 years of the caste system and 150 years of British rule are at the root of police barbarism in our country. The Governments that succeeded the Imperial British power have only compounded a situation that existed before them, proving in the process that the transfer of power in August 1947 from the colonial to the native rulers has not brought about any change in the social or political life of our people, save in the life of the elite Indeed, most of the police atrocities against the people can be directly attributed to the perverted desire of the elite to grab everything it can by means mostly foul

If the British decided to brutalise the police in India, they did so in the interests of the Empire. If their armies conquered India for them, it was the police that held the entire nation captive for them The fear of the baton and of the gun drummed into the hearts and the minds of the Indian people is what ultimately sustained their rule Policeman may have been given other responsibilities, like regulating traffic or catching petty thieves. But that was not the purpose of their existence. They were not to be friends of the citizens, helping them out in their moments of distress and in return being befriended by the people.

The police were the state, the state was British, the people were the enemies of the state and the police was there to deal with them as such.

The war of freedom in 1857 made the British realise that the baton and the gun alone would not enable them to hold on to India for long. And so they began using the caste and religious antagonisms to divide not merely the people, but even the instrument through which they intended to rule This is evident from a letter written in 1858 by Lord Ellenborough (then President, Board of Commissioners of the East India Company, and a former Governor-General) to the Chairman of the Company. While urging that "the Sepoy must be made to *fear his officer* more than the enemy", the letter goes on to evaluate the experience of 1857 and says "The difference between the three armies (the Bengal, Bombay and Madras armies

Probing The Mind Of The Force

THE carnage in Assam has brought the role of the police vis-a-vis the Government and the Administration into sharp focus all over again. The controversy surrounding the presence of the Central Reserve Police Force in the troubled State makes this as good a time as any to undertake a detailed probe into the tortuous workings of the police mind Bhagalpur, Baghpat, Bellary—the outrage continues unchecked The image of the police has never been as black as it is today An ex-judge had described our police as the most organised criminal force in the country An extreme view, maybe, but the public cannot be blamed if it reaches a similar conclusion based on the gory newspaper headlines it encounters day in day out

Cordial relations between the police and the public presuppose that they respect each other This respect is totally lacking. The police have their own problems. they find themselves increasingly at the mercy of politicians: they find that they have to carry the can whether they act or don't act. When they act, the charge of police excesses is recklessly made: and what hurts most is that, more often than not, it is a political ploy. When they stay their hand, they are equally mindlessly accused of not doing their duty.

Only last month, the Prime Minister drew pointed attention to the habit of mind by which we ignore the dangers inherent in indiscriminate and total condemnation of the police force in the country The nub of the problem is to get the police to function as an efficient and impartial law-enforcement agency motivated by the ideal of public service This is not easy when you consider their service conditions A trip to the Police Lines in the Mahim-Bandra sector of Bombay, for instance, is enough to settle any doubts on the score Here the constabulary live in near-primitive conditions in prefabricated houses adjoining the notorious Dharavi slums. They live in what is a slum within a slum. And it is this police that is charged with the task of eradicating the slums in the city!

A Sick Society

Ours is a sick society. Since violence is part and parcel of social degeneration the police have a vital role. In any free society, moreover, every single action of the police tends to get magnified. Usually, this also tends to disorient the force. There is also the view that India today is on the threshold of a class conflict and that the police are inexorably caught up in this process.

Whatever the validity of such a view, the time has come to undertake a detailed scrutiny of the working of the police in India and, as a first step in this direction, the *Weekly* initiates a national debate on the subject. To make the debate meaningful, it has requisitioned the services of a set of contributors representing an authentic cross-section. The attempt is to get to the heart of the social factors that have led to the brutalisation of the police forces in the country. On the face of it they are both the hatchetmen and the victims of an inequitous system.

One view is that it is the job that brutalises them, another that the force is brutalised because it has been politicised. Either way, the fact remains that the humane approach is lacking on the part of the Police and the Government alike The police force in Assam have miserably failed to cope with widespread violence in the State in recent weeks. Accused of fearful excesses, the 30,000-strong CRP is possibly the most hated force ever deployed in any State. The State Police, on the other hand, has virtually ceased to act. Their divergent behaviour shows how policemen both betray the system and are betrayed by it.

It is indeed time we turned the mirror inwards. Hence this debate.

Raju Bharatan

that is): the little jealousies and rivalries between them have in these recent events been... of great advantage to us" and so "it would be desirable rather to extend these differences to regiments." (emphasis added). The policy continues to this day.

Take the case of the fake encounters the police have staged with brutally monotonous regularity in Uttar Pradesh during the last three years in which, by a modest estimate, some 5,000 persons have been killed. Rare exceptions aside, it is invariably the people belonging to the backward castes (like the Yadavs and the Mallahs and the Harijan communities) who have been gunned down—and not because they were engaged in any criminal activity, but essentially because of the caste antagonisms that are intertwined with the class interests. What is more, exceptions aside, it is the upper-caste policemen who are responsible for these atrocities.

The Bhagalpur blindings, which shocked the entire world, were also a manifestation of these caste antagonisms. In this case, not only was the blinding of the "backward" communities by the upper-caste policemen, but one had the mortifying spectacle of the upper castes of Bhagalpur town holding public rallies in defence of the police who committed this heinous crime.

The killings of the so-called Naxalites in Bihar, Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu bring out another aspect of police barbarism which is rooted in the caste and class conflicts that are currently rampant in our country and in which the Establishment is decidedly on the side of the upper castes and the moneyed classes. In these as well as in other States, it is the landless workers and the sharecroppers who are getting organised to assert their right to live. Their demands may vary from place to place. In Bihar, they seek a decent wage for the day's work and distribution of surplus land where it is available. In Andhra Pradesh, in Indravelli and in the Gond areas, they demand return of tribal lands to the tribals. These lands had been snatched from them by the *mahajans* and other communities with the active collusion of the State authorities. In Tamil Nadu, it is again a question of a fair wage or distribution of land.

In each of these and other cases, the state and its repressive organs are acting as the defenders of the status-quoist socio-economic order and, in the process, letting loose a reign of terror on those who are fighting for change. There is no need to emphasise that the killers mostly belong to the upper castes while those killed are Harijans and other weaker communities. The British legacy continues to be upheld by the successor Government.

True, this is not all there is to police brutalities. What about the Baghpat incident in which three young men were shot dead in broad daylight and the wife of one of them was stripped naked in the high street of the town and paraded? And then subjected to sexual humiliation? In this incident, the caste factor was, of course, not involved. But how does one get a man-eater to stop prowling in the countryside in search of human prey after his having been fed on human flesh since his cub days?

In the Baghpat incident, the highest in the country—the Prime Minister and her late son—protected the delinquent police officer in return for favours done during the earlier elections. A nation-wide movement—some 30,000 people courting arrest in Uttar Pradesh alone—and a lot more of police repression finally resulted in the appointment of a judicial commission to inquire into the Baghpat outrage, but it did not help in reforming the police.

The little village of Siswa—52 houses and some 400 souls—in the Basti district of Uttar Pradesh (hardly 15 km from India's border with Nepal) was the scene of the kind of police brutality on April 23, 1982, that defies description. Eight married women and at least an equal number of unmarried girls were raped and beaten up and the entire village was looted by policemen and the *goondas* who formed part of the police party that invaded the village. I visited this village, spoke to the affected persons (including the raped women), wrote to the Prime Minister and sought action from her—all to no avail.

Why? Because the police officer who organised this crime was acting on behalf of a local Congress (I) politician who had been defeated in the panchayat elections and who was trying to settle scores with the independent candidate, belonging to Siswa village, who had won. The police officer also claimed a close blood relationship with a junior Minister in Mrs Gandhi's Council of Ministers and it is a fact that that relationship had stood him in good stead in his earlier crimes against the people.

Sometimes, even innocent policemen are made pawns on the political chessboard—as happened at Narayanpur in Uttar Pradesh. No less a person than the late son of the Prime Minister, who visited this village in Deoria to have a first-hand view of what happened there, told the whole world that the police had raped every woman in the village in an act of reprisal for something the villagers had done to one of them. That was 900 women raped by some 30 policemen. Later, the Prime Minister herself went to Narayanpur and was quoted as saying that what the police had done there was unprecedented.

Between mother and son, Narayanpur became the peg on which the case to dismiss the Lok Dal Ministry of Banarsi Das was hung. And now the Judicial Commission that went into the facts has said that there was no rape, there was no atrocity; there was only some high-handedness.

Where Indeed!

So where does one start with the struggle to end police atrocities? It suits everyone to attack the policeman on the spot and, like Pontius Pilate, wash his own hands of all responsibility. But it seems to me that, unless the battle for social and economic justice is won, there will not be any way out of the vicious situation.

For, if the system that exploits the workers, the farmers and the artisans has to survive, if the social order that refuses to give equal status to those it has termed as *shudras* and untouchables for centuries has to be perpetuated, the state and the system need to have in their hands organs of repression in the persons of policemen.

AS PUBLIC PROPERTY IS BURNT and the police swing into action, they have to keep in mind all the time the Opposition politician who could accuse them of indulging in "excesses". The conditions in which Bombay policemen live near the Dharavi sector of Bombay have to be seen to be believed.

—MUKESH PARMANI

The Job Brutalises Them

STICK AT NOTHING: if that is the impression they give, it is because, in this profession, an achievement-oriented man is one who is a good hunter, who is willing to be brutal enough to fire bullets into a crowd. Under the present set-up, one who agrees to be a policeman actually agrees to abide by a system which legitimises the principle of punishment. Within a year or two of joining the force, the policeman becomes used to behaving like a brute.

Sheela Barse, in an on-the spot investigation, reveals how the wives of police officers are proud of their husbands for the way they beat up suspects!

THE sub-inspector, a short, fair, 26-year-old youth, broke open the door of the public toilet in the compound of a BEST bus depot. A stinking, worm-infested corpse lay crumpled on the floor of the narrow cubicle. The man had collapsed and died there four days back. No one had given a thought to the locked lavatory until a foul odour emanating from there aroused suspicion.

The young officer, who had joined the police force barely two years back, asked the dead man's colleagues to help him remove the corpse from the lavatory, but the men stepped back. Naturally: no normal human being likes handling a stinking, worm-infested corpse. The sub-inspector was feeling so overcome by a sense of revulsion that he wanted to retch. But he stepped forward, alone, dragged the body out in the open, turned it over to examine it for wounds or other possible evidence of unnatural death and then sat down to record it all.

A few weeks later, the same officer had to rush to the site of an air crash and help other policemen collect severed limbs, charred torsos, mutilated bodies.

> On that day, his eyes and psyche had been brutally exposed to the morbid sight of 52 corpses in various states of decomposition, some of them a mere assemblage of damaged parts.

Such unsettling, frightening encounters are not routine in a policeman's life; but they are not rare either.

What A Job!

We do not even care to acknowledge that a policeman's job constantly brings him in contact with abnormal situations, such as accidents in which bodies are crushed or maimed: street riots during which citizens are shot dead; violent encounters during which someone gets murdered and the body is slashed by numerous stab wounds; women with 90-degree burns whom they should be leaving alone but whose dying declaration they must take and then get the lady concerned to sign it with her burnt fingers.

The man has no time to be squeamish. At the end of the day, he does not care to react to the day's experience. He sits down to enjoy a meal...

Throughout the day, a police officer sees the wrong side of life. the worst aspects of human behaviour. Every now and then, he has to become a hunter of men. He has to hunt out a criminal, tighten the trap around him and see to it that he is deprived of his liberty, even his life. In this profession, an achievement-oriented man is the one who is a good hunter, who is willing to be brutal enough to fire bullets into a crowd or is prepared to arrange to get a man sent to the gallows. When an officer "wins" a death sentence for his criminal, the officer's colleagues congratulate him!

Whereas for most of us depiction of a man behind bars in a picture, a play or a movie is disturbing, a policeman works next to a room in which scores of men and women are locked in. Using his authority to deprive a man of his liberty is one of the most banal acts for a police officer.

Whereas for most of us depiction of a man behind bars in a picture, a play or a movie is disturbing, a policeman works next to a room in which scores of men and women are locked in. Using his authority to deprive a man of his liberty is one of the most banal acts for a police officer.

Society in its normative wisdom has glamorised this job by giving the officer an attire which represents the macho image—peaked cap adorned with a crest-cum-legend, stars on the epaulettes, ribbons that boast of every medal the chap has won. And the Government, in its economic wisdom, has chosen pay-scales and perks for the police officer that have no relationship with the nature and the demands of his work or the authority he enjoys. The Ruling Party, in its political wisdom, treats them, not as people's police, but as ruler-appointed police.

Under the present set-up, the man who agrees to be a police officer actually agrees to abide by a system which legitimises the principle of punishment; unequal allocations of rights and privileges; transfer of an offending citizen from his natural environment to the unnatural environment of jail; and use of violence to sustain law and order in society.

The police organisational leadership should provide for enough counter-checks within the organisational structure and in the working environment so that the constant submersion in cold-hearted, hard-headed choices does not brutalise the man. But, as a ruler-appointed leadership, it is worried only about budget limitations and about winning the approval of politicians.

Within a year or two of joining the police force, the officer becomes so used to behaving like a brute that he starts transgressing, guiltlessly, the line of legitimacy in "Governmental cruelty". He begins using violence illegally merely to assert his authority over the captive, to unleash his own frustrations, to extract information or simply to indulge his baser instincts. Torture in police custody, therefore, is as old as the police force itself. The First Torture Commission in India submitted its report to the Court Directors of the East India Company on April 16, 1855!

The ideal of a civilised society is to control, if not completely banish, torture. We Indians, especially, never tire of harping on *ahimsa*, compassion and the principle that the universe is an extension of one's family (*vasudeiva kutumbakam*). Yet, when I interviewed *educated* housewives who live in the vicinity of a police station and witness torture of an accused person, I discovered the unnerving and painful fact that illegal use of violence by the police has *social* sanction! Police officers, too, cynically tell one about well-known idealists who, the moment they become victims of theft or fraud, bluntly order use of third degree on the accused to restore their property to them.

I asked the wife of a police officer if she knew about the use of violence by officers. She excitedly told me how she, too, had a curiosity about custodial violence and her husband's role in it and had persuaded her husband's orderly to call her secretly to witness her man at work! "Unlike other officers, he uses the double-twisted rubber strip. Once he starts thrashing the poor fellow, my God, is he a terror! At the end of half an hour of relentless beating by my husband, the arrested man is finished!"

> She was impressed, rather than disturbed or alienated, as she saw her husband savagely assault an accused in custody

A Party To It All?

The officer's paymaster, the Government has shown no wish to curb custodial violence. Every time its police is accused of torturing captives, the Government has come to the defence of the men rather than revealed its displeasure at the continuance of such activity. It does not wish to cope with the problem of custodial violence frankly, as should be obvious from the terms of reference of the National Police Commission Examination of "the system of investigation and prosecution... the use of improper methods and the extent of their prevalence".

The officer knows that the Government does not disapprove of illegal custodial violence, that society joins him in finding justification for it and that his family sanctions it. In such circumstances, one wonders if the officer is not as much a victim of the brutality intrinsic to the system as is the captive who suffers barbaric torture at his hands.

Why The Force Is Restive

K.F. Rustamji feels that nothing better can be expected when the policeman has to be content with half the wages of the lowest in industry.

WHAT was the mistake we made that created police unrest? Looking back over the years since Independence, I can say without hesitation: *We did not prepare a rational and consistent wage policy, although we expected inflation and competitive demands.*

True, we had Pay Commissions for the Government services that did a fair job. But that, in a poor country, *all* can show that they have a just demand. In the end, we produced a wage structure in which:

Those who threatened the most disorder got the most, irrespective of whether they deserved it or not.

We stunted the growth of high-initiative industries for which men of outstanding creativeness were required. They could not be attracted by the wages offered. They sought foreign assignments and drifted away from the professions and the industries in which they were badly needed.

We made the unorganised rural sector pay for all the satisfaction that we had to give to the vocal urban sector. In consequence, we impoverished the villages, giving them less than they deserved for their products and selling them their needs at inflated prices. *Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth...* To this we ought to add: *...not in a democracy.*

We produced, in the bargain, discontent in the police forces which had to deal with industrial agitations that created disorder with an eye to securing wage increases.

Yet the policeman had to be content with half the wages of the lowest in industry.

Additional causes of discontent were the special terms given in some States, which made the Central Forces (like the Central Reserve Police) underpaid in comparison with those who had raised slogans.

The worst feature of our *ad-hoc* wage policy was that uniformed men (like those in the police) have become convinced that good behaviour and discipline lead only to neglect. Stay unorganised and unnoticed and you will be reduced to the condition of the rural poor—pitied but not helped.

Nationalisation Benefits Lost

Most of the benefits of nationalisation have been lost to the country as a whole because of lack of a progressive wage policy. Those in nationalised units have improved their lot unfairly—the rest of the country has never got what nationalisation promised.

To compound it all, we allowed black money to grow to such an extent that a new class of maharajas is thriving solely on its ability to dodge taxes—and inflation mounts unchecked.

You would be wrong if you thought that all this mess had gone unnoticed by the policeman. Indeed, if we discuss matters with him, he is as caustic as any worker anywhere about the way he has been treated.

One concession was indirectly made by the Government. the police could make up what they needed by corruption. The Civil Police soon found their grazing ground. That left out the Armed Police standing guard in treasuries or banks, dispersing violent assemblies, protecting VIPs and doing many vital jobs. They became the discontented leaders of all police agitations.

In plain words, the real cause of police unrest is violent envy of all that has been achieved by trade unions—together with a deep distrust of the ability of their officers to obtain redressal of their grievances from the Government. Naturally, when you are envious and incensed about one wrong, hundred aches and pains cry out fo attention.

As the pressure of population and over crowding increased, the duties of the police also grew—almost tenfold since Independence. Each man had to work longer hours (1 hours normally) and commute longer dis tances (forgo all Sundays and holidays, eve leave, which was often banned because of festival or a riot). Then, in 1979, whe concessions were given regarding leave, n extra strength was added, with the result thc the workload of those men who were on dut increased. The policeman lived in a hut (in *jhuggi*), ate scantily or scrounged meals her and there. His children roamed the street uneducated, unemployed.

Everyone, most of all the nation's press sympathised.

However, the political parties generall paid only lip service—they largely kept awa because police *karamchari* leaders were u decided whether they should take their hel or not. In the end, very few of them went t political parties. Some of them moved clos to trade unions.

Growing Discontent

Each time there were signs of unrest in th police, a committee or commission wc appointed—after numerous attempts hc been made to avoid appointing it. The rank felt that at last *something* was going to b done. Then, when their patience was near exhausted, the report appeared and th police were blandly told that implementatic would be postponed because discipline hc "returned" in the police!

The leaders of the police agitation called deception. The rank and file were furiou that they had been deceived and some polic officers (*neta* types) found this a wonderf opportunity to play on sentiments and shou *Unite or you will be crushed!*

Whether it was Delhi, Lucknow, Chand garh, Madras or Bombay, the agitation unrest took the same course. Disappointe and deprived of any hope, the men began search for alternatives. What to do? Mou an agitation which would lead to the di missal of those who were elected leaders just sit quiet and accept defeat?

Eventually, the younger and the mo militant lot won the day. *We must ac* they said.

The moderates disagreed. And they d cided on a compromise. They would act such a way that the courts would relea them on the ground that there was n evidence! Trust a policeman to find a leg remedy.

The worst feature of our *ad-hoc* wage policy is that uniformed men (like those in the police) have become convinced that good behaviour and discipline lead only to neglect. Stay unorganised and unnoticed and you will be reduced to the condition of the rural poor—pitied but not helped.

While the agitation was still in a subdue form and the leaders were trying to find som way of moving in a manner which would no alienate the officers, some of the men los self-control. An officer was booed when h tried to address the men because he prac tised open corruption and preached stri discipline. Somewhere a *chamcha* inspecte was not saluted; or an officer who deployed the men only for his personal insurance against criticism, regardless of hours of duty was informed of the disapproval of the rank in numerous anonymous letters.

THE INSTINCTIVE REACTION a policeman evokes, even today, is one of fear. The author makes an impassioned plea for humanising the force. "If anyone thinks that disarming, dismissing, dishonouring or prosecuting policemen will make them work with devotion to duty and steadfastness under stress, that person has no conception at all of the motivation of men in a difficult service," he concludes.

—CHANDU MHATRE

All these are normal incidents in any force, but collect them together and they add up to an alarming breakdown of discipline.

"Discipline is being ruined!" an officer says. "The constabulary are planning to shoot us!"

An agency picks up such *gup-shup* and dishes it out as a "story". (It is called an intelligence report.)

All this is preparatory work for the crackdown. The taking over of the armouries, the arrest of their leaders, the criticism in the press, the statements of Ministers—all this the policemen accept as their *kismat*. "How to explain what happened?" they moan. "We'll never let the country down but, for God's sake, listen to us.".

This, broadly speaking, is the policemen's lot and such is the ability of the Indian to accept what appears to be inevitable that the majority of men curse their fate and decide to lie low. A small minority, feeling that the officers have crushed what they called the revolt, try to gain quick promotions and send letters supporting the crackdown—to try and cash in on the disaster.

In the mind of every single man in the police force, there is a mixture of resentment and disgust ("In spite of it all, we will do our duty") and all those officers who have the big responsibility of maintaining law and order wonder how they will recreate that *esprit de corps* which is the ethos of every first-class force.

What is the way out?

First, we must not play the fool with uniformed men, promising a detailed examination of their woes and then, when a Commission's or Committee's report is received, saying that it will take years to study; and only a small part of it will be implemented.

Second, if we want to take a long-term view, we must form a concrete wage policy for all sectors.

Thirdly, we must take the police out of the purview of Pay Commissions because, in essence, the force has a place of its own in society which cannot be equated with white-collar workers. If you want to keep the union out of the police barracks, you must be able to show the inmates that their interest will be looked after without it.

Lastly, if anyone thinks that disarming, dismissing, dishonouring and prosecuting policemen will make them work with devotion to duty and steadfastness under stress, he has no conception of the motivations of men in a difficult service. No, none at all. ■

The Anatomy Of Corruption

P.K. Ravindranath draws attention to the fact that, when a Sub-Inspector has to pay anything up to Rs 50,000 for his selection, he naturally counts on the "wide" avenues open to him to make good, within the shortest time possible, the amount paid out.

CORRUPTION among policemen is much greater than in most other branches of the administration. But, as elsewhere, it is a true reflection of the corruption prevailing in the ruling elite.

The proper working of the rule of law depends on the political process: on the interaction as between the Government of the day, the various agencies involved in the execution of its policies and society at large. Two widely reported incidents in recent times vividly illustrate the point.

The Rajgir Police in Biharsharif, on October 17, 1982, arrested one Y.G Sinha for running a parallel police station in the remote areas of Biharsharif and for posing as its "officer-in-charge". The bogus officer-in-charge ran his "police station" for over a month, using police outfit and seal, along with "one assistant sub-inspector, four constables, two havildars and three women constables". He extracted tolls from shopkeepers and truck and bus owners of the area.

A 28-year-old sub-inspector of Bombay, Vijay Deshpande, resigned on January 25, 1979, after depositing in a bank the bribes that had been given to him on various counts. He resisted the offer of bribes for a long time, but was ultimately persuaded that it was "part of his assignment". On the advice of the veteran Socialist leader, S.M. Joshi, he began depositing the amounts so received in a bank. Deshpande's conscience did not permit him to continue the practice for long. He resigned after making a clean breast of the extent of corruption within his personal knowledge.

Tip Of The Iceberg

These incidents, however, only reveal the proverbial tip of the iceberg.

In Maharashtra, as in Punjab, postings to police stations of one's choice are auctioned. In many States, the appointment of senior police officers in the districts is always a political decision. There is often a kickback involved in such postings. Senior inspectors often have to pay fancy prices for postings to "remunerative" stations where illicit distillation and colonies of bootleggers, smugglers' hideouts and loading points, unlicensed brothels and gambling dens flourish. The bids at the clandestine auctions for postings to such police stations in the main cities vary from Rs 10,000 to Rs 1,00,000.

Almost all police stations have a regular income from the underworld. There are the occasional bribes and the *haftas*—the regular weekly or monthly payments. Occasional payments depend upon the gravity of the offence and the capacity of the offender to pay.

> It is common knowledge in Bombay that a few years ago, during the regime of a particular Home Minister, a senior journalist arranged for the transfer of senior police officers from one station to another—for a price. The Minister himself collected his share of the booty at a petrol station owned by a close relation.

On March 27, 1980, a breakaway group of the Shiv Sena in Bombay played a tape-recording to journalists of a conversation they had had with top police officers who demanded Rs 5,000 to allow a brothel to be set up in a busy locality. They said one policeman offered protection to several centres for the sale of illicit liquor and activities connected with *matka* gambling and prostitution.

The regular fixed sums, collected between the 3rd and the 9th of every month, vary with the capacity of the payer and the greed of the collector. *Matka* Kings of some of the suburbs pay as much as Rs 10,000 every month to the local police station.

Small-time shopkeepers and restaurateurs who often violate minor rules or licensing regulations, pay Rs 50 a month and serve free food to all constables and even officers of the local police station. The *hafta* is generally collected by a havildar each month from bootleggers, *matka* operators, brothel keepers, smugglers, hotel owners (who allow prostitutes to operate from their premises or break permit laws), adulterators and sundry illegal operators. For the hardened criminal the fear of apprehension and conviction is no deterrent. He knows how to buy his way out even when caught.

S.K. Ghosh, former Inspector-General of Police, Orissa, in his book, *Indian Police At Crossroads* (1975), says:

> *Men who pay and 'pull' to be promoted or to get an assignment of their choice are going to get their money back—and they are going to look more to those who 'pull' for them than to the Police Chief. They can do just enough to keep within the rules and escape punishment and, if the Police Chief punishes them, the Government and the courts will very soon relieve them.*
>
> *There are other minor instances of corruption which no one seems to mind. Police officers, particularly senior ones, often use facilities like transport, guesthouses and hospitality offered to them by owners of factories and industrial enterprises. It is against the Government Servants' Conduct Rules for them to do so. But who cares?*

Rs 50,000 Kingpin!

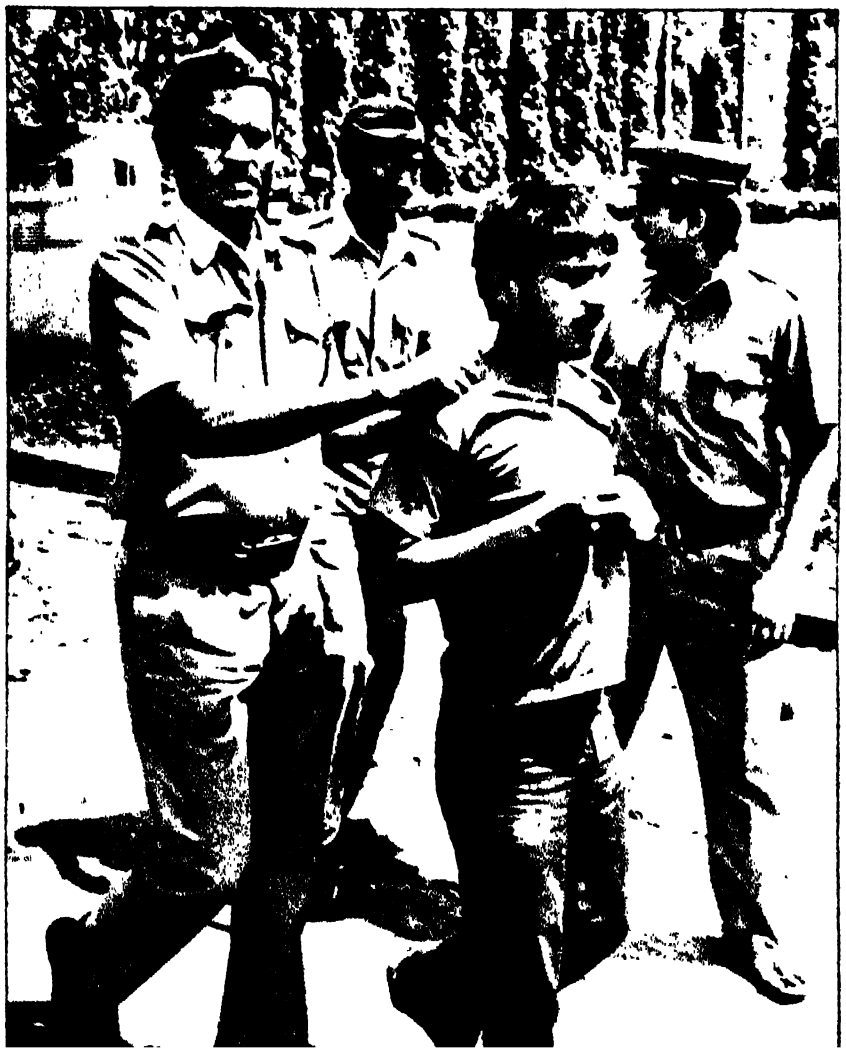
The sub-inspector is the kingpin of the force—particularly at the district level—with well-defined functions and responsibilities. At higher levels, the officers are purely inspecting officers with hardly any defined functions or responsibilities.

The duties of a sub-inspector include the administration of a police station; crime prevention and initial action under the preventive sections of the law; investigation of offences; service of processes issued by courts of law; liaison with courts, jails and other local offices; collection of intelligence; *bandobast* at fairs, processions and at election time; watch over antisocial elements; checking licences for hotels, public places and arms; and enforcement of social legislation.

> When a fresh sub-inspector has to pay anything up to Rs 50,000 for his selection he naturally counts on the "wide" avenues open to him to make good the amount paid out—within the shortest possible time. Once this practice is initiated, it becomes a habit. Most Station House Officers live in a style far beyond their means. The general explanation is that they have married into "well-to-do" families.

Crime prevention, investigation and collection of intelligence and the handling of law-and-order situations call for a lot of tact, extensive contacts, powers of persuasion, foresight, planning, patience, endurance and the ability to take quick decisions. These qualities can hardly be found in the sub

CONSTABLES MAKE UP nearly 70 per cent of our police force of 900,000, and over 80 per cent of the constables retire as constables. No wonder there is so much corruption in the force, since so many have so little to look forward to in terms of advancement in life.



MUKESH PARPIANI

inspectors who, as often as not, "buy" their jobs.

Can matters be ever set right? The police has been known to be corrupt and inefficient since it emerged as an organised force in 1861. As many as 14 Commissions of Inquiry, besides the National Police Commission, have gone into issues concerning policemen in various States, but their recommendations remain largely unimplemented. Every Police Commission has come up with ideas for improvement: weekly offs; regular working hours; and decent living conditions, particularly for the constabulary. But so far to no avail.

Nearly 70 per cent of the police force (of over 900,000) are constables and another 7,000 are Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors. At the top are over 1,300 Inspectors-General, Deputy I-Gs and Superintendents; and 3,000 Additional Superintendents and Deputy Superintendents, who join the IPS via a competitive Union Public Service Commission examination. Over 80 per cent of the constables retire as constables, at best as Head Constables.

> The police, in theory, are accountable to the law but, in practice, their loyalty is to the party in power. But both the law and the administration often appear to be distrustful of the police.

The police still remains an instrument of the Government—rather, the Ruling Party. The Shah Commission emphasised the fact that the police is subject to political pressure, because its control is in the hands of a few politicians. So long as the politician is corrupt, the police, too, will remain corrupt.

Drastic Changes Needed

If the police are to work in accordance with the Rule of Law, drastic changes will have to be made in their attitudes; approach to problems and people; legal powers and procedures; accountability and control. They should be able to resist pressures to act illegally—even from the highest quarters.

The National Police Commission, in its First Report in February 1979, stipulated that the working conditions of police constables must be improved immediately. The Commission recommended the British practice of paying policemen a little more than a skilled industrial worker to compensate him for professional hazards. This recommendation, like most others, has remained on paper.

The London Bobby enjoys a high status, because he is a Crown officer and not an appointee of the Government in power. In 1861, the British were content to recruit their constables from the lowest cultural and economic rungs of society—on the lowest possible pay. The levels of recruitment have remained the same.

The policeman has perforce to be in constant touch with the most disagreeable elements in society. And, at the top, he is controlled by politicians whose reputation and actions are hardly more inspiring. ■

Crime Control Is No Picnic

P.R. Rajagopal approaches the problem from the angle of the social scientist and points out that, in the absence of suitable recreational facilities, our youth have no opportunity to let off steam, which manifests itself in violence.

POLICING an urban society is becoming increasingly difficult. An urban society is composed, not of one "public", but several "publics" whose demands and expectations are often in conflict or at variance with one another. What the public expects of the police varies from group to group and area to area. For example, what the student community expects of the police in terms of inaction during their college election campaign is often in conflict with what the law-abiding citizen expects of the force at the same point of time.

Colonies and slums proliferate with the expanding urban population and the police is often slow in catching up with its expanding and demanding responsibility. Often, plans for the expansion of existing townships and location of new ones do not take into account the need for a logical and legitimate place for the police. This produces problems which could easily have been avoided with a little foresight and imagination. People inhabiting these new townships are often oblivious of the need for police protection until such time as the local bully starts his pranks or the neighbourhood desperado commits a serious crime in the locality.

Many new colonies in Delhi—and other metropolitan cities as well—do not have an adequate and effective police cover. This is to be expected as long as the police is not seen as an integral and important component of service to the community. The police has to be, and must be, allowed to evolve with the life of the community in its multiple aspects.

We seem to have got into the habit of superimposing a police cover in the fast-developing, and very often unplanned or poorly planned, colonies only when it becomes completely unavoidable. Even then, the police charged with the responsibility of maintaining order and preventing crime is woefully understaffed, poorly housed and indifferently supervised.

> The point that is being sought to be made is that one of the inevitable concomitants of unplanned urbanisation and *ad-hoc* expansion of towns and cities is a thin police presence with little or no policing in the real sense of the term. This naturally takes its toll in terms of the security of life and property of the citizens.

Who are these people adding to the existing lakhs and millions in cities? Among these, a small segment is constituted by the elite and the affluent, while there is a very high percentage of those who constitute the several services that are the inseparable adjuncts of a modern urban life: vendors, domestic servants, construction workers, industrial labourers, artisans, the service class and so on. Most of these people have gravitated to the urban centres in search of employment or in the hope of finding fresh avenues for their trades and crafts. These people seldom find ready employment or minimum and cheap shelter.

It Confers Anonymity

City life confers anonymity on the individuals migrating from a rural background and loosens impulses and instincts which had, otherwise, been lying dormant in them as long as they were in the close intimacy of community life. The denials and the deprivations which these people undergo in cities create, over a period of time, their own logic—however fallacious—and their inevitable compulsions. If there is a rationale or justification for not adhering strictly to the moral and ethical code engendered in them by the strict social sanctions of the rural community life, there are conditions in the urban setting which are contributory to, if not exactly conducive to, an apparently easy life of petty crime. Graduating from petty to more serious and professional crime is merely a matter of time, given the constraints under which the police functions in the cities.

The exodus from the rural to the urban areas understandably swells the ranks of the slum dwellers about whom there is hardly any worthwhile information in the police records.

Recently, talking to the Commissioner of Police of one of the metropolitan cities, I was told that the greatest threat to the security of life and property in the urban areas came from the proliferating slums since the police have no records of the slum inhabitants. According to this Commissioner, even if one of the inmates of these slums is apprehended for an indictable offence, prosecuted and convicted, the police loses track of him as soon as he returns after the completion of the jail term. The convict shifts his abode and merges with the people in a new slum—and is lost to the police until he gets caught again through his own inept action or because of a smart and vigilant member of the public, but very seldom due to the designed efforts of police investigation.

This admission, coming as it did from an officer who is considered professionally pre-eminent, has its own relevance. The logical conclusion that follows is simple in the extreme but very difficult to accomplish because of the political mines that lie packed on the path of any such effort. The conclusion is : *Can we dissolve the existing slums irrevocably and prevent the formation of new ones?*

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DEALING WITH INDUSTRIAL VIOLENCE calls for exercise of the utmost tact on the part of the police.

The urban planners hold the key to this question. The formulation and the effective implementation of their policies and subsequent action will determine whether or not the urban centres of tomorrow will be bearable and livable places, where the incidence of crime and criminality is an occasional event instead of an endemic phenomenon.

Research and interaction with people living in multi-storeyed flats have revealed that these people (particularly the adolescents and children) suffer from tension and repression inevitable in an atmosphere of curbed and controlled emotional reactions. In the absence of suitable recreational facilities, the youth have no opportunity to let off steam, which ultimately manifests itself in the form of violence. Living a lonely life in the midst of crowds that people apartments, the most important casualty is community life which encourages tolerance, mutual help, shared joys and sorrows. Children grow up with little or no respect for the community members and think nothing of insulting their elders, molesting the girls or stealing the cars in the neighbourhood.

Treating crime and criminals as the sole and exclusive responsibility of the criminal justice system—which itself is a combination of jail, police and courts—is to take only a sectional view of this complicated phenomenon. Crime levels do not depend only on these: it all has a lot more to do with the agencies that take a hand in shaping our social and physical environment, such as housing, education, recreational facilities and the like. There is a definite and demonstrable nexus between social and physical planning and incidence of crime and one is surprised to note that the police is treated as a non-Plan subject by the Planning Commission.

What has already gone ahead cannot be helped. But can we not, even now, recreate and reform our various planning bodies in a manner that will give the police its legitimate and necessary place in these forums as a catalyst for social change, if not as a coordinator of the functions of the different agencies?

> The role of the police is becoming more complex and is no longer limited to crime control and maintenance of law and order. While maintenance of order is an item which the police has discharged with a degree of credit (except for occasional lapses), controlling crime has not been for it a picnic. There is a lot that the police can and should do, and are not doing, in dealing with crime, whatever may be the rationalisation behind it.

Having said this, it also needs to be noted that this function can be effectively fulfilled only if the Judiciary, which is one of the most important components of the criminal justice system, discharges its share of the job with speed and understanding. In Delhi alone, there are thousands of criminal cases awaiting disposal in the courts for over five years. What kind of disposals will these cases get if and when they do get disposed? Unless the Judiciary plays its vital role in a more purposeful and prompt manner, conditions born of uncontrolled crime and unpunished criminals will only make a bad situation worse.

On the social service aspects of the police, I can do no better than quote from the *UN Congress on Crime Prevention and Treatment of Offenders* (September 1975, Canada):

> *The role of the police should be crime prevention and a better recognition of the social service element of police work, such as advice to individuals involved in petty conflicts without taking recourse to arrest and prosecution; advising citizens and business establishments on security matters; helping in tracing missing persons; counselling youngsters who might get into trouble; rendering assistance to the stranded, etc, so that the image of the police as the friend of the people gets firmly established.*

The police in India has a long way to go before it can fulfil all these expectations that the public has with regard to its duties. In the mean time, it would facilitate matters if the police of our country can be suitably trained and oriented to the goals. Alongside, social and urban planners need to display the required degree of awareness with regard to the role of the police in their scheme of things.

While conceding that the police is a service like any other social service, it needs to be realised at all levels that, because of the special and exclusive role it is called upon to play as the *only* agent for enforcing law and the concept of equality before the law, it must have an inherent freedom of action which can be subject to no manipulation. This is the essence of impartial and just policing which would brook no interference from any political authority. Can we ensure this?

The Munir Inquiry Committee constituted to inquire into disturbances in Punjab in 1953 concluded its report with the words:

> *But if democracy means the subordination of law and order to political ends—then Allah Knoweth Best and we end the report.*

—Courtesy: *Urban India*

The Police Of Tomorrow

THE TASK OF TODAY'S POLICE has become an extremely difficult one and it will, if anything, be much more difficult tomorrow, says the author

MUKESH PARMANI

Dharma Vira, as the Head of the National Police Commission, is uniquely placed to discuss what should be done, not only to improve the present force, but also to create an ideal force for the morrow.

THE main and basic functions of the police in India, as embodied in the Police Act, 1861, are:

1. *Maintenance of law and order.*
2. *Prevention and detection of crimes.*

These are the primary duties of the police—not only in India, but all over the world—and it has to be so. Unless law and order is maintained satisfactorily, no society can survive, much less develop and prosper.

The nature of the police duties, however, would differ from society to society. In a primitive society, the policing would be simple and routine.

The same, however, will not be the case in a developing society. A developing society usually is impatient and intolerant. It always has a feeling that it has already lost time and should make up for it expeditiously. Such a society has new visions and aspirations and resents delay.

Today's Indian society is in this phase. The foreign yoke has been shaken off and the people are on the march to national rejuvenation. The Constitution has given them added hope by resolving to "secure for all its citizens justice: social, economic, political". It has given them the right to equality of opportunity in the matter of employment and a right against exploitation. The Directive Principles, enshrined in the Constitution, though not justiciable, have assured that the state shall direct its policy so as to secure an adequate means of livelihood to everybody; equal pay for equal work;

resistance in the event of unemployment. And our country has started on the difficult but determined path of socio-economic progress, in the process adding new dimensions to police problems.

Accent on industrialisation has led to urbanisation and a "pull" for the rural population to shift to cities. The urban economy, however, has not been able to generate employment potential, nor accommodation, nor other amenities commensurate with the inflow of migrants. Slums have developed in all important urban areas and these, combined with the disappointment and frustration generated by rising unemployment, have given much impetus to crime. With growth of education and technology, crime has become much sophisticated and is no longer confined to the rank of old hardened registered criminals. In fact, it has percolated even to the well-to-do young people. All these developments have added considerably to the work and the responsibilities of the police.

Rising Murder Trend

Greater mobility of population and its contact with "modernity", coupled with a diminution in social controls and increase of anonymity in the impersonal urban surroundings, tend to escalate criminality. The gravity of offences has also increased, making matters more difficult for the police. There is growing use of firearms and bombs in acts of violence, resulting in a rising trend in the number of murders.

Industrialisation, understandably, has led to formation of numerous trade unions. In 1955, there were 105 Central Trade Unions with a membership of 2.13 lakhs. They grew to 452 by 1969, with a membership of 9.81 lakhs. Agitations, lock-outs and demonstrations (very often violent) have become practically an everyday affair, posing perpetual, highly sensitive problems for the police.

Progress on the educational side has simultaneously resulted in pushing up literacy. The student population has more than doubled. This has also led to a larger educated population of the unemployed. Industries have not been able to generate employment for the ever-increasing numbers of the educated. There is also a growing atmosphere of indiscipline and violence in the air. Education is no longer the aim of the young people. General dissatisfaction with the way of things, and expression of the same through violence and confrontation, have become the order of the day. In this, unfortunately, the political parties have taken a big hand for the furtherance of their short-term political ends, without regard, in the process, to the consequent development of retarding, in fact befouling, the future growth of our country. More universities in the country are closed today than open.

Then there are economic and social crimes, such as smuggling, food adulteration, blackmarketing, gambling, the Anti-Dowry Act, and the like. Prohibition, if enforced throughout the country, is likely to add a new dimension to crime in India.

These and a host of other problems of an entirely new complexion have been created by the developmental processes of our society. That, I believe, is the position in other similarly placed countries.

Nelson's Choice

All these are not basic law-and-order problems. They pose a new question about the police role. Should the police intervene and, if so, at what stage and in which manner?

Take the case of disputes between labour and management. If these disputes are allowed to linger, they may degenerate into a situation which may result in loss of life and property. But, if the police is to intervene initially, will that not be construed as putting unwanted constraints on the bargaining potential of labour? In either case, the police might come in for criticism. A real Hobson's choice.

The same would apply to the cases of student trouble. Should the students not have the right to express their resentment against the conditions obtaining in the universities and in the country? Should they not make a grievance of their bleak prospects of employment? Perhaps they could. But the allied question is: Should the police intervene? If it should, then at what stage: when the trouble is brewing or when violence has become imminent or has actually taken place? Will the police, in such a situation, not be characterised as Nero fiddling while Rome was burning? Should the educational premises really be treated as something sacrosanct and inviolable? Are the cases of student crimes (such as violence, arson and senseless destruction of university and public property) not to be treated as crimes at all?

The choice before the police is obviously extremely difficult and clear guidelines are wanting. It may be because the problems admit of no clear-cut solutions or there is ambivalence in the quarters that should guide.

What, however, has been stated above is only a revised version of the traditional role of the police as a law-and-order agency. In the context of socio-economic development, the police have to make a yet more difficult choice. It has to be decided if they should only maintain law and order—and thereby make the socio-economic development possible without disruption—or they should participate as active agents in the socio-economic development. Should the socio-economic legislation give police cognisance of breach of the penal provisions or not? Such laws will generally be of three types:

(a) Laws to combat certain evils that have crept into society;

(b) Laws for upliftment of the weaker sections of society; and

(c) White-collar crime.

The first type of laws would include things like legislations against dowry, child-marriage prohibition, prostitution and pornography. These offences do not usually command wide public acceptance.

One could argue as to how the age at which a child should be married could be the concern of the Government. One could plead that one should be free to choose one's own drink, soft or hard. Why should the state step in?

Similarly, settlement of dowry would appear to be a matter between two contracting parties. How are the interests of the state jeopardised if dowry is demanded and paid?

The Question Before Them

The question before the police is: Should it have any role to play in the enforcement of such social legislations? In fact, one thinking is that such legislations should be the concern of the social/specialised organisations and the role of the police should be confined to that of helping, if any law-and-order situation is likely to develop.

The task of the police, as it is, is not a popular one. Should the police be exposed to a direct confrontation with the people in the enforcement of these Acts and thus risk becoming more unpopular than is absolutely necessary. Further, the amount of work involved in the enforcement of these laws is so heavy that it comes in the way of the discharge of its basic functions. Is such a development desirable in the context of the worsening crime situation in the country?

Laws of the second category are intended to ameliorate the conditions of the weaker sections of society—a section which has suffered over the centuries through social discrimination and neglect. They have as much a right to prosper and advance as anybody else but, because of the handicaps and hindrances created by the more privileged classes, they cannot march ahead by themselves, unless they have some protection. The affluent, commanding economic power (as experience has shown), try to frustrate the Government's efforts for their amelioration.

Take the case of distribution of land to the landless. Generally, those who were given land have been dispossessed by others or have forcibly not been permitted to take physical possession of the lands allotted to them. Enforcement of such laws would thus clearly indicate the need for an enforcement agency. Should it not be the job of the police to provide the muscle so that such laws could be enforced and the desired results achieved?

'White-Collar' Crime

Economic development unfortunately everywhere has generated and nourished what is termed "white-collar" crime. An economic offence has been defined by the Law Commission as an offence which affects the economy of the whole country. These offences involve highly technical investigations requiring an intimate knowledge of the departmental rules, procedure and practices. There can be no doubt that all such offences should be investigated, but the question to be examined is whether the police should do so or the relevant departmental agencies who have the necessary background. Smuggling is being tackled by the Central Customs and the Excise Department, income-tax avoidance by the IT authorities and foreign exchange violations by the Directorate of Enforcement. Should there be similar other departmental agencies to look after their own problem?

The police, it must be clearly understood, is the strong arm of the law. It is its unambiguous duty to enforce the law of the land. In this matter, there can be no exception and, if exceptions are made through reasons of political or administrative expediency, they can only result in contempt for law and in confusing and demoralising the police force. Whilst the police cannot be unaware of or oblivious to the socio-economic problems of the country, yet it must be remembered that it is not a social welfare organisation. The task of social welfare belongs to other organisations

The police can only maintain a sympathetic attitude to the aims of these organisations and its duty is to come to the help of the organisations when any law-and-order situation is likely to develop. It has to be left unfettered to decide when it should intervene—it should not be inhibited from performing its duty because of directions based on extraneous considerations.

It is important that this position is clearly understood by the police as well as by every body concerned with these matters.

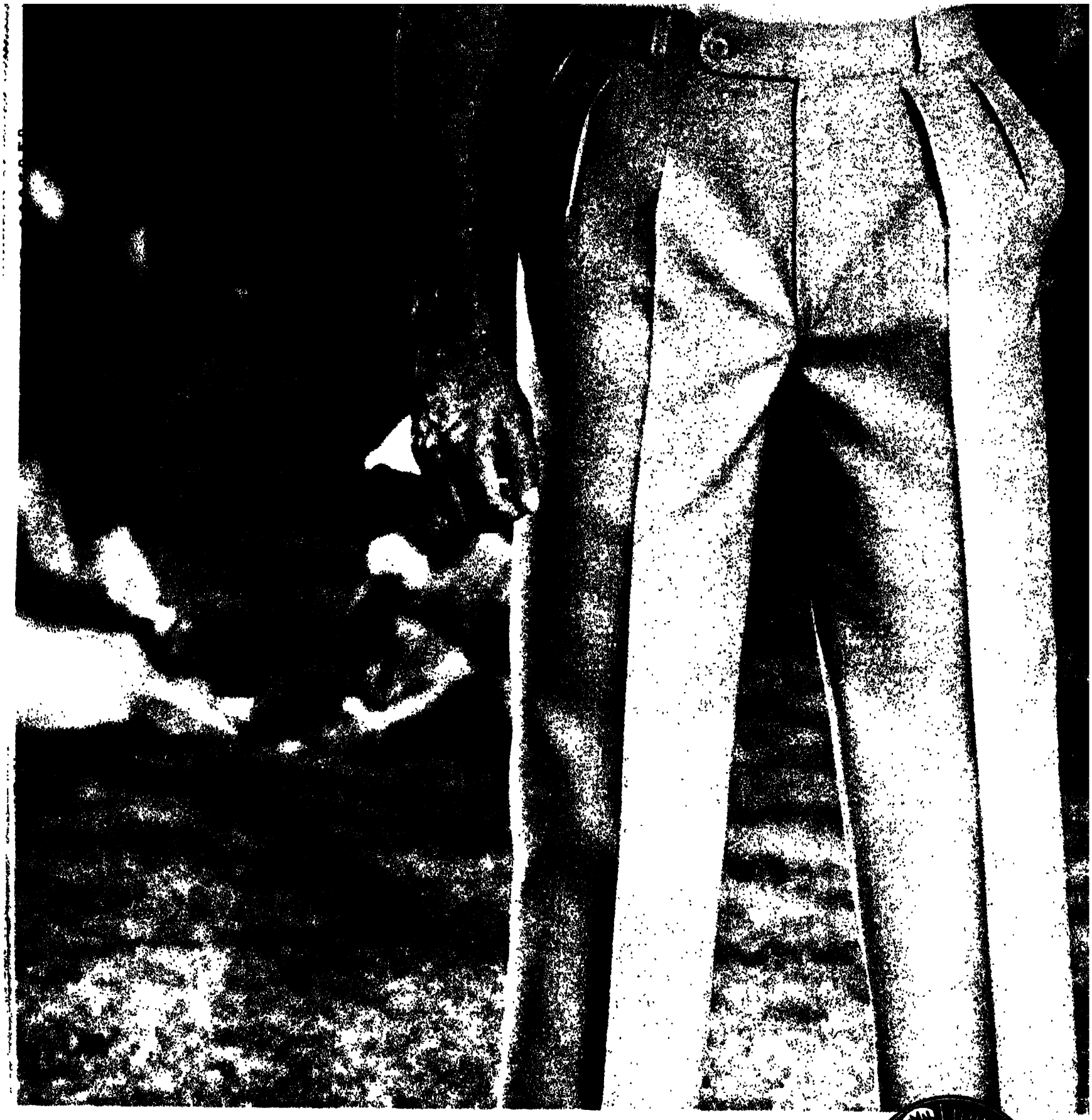
The task of today's police has become an extremely difficult one and it will be much more difficult tomorrow. To tackle this task efficiently, we need a well-equipped and modern police force. Unfortunately, not much thought has been given to this very important matter and the police in India continues to be neglected. We have allowed the conditions to continue which prevailed when our country was under the British Crown and have made no attempt to re-tailor our police to meet the needs of a democracy.

Some ignorant people consider expenditure on police to be unproductive. They do not realise that, without law and order, there can be no progress in the country and hence expenditure on creating an efficient law-and-order machinery is highly productive and not unproductive.

The police, to deal with its problems of tomorrow, has to be a highly organised, efficient and motivated force led by men dedicated to the service of the country. We have lost over 30 years by not doing anything to create such a force. There is no time left to neglect this pressing need any more, because such neglect can only result in great danger to the development and the progress of our country. ■

Also See Page 43

THE PROLONGED TEXTILE STRIKE IN BOMBAY has created its own problems for the police. This old lady is one of those hard hit by the strike.



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Young Entrepreneurs—III

The Piramal Phenomenon

Hashim Khairullah who interviewed Dilip Piramal says the industrialist *does* represent the third generation of "trained" tycoons heading the empires established by their forefathers. However, Piramal's entry into the plastic industry and his subsequent record proves that he can hold his own even in an independent venture.

AT 33, Dilip Piramal has a lot to be proud of. Ten years ago he took over Blow Plast, a company awash in red ink and adroitly turned it round into the world's third largest manufacturer of moulded luggage. Its turnover has shot up from Rs 7 crores in 1973-74 to Rs 21 crores. It now controls almost 60 per cent of India's Rs 43-crore-a-year moulded luggage market. It made a net profit of Rs 50 lakhs. (Shareholders have reason to be ecstatic with Piramal: for the last two years his company's been declaring dividends at the rate of 25 per cent).

Dilip Piramal also heads Morris Electronics Limited, the largest manufacturer of ferrites in the country. And as if this were not enough, he is also the Chairman of Kemp & Co Ltd which runs a chain of popular retail stores in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras.

Piramal belongs to the new breed of younger entrepreneurs—the third generation of "trained" tycoons who have been ushering in near-revolutionary changes in their family-owned enterprises. He is fairly representative of the "young inheritors": confident, well-heeled and trained. His grandfather made a fortune in the cotton trade and bought a mill which grew into the Morarjee Goculdas Spinning and Weaving Mills under the stewardship of his father, the late Gopikisan Piramal. At 20, after taking a commerce degree from Bombay's Sydenham College, Dilip Piramal "walked" into a director's chair in his family mill. But his pioneering entry into the plastic industry and his subsequent record amply prove his blood lines.

In a two-hour interview at his tastefully appointed office at Prabhadevi, Dilip Piramal talked on a variety of topics—the Union Budget, the VIP success story; his strategy for success, his competitors, and the "problems" caused by the vagaries of government policy. Excerpts:

The Union Budget: "Before I give my views on this year's Budget, I would like to make a few observations of a general nature.

The Budget is an annual feature and not a very long-term plan. It is part of the overall fiscal policy of the Government. Hence, it should be treated as only one part of the long-term plan. However, in our country, every year there is a lot of speculation and apprehension about what the Budget is going to bring. This is because the Government is not very clear about its fiscal policies. Every Annual Budget is supposed to be a grand plan to remove inequalities, ensure growth and control inflation. What we really require is an Economic Plan which will hold good for at least five years and the Annual Budget should just make minor changes within this economic plan.

How can industrialists and businessmen make their plans if the Government itself is not very clear about its plans? The tax on zero-tax paying companies is a case in point. Many companies had worked-out their cashflows and investment plans on the basis of tax incentives given by the Government. As a bolt from the blue, they now find themselves having to pay tax on 30 per cent of their incomes, which would have otherwise been totally available to them.

Take another case. In 1978, the Janata Government introduced a 15 per cent disallowance on advertising expenditure. This was repealed by the Congress (I) Government in 1981. Now the very same Government has re-introduced this measure with a vengeance, adding all travelling expenditure in addition to advertising expenditure and increasing the quantum of disallowance from 15 to 20 per cent.

One would not grudge so much the increased rate of tax as the taxing of enhanced artificial income as against income which is measured on the basis of trading and commercial principles. The creation of wealth is further discouraged by making the corporate sector pay tax on 30 per cent of its income notwithstanding that in reality there is no tax liability.

On the other hand, it seems that the Government has understood that there is no further scope to increase the excise duties on most consumer items. In fact, there is a strong case for reduction in excise duties (which has been done in a few cases and shows that the Government is not beyond taking such a measure) which will generate more demand and thereby increase industrial activity. Government has to transform this country from a low volume, high tax economy, to a high volume economy with a reasonable level of taxation (low tax being unthinkable today)."

Take-Over Of Blow Plast: "When we took it over in 1973 (for Rs 24 lakhs) the company was in a financial mess. Its main line of business, the manufacture of PVC footwear, was taking a beating from the innumerable small-scale PVC manufacturers. Footwear sales, which accounted for 80 per cent of the company's turnover were falling dramatically. A management crisis was rampant.

No one had control, the finances were strained. It had made a modest venture into moulded luggage but then it was an uncharted area. The production lagged at only 10,000 pieces a month with virtually no marketing or distributing network. And it wasn't making profits. Moreover, sales-tax avoidance, labour unrest and high production costs plagued the operations. In 1975 we decided to close down the PVC footwear and concentrate on VIP moulded luggage which, apart from being a high technology item, held out great promise." (It has been more than fulfilled.)

"Consolidation started with a big bang,' says Dilip Piramal. "The infrastructure at the Nasik plant was strengthened and the management invested huge sums of money in the latest machines and modern technology. Skilled manpower was employed at all levels and the existing range of luggage was slowly expanded. Besides the Classic range, VIP has now added three others: Travelite, Jetstar and Solitaire. A sound distribution network was created to further strengthen the marketing set-up."

"The sustained efforts paid rich dividends. The distribution outlets increased from 500 to 2,600 and VIP, a brand leader in India, has now gained worldwide acceptance in over 55 countries. From 10,000 a month in 1973, we now produce over 100,000 pieces a month. And from a sale of 10 million when we started, we are now selling luggage worth Rs 210 million," says Piramal. "This was possible only because of high technology and sophisticated machinery, continuous updating of know-how, product development and strict control at every stage of production. That is how VIP today spells class any where in the world. Despite the inflation—nearly 200 per cent in the last 10 years—we have maintained price control. The philosophy of high volume and low profits always pays in the end."

Competitors: "They are good enough to keep us on our toes, both Safari Sales and Universal Luggage. Aristocrat is bigger but is actually a Blow Plast old boys club. Safari is more competent than Aristocrat, though its turnover could be increased. But even together the two don't pose a serious threat," asserts Piramal confidently. "Its good to have competition or we might tend to become complacent. It is also good for the consumers."

India's moulded luggage industry is dominated by three Big Berthas: Blow Plast Ltd, Universal Luggage Manufacturing Co Pvt Ltd. and Safari Industries (India) Pvt Ltd. Competition to Piramal is provided by Jal Engineer, the entrepreneur who originally introduced HDP (High Density Polythene) luggage into the country through Blow Plast. Universal Luggage (Aristocrat, the second largest selling brand) recorded a sales turnover of Rs 11 crores during the year ended May 30, 1982. It was reportedly promoted by Engineer (who has no formal designation in the company but is linked to it by family ties). Safari, which accounts for 10 per cent of the national market, is also led by a former associate of Engineer and a director of Blow Plast, S Mehta.

Government Policies: "The Government's economic policy lacks consistency. It keeps on clamping new regulations without having worked out the impact of the earlier ones. This has created a sprawling bureaucracy and mountains of paper. The Government should adopt a consistent policy towards trade and business for at least 10 to 15 years. Presently there is no economic direction and its economic policy is only political. There should be decentralisation at all levels. The Chief Ministers are all political nonentities. The day a CM is appointed, there are dissidents around him. The political leaders are only concerned with staying in power and nothing else. Their policies are short-sighted and implemented in bits and pieces. Look at the MRTP Act and the Land Ceiling Act. In fact, the Land Ceiling Act has actually sent prices spiralling. The criteria laid down in 1968 are meaningless now. What the Government needs to do, and fast, is to adopt a rational approach in their economic policies and to re-appraise all their policies and their impact. Even in its foreign trade policy, there is a lot to be desired. We are just not geared for international trade. Singapore, Taiwan and Hong Kong were infrastructually backward 30 years ago but they are now miles ahead in tapping the world market." ■

DILIP PIRAMAL, *is regarded as one of the ablest young entrepreneurs today.*

LENNY AARONS

Those Who Enjoy, Also Serve

by K.C. Khanna

AFTER the non-aligned summit—what? Nothing, says G H Jansen in effect in an article alongside About the outcome of the meeting's deliberations in the economic sphere (page 21), L K Sharma is equally despairing In concrete terms, they are both right The achievements of the Seventh Summit, by the inexorable logic of the Non Aligned Movement (NAM) since its inception, have been entirely in the realm of the intangible The point is that this time they have been ramified and considerable—despite the worst external environment ever and a sharp increase in dissensions within

For one thing, Mrs Gandhi's deft stewardship has won praise from *Pravda* as well as *Newsweek* The tilt towards Moscow, imparted at Havana by Dr Fidel Castro, has been corrected Washington has been mollified without estranging Moscow Implicit in the angular encomiums showered on the Chairperson's role is NAM's renewed acceptability When it comes down to hard bargaining on arms reduction or trade and aid flows in world fora, this may not count for much But it does count Member-nations of NAM had called for a New International Economic Order, for instance, at Algiers in 1973 Today the quest for NIEO is universally respectable; it has many influential adherents in the industrialised countries, willing and eager to pursue the goal sincerely if they come to power The possibilities are no longer theoretical

Independence of nations cannot be sustained by bread alone; they also have to have pride to spur endeavour A major achievement of the New Delhi summit was to boost the pride of every participating country in itself and in belonging to the group—whether it was big or small, pro-East, pro-West or neither The feelings of shame or guilt generated at Havana evaporated as India's new-found skills in political management unobtrusively came into play Dr Fidel Castro was warmly applauded by Mrs Gandhi herself General Zia had his ritual say on Kashmir, balanced by an equally *pro forma* rebuttal by the Prime Minister The Africans were allowed to strengthen the mild wording of the Indian draft resolutions on South Africa, Namibia, Angola and so on, so were the Latin Americans on matters of concern to their continent No bubbles were pricked, no feathers ruffled Cooperation, within and without, rather than combat remained the keynote Combining resilience on peripherals with firmness on essentials, the host delegation managed to sort out all thorny issues—Afghanistan, Kampuchea and venue of the next Summit included

Whatever its antecedents, the success of the New Delhi Summit must be attributed to an extension of the Commonwealth principle Every member-nation is sovereign but bound with the rest by a sense, in one case, of shared history and, in the other, of common commitment to independence, peace and economic progress In essence, NAM now is a club with no membership fee Inwardly, the assembled kings, presidents, prime ministers, shaikhs, amirs and generals, in or out of uniform are thrilled to speak for folks back home amid a vast gathering of rulers the like of which they have seldom, if ever, the opportunity to address—with hundreds of mediamen to relay their orations selectively right round the globe. No wonder, at New Delhi, they seemed to be happy as if gliding through a seventh heaven and were so keen not to spoil the show

But those who enjoy also serve. Through calculated personal and official contacts, General Zia, King Hussain, Mr Yassar Arafat of PLO, President Amin Gemayel of Lebanon and Afghanistan's Prime Minister Kheshtmand got something for their people that months of painstaking diplomacy may or may not have been able to secure And, for India, the host, it was one long, glorious moment of triumph The carping critics of the Government who say that it had no business to deploy 30,000 security men, 10,000 cars and 6,000 men and women to cater for the needs—and whims—of visiting delegations at a cost of Rs two crores or so, when Assam is in flames and thousands of our own people in drought-stricken areas are pining for drinking water, are clearly barking up the wrong tree The nation as a whole cannot live in isolation and bridges with the world cannot be built on the cheap.

At the very least, like Asiad, NAM-7 demonstrated once again that, at a pinch, our Government works As an exercise in external relations, it was far more cost-effective. And that is no mean gain in a country that lives on hope.

Beyond NAM-7 —A Chasm

Sometimes with one, sometimes with the other, according to the merits of each case. That is non-alignment, says G.H. Jansen.

AND just where does non-alignment stand after two long weeks of deliberations at the Seventh Summit Conference in New Delhi? Before that question can be answered, one has to decide just how seriously those deliberations have to be taken That may seem a singularly irreverent approach towards a grand and prestigious occasion, what was after all the largest single gathering of Heads of State and Government ever held anywhere

Forty-nine Kings, Amirs and Presidents came to Delhi and 13 Prime Ministers, 101 countries were represented, and the meeting was covered by around 1500 mediamen The arrangements were elaborate and efficient, and that they were laid on in less than four months is a great tribute to Indian energy and application But because of the fears about security, especially concerning the Presidents of Iran and Iraq, neither of whom actually turned up, the delegates were totally secluded for first few days which was particularly frustrating for the journalists. And because of that seclusion from the outside world it became that much easier for the participants to believe that their deliberations were of real importance.

Those deliberations, mainly the wording and rewording of paragraphs in the final declaration were intense and prolonged, especially in the drafting committees, and in the final days the delegates, working against time, were exhausted for lack of sleep. Even for the journalists, observing from the outside, it was not easy not to be caught up in this rush and bustle of activity which, it would seem, surely must be of importance. Yet the hard fact is that what the non-aligned say actually counts for little, it is not noticed, it makes little difference because all the 101 put together have little financial, military and economic power, though they have enormous potential As the President of Algeria put it, rather pathetically, "The great powers barely notice us."

Take the three-day-long discussion by the Foreign Ministers on who should represent Kampuchea Whatever was decided, and it was finally decided not to put anyone in the Kampuchean seat, it did not make the slightest difference to the struggle going on in the rice fields and jungles of Kampuchea

With a typical touch of Nehru hauteur, Mrs Gandhi said she had no intention of going around pleading anybody's case. If she and the eight-member committee, constituted to take over from the seven-member Arab committee set up by the Summit, are not prepared to do just that then it was a futile gesture to set it up in the first place. The Palestinians, if not Arab heads of state, deserve more from the new leader of the non-aligned.

(The only useful purpose this debate served was to reveal that the non-aligned are split into three more or less equal groups, 30 pro-West, 35 pro-East—on this issue anyway—and 36 sitting on the fence.)

Thus the delegates, with a long elaborate agenda to deal with and convinced of the importance of their task, produced a mass of words in the final declaration. There is the New Delhi message to the whole world, then there are the very long political and economic declarations, a separate action programme for economic cooperation, and a declaration on collective self-reliance. The last Havana Summit produced something like 56,000 words; New Delhi has brought forth at least as many and probably more. Since,

BACK TO CENTRE POINT? There was much anticipation, especially in the West, that with Mrs Gandhi as Chairman the movement would swing away from the leftward tilt given to it by Castro, says the author.

except for the specialist, no one is going to read through this boring book, the conference, in the long run, is not a success. India wanted a much shorter, pungent, pointed final statement but she was overborne because all the various members wanted their particular grievances to be aired: one of the penalties of an inflated membership.

Several speakers called for a revitalisation of the movement and a fresh statement of its values and objectives. The conference certainly tried to do this: there is a lot about what non-alignment is supposed to be in the New Delhi message, as also in the prologue and epilogue to the political declaration, but nothing new or striking. The trouble is that the original formulations about non-alignment were the thoughts of a great man, Nehru; these present texts are only rewordings by officials who were mainly responsible for the drafting. On one of the special conference boards that dotted the streets of New Delhi there was a very apt quotation from Mrs Gandhi: "Non-alignment Is The Courage Of Independence". But she did not expand on the thought in her speech, and in the speeches of other delegates every conceivable definition except the right one was given.

It is significant that no less than three of the "non-aligned" leaders who aligned with the West—Bourguiba of Tunisia, Mubarak of Egypt, and Arap Moi of Kenya—explicitly defined it as "equidistance" between the super powers which everyone knows it is not. Was this a coincidental mistake or was there orchestration? The political declaration itself got it wrong when it said: "The quintessence of the policy of non-alignment has always consisted of the struggle against imperialism, colonialism" and so on; or, as Premier Bishop of Grenada put it, "Non-alignment is anti-imperialism, anti-colonialism, anti-racism, anti-zionism, etc." Non-alignment is not just negatively *anti* this, that or the other. This is to confuse the result with the master principle of independence, which politicians do not seem to wish to declare because it is too clear and simple and challenging.

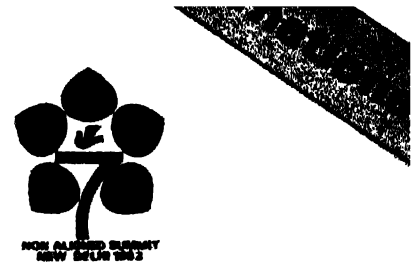
Lacking a redefinition of principles the suggestions made for reforming the movement got lost in the stream of words but should be noted. The result of the Kampuchean debate was what appeared to be an understanding that a committee would draw up criteria for the expulsion or suspension of members. But this most valuable suggestion just does not appear in the final declaration. Then, after all the self-congratulatory speeches on the rapid growth of the movement, the Iranian representative said, quite rightly, that quality was more important than quantity and that a "supervisory" body should be set up to check on the members' non-aligned credentials. If only that would come about! And the Peruvian delegate correctly said that consensus, that favourite *mantra* of the non-aligned, was "useless and contrary to the movement's principles". Perhaps it is not contrary, but useless it is.

As regards concrete achievements, the conference rightly seemed to place more emphasis on economic than on political problems. But it is on economic questions that despite calls for global negotiations and so on, it has got nowhere. Because as the Malaysian Premier said: "There is no hope in the north-south dialogue... the insensitive north will make no concessions." What was of practical value was the new idea of an international debt restructuring facility because behind it lies the real threat that the debtors cartel will declare mass bankruptcy. Politically, the conference could achieve nothing on two war situations—on Afghanistan because the Afghan Premier told the conference to mind its own business and on the Iran-Iraq war because Iran rejected every idea for a negotiated settlement.

However, the New Delhi declaration was courageous in naming names in condemnation. The US was roundly denounced, many times, for its assistance to Israel, and both the US and Russia were asked not to build up their military power in the Indian Ocean. Why was there no mention of Russia in the section of Afghanistan? Nothing was said about Zaire resuming relations with Israel, though denunciations of Israel covered several pages of text. Diego Garcia was mentioned but not under the issue of the Indian Ocean as a zone of peace, to which the main threat is Diego Garcia. To please Sri Lanka, which did not want to displease America, Diego Garcia has become a problem of decolonisation, not the nuclear menace it is.

There was much anticipation, especially in the West, that under Mrs Gandhi's Chairmanship the movement would be swung back to centre point, away from the leftward tilt given to it by Castro. She showed scant respect for his claim that Russia was "the natural ally" of non-alignment when she remarked before the conference, "I do not know what a natural ally is." Yet the declaration is weighted more against the US than Russia. But no one felt that this was due to an Indian tilt. It is simply that at present the US follows policies and has friends like Israel that put it at loggerheads with the non-aligned. That is non-alignment sometimes with one, sometimes with the other, according to the merits of each case.

One cardinal idea, notably absent, was population control. Since almost all the economic ills of the Third World can be traced to rapidly increasing populations it is very strange that there was no mention of this subject and no suggestion of action in all the many words on commodity controls and special drawing rights and UNCTAD VI. This is a perfect example of how conferenciers, busy with their formulations, can get right away from the problems of the real world.



Mrs Gandhi, the new chairperson, as she seems to prefer to be called, said she would take her responsibilities seriously. But she backed away from two suggestions that she give a lead. Arafat proposed that she should head a non-aligned delegation that should visit the friends of Israel in the West and impress on them the dangers of the Middle East situation; in short to give the peace process a much needed shove. And Jayawardene of Sri Lanka suggested that she do the same thing but in order to make the rich countries realise that they are interdependent with the poor and that both are caught up in the same crisis. The two missions could have been combined. Nothing came of these good suggestions obviously because the lady was unwilling. Which is a pity.

In any conference there is always the useful byproduct of personal contacts, and New Delhi was no exception. Indeed, there were reconciliations between some of the squabbling Arab states which was a very good thing. But these were due to enforced proximity rather than non-alignment.

So what is the answer to our initial question? Non-alignment after the conference stands much where it did, and looks much the same, as it did before the meeting. The main cause of this immobility is its by now unwieldy bulk. The movement's membership is simply too large and undiscriminating, and it is so large that it can no longer be slimmed down and it can no longer move vigorously. It is indeed rather like an elephant sunk upto its belly in a swamp, but which can still thrash around and trumpet mighty loud. ■

Critics Are All Wrong

Major Move Forward

Belgrade, Cairo, Lusaka, Algiers, Colombo, Havana and now New Delhi have hosted the non-aligned summit conference of heads of State or Government since 1961. Each summit represented a certain stage in the development of the Non-Aligned Movement (NAM). What is the significance of the seventh summit in Delhi held this month? T.N. Kaul, former Foreign Secretary, takes stock.

THE results of the seventh summit have to be judged not by its venue and excellent arrangements made by the host country. These are important but what is even more important is the fallout of the summit in the political, economic and security fields of the non-aligned countries. How far has the seventh summit succeeded in tackling and meeting the internal and external threats to NAM? To what extent have the fears and apprehensions of some non-aligned countries been removed? Which factors have prevailed? Those that unite the movement and strengthen its solidarity or those that divide and weaken it? How is the movement likely to develope in the next three years with India as chairman?

These are legitimate questions and although no final answers can be provided to all of them, the trends are there and point in a definite direction. What are these trends that have emerged from the seventh summit?

The Delhi summit has done well to put first things first and brought the focus on the urgent need for peace and disarmament, nuclear disarmament in particular. Without peace in the world there can be little economic development which is the greatest need of the non-aligned countries. And peace in the thermo-nuclear age of today hangs by a slender thread; the sword of Damocles is there in the dangerous and precarious balance of nuclear terror which threatens the very survival of mankind. The Delhi summit has, therefore, rightly gone back to the 1961 summit's priority for nuclear disarmament and peace. Though the NAM may not be able to make an immediate dent on the policies of the nuclear weapon countries, it can, in the long run, help mobilise world public opinion on this issue. It can act as a catalytic agent to the movement for a nuclear freeze which is gaining ground rapidly among the peoples of the world in general and those of the nuclear weapon powers in particular. India's stand and role on this question has been consistently commendable and helped to consolidate non-aligned opinion.

While the emphasis on peace and nuclear disarmament is necessary, it does not, by itself, help the economic and social development of the Third World, unless the resources that are today being wasted on armaments by the developed countries, are diverted to help the developing countries. One half of the world's population—mainly in the Third World—is still living below the poverty line. Pious declarations and long-winded resolutions are of little significance and meaning to these hundreds of millions of hungry and poor people in the Third World.

The seventh summit has, therefore, rightly concentrated its attention on the widening economic gulf between the developed and the developing countries and emphasised the urgent need for both a North-South and a South-South dialogue. The former is likely to take time, judging by the tardy progress in holding global negotiations, but the pressure must continue. At the same time, the non-aligned countries could do much more than they have done so far in achieving collective self-reliance, to the maximum extent possible, among themselves. The Delhi summit's concrete proposals to pool together the potentialities of the Third World through commodity, trade, transit, shipping, financial, banking and communications arrangements and the creation of Food and Energy Reserves and a common fund are steps in the right direction.

However, much more needs to be done in a concrete manner. For instance, India's technical and infrastructural know-how could be utilised by the developing countries more usefully and economically than Western technology which is available only in limited measure and at exorbitant prices and not always suited to the conditions prevailing in the developing world. India could also train many more students from the Third World countries if the latter (especially OPEC) are willing to help finance special institutions in India for this purpose. Already India has over 30,000 students from the Third World but the demand is much greater, especially in view of the increase in the fees imposed by UK, USA and other Western developed countries. The petro-dollars could be invested more usefully and productively in the oil-importing developing and the least developed or most seriously affected countries, instead of being invested on buying real estate and armaments and being recycled in the developed West.

This raises the question: How are the non-aligned countries to safeguard their security unless they have enough arms for their defence? This is an important and legitimate question. Experience shows that the answer does not lie in embarking on an arms race which will only make them more and not less dependent on the arms manufacturing countries in both the power blocs. By supplying arms to opposing sides within the non-aligned family, the two power blocs

are projecting the cold war into the Third World and fighting their battles by proxy, as it were, on our soil.

The answer really depends on the willingness of the non-aligned countries to enter into treaties and agreements among themselves, in each sub-region and region, eg South Asia, South-East Asia, Indochina, the Gulf and West Asia, Africa, the Caribbean, Central and South America. Such agreements and treaties could provide not only for economic, technical, cultural and scientific cooperation but also for non-aggression and non-interference in internal affairs and entering into immediate mutual consultations in case of aggression or threat of aggression against any signatory. The presence of countries like India and Pakistan, Egypt and Indonesia, Vietnam and Bangladesh, Nigeria and the Congo, Tanzania and Zambia, Guyana and Trinidad, Mexico and Argentina (to name only a few) in such agreements would provide a greater sense of security to each region as a whole and help keep out foreign interference, specially by great and super powers.

It is by such treaties and agreements that situations like those in Afghanistan and Kampuchea, Iran and Iraq and the internecine quarrels within the NAM could be defused and prevented. India will have to take the initiative which has been lacking so far.

The seventh summit has done well in not letting these internecine and divisive issues divert attention from the more important and unifying factors in NAM. India's role in defusing the explosive potentialities of the Afghanistan and Kampuchea situations been appreciated, by and large, by almost all the delegations—privately, if not publicly. India may be in a minority but that does not mean it is wrong. As Jawaharlal Nehru said in the early years of NAM, India may sometimes have to plough a lonely furrow. We did so from the early 50s in the case of the People's Republic of China occupying its rightful seat in the UN and the rest of the world accepted that position in 1971. We have also proved right in our stand on Afghanistan and now Pakistan seems to be veering round to the view that a peaceful political dialogue is a better and only way to resolve this question than a confrontation. Similarly, in the case of Kampuchea, the ASEAN will have to enter into a political dialogue with Indochina rather than try to impose a government supported by some great powers from outside on Kampuchea.

On questions like those of colonialism, imperialism, neo-colonialism and racism there are no basic differences among the non-aligned. They cannot be and are not indifferent to these basic issues. Some may be more emphatic and militant than others but that is only natural. The front line states which are directly affected naturally feel more strongly. But, there is no question of weakening the non-aligned stand on these questions. India, as chairman, will have to further unite the non-aligned countries on these issues so that early solutions may be found, especially on the independence of Namibia and the right of the people of South Africa to equality.

The serious situations which threaten the peace and security, the unity and development of the non-aligned are aggravated by the denial of the inalienable right of the people of Palestine, Nicaragua, El Salvadore, Cuba and Surinam to live in peace and freedom as independent nations in their own homeland. Israel's continued occupation of Arab territories acquired by war and the use of force is a standing menace to peace. The attempts of some great powers to bolster Israel and divide the Arabs must be resisted and countered by the NAM. There can be no peace in the Middle-East unless Israel withdraws from all Arab territories occupied during and after the 1967 war. She must respect the right of the Arabs, including Palestinians, to live within secure and peaceful frontiers if she demands the same for herself.

The loud applause and hearty ovations received by Yasser Arafat, head of the PLO, Nujoma the head of SWAPO and Fidel Castro, President of Cuba, symbolise the depth of feeling among the non-aligned on these issues. India has been second to none in giving support to these questions. Her success, as chairman of the NAM, will depend not only on her own attitude but also on the unity and solidarity among the Arabs. If this unity is there then India could exert diplomatic and political pressure and influence on the powers that be to arrive at a peaceful political solution. The alternative is violent conflict and confrontation which is in nobody's long term interest, neither that of USA or USSR nor that of Israel or the Arabs.

India must state her national stand on these issues clearly and firmly. That will strengthen and not weaken India's role as chairman of the NAM. Her forthright stand on keeping Kampuchea's seat vacant called the ASEAN bluff, spearheaded by Singapore, and brought the NAM to a proper frame of mind. On the issue of Afghanistan opinion in the NAM is gradually veering round to India's stand and India must not yield to "Islamic" or other pressures.

Mrs Gandhi's two speeches—especially her second one—on the opening day of the summit put things in their proper perspective and order of priority—peace and disarmament, the widening gap between the developed and developing countries, the urgent need for a South-South dialogue. Her emphasis on the questions of Namibia, Palestine, imperialism, colonialism, neo-colonialism and apartheid, the Indian Ocean and the Iran-Iraq conflict, was well received. However, it is necessary to follow up these initiatives concretely both at the national and international levels.

The summit is over. What are its gains and losses? It is perhaps too early to assess them but the trends point in a positive direction.

FIDEL CASTRO LOOKS ON PASSIVELY as the Summit's Secretary-General K. Natwar Singh holds a hurried briefing with the New Conference Chairperson, Indira Gandhi.

The Summit is over. What are its gains and losses? It is perhaps too early to assess them but the following trends point in a positive direction:

1. The attempt by some countries to weaken and divide the movement from within has failed. But, they are likely to make further attempts to destroy the convention of consensus on procedural grounds. This will have to be strongly resisted. The NAM, unlike the UN, does not decide questions by a simple majority but by consensus. Where there is no consensus—as on Kampuchea—the previous Summit decision stands. India, as chairman, will have to be firm on this.
2. The internecine quarrels and conflicts within the NAM have not been settled, but they have not been allowed to divide the Movement. However, this is not enough. India, as chairman, with the help and cooperation of others, will have to take concrete initiatives to resolve them politically and peacefully through dialogue and discussion rather than allow the present confrontation to continue. As chairman, India could and should take bolder initiatives which she was perhaps hesitant to do so far. For instance, there are chances of defusing the situation in Afghanistan and, with time, bringing about a *modus vivendi* between the Indochina states and ASEAN on Kampuchea. The Iran-Iraq conflict will take more time and effort to resolve peacefully, but India stands in a favourable position to attempt this. She is trusted by both parties and has the overwhelming support of the NAM in this regard.
3. The NAM must take bolder initiatives in convening a conference on the Indian Ocean. Whether the US Administration agrees or not we must mobilise opinion among the non-aligned littoral and hinterland states and other interested powers. The NAM has given a mandate on this which must be followed up.
4. Similarly, on the need for collective self-reliance and a South-South dialogue the NAM has given a clear direction. This needs to be followed up simultaneously with efforts to have a North-South dialogue and global negotiations. What is needed is political will among the non-aligned developing countries. It does exist but is lying dormant and needs to be activated. India could play a very important role in this matter, being one of the most developed of the developing countries.
5. On peace and disarmament, and nuclear disarmament in particular, there is need to mobilise support both in the developing and developed countries. The approach has to be step by step—calling for a freeze of nuclear stockpiles and the prohibition of first strike, followed by a ban on the use and production of nuclear weapons and their final liquidation. At the same time nuclear technology must not be allowed to become a monopoly of the nuclear weapon powers and their allies. It should be made available to all countries, especially the developing countries, under international safeguards made applicable to all countries, especially the nuclear weapon countries, unlike in the Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty (NPT) which is discriminatory in character.

At the same time the use and production of bacteriological, chemical and binary weapons of mass destruction must be totally banned. The seventh summit has given

riority to this and it is now upto India as chairman, and others to follow this up rigorously and effectively.

6. Last, but not the least important, is the struggle against colonialism, imperialism, neo-colonialism and racial discrimination, the struggle for national self-determination of all peoples and nations in Africa, Asia, the Caribbean, Central and South America, and the need to safeguard the security, independence and development of all non-aligned countries, especially the smaller ones. The summit has given a clarion call on all these matters but mere resolutions will not do. The NAM must mobilise political, moral as well as material support for all such struggles. It must try to enlarge the area and climate of peace on the basis of mutuality of interests and solidarity in action.

Treaties of peace, friendship, cooperation and non-aggression, providing for immediate mutual consultations in case of a threat to any signatory, should be canvassed on a sub-regional, regional and inter-regional basis.

7. The creation of a New Economic International Order (NIEO) is important. So is the need for a New Information and Communication Order (NICO) where India could take a lead.

The above are only illustrative and not exhaustive points—which have been indicated in the Delhi declaration. There is need to evolve a machinery by India, as chairman, on an informal basis to start with, to implement and give effect to the mandate of the NAM. India will have to strengthen her delegation at the UN where the non-aligned Bureau operates. She may also have to set up an informal national advisory body at home, comprising eminent and qualified persons, to collect, collate and assess information from all non-aligned regions and sub-regions and put it up to the chairman for concrete follow up action. The Bureau in New York is too large to do this and needs to be supplemented by such a small informal body.

India has accepted a heavy responsibility as chairman of the NAM for the next three years. Mrs Indira Gandhi has indicated India's position in clear terms at the summit. She will have the full support not only of the government machinery but of all her people and those of the Third World to translate these ideas into action ■

PRESIDENT ZIA addressing the Conference. The signing of a bilateral accord between the Foreign Ministers of India and Pakistan was commended by the General.

World Economic Reform

Still A Cry In The Wilderness

The Seventh Non-Aligned Summit met under the shadow of a world economic crisis which threatens to re-enact the tragedy of the great depression of the 1930's. The conjunction of circumstances is truly foreboding, says L.K.Sharma.

IT was at Algiers in 1973 that the Fourth Non-Aligned Summit gave the call for a New International Economic Order. A decade later, the non-aligned movement is still knocking at the doors of the industrialised North to let it sit at the negotiating table.

World production has started declining and the world trade turnover has remained stagnant over the past two years. Developed market economies are going through a recession, with unemployment exceeding 10 per cent of the labour force.

The per capita gross domestic produce of many developing countries has declined for the first time since the WWII. The export earnings of developing countries have also shown an ominous decline. Commodity prices in real terms are the lowest in the last 50 years. The terms of trade are the worst ever and the onslaught of protectionism is crippling.

Developing countries are facing an erosion of financial flows with a fall in medium and long-term lendings. Concessional flows have declined and conditionality of financial assistance has hardened. Their balance of payments deficits and their debt burden has reached crushing levels.

The foreign exchange loss suffered by developing countries during the past two years is estimated at $ 200 billion. This loss has been due to a fall in export earnings in the wake of a collapse of commodity prices, rise in debt service payments because of high interest rates and decline in the annual rate of private bank lending to developing countries.

To add to all this there has been a disruption in international economic relations.

Developing countries face disaster but in an inter-dependent world, their plight has set off a chain reaction leading to a decline in their import capacity, consequential reduction in the exports of developed countries and contraction of world economic activity.

One has to remember that 30 per cent of the developed countries' exports go to developing countries: that Mexico is the third largest market for the US and Nigeria is the largest market of the United Kingdom.

Most of the experts ascribe the present troubled state of the economy to attempts made by the industrialised nations to curb double-digit inflation by contractionist policies, by raising their interest rates and allowing growth to slow down and unemployment to rise.

Meeting against this sombre background, the Non-Aligned Summit could hardly afford to devote all its time to quibbling over the vacant seat of Kampuchea and inevitably the economic issues came into sharp focus in the speeches of the heads of state and government. The incoming Chairperson, Mrs Indira Gandhi, set the tone by devoting most of her keynote address to the current world economic crisis and its debilitating impact on developing countries.

Her address contained no ideological outbursts and no accusations. Besides a dispassionate analysis of the situation, what it did contain was some concrete proposals, such as the one on convening an international conference on money and finance for development.

If the media did not reflect this marked emphasis on the economic issues, it is because all are familiar with the bazar version of the Afghanistan and the Kampuchean problems but there is no bazar version of the global round of negotiations available.

The fact that development has a significant political dimension is not to be forgotten. It is basically because of the lack of political will that the North-South dialogue is stalled. With the economic clout of the OPEC group having been weakened, all that the Non-Aligned Movement has is its political standing.

The summit was strongly urged to exercise such political pressures as it is capable of. To this end, Sri Lanka, Algeria and Pakistan made different proposals for the non-aligned leaders taking an initiative for direct summit-level contacts with the North. However, the new Chairperson, Mrs Gandhi, opted for a more cautious approach instead of rushing with a demonstrative gesture. She called upon developed countries to join her and other Third World leaders at the forthcoming session of the UN General Assembly in September for a dialogue on all issues of common concern.

Mrs Gandhi had to be doubly cautious because unfortunately the Non-Aligned Movement has not matured enough to trust a select group from within to talk to the North at the summit level. While a summit with universal participation can hardly conduct a meaningful business, the idea of a restricted summit does not appeal to most members. No one wants to be left out.

It is this lack of mutual trust besides the lack of financial supporting mechanism which has hampered the progress of Economic Corporation among Developing Countries (ECDC). Much was said at the summit on the virtues of South-South cooperation but little was done to ensure that it becomes a reality.

The OPEC group came determined to resist any suggestions that may involve a financial commitment on its part. Other concrete proposals were either watered down or shelved through the familiar mechanism of reference for feasibility reports.

And all this after a dismal review of the progress of ECDC was presented to the summit. It stated that in the absence of requisite financing arrangements, proposals and schemes of ECDC were yet to get off the ground. The only response of the summit was to delete a reference to financial mechanism from the draft of an eloquent document which in the final form emerged as a "declaration" on collective self-reliance.

Among the North-South issues, high on the economic agenda of the non-aligned summit was money and finance, one of the areas of critical importance to developing countries. The programme of immediate measures commented to the North by the summit covers three other critical areas—trade and raw materials, energy and food and agriculture.

The programme of immediate measures was formulated because of the disappointing history of the talks for launching global negotiations which envisage a comprehensive and integrated approach to all issues. Gandhi said, "some of the problems of developing countries are urgent and brook no delay."

The summit has adopted a flexible approach to the Third World's negotiating strategy. As a delegate put it, instead of catch words, there are concrete proposals, instead of rhetoric, there is recognition of reality in the economic declaration of the summit.

The insistence on structural changes in the inequitable and outdated international monetary and financial system is there but it is not projected as an all-prevasive obsession. The all-or-nothing approach seems to have been abandoned and there are several suggestions for being implemented within the existing framework of the international institutions.

Despite suggestions by some member countries, the declaration has steered clear of expressions such as "debtors' cartel" or collective renegotiation of debts. The final document only talks about development of a →

framework for the restructuring of the debt burden of developing countries as an orderly response to the possible emergence of a serious debt crisis.

The programme of immediate measures calls for an increase in official development assistance, increase of IMF quotas to a level of 125 billion SDR, an immediate review of IMF conditionality and a substantial expansion of the current lending programme of the World Bank.

In the field of trade and raw materials, the declaration demands increased market access in developed countries for the Third World exports. It wants early ratification of the common fund agreement so as to bring it into operation by January 1, 1984.

With regard to energy, the programme calls for a net expansion of World Bank lending in the energy sector and the establishment of an energy affiliate of the bank.

In the area of food and agriculture, the declaration calls for an expansion of the food financing facility of IMF to cover other essential food items, increase in food reserves and the establishment of a food security system.

A major proposal contained in the programme of immediate measures is for convening an international conference on money and finance for development. This conference, with universal participation, will aim at a comprehensive reform of the existing inequitable and outdated international monetary and financial system.

The scope and the jurisdiction of the conference have not been defined precisely and perhaps intentionally with a view to first eliciting from the North its response to this proposal. The North has religiously kept financial and monetary issues out of the purview of the scrutiny by developing countries. On the eve of the Non-Aligned Summit, the US President, Mr Ronald Reagan, in a reply to Gen Ershad of Bangladesh strongly defended the role of the existing institutions, thus ruling out consideration of any structural reforms. (Bangladesh is the current Chairman of the Group of 77 developing countries which coordinates the Third World strategy for negotiations with developed countries.)

Any discussion on what developing countries want in the area of money and finance cannot avoid the term Bretton Woods system (named after a village in the United States) where the IMF was founded in 1945. The body of monetary rules under this system centred on fixed currency values expressed in terms of gold or dollars. The system broke down in 1971 but the world is still in search of a monetary system with more stability than the current one and less rigidity than that of Bretton Woods.

The current imperfect system operating in very difficult conditions has affected developing countries far more and they remain "innocent victims and bystanders" utterly exposed to outside financial pressures. It is this vulnerability and thin margins of financial protection, according to a UN expert, that has made developing countries call for reform, both in the regulatory aspects of the system and in financial assistance it provides. The criticism of the role of IMF was quite sharp at the Non-Aligned Summit.

A mere expansion of lendable resources to IMF cannot deal with the structural problems of trade and monetary imbalances in the world economy. For this, a new institution would have to be created. Such an "international trade organisation" was proposed at Bretton Woods when IMF was created, but its charter was never ratified.

The New Delhi Summit marked a change in the Third World strategy for talks with the North on global negotiations which should have been launched more than two years ago.

To cut a dismal story short, the last round of talks on this subject were held after Versailles Summit of the industrialised countries. But then the Group of 77 was told to accept the terms of finalised by the Versailles Summit.

The only silver lining is that the North has not gone back on its commitment in principle to hold global negotiations. The group of 77 had earlier no intention of compromising with regard to the character and scope of global negotiations. It did not want these in a truncated form. But it got weary of negotiations and made some concessions last year.

Even this did not help and two procedural points have remained to be sorted out. Developed countries do not want any reference to the UN resolution that may have the intent of binding them to the central conference decisions.

The New Delhi summit marked a change in the Third World strategy for talks with the North on global negotiations which should have been launched more than two years ago.

They also want to ensure that any ad hoc groups to be created should not duplicate the existing appropriate fora. Developing countries have opposed this as it would restrict the scope of the central conference where they may have some political voice.

The G-77 has already assured the North that all decisions in the central conference forum will be taken by consensus. But this has not made any difference and developed countries continue to fear that the Third World might try to alter the power structure and control over specialised agencies like IMF, the World Bank and GATT.

The Seventh Non-Aligned Summit, at the initiative of Algeria which proposed a two-phase global negotiations, has gone more than half-way to meet the North. The declaration says that global negotiations may be held in two phases and the first phase may deal with those issues on the formulation on and allocation of which agreement would have been reached. A conference with the United Nations be convened to launch the first phase in early 1984.

The second phase will cover contentious issues, particularly those affecting the structure of the international economic system and institutions.

They all may say that it is a good document that the Non-Aligned Summit has produced, working day and night, but what is a good document if the North refuses to look at it.

The assessment of the possible response of the North varies. Some, including Dr Mehbub-Ul-Haq, feel that developed countries might like to take advantage of this flexible and realistic approach at a time when a mild economic recovery is starting.

Others are pessimistic. They accuse the North of having used the talk of global negotiations to delay decisions on international economic cooperation at other fora. They feel with the brusting of the oil bubble, the little leverage that the South had has gone.

Dr Haq, on the other hand, points out that the North did not respond even when the OPEC had the clout and the Non-Aligned Movement was under a militant leadership. He feels that a dialogue will start because of the "shared nervousness and shared interests".

It is true that the EEC countries would also like the US to be more flexible. They have greater interest in a comprehensive North-South dialogue because of their stakes in the Third World markets, their dependence on the OPEC oil and their appreciation of the linkages between economic situation and world tensions.

But even the EEC countries have failed to move the United States and without the United States there can be no global negotiations.

The Non-Aligned Movement is calling but is anyone listening? ■

These Are Hard Times For The UN...

...says the world's top civil servant, Javier Perez de Cuellar, the UN Secretary-General in an exclusive interview with our special correspondent.

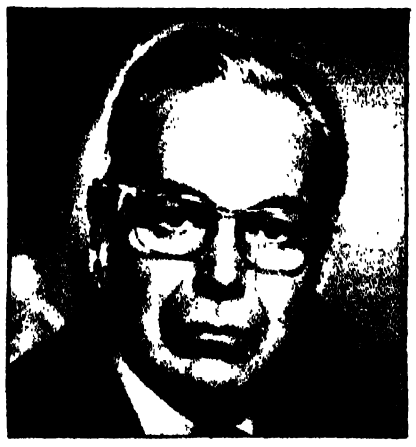
FOR Javier Perez de Cuellar, the soft-spoken Peruvian diplomat who stepped into the position of Secretary-General of the United Nations, the running theme is "I keep trying, we must keep trying." When in New Delhi to attend the Seventh Summit of the Non-Aligned Movement, the Secretary-General met several Third World leaders, all in the space of three days.

Behind the unruffled demeanour, however, is a heavy sense of disappointment. "It would be unfair if I mention some specific frustation. But there is constant frustration. You open the papers and you see there are so many problems and you cannot help solve them because the political will of the governments is not there." Frustration is inherent in the job—the most prestigious and the most thankless in the world.

What is remarkable is that frustration has not paralysed the institution. It is remarkable that, though issues have dragged on for decades, no major initiative taken by the UN has been really buried. The world is dissatisfied with the United Nations but the world is not ready to dispense with it.

"All our limitations stem from the fact that we are an organisation of governments." Even so, the "instrument" of the United Nations must be put to the fullest possible use. "I think that something has to be done in order that resolutions of the Security Council, especially when they are unanimous, are honestly implemented by member-countries. The drama of this organisation is that the countries have forgotten that they have signed a Charter, and that the UN Charter is for them a juridical commitment."

Javier Perez de Cuellar has made a bid to put more muscle into the organisation in his own way. In his 1982 report on the working of the organisation, the soft-spoken lawyer turned diplomat threatened, as it were, to invoke Article 99 of the UN Charter, which



JAVIER PEREZ DE CUELLAR.

says, "The Secretary-General may bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security."

"I have not invoked article 99 so far. I prefer to use quiet diplomacy. Here in your own city (New Delhi) I have involved myself in so many dialogues which are tantamount to preventive diplomacy—being always there, you know, to say that the United Nations Secretary-General is at your disposal. It is trying to prevent a situation from becoming a confrontation—trying to pre-empt a crisis.

"If, however, for one reason or the other, one or some of the member countries do not want to raise a problem (in the Security Council) which I personally feel is a threat to international peace or security, I will not hesitate to invoke Article 99.

"But, at the same time, resort to Article 99 is always dramatic. If I could, I would avoid the drama."

This report has been a major satisfaction for the Secretary-General. "Things had to be said and we said them." Moreover, not only did the General Assembly support the report but the members of the Security Council—"who are rather a difficult club you know!"—have decided to reflect and work on it.

What the Secretary-General really means to do is to administer a diplomatic prod to the world organisation whose image, for various complex reasons, is at its ineffectual worst today in its 37 years of existence. Indeed, the main theme of the report acknowledges frankly that the UN has been unable to play as effective a role as the Chater envisaged for it.

When the UN came into existence in 1946 it inherited the concerns of a world singed by the fires of war—but a world not devoid of contrition and thirst for peace and justice. The feeling of "never again" was fresh among the 51 member-states who signed the Charter. Today, as many as 157 countries sit in the General Assembly and the Security Council, the inner sanctum of the UN, has been expanded. The permanent members are the same in name—the USA, the USSR, the UK, France and China. Their faces have changed. The sun has set a long while ago on the empire and the atom is a household word.

Apart from the threat of a nuclear catastrophe that hangs over the scene, never before has the crucible of man's history held as many active and simultaneously sizzling conflict-situations in the world as today: Palestine, Southern Africa, the Falklands, Kampuchea, Iraq-Iran, Cyprus, Latin America and Afghanistan. Indeed, there is hardly a nation in the world which is at peace with all its neighbours or a government at total peace with its own people. The UN has failed to unscramble all this. Yet this organisation of governments, of countries has not stood by either, but has involved itself in each of these regions, in one capacity or another, instead of packing up in despair, as some might have wished.

Mr Perez de Cuellar cites the success of tenacity in one instance at least. "Only through negotiations can there be solutions. The Law Of The Sea took nine years to establish. What has been achieved is enormous, inconceivable. Some countries who have difficulties will understand that they have to join the convention that serves the whole of humanity." The new convention of the Law Of The Sea was adopted in April 1982, defining not only the use and limits of territorial waters but also establishing a legal regime to govern the use of the ocean floor lying beyond all limits of national jurisdiction.

given some face-saving devices. What I have in mind is not to make publicity but to get results. I sometimes get better results from my quiet diplomacy than I would get if I took the whole thing to the Human Rights Commission in which there is a terrible debate, political elements are injected and nothing happens." "But," pauses Mr Perez de Cuellar, "sometimes I achieve nothing."

Similarly, arising from the problems of a government's relationship with its own people, is the growth of sharp social and economic disparities within a nation, the ugly juxtaposition of stark hunger and lush opulence. The poor get poorer and the rich get richer. Economic policies of governments shaped by political considerations are set to frustrate the goals of the strategy for international development.

"I could not agree with you more," asserts Mr Perez de Cuellar. "I come from a country where there are dramatic economic disparities. There is a solution. Of course, there is a solution. It is to go to the structures—the economic structures of governments. To modify them. But the political will is not there. The UN produces quite a number of resolutions which are not implemented. We have to go to the roots of the problem and keep fighting for real social justice.

"Not only in developing countries but in highly developed countries, I have seen tremendous social injustices.

"The United Nations addresses all social and economic problems of all the Third World countries. Unfortunately, we do not have the funds. We are witnessing, moreover, a decline in economic support to multilateral assistance. Most countries, Western or Eastern, prefer bilateral aid that is more visible. I will always prefer the multilateral. Take the UNDP which gives without preconditions, but we have no funds. Still, the UN organisations like UNEP, HABITAT, ILO and WHO are all trying their best."

But these are hard times for the United Nations and Mr Perez de Cuellar, without mincing words, says, "In some developed countries, mainly Western countries, there is bad publicity against the United Nations. They mixed up some issues, mainly the Middle East issues which have really very much affected the image of the United Nations in the US, which is a source of permanent concern for me."

"They politicise the United Nations and fail to realise that the UN is not a political forum. The UN is the whole system of assistance to the whole world addressed to all human problems."

That is not a perception shared either by the club of rich nations or the new rabble of the poor, the strong military powers flexing their muscles of sovereignty or the militarily weak seeking frantically to defend their sovereignty. The Secretary-General of the United Nations has miles to go. ■

What the Secretary-General really means to do is to administer a diplomatic prod to the world organisation whose image, for various complex reasons, is at its ineffectual worst today in its 37 years of existence. Indeed, the main theme of his report acknowledges frankly that the UN has been unable to play as effective a role as the Charter envisaged for it.

One of the major personal concerns of the Secretary-General has been the protection and promotion of human rights. It is in this area that one senses the deep personal disenchantment of the Peruvian diplomat. Human rights violations on a stupendous scale are taking place every day, 35 years after the Declaration of Human Rights was proclaimed by the United Nations in 1948. The General Assembly has considered the flagrant violations in Southern Africa, in the Arab territories occupied by Israel, in Chile and in El Salvador and expressed indignation. But there are only palliatives to deal with problems that require fundamental and radical solutions.

"It is always the same thing," says Mr Perez de Cuellar.

"The General Assembly has adopted a declaration of human rights. Everything is there. But unfortunately it is not implemented."

"Secondly, there is a body, the Human Rights Commission. Unfortunately, and we cannot help it, it is politicised. Because it is an organisation of governments. The governments are all trying to defend their own interests or the interests of their friends.

"But there is another way in which I am trying my hand. It is again the quiet diplomacy of the Secretary-General. I have an instrument—the Centre for Human Rights. There are many questions which I deal with by personally meeting the Ambassadors in New York, to improve the state of the people suffering.

"It is not sometimes easy to understand

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PERHAPS. THE FASTEST SPORT, to be played on a frozen surface, ice hockey is packed with constant action.

A Unique Sport In Simla

When Mr Blessington of the Blessington Hotel noticed that water froze easily at Simla, he started an experimental ice skating rink for himself and his friends. It proved so popular that it was soon thrown open to the English public. At the rink, the ice is converted into water through a natural process of atmospheric freezing as no artificial aids are used. K.S. Tomar recounts its glorious past.

THE ice skating rink at Simla, the only of its kind in the entire South East Asia is a paradise for winter sports enthusiasts, during the season which lasts from the last week of November right upto the end of March.

It was started in 1920 at the instance of an English gentleman, Mr Blessington. In the early days skating remained restricted to the Europeans but after Independence it was thrown open to Indians. Today, it attracts thousands of skating enthusiasts to the membership roster of the club. Mr Blessington had perceived that refrigerating ice would be an easy job in Simla because of the low temperature. The Blessington courts (4 Tennis Courts) at the club became the centre of the skating rink. The Garhwalis (natives of the Garhwal, hills of UP) who come to Simla in search of livelihood soon mastered the art of maintaining frozen ice. It is interesting to note that these Garhwalis (the skaters at Simla call them "mates") seem to have the ability of forecasting the weather and can even predict from the direction of the wind whether the sky will be overcast or not on a particular day since water cannot evaporate on cloudy days.

One cannot help appreciating the devotion with which Nand Singh, who is the head mate at the rink, has served there for 50 years. At 70, he is still energetic and now supervises the ice freezing operation. While he is enthusiastic about the sport-lovers of Himachal Pradesh and neighbouring states, he is quite upset about the felling of trees around the skating rink which has adversely affected the freezing of ice since a shady area is required to ward off sunlight for hard ice formation.

Every year during the second week of November the grass and weed is uprooted from the ground, which is then levelled and rolled. With the onset of the cold weather water is then sprayed to help frost to appear on the ground. The process of spraying is repeated till finally the layers of frost turn into ice which becomes sufficiently hard for skating.

ICE SKATER PERFORMS BASKET JUMPS AT SIMLA.

Ice skating is a fairly hazardous sport but it leaves the spectator enthralled. Ice hockey is another favourite ice sport and is packed with action and quick movements and is played with hockey sticks resembling their counterpart used in the sports fields, except that they are longer in size and the striking area is flat on both the sides.

The Late Marshal Josep Tito of Yugoslavia presented the club with a 200 tola silver trophy in 1954 when he was the Chief Guest at a skating show. Known as the Marshall Tito Trophy, it remains one of the most coveted awards, with every ice skater dreaming of winning it.

This unique club has attracted several dignitaries over the years. Vice President Mr Hidayatullah, during his tenure as the Chief Justice of the HP High Court used to drop in at the club and Mrs Gandhi's sons, Rajiv and the late Sanjay, used to visit the club during their trips to Simla.

Justice G.D. Khosla was the president of the club for several years and film star Rishi Kapoor started his film-career from the Simla ice skating club when he performed his maiden performance for *Mera Naam Joker*. Other films like *Jaanwar* and *Heera Moti* too have scenes of this rink.

Skating has always been a big attraction for the tourists visiting Simla. In fact the Punjab State Tourist Bureau used to arrange regular "tourist week" festival and ice skating for the tourists at the club.

MIXED PAIRS SKATERS PERFORM A BALANCING FEAT.

Ice skating is a thrilling sport. Spectators fall prey to it, watching different actions like free and fancy skating, pair skating, dancing on ice, forward and backward speed skating, jumping over baskets and ice hockey.

Paul Toomey the renowned American ice skater wanted ice skating championships to be held at the Simla ice skating rink as the ice there was far more "smooth" and "very fast" when compared to the artificial surface of rinks in Europe.

However, the dark lining is that the club is in the throes of a financial crisis. Last year it suffered a loss of Rs 22,000. Unless sports philanthropists or the government comes to its rescue the rink may have to be closed down. ■

The Curious Case Of The Asiad Archer

The inexplicable withdrawal of the ASIAD archery stamp and its subsequent, half-hearted release was a case of much ado about a non-existent "bungle", says Asok Kumar Das, Director, Maharaja Sawai Man Singh II Museum at Jaipur which houses the Rajasthani original on which the commemorative stamp was based.

THE stamp issued by the Posts and Telegraphs Department to commemorate the Ninth Asian Games has caused some controversy. Since the stamp is based on a Rajasthani miniature painting from a well documented set it would be interesting to discuss the matter in detail.

It is customary to issue postage stamps to commemorate major sports events. So there was nothing unusual in the ASIAD-82 series of stamps planned by the P & T Department. But instead of issuing the stamp at the ASIAD inaugural, the P & T Department issued a total of 12 stamps in several instalments. Since games like archery and wrestling have a long tradition in our country, the P & T Department rightly thought of making use of old miniatures to highlight them.

In their search for suitable designs they approached the Maharaja Sawai Man Singh II Museum of Jaipur for colour transparencies of an appropriate miniature painting and sought permission to make use of them. Obviously they had the well-known miniature, "Arjuna's archery skill winning the hand of Draupadi" from the *Razmnama*, in their minds. *Razmnama* is the Persian translation of the *Mahabharata* made for the Mughal Emperor Akbar. The superbly calligraphed four-volume manuscript, embellished with 168 exquisite miniatures by the leading masters of Mughal ateliers, is now preserved in the Maharaja Sawai Man Singh II Museum. The miniature shows Arjuna exhibiting his skill in archery by shooting a revolving fish in the eye by looking at its shadow in a cauldron of boiling oil. It was executed by no less an artist than Daswant, considered by his contemporaries as the greatest of all Mughal painters, in collaboration with another well-known artist Kesav in late 1583 or the beginning of 1584, before Daswant's suicide in a fit of depression.

As the older set of colour transparencies was unsuitable and since it would take some time to prepare fresh ones, it was suggested that the P & T Department try another miniature showing a similar theme: Krishna exhibiting his archery to win the hand of Princess Lakshmana, an episode from the *Bhagavata Purana*. The miniature is from a large and sumptuous set of *Bhagavata Purana* prepared for Maharaja Sawai Pratap Singh of Jaipur. Completed in 1792 AD, the manuscript contains 366 superb full page miniatures by a group of 14 painters working in the royal *suratkhana* (atelier). Although it cannot match the intricacy, the mastery of design, the line-work and the rich colouring of the *Razmnama* paintings the Jaipur *Bhagavbata Purana* is considered to be a fine example of its period. The colours are bright, crisp and eye-catching. Moreover, there was no delay in getting it photographed. As the P & T Department was working with a tight deadline it was only too happy to get an alternative. The technical data of the miniature and a signed note on the theme and all relevant details were supplied to the Department. The *Razmnama* miniature was also photographed and its transparencies supplied to the P & T Department *in due course (italics added)*.

The Museum was told that the P & T Department had selected the *Bhagavata Purana* miniature. The stamp based on it was to be released with another on wrestling (which was based on a miniature painting from a *Shahnama* manuscript in the National Museum, New Delhi). The date of release was set for September 4, 1982. The publicity brouchures along with First Day Covers were received by the Head Post Offices and philatelic bureaux all over the country. And the items were carried in all the national and regional newspapers of August 28, 1982.

But the stamp on archery was destined to hit the headlines. Both the stamps were withdrawn before their release without any official communication! Immediately rumours began to circulate—some ascribed the fiasco to a blunder in the description of the stamps, others commented on the wisdom of adapting a "palpably religious" theme for a sports event. After a few weeks' lull, the wrestling stamp was released (on October 30). The archery stamp was also released on November 6 *without* a First Day Cover, without the information sheet or any kind of advance publicity. Few buyers could discern that the stamp showed Sri Krishna aiming his arrow to the shadow of the fish and that the design was based on a beautiful miniature of the Jaipur School.

This unprecedented and obviously ill-conceived decision led to a series of surprising developments. There were complaints that the stamp misrepresented the well-known event of Arjuna's *lakshyabheda* mentioned in the *Mahabharata*. This was followed by a secret directive to withdraw the stamp from circulation on November 13 and a cock-and-bull explanation given by the P & T Department on November 24 that all the three million and odd stamps were sold out in six days and that the Department could not cope with the big demand from home and abroad.

In the long history of Indian philately such a thing has never happened! As nobody was prepared to swallow the explanation, senior officials of the P & T Board denied the whole story and assured the public that the stamp had never been withdrawn and one could buy any number of them in the post offices. But nobody explained *why* the stamp was not released on the originally scheduled date of release and when it was belatedly released, why without either the advance publicity, or the First Day Covers and the information sheets? Also, why was it quietly withdrawn from sale? If the P & T Department was in a fix about the authenticity of the painting, what prevented them from verifing the details from the Maharaja Sawai Man Singh II Museum? By withholding its name and not acknowledging its ready cooperation they have done a great disservice to that Institution.

Let us now take a close look at the paintings in question to determine who the hero is. The story of Arjuna's archery skill as related in the *Mahabharata* is almost universally known. The famed Pandava warrior succeeded in scoring a "bull's eye" by piercing the eye of the decoy fish placed on a revolving wheel on a tall mast, by seeing its trembling shadow in the cauldron of boiling oil placed down below. For his dexterity he won the hand of Draupadi, the beautiful Panchala princess. Daswant's painting (coloured and finished by Kesav) shows the amazed assembly of kings looking on at this marvellous feat. The designers of the P & T Department must have found it difficult to reproduce the soft and subtle colour scheme. Instead, they opted for the simpler and brighter Jaipur miniature from the *Bhagavata Purana*.

Although it is not as well-known as the *Mahabharata*, the *Bhagavata Purana* is well-known in all regions where Krishna is worshipped. Illustrated manuscripts were prepared in all parts of the country—especially in Gujarat, Rajasthan, Orissa and the Punjab hills. Maharaja Sawai Pratap Singh of Jaipur, an avowed follower of Lord Krishna (he wrote copiously on the Krishna theme under the *nom de plume* Brijnidhi), commissioned the large manuscript of the *Bhagavata Purana*—the life of Krishna—illustrated with 366 miniatures executed by his court painters including the ones dealing with the story of princess Lakshmana's *svayamvara* in which Sri Krishna succeeded in *Matsyabheda* where even the Pandava hero, Arjuna, had failed!

The episode is described in *Dasama Skandha*, Uttaradha, Chapter 83 as follows: "Lakshmana said: Virtuous lady (Draupadi)! Having learnt of my choice, my father, who is known as Brihatsena and who loved me—his daughter—contrived a plan. Queen! An artificial fish had been hoisted on a pillar as target in securing Arjuna as your husband on the occasion of the traditional ceremony of choosing a bridegroom for you" ■

Letter From Calcutta

Concrete Jungle

MR Abdus Sattar, the Congress (I) MLA, may have been exaggerating a bit when he declared that "the Government is non-existent in West Bengal, and a jungle raj is prevailing here". But even official figures (there were 31,631 recorded thefts in 1982, 9,163 cases of rioting, 1,421 murders, 1,133 dacoities and 1,012 robberies) suggest a dangerous drift towards lawlessness.

There was a time when the late Shanti Swarup Dhawan, then West Bengal's Governor, claimed he would far rather trust his daughter to a taxi in Calcutta than in Delhi. But only the other day, a taxi driver and his mates robbed two passengers of all they carried. The newspaper columns every day speak of villagers being battered to death, houses burgled and shops looted. Murder is as common as smash and grab raids, and five armed robberies were reported in a single weekend. In one of the worst recent outrages, a Bankura woman was raped and strangled during one of our massive power cuts. Even a policeman was forced at dagger point to hand over his watch and wallet in one of the city's most sedate residential streets.

The Home Department blames crime on economic hardship. A contributory factor may have been the decline of political conflict in the Left Front's first term, turning hoodlums to "normal" crime. While the latter trend has been reinforced, it is compounded by a revival of violent clashes between political groups.

Under The Ground

MR K.N. Das Gupta, General Manager of Calcutta's Metro, touched on a widely held fear when he announced that a special security force would prevent squatters from setting up permanent abodes on platforms. It is an admirable hope; but considering that at Tollygunge station people live even under the platform ledge, I do not see how the law will be enforced.

If not the homeless, then beggars, hawkers and pickpockets are bound to infest the Metro. The second worry is that since half an hour's brisk rain is enough to flood our streets, the underground of all places cannot remain high and dry.

But undaunted by hazards, the authorities are turning the city upside down, literally so, to press ahead with a project that was originally supposed to cost Rs 250 crores; the budget was revised to Rs 560 crores in 1980 and must now demand a great deal more. Even the fairly useless four-kilometre Esplanade-Bhowanipore section, to be opened next year at Mr Ghani Khan Choudhury's bidding, will need an extra Rs 22 crores.

Grassroots Democracy

CRACKS are beginning to appear in the Left Front as West Bengal moves on to elections for some 56,000 Panchayat seats at the end of May or in early June. The ruling coalition's victorious sweep of the 1978 polls may not be repeated this time; and the Congress (I), BJP and even the Sanjay Gandhi Vichar Manch are girding for battle.

But the real threat lies in divisions within the camp. In the last five years, many members of the Gram Panchayats, Panchayat Samitis and Zilla Parishads, originally elected on CPI(M) tickets, have left the fold to join other Left Front constituents. Mr Saroj Mukherjee, the Front's Chairman, says they were expelled for corruption and cannot be renominated. The Forward Bloc, CPI and Revolutionary Socialist Party — the main beneficiaries of their desertion — insist that their genuine change of heart must be respected.

What the CPI(M)'s allies feel is that while all partners are equal, the Marxists are more equal than others.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONA CHOWDHURY

SANTHALS AGITATE for their various demands, one of which is the inclusion of Santhali in the Constitution's Eighth Schedule.

THE RABINDRA BHARATI UNIVERSITY, (below), at the Jorasanko Thakur Bari campus.

Rabindra Sangeet

RABINDRANATH Tagore is becoming one of West Bengal's most sadly divisive legacies: everyone clutches jealously at his mantle. The decline of his dream of a universal centre of learning at Viswa-Bharati calls for separate treatment; now we are regaled with an unhappy tussle over the family mansion at Jorasanko in north Calcutta, seat of both the Rabindra Bharati University and the Rabindra Bharati Society.

Mr B.D. Pande, the West Bengal Governor, recently set the cat among the pigeons by suggesting that the Society's priceless collection of more than 5,000 paintings, rare photographs, first editions and gramophone records of Tagore's voice would be better looked after in a brand new complex in the Salt Lakes. While some welcomed the proposal, others instantly suspected it to be an attempt to deprive the Society of the aura that vests in Jorasanko.

It would have been so much more to the point if both the University and the Society were housed elsewhere, and the rambling old mansion in a narrow and congested street converted into a museum to perpetuate Tagore's memory. It is far too crowded for the purposes to which it has been put, and the Society's priceless collection is in danger of destruction. All the Shakespeare societies and theatres in Britain might as well demand a permanent foothold in Ann Hathaway's cottage.

Off The Rails

THERE is a cold war being waged between West Bengal's Accountant-General and Vigilance Commissioner on one side, and the State Government and Calcutta Tramways Corporation on the other, over the undertaking which, though taken over in the sixties, was not formally nationalised until this year. In the process, British malpractices are regularly cited, but there is also evident a lurking nostalgia for the "good old days" of sterling management.

The accusers speak of a "staggering number of financial irregularities" in the CTC. Though fares went up by 30 per cent in December, the official subsidy was raised from Rs 5 to Rs 7 crores. Though the number of trams on the roads went down from 305 to 280, maintenance costs rose from Rs 80 lakhs to Rs 1.20 crores. And though about Rs 14 crores (from the Rs 102-crore Calcutta Urban Transport Project) have already been spent, there has been no improvement in tram services.

The Accountant-General and Vigilance Commissioner talk of bribery and nepotism, purchases without tenders, unexplained "confidential" spending, and of misuse of cars and flats. They say that with 33 men per tram, there should be no need for heavy overtime payments which are now 26 per cent of the wage bill. The State Government seems to resent and repudiate all allegations, possibly because Mr Jyoti Basu, who took over the CTC during United Front rule, looks on it as his special baby.

Tribe On The March

MOST Bengalis cherish a romantic vision of Santhals. They are the simple laughing folk one glimpses on holidays in Ranchi and they form the idealised subject of many paintings by artists who dwell on bare bosoms, gleaming rounded limbs and a scarlet hibiscus in glistening raven hair. Active leadership of the original Nawalbari revolt and Santhal participation in Marxist-Leninist insurgency in Birbhum district, did not damage the bow and arrow mythology.

But the Santhals are now asserting mundane rights like everyone else. There was friction recently in Kalyani, Dr B.C. Roy's township of the future about 30 miles north of Calcutta, when the police tried to evict about a hundred Santhals who have lived on the outskirts for more than three decades. In Jhargram, where adivasis are present in substantial numbers, the Jharkand movement's wind blows fairly strongly. And now, Dr Shambhu Mandi, West Bengal's Minister of State for Tribal Welfare, has undertaken a march to press for linguistic respectability.

Dr Mandi says that since there are more than 500,000 Santhals in the State, their language should rank after Bengali. He demands its inclusion in the Constitution's Eighth Schedule. If Santhali is so recognised, Nepalis are bound to revive their claim and we can eventually expect new life for the demand to lop off Darjeeling district and make it part of a new Nepali majority Uttarakhand State.

Mafia In Coal

THE report that embezzlement of crores of rupees has been detected in a colliery near Deoghar in Bihar, and that "a formidable mafia gang is involved in these shady deals", only underlines the need for the clean-up drive now under way in the Dhanbad belt. Last year, Mr Ghani Khan Choudhury described some of Bharat Coking Coal's officials there as "moneylenders, thieves and associates of the mafia"; the too honest and diligent young auditor sent by a Calcutta firm of accountants was murdered in mysterious circumstances.

Nationalisation seemed only to have helped organised crime. The CBI claims to have unearthed rackets worth about Rs 50 crores, local *goondas* regularly extort protection money from business houses, coal is either stolen outright or assigned to fictitious names, and a large part of the public sector undertaking's employees really work for the underground.

All this was again brought to light recently when Bharat Coking Coal's new chief, Mr C.S. Jha, and the Deputy Commissioner of Dhanbad, Mr J.S. Brar, set up an organisation called Joint Voluntary Forum and began a cleansing operation in right earnest. It is a sombre comment on public life that a Janata MLA should be among the 900 or so people to be arrested for alleged complicity in criminal activity.

Bursting At The Seams

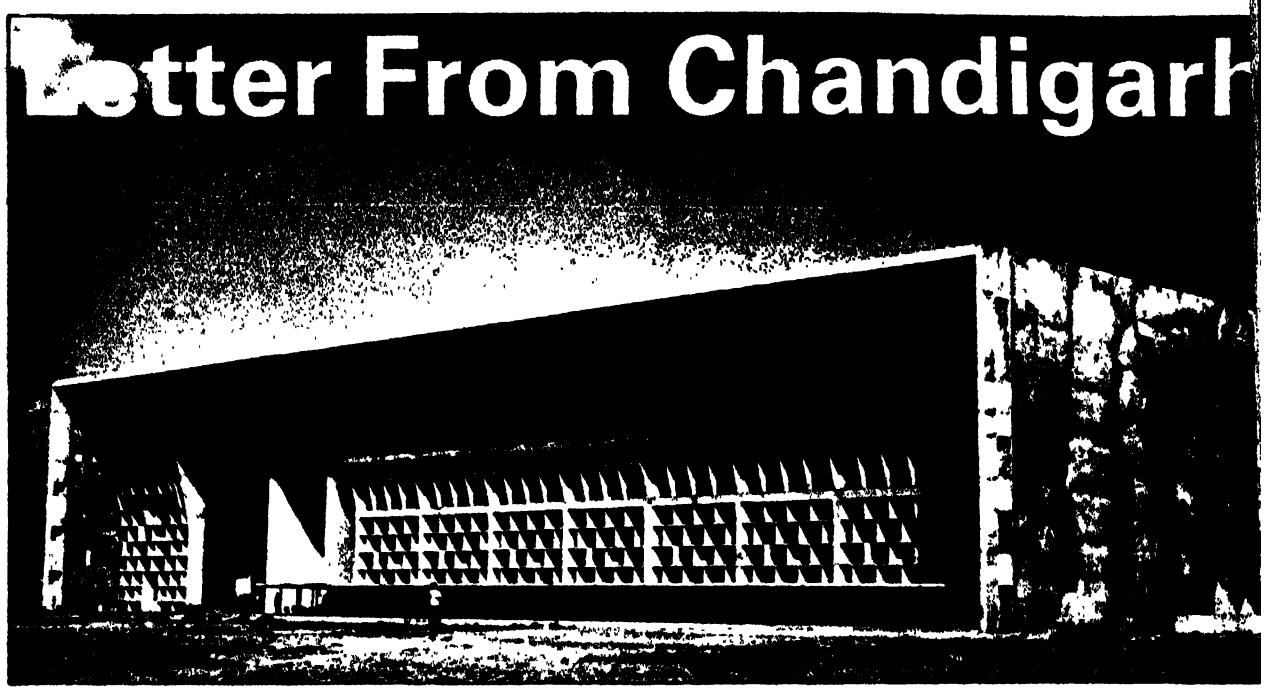
CITIES were once internationally listed in terms of population—the more people, the bigger it was said to be, it being taken for granted that demographic size also implied equal facilities and opportunities. Not any more. If Calcutta faces a water shortage, for instance, it is because some of the available supplies are at last being thoughtfully diverted to slums. Here, additional population means further strain on minimal facilities already at breaking point.

So the announcement by the Calcutta Metropolitan Development Authority's chief executive officer, Mr M.G. Kutty, that the present 10.3 million population will rise to 14 million or more by the end of the century is enough to strike terror into every heart. The CMDA's ambitious development projects and 18 sub-plans notwithstanding, land, water, food, transport and jobs are all likely to be in acute short supply.

Other cities expand, laterally or vertically. But ever since partition, Calcutta has crammed more and more people into the same small, squalid space. From being one of the world's largest and most important metropolises, it is rapidly degenerating into a vast suppurating slum.

Sumita Sandilya

Letter From Chandigarh



A MARXIAN thinker, Max Adereth, has observed that "even if we ignore politics, politics will not ignore us." That is, of course, in essence, a philosophical statement, for politics in the larger, existential sense is part of the human condition, and has increasingly invaded our private lives, our hearths and homes. So, if the Punjab issue is still the burden of our song, it is because there's no getting away from it. It has already created a psychological cleavage between community and community, between region and region, and now it's beginning to violate personal friendships, family loyalties and even neighbourly relations.

And this brings me to that elaborate charade called the Centre-Akali parleys. The long protracted exercise in which the Centre yielded an inch one evening to recover two or more next morning was, of course, none too subtle a way of exhausting the adversary, and the cynics may be pardoned for the view that the theatre of parleys was never more than a game of chess at one time, and pure theatre at another. To be sure, the "players" went through all the prescribed rituals and rules only to establish their credentials, but not even the innocents abroad were deceived this time. Assam was already a classic example of political prevarication stretched out to tragic lengths, where the theatre had turned into a grim reality.

There is, however, one moral which may not be lost even upon these political Poloniuses. The Law of Diminishing Returns sets in sooner in the field of homilies and truisms than is commonly imagined. It's time, then, the Centre realised that enough is enough, and that brave words will butter no parsnips. Even some of the concessions on a few peripheral religious demands appear no more than a diversionary ploy. Let me add in the end that the state is not for burning, and that there is no need to revive the sad comedy of words and gestures. A clean and clear decision is needed—a decision based purely on morality; truth and justice. If it hurts a section of people or a state, so help us God!

Exhibitions And Fairs

EVEN as Punjab and Haryana fight for the body and soul of Chandigarh, the city continues to attract a host of national-level shows, exhibitions and fairs etc. And once one is inside that charmed circle, the petti-fogging politicians seem suddenly to become irrelevant and silly. And thus to the grand show mounted by the Kennel Club of India. Here we had beautiful specimens of canine culture from all over India, all spruced up in their natal coats and tails, conscious of their pedigree and class. The two top-award exhibits—an Irish setter from Bangalore answering to the patrician name of Caspians Art Egall and an Afghan hound sporting the royal name of Sher Shah, and belonging to the House of Baria—were truly noble in appearance and aspect , one in a rich dark coat of brown, shining, velvety hair, and the other in its snow-white glory of fur and flounces. The dog-lovers who had thronged the Leisure Valley to see their pets bark and snarl, saunter and preen, got their time's worth.

Within sniffing distance of the hounds was another all-India show—"Graphics 82"—put up inside the Art Gallery of the State Museum. It was, indeed, a very impressive turn-out of etchings and prints. This medium is uniquely suited to the requirements of certain imaginations, and one is fascinated by the infinite variety of its range and reach. The lithos and the silk-screen prints and the plywood specimens allow for all manner of experimentation. Inventive fancy seems to have full play. Some of the outstanding exhibits such as Amitabh Banerjee's "Residual Glory", Anupam Sud's "Shifting Hulo", S. Sham Sunder's "Alienation I" and Anu Gupta's "Heminidae I" reveal how stylisation in this genre has reached a point where it attains the quality of vision.

Talking of etchings and drawings takes me to the work of Ernest Albert, a drifting aesthetic sensibility on the Chandigarh art scene. His show entitled "Ensemble II" had, in view of his background, distinct echoes from Greek, Egyptian and Christian myths. In one of his more ambitious drawings, a centaur and a woman are caught in that archetypal situation which brings even the supine woman to a passionate pitch, as magnetic waves of libidinous energy pass through her frame. In another piece entitled "Estranged", levels of alienation between man and woman—two nudes in outline—are achieved through a simple statement in straight but terraced lines. The collages too, maintain a certain kind of artful simplicity.

Another one-man show in town lately was the exhibition of Dev Inder Singh's highly imaginative and sensitive photographs. He, too, brings to bear upon his work an eager and involved imagination. There is a vein of lyricism in his flashes and compositions, and his eye roves over hill and dale, over human forms in varying aspects of innocence and experience. In one of the exhibits, he catches feelingly, a scarred torso in wood, showing the ravages of wind and water. Similarly, in several other pictures, the camera takes in quietly, unobtrusively, a sylvan scene or a figure in repose, to lend his work an air of serenity.

"RAVAGES OF WIND AND WATER", one of Dev Inder Singh's exhibits.

Two other grand functions were "Jhankar '83"—an all-India 3-day student extravaganza of song, drama and debate, and a delightful *pot-pourri* of music and dance and theatre, organised by the Punjab Sangeet Natak Akademi. The latter presented a pick of top-award items selected from the annual youth festivals of the universities in the state.

Winter Shows

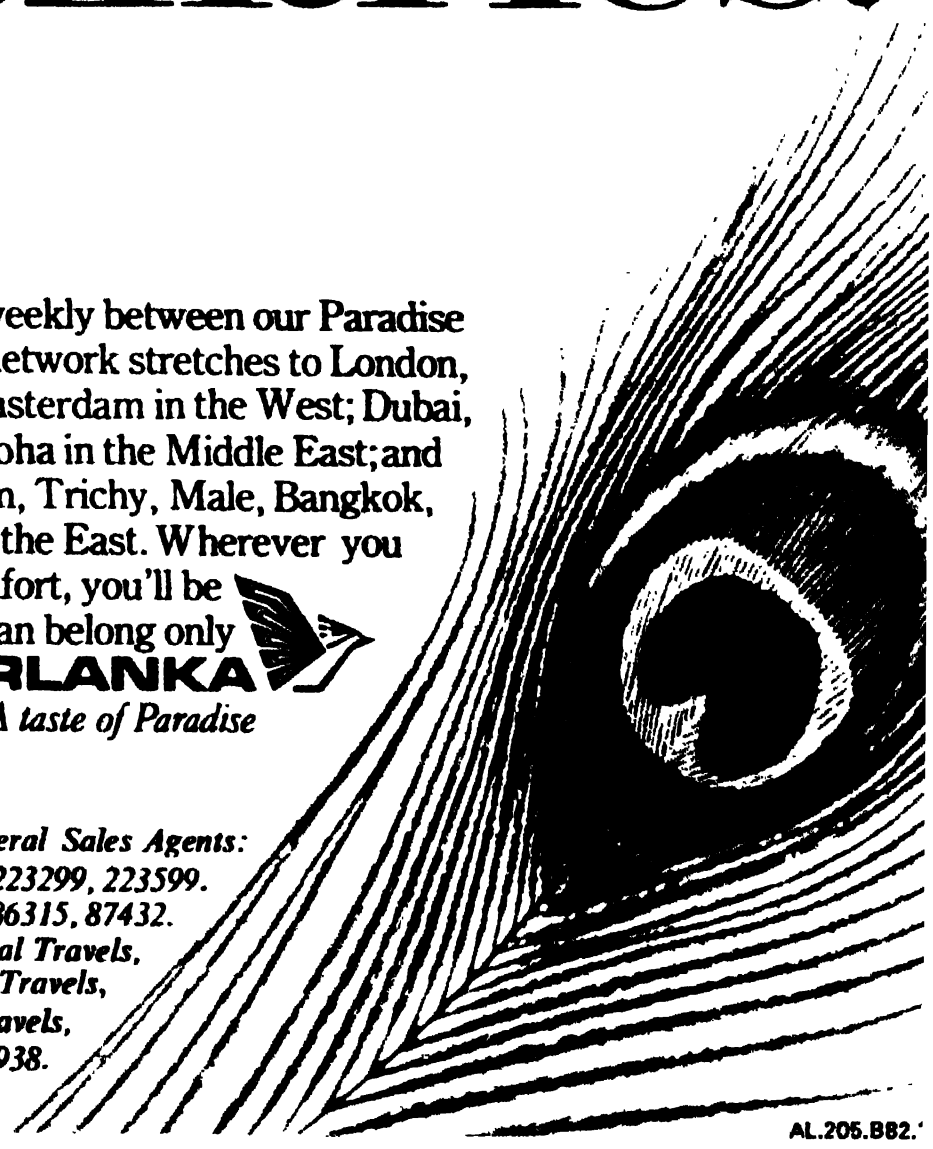
AND finally to two of the most prestigious Chandigarh shows of the winter months. The IIth National Book Fair organised by the N B T was appropriately inaugurated by Amrita Pritam, and got off to a splendid start. The Chandigarhians who boast of being the most literate folk in the country, thus, had a grand eyeful of books—over one lakh—displayed in colourful stalls for a period of II days. In all, 187 participants carted their stuff from all over India to give the show an air of national culture. The leisurely, browsing crowds of spectacled senior scholars, and "jeaned" girls and boys, and matronly ladies with toddlers in tow did warm one's heart, though the final figures regarding the sales did not make very happy reading. And for this, the buyers alone were not to blame, though the book-buying habit has yet to strike deep roots in this part of the country. Even important paperbacks from abroad now seem to be slipping out of one's reach. Of course, there were some throw-away bargains, and one of the fastest disappearing volumes was *A Pictorial History Of Indian Cinema* (Hamlyn, London) by Firoze Rangoonwalla—a hard-cover, lavishly produced book. Most of the leading Punjabi publishers were not represented however, much to my dismay.

There is no event in Chandigarh more keenly looked forward to than the annual Rose Festival. It is truly the pride and glory of this queenly city. It compares in spirit and ambience with the city festivals organised in places like Munich, Edinburgh etc. The whole town turns out in their beauteous best goes gay, keeping "their blues" unde pillow for a couple of days. I think then pastoral feeling in man which seeks an e in such festivals. So, we had "roses, ros the way", here in Asia's biggest rose ga Of course, there were all types of v flowers and ferns in addition to the ri roses in all conceivable colours and vari but "the king of flowers", no doubt, "court" everywhere, and was toaste along with band and bunting. And wh crowd it was. on those two March mor of cool and fragrant air—the gay food and vendors, the marquees and the spouts, the angelic kids in frocks flounces falling over one another in a l be named "the Rose Princess" and Rose Prince"! And then, there wa exciting and imaginative Rose Quiz ducted by that old rosarian, Dr Khanna God knows how, had collected su formidable *rosiana*. No wonder, the ros charmed not only kings and queens, l and poets, but also mystics and divin embodies *the vision beatific*.

The festival evenings, as usual, were to music, and a 15,000-strong aud wrapped in woollens and shawls under starless sky sat through for more th hours each day to applaud the celeb singers commissioned for the occ While Manna Dey had some momen glory, clearly the songs served on evening didn't, on the whole, bring ou best in him. His voice modulated to classical tunes doesn't have the ki warmth and richness and depth we ass with singers like Mukesh or Kishore K Kavita Krishnamurthy, on the other rendered mostly borrowed songs, th Lata's classic *Aa ja re, main to... Madhumati* was authentic enough to nostalgic memories. The *qawwali* ar Aniso Sabri and Majeed Shola, shared ours on the second evening, thoug former, for all her personal charm, co produce the range and the variations more experienced compatriot I mus though, that the compère on the ope day, Mr Khurana, did not go well wit aesthetic spirit of the festival, for c self-directed jokes and innuendoes were and in poor taste. A festival of this s needed a far more accomplished p However, the Master of Ceremonies, o man behind the whole show, Mr J.S. seems to have imbibed the whole cult roses and attar over the years.

Darshan Singh M

Air Lanka flies to 18 countries.



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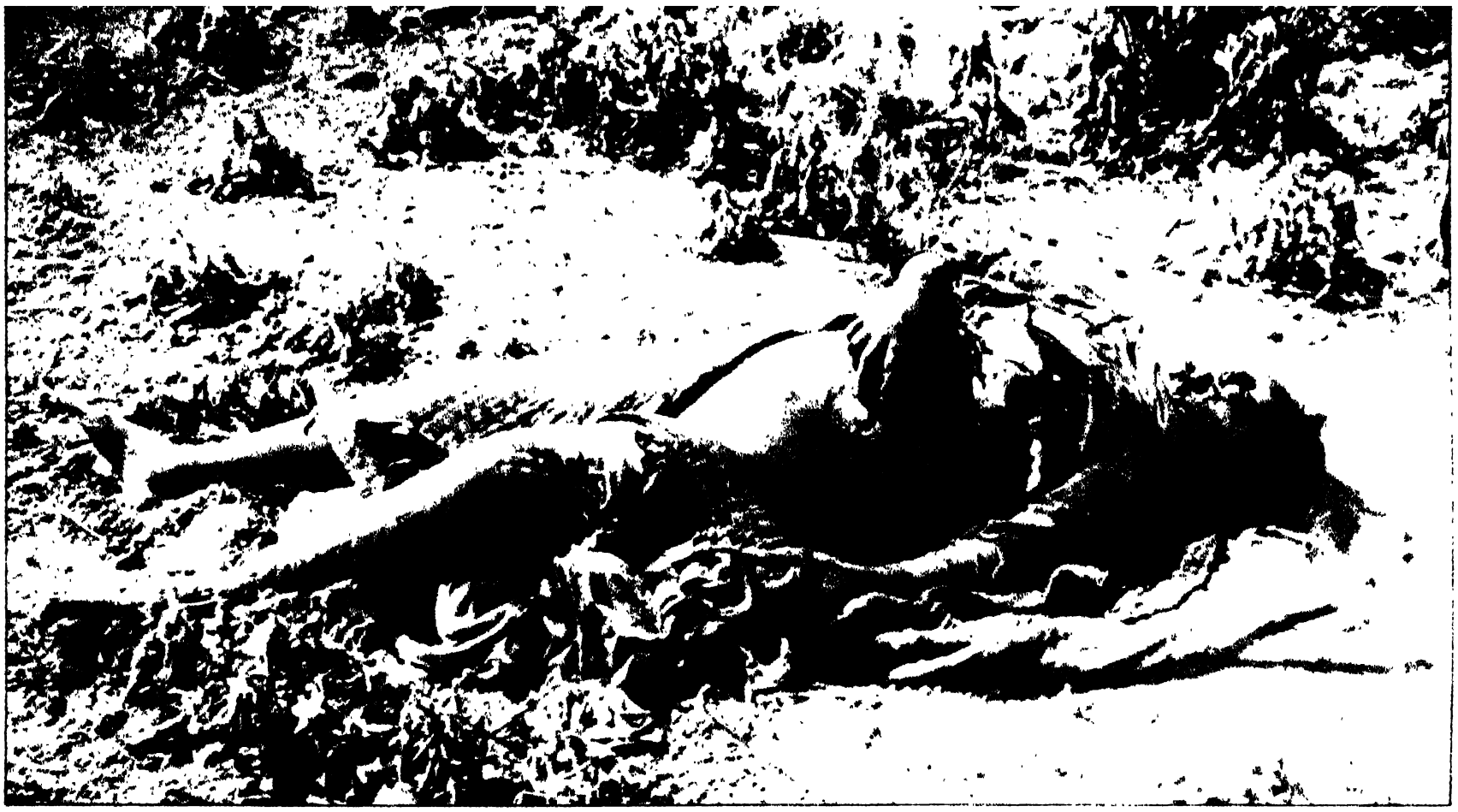


BLOOD AND GORE. The country has never before witnessed killings of the kind that took place at Nellie in Assam.

BLEEDING ASSAM

THE worst predictions—of a "bloodbath" and of the "movement against aliens going out of control"—made by the Assam agitation leaders when their talks in New Delhi failed have come true. Before the leaders arrived in Assam, the troops were landing at Gauhati airport. And the leaders were arrested the moment they set foot on Assamese soil. Thus began a bloody chapter in the history of the State based on a grave miscalculation.

The Centre must have thought that the movement had already waned and that it could pre-empt any action on the part of the Assam leadership. Subsequent events proved this to be a wrong strategy. The arrest of the leaders was the spark that ignited smouldering sentiments and the Assamese responded unanimously to the call of non-cooperation given by whatever was left of the State leadership.

A leaderless agitation is like a rudderless ship and that was what happened to the agitation; the passage of each day saw the rudderless ship drifting to ever new and ever more stormy seas.

As soon as the top men were arrested, the second line of leaders went underground and, despite its all-out effort, the administration could not nab them. These leaders directed the agitation as best as they could. But it was the third line of leadership, comprising at its best hawks and at worst goondas, which took charge of the situation to fish in the troubled waters. A clear proof of this was available at some places where the Assamese Hindus themselves were under attack. When asked as to why they had burnt bridges and destroyed ferries, they replied that that was the handiwork of saboteurs and they actually repaired these.

It became difficult for newsmen to keep pace with the rapidly changing and thoroughly confusing situation, specially in view of the complete breakdown of the communi-

their identity. The foreigners and the Bengali Muslims felt they would be thrown out if the Assamese could prevent the holding of elections.

The people most afraid were those in the minority pockets, that is, the Assamese Hindus in areas surrounded by immigrants and vice versa. They migrated to the areas dominated by their own factions as fast as their legs could carry them.

The agitators were overawed by the security forces, particularly by the CRPF. The security forces, too, had their fears; their deployment in threes or fours during election duties could result in their men getting killed by crowds armed with lethal weapons.

The employees were afraid of dismissals, break in services and salary cuts and the employers feared reprisals by their own employees.

The polling officers coming from other States felt like sacrificial lambs and refused to perform duties without full escort.

Police forces of all descriptions—CRPF, BSF, RAC, PAC, PAP, etc—were available in strength but all of them put together could not contain the violence from spreading and taking a heavy toll. At places the Army had to be called in. But all this was of little avail.

From Mangaldoi the violence spread to parts of Boko and Gohpur. At Chamarya (in Boko), the immigrant Bengalis set the houses of the Assamese on fire and killed an old woman and two teenaged girls on February 12. "Assam is under death sentence," said a badly battered Assamese to me.

At Gohpur some 40 villages were burnt and 100 people (according to an unofficial initial estimate) died in clashes between Assamese and Bodo-Kachari tribals.

Violence had by then spread to many parts of the State. Assamese complained bitterly that their State was burning but, like Nero, New Delhi was intent on seeing through the completion of the process of elections. The process was completed, but at what cost!

All these days, the Assamese policemen had remained under tremendous strain. Despised by their own people, distrusted by

days afterwards, the scenario was that of relative calm that perhaps lulled the authorities into underrating the feelings of the Assamese and the tempo of their movement. One might say, even at the cost of being misunderstood, that the instances of "Janata curfew" and non-cooperation that the Assamese resorted to evoked nostalgic memories of the days of the freedom struggle.

Violence started as the date of the filing of nominations drew close. It was the inevitable result of the Government's determination to hold the poll and people's determination to stall it. Beginning with the burning of bridges and the kidnapping and killing of candidates and their supporters, the violence went on increasing.

The violence of each day paled before that of the next day. There were skirmishes and bloody riots of all descriptions—linguistic, ethnic, communal and rioting for the sake of rioting. Small figures of killings ceased to hold any meaning—the casualties rose from tens, to hundreds and finally to thousands. The cops who were supposed to keep a record of every bullet fired found it difficult to keep count. One heard a crescendo of gunfire and saw villages burning all around. It was as if an era of nihilism had dawned on the soil of Assam.

The riot—and the riots—once again started with Mangaldoi. (It was this place which had sparked off the agitation against foreigners in 1979 when over 47,000 voters on the electoral rolls for its byelection were proved to be foreigners.) Fifteen persons were killed in the first four days of February. I saw as many as six buses and a car completely gutted on a 2 km stretch of the approach road to the town.

Soon the scare engulfed the entire State, particularly the rural areas. Guns, spears, "daos", bows and arrows were trained at each other by different factions. The

nevertheless worked well after their initial wavering. At Goalpara, perhaps, they had lost patience as they saw many villages burning but were asked to accompany the polling parties.

According to the polling officers present at Goalpra at the time, it was plainly a mini-revolt in which the Assam armed police men refused to go with the polling parties, beat up their SP and shot four CRPF personnel and one RAC (Rajasthan Armed Constabulary) man when they tried to intervene on February 16. But for the timely arrival of the Assam Police and CRPF top brass, the situation would have gone out of control.

Two days later came the shocking news of the massacre of "foreigners" in Nellie and the adjoining villages of the notorious Nowgong district. In the orgy (perhaps the Assamese reply to the Mandai killings), a number of villages were reduced to ashes and their population done to death. Estimates of the death toll varied between 500 and over 1,000. The administration did its best to remove corpses, but even three days after the carnage when the Prime Minister visited the relief camps, bodies were still lying around.

In one village, bodies of two infants—one wrapped in a bloody gunny bag—could be seen lying by the side of road. Perhaps in the face of death, some mother had pulled them away from an inferno. All that Maulana Hafiz-ur-Rehman, an *Imam* and school-teacher of Nellie, could remember was the shrieks of the dying and the war cries (*jai aae Asom*) of the Assamese and then all hell was let loose on the settlement.

It is said that a large number of villages of the Assamese, too, had been effaced in the area beyond Kampur in south Nowgong. "If you want to see Bangladesh within India, go to these areas but we know that you dare not do so," said agitators in an open letter addressed to "dear jawan brothers of the CRPF and BSF".

What had happened in Assam was like the repetition of the Partition experience minus the transfer of population. And the last word

In The States

obacco Workers et A Raw Deal

EDABAD: The Kaira district in Gujarat tobacco growers' paradise: it yields lievably rich harvests of this cash crop. ever, to the 20,000 women employed to ss the tobacco leaves, it is a veritable The Mahila Seva Trust of the district ntly conducted a socio-economic survey his region in conjunction with the en's wing of the Ahmedabad Majdoor h. The picture that has emerged from survey is a grim tale of poverty and sitation.

ere are 720 tobacco sheds where the en employed have to crush, grind, sift pack the tobacco for sale. The surveyors d that only 199 sheds have been reg- ed under the Factories Act. Owners of emaining 521 sheds keep the number of loyees in each shed below 20 so that successfully avoid paying provident and other benefits to their employees. e 60 per cent of the workers are in the age group 18-40, 12 per cent of all the women are below 18 years of age; this means that the employers are also breaking the laws relating to child labour. Moreover, 88% of all the women are illiterate, the others have received only primary education, which makes it easier to exploit these simple folk.

These women work for 8 to 10 hours each day. When the workload is greater they have to put in extra hours. Fears of being retrenched always stops them from protesting since they are totally at the mercy of the contractors and the employers. (The contract system exists in 45% of the sheds.)

The picture is gloomier still: with an average of five per family, the annual income of 85% of the families does not exceed Rs 2,000. Bare necessities eat into 85% of their earnings, 7% of which they spend on medicare (only 3% on education). This is not all. Forty-eight per cent of the families are in debt, for which they are being charged prohibitive rates of interest by the sharks: keeping body and soul together is a very difficult proposition.

Only 34% of the women are paid minimum wages, the rest are largely deprived of their due share. Casual leave is granted to only 44 per cent of the workers, 56 per cent of the women are denied even this facility. When they go on maternity leave they are even denied their wages for the period. Their employers are totally indifferent to their miseries.

As though this were not enough, their working conditions are extremely poor. Their job in itself is hazardous in that they touch and inhale powered tobacco which causes irritation of the skin and affects the lungs. They are not supplied with socks, shoes, eye glasses or grinding machines that will save them strenuous work in the shed.

Most growers have employed women in their sheds in an attempt to prevent trade unionism but even they are now becoming increasingly assertive of their rights and demanding minimum wages and healthy working conditions. An instance of this awakening among these illiterate women is that 44 per cent of them have planned their families using contraceptives to check growth and space their children.

Despite small families, however, they find it extremely difficult to make both ends meet. Unless there is a stricter implementation of the law on wages and occupational health, their interests cannot be safeguarded and their plight will continue to be miserable.

Kaushik Joshi

TIFUL EXISTENCE.

...And Beyond

he CPI's Dilemma

HEN CPI general secretary C. Rajeshwara Rao unconditionally rejected t academician Professor Rostislov ovsky's suggestion that there be a ic revision of the party's present line of t opposition to Prime Minister Mrs. Gandhi, several eyebrows, including of seasoned political commentators, raised at this unexpected and unheard I-CPSU confrontation.

fessor Ulyanovsky found in Mrs Gandhi the Congress (I) a "relative historical essiveness" and advised the Comsts to rally behind her in forging a unity forces that are against secularism and nal integrity. Dr Ulyanovsky conceives forces as the "right reaction", assumat Mrs Gandhi is no rightist. But the CPI ders the internal policies of Mrs Gandhi different from what a rightist Govern- would follow and hence refused to se the Ulyanovsky thesis.

did this happen overnight? After all, CPI Central Secretariat waited for six s after the publication of Ulyanovsky's (*Indian National Congress: Lessons of lution in Asia and Africa Today*, Nov 9,) before making their statement. Mr Rao n the meantime made a trip to the USSR g the 60th anniversary celebrations of October Socialist Revolution and had d the point with top leaders of the Communist Party of Soviet Union (CPSU). He is believed to have made it clear to CPSU leaders that these types of discourses inhibit the CPI and stop it from regaining the influence it wielded earlier and that the CPSU should, in the interest of a fraternal party, exhibit restraint in the airing of its views.

Later, a politburo member of the CPSU, Mr G. Aliyev, who drove along with Mr Rao to the Vankuvo airport, assured him that in future Soviet opinions would not embarrass their "Indian comrades". That is the reason why the CPI leadership after six weeks of dilly-dallying ultimately came out with the statement "...The Soviet academicians express their personal opinions freely on various issues through their articles and publications. Sometimes they even contradict each other and express views which do not reflect the opinion of the CPSU leadership. Professor Ulyanovsky's article is one example of this. *It goes without saying that our party does not agree with him in his assessment and conclusions on the current Indian situation as expressed in his article*." (Emphasis added).

The CPI statement is a clear indication that there are scholars in the USSR who totally oppose the Ulyanovsky thesis. But who are these academicians? These scholars who think differently formulate such policies that are more attuned to the CPI(M)'s way of functioning than the CPI's. The CPI, however, disagrees only with Ulyanovsky's assessment on "the current Indian situation" and not the rest of his suggestion.

Dr. Ulyanovsky believes that in 1969 the Congress split was between the non-monopolists (led by Mrs Gandhi) and pro-monopoly capitalists (led by Mr Morarji Desai). The CPI,and to some extent the CPI(M),held a similar view. Its Central Secretariat member, the late Mr Bhowani Sen, had written in a pro-CPI New Delhi weekly that there had been a class differentiation in the split.

During the Bhatinda Congress meet in 1978, the CPI in a classic bit of self-criticism obliquely admitted that the 1969 split did not mean that the monopolists had altogether forsaken Mrs Gandhi. But Dr Ulyanovsky is yet to revise his opinion and he believes that Mrs Gandhi and her party represent the non-monopoly sections. This is contrary to the CPI's fundamental ideology. Yet the party leadership did not make any mention of this while rejecting the Ulyanovsky line.

Scholars in the USSR to the left of Dr Ulyanovsky think that the CPI should not change its present political affiliations. Some of these scholars are Dr Rachik Avashev, Dr Kiva Maidanik, Dr Karen Brutents, Dr Moi Volkov and Dr Nodari Simonia. Dr Rachik Avashev, Dr Kivo Maidanik and Dr Tatyana Pokatayeva, in a paper published nearly a decade ago in *Social Sciences* (1974), said that the countries in the developing world adopting the capitalist way are "dependent economies" and subordinate components of the "world capitalist economy". (In other words, these countries are subordinated to the "neocolonialism" or rather "invisible imperialism", ruled by the transnational corporations).

Dr Brutents wrote a treatise in the mid-sixties wherein he stated that "the national bourgeoisie ceases to be a revolutionary

LENIN: moving away from his teachings?

force as a class". The CPSU bosses were shaken by this theory but could not reject the thoroughly researched study. But the publication was held up for nearly a decade and but for the reversals in Egypt and Syria, might never have seen the light of the day.

Moscow had pinned unusually high hopes on the non-proletarian and petty-bourgeois masses in the newly independent nations. The publication of Brutents' treatise *National Liberation Movements Today* was the beginning of a new chapter in the gradual process of a return to the orthodox views held by Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin.

Dr Brutents' theory seems to be gradually penetrating into the thinking of some of the top CPI leaders like Mr Jagannath Sarkar, Mr Indradeep Sinha and Mr A.B. Bardhan, all members of the Central Secretariat. Mr Bardhan and Mr Sarkar have referred to Brutents at several general body meetings in an attempt to put down the Dangeites within the party. But Mr Rao, for tactical reasons, has not yet used the Brutents line to make his point.

However, inside the CPI there has been a very small but prestigious band headed by Dr. Ranen Sen, former AITUC President and Secretary of the West Bengal State Council of the party, which has held similar views practically since the late sixties. Concentrated mainly in West Bengal, they have their followers in Punjab (Satyapal Dang), UP (Dr Z.A. Ahmed) and Maharashtra (Mr Bardhan). Some of the prominent theoreticians of this group are Professor Narahari Kaviraj, Mr. Satyendra Narayan Majumdar and Mr. Tushar Chatterjee.

C. RAJESHWARA RAO. Between the devil and the deep sea.

When the CPI had split in 1964, these scholars sat on the fence and joined the party on condition that they would be allowed to publicly air their views. They have always warned the party leadership against hobnobbing with the Congress and have always totally opposed Mr Mohit Sen, a staunch supporter of the Ulyanovsky thesis, who wrote in a pamphlet (*Aspects of CPI Programme*, a CPI publication, 1966): "... the sharing of leadership as well as of power between the working class and the non-monopoly sections of the national bourgeoisie is a specific aspect of the concept of national democracy as applied to Indian conditions". Mr Sen, it may be noted, was the chief theoretical-ideological consultant for Mr Rao until March 1977.

This group pointed out in several polemic articles and speeches at party meetings and debates that the idea of making the national capitalists (non-monopoly bourgeoisie, described as an exploiting stratum in the CPI programme) the leaders of the national democratic revolution has nothing in common with the Soviet or any international Communist understanding. Dr Ranen Sen informed a number of State Council meetings that Lenin had never allowed any section of the bourgeoisie to be even a part of democratic revolutions of new types. Prof. Kaviraj had told a meeting of the WB state council of the CPI that the idea ran counter to Lenin's *Two Tactics of Social Democracy in Democratic Revolution*.

The CPSU theoreticians said the same thing in different words, while academicians like the late Konstantin Zarodov, G.Kim, Nikolai Inozemtsev and M. Volkov stressed the growing differences among the non-proletarian masses. The Bengal group refers frequently to these cardinal points that Mr Rao seems to have so far ignored.

Today, Mr Rao appears hesitant to seek the help of these scholars in his war against Dangeites both within and outside the party or of facing up to stalwarts like Dr Ulyanovsky and Dr V. Pavlov. At the same time, he is apprehensive of making use of the theories of Dr Brutents and Dr Volkov (who in a paper published in *Social Sciences* in 1981 warned about the dangers of "sub-imperialism" in those developing countries which have developed a middle-level capitalist economy: this was an obvious reference to India).

Furthermore, the CPI chief never knows the limits of laxity (and not just freedom) allowed to Soviet academicians and commentators. Even after Mr Aliyev's assurance, in January, *Selskaya Zhizn* (Rural Life) a largely circulated newspaper carried a report saying that the Congress (I) defeat in the Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka State Assembly elections was the work the US Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). This assessment is the exact opposite of the CPI's. The Soviet media has thus objectively made the CPI a tool of the CIA since in Karnataka, the Janata-Kranti Ranga alliance has the support of both the CPI and the CPI(M). The dilemma the CPI faces is quite complex and not so easily resolvable

The Ulyanovsky proposal is nothing new since the Communist Party after the 1964 split and particularly since 1970, has followed a line in keeping with the Ulyanovsky thesis. Mr Rao has no one strong enough to back him up. Moscow's dual role has also thrown him into confusion.

The CPI central secretariat thus issued its statement at the risk of a cold war with Moscow: "Our party, as every other Communist party, chalks out its own political policy, applying the principles of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism to the concrete situation of our country."

Maybe the day is not far off when Indian Communists will stop opening their umbrellas merely because it is raining in Moscow.

Prakriti Bhadhuri

Dateline New Delhi

by G.S. Chawla

IS Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi going to rely once again on the Intelligence Bureau which misled her in 1977 and once again in Andhra and Karnataka, Assam and Punjab?

According to some insiders, the Intelligence Bureau recently attempted an exercise on the chances of Congress (I) if there is a snap poll for the Lok Sabha. The sources say that the IB's rating is around 280 seats for the Congress (I) if the elections are held by early next year. In 1985, the chances of a victory may be very dim, it apparently believes, because, the law and order and price situations would have deteriorated further.

At present the Congress (I) has 355 members in a 544-strong House. Three seats lie vacant. In the Rajya Sabha, the party has 126 seats in a House of 244.

The IB, however, has always lacked an understanding of the situation whether in Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka, Assam or Punjab. What is the guarantee that it will prove right now?

PRESIDENT Zail Singh is setting precedents in the Rashtrapati Bhavan.

Recently he hosted a reception on the lawns of the Mughal Gardens in honour of Mrs Gandhi's selections the Chairman of the Non-Aligned Movement—the first time any Prime Minister has been publicly honoured by a President.

A big gathering of Central Ministers, senior officials and journalists attended the reception. Unlike his predecessors, Zail Singh not only received the Prime Minister himself but also personally saw off all the guests.

THE Government has accepted the Sports Ministry proposal to honour civilians who had made outstanding contributions towards the organisation of the Asian Games. The awards are likely to become a permanent feature, in the interest of encouraging sports in the country.

These awards will be different from those for Best Sportsmen and the like.

There will be three such special awards each year: the Ati Vishisht Sewa Award, the Vishisht Sewa Award and the Sewa Award. These awards will be accompanied by cash equivalent to the amounts drawn by the PYSM, AVSM and VSM award-winners in defence services.

The awards will be announced on the Republic Day every year along with other awards.

The Ati Vishisht Sewa Award and Vishisht Award will be presented by the President at specially convened ceremonies and the Sewa Awards will be presented by the Minister for Sports.

The Sports Ministry has not overlooked artisans and workers like carpenters and masons, who worked hard and long to complete the sports complexes in record time.

The Government has, on the Sports Ministry's recommendation, decided to institute Shramvir awards for such artisans and workers who have done outstanding work. These awards will be presented either by the Sports Minister or the Labour Minister.

The Asian Games organisation is busy preparing lists of people eligible for these awards.

RARE are the occasions when celebrities open up about their past and let the world in on their secrets. But Gulzar Singh Sandhu, this year's Sahitya Akademi award-winner for his collection of Punjabi short stories *Amar Katha* did just that.

In his speech at the award ceremony, Sandhu recalled how he became a writer. He said: "An incident at a private college where I was teaching turned me into a writer. I was suspected of having developed an affection for a student of the college. Fearing that this would bring a bad name to the institute, I was thrown out by the authorities. The events leading to my dismissal were interesting. I wrote of these, not so much as an attempt at writing but as a catharsis for my hurt feelings. And thus the writer was born in me."

Sandhu, a distinguished Punjabi writer, has published four short story collections. *Amar Katha* has been considered as an outstanding contribution to Punjabi literature for its delineation of the present-day realities, the joys and sorrows of the people, and its intensely emotional and intimate style.

GULZAR SINGH SANDHU. Allowing a glimpse into his past

BIHAR has the largest number of undertrails in the country—1,600 till June 30, 1982, according to official reports.

U.P. comes next with 149 undertrials who have been languishing in jail for more than two years. This is followed by Assam with 72 and West Bengal with 52.

This is in spite of the Supreme Court's directive to the State Governments, given in two separate judgements in April 1979. The courts said:

All States should consent to release all persons who have been in custody for over six months and whose trials have not commenced or against whom charge-sheets have not been filed except in cases covered under murder and dacoity. The investigation in the latter cases should be completed within two months.

The undertrial prisoners who have been in jail for a period exceeding the maximum term which could be imposed on them even if they were convicted of the multiple offences with which they were charged should be released forthwith.

All undertrial prisoners who are charged with bailable offences but who are still in jail, presumably because no application for bail has been made on their behalf or because they are so poor that they are not able to furnish bail, should be considered for release on a personal bond.

Undertrial prisoners who have suffered incarceration exceeding half of the maximum punishment that could be awarded by the court, might be considered for release on personal bond and counsel may be made available to them.

According to official reports, the number of undertrials increased during all the three years ending June 30, 1981 in Kerala, Rajasthan, Chandigarh, Goa, Daman and Diu and Pondicherry. In the remaining States, the numbers varied from year to year. ■

Festi

Rajasthan's Sheetla Festival

Summer is a time for rejoicing. And each year, with the passing of winter, Chaksu, an otherwise sleepy tehsil headquarters, comes to life and is the hub of activity. A fair is held here on Chaitra Krishna Ashtami, that is the eighth day of the dark half of the month of Chaitra. And, lakhs of devotees come from all over to seek the blessings of the Goddess Sheetla, says U.B. Mathur.

SOME thirtyfive kilometres from Jaipur, to the left of the Jaipur—Kota road, is a small village called "Sheel-Ki-Doongri" On the top of a hillock in this village is a shrine dedicated to the Sheetla Mata, a legendary Goddess who is believed to manifest herself casually, but in a virulent form of small pox

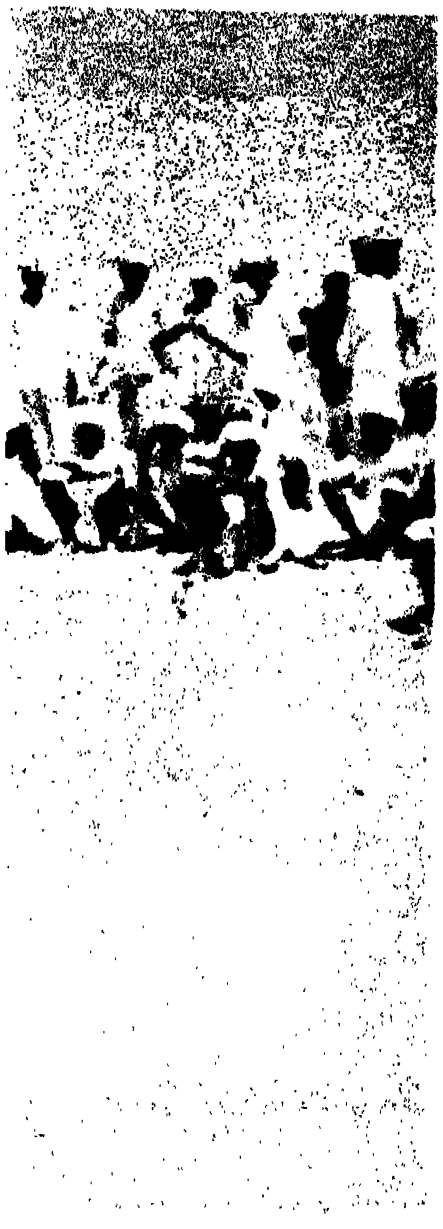
A fair is held here, each year in March/April on Chaitra Krishna Ashtami, that is the eighth day of the dark half of Chaitra, which is attended by over a lakh of persons The nearest railway station is Chaksu, the headquarters of the tehsil of the same name, which is about five kilometres from the shrine The fair at Chaksu lasts for about a week Visitors start arriving on the first day of the month They come largely by train and buses, but, the most spectacular of them, belonging mostly to the Gujar and Meena communities, arrive in their own, profusely decorated bullock carts and camels in fanciful multicoloured dresses

The devotees come to seek the blessings of the Goddess Some desire her to protect their children from all ailments, the childless pray for an issue, and the unmarried demand her favour for a suitable life partner Cultivators supplicate for her kindness in saving their cattle from her wrath

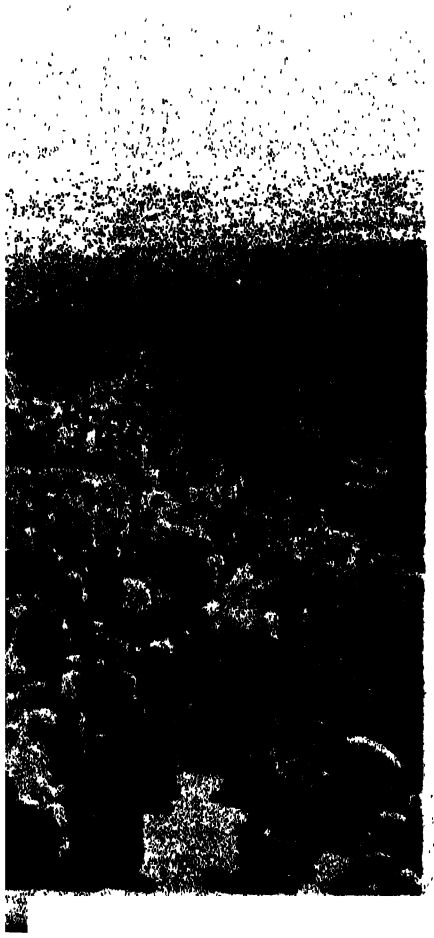
The shrine of Sheetla is a simple masonary structure. There is no image of the Goddess in the temple and the deity is represented by a piece of stone with pox-like formations on its surface.

The shrine of Sheetla is a simple masonary structure which is approached by a flight of steps There is no image of the Goddess in the temple and the deity is represented by a piece of stone with pox-like formations on its surface The priests of the temple, who are quite a few and belong to the Kumhar community, ordinarily take charge of the temple in turn, every fifteen days, so that each gets an opportunity to attend on the Goddess. During the period of the fair, however, they work as a team and offerings are all pooled and shared equally

The Goddess Sheetla is known by various names in Rajasthan viz, Mataji, Mahamai, Sed Sheetla and Sedal Mata. Sheetla comes from the word "Sheetal" which means cool, frigid and devoid of passion The eating of hot food, the drinking of liquor and indulgence in sex is, therefore, strictly forbidden on Sheetla Ashtami day. Since the food offered should be cold, celebrations for this occasion are spread over two days. The main festival is celebrated on the eighth day but the seventh day is equally important, as the food for the offerings to the deity is prepared on that day.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY M.D. SHARMA



However, if the seventh day of Chaitra falls on a Saturday, Sunday or a Tuesday, then the food is prepared a day earlier, that is on the sixth day of the month.

The propitiation of the deity is done in the morning, before the day starts getting hot. And the offerings consist mainly of sugar candies or drops, coconut, cooked food and curd. Cash is also offered.

The propitiation of the deity is done in the morning, before the day starts getting hot. The offerings consist mainly of sugar candies or drops, coconut, cooked food and curd. Cash is also offered. The offering of a piece of red cloth, jaggery and sweets called *Gulgulas* (preferably prepared a day earlier at the shrine itself) are believed to bring relief to the affected persons and t checkmate any future trouble.

The offerings made, the food is the eaten, cold. Very often this cold food distributed and exchanged amon friends and relatives. People are ve particular about avoiding anything ho They do not have tea or hot milk. The do not even use hot water for their bat They do not smoke. In fact, the faithf do not even light a fire on this day

There is a lively atmosphere aroun the temple during the fair and peop are seen singing and dancing to th accompaniment of drums. And, devo tional songs are sung.

This song describes the sentiment of a devotee:-

Holy Mother, on this day
I, thy servant, come to pray
Please to note I have donn'd new dre
In thine honour. Please to bless
All my children. Keep them free
from dread small—pox, Mataji.
Holy Mother, bless the cows,
So that milk abundant flows.
Then the children, growing strong,
Soon may voice their grateful song.

Lastly, Mataji, I pray
Please accept my gifts this day—
sweetmeats in variety
Made by these poor hands for thee

A CAMEL RACE. This is a common occurrence at this colourful fair (left).

AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS REVELRY, Chaksu is a town transformed (below left).

TIME FOR A TETE-A-TETE. Women relax even as they join in the fun (below).

AN OPEN AIR AUDITORIUM. A village belle avidly watches spectacular sports (right).

That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MR RAM PERSHAD

IT will be quite some time before we hear the last of the Asian Games hotel fiasco. Surya Hotel, which was built in consultation with the well-known French hotel group, Sofitel, is understood to have presented the Asian Games Special Organising Committee with a bill of over Rs 15 lakh, contending that AGSOC must pay for the 150 rooms which were hurriedly readied under its diktat. As it happened, only 15 rooms were occupied. If the current mediatory efforts fail, the dispute may bounce into the court room

"I was a member of the Games Accommodation Committee and repeatedly told them that the existing hotels were adequate, but they laughed and sneered at me," says Mr Ram Pershad, Managing Director, Hotel Ambassador, and President, Federation of Hotel and Restaurant Associations of India. Like Mr Mohan Singh Oberoi, Mr Ram Pershad is a non-matriculate. Like him, he also started in Simla. And as in the case of his peer, his is also a rags-to-riches story, although comparatively a modest one. Expectedly, therefore, Mr Pershad knows the hotel industry inside out.

He thinks that for the next five years the Delhi hotel scene is likely to be marked by "unhealthy competition" in the form of tariff under-cutting and falling standards. But, first, let all the Asiad hotels be completed. Do you know why the Government has not followed up on its promise in Parliament to impose penalties on the laggards? Reveals Mr Pershad sheepishly: "There is actually no penalty clause anywhere."

'Selective Permission'

Bombay, on the other hand, presents a more balanced picture in regard to hotel accommodation, according to Mr Ramesh Khanna, Managing Director, Eastern International Hotels Ltd. Taking into account the additions that are under way—Centaur at

MR RAMESH KHANNA, Managing Director, Eastern International Hotels Ltd

Juhu, Leela Penta near the Sahar International Airport, and the new wing of Oberoi Towers—the supply and demand, he thinks, would, roughly, be matched. But he is dismayed about the granting of "selective permission" for building new hotels in downtown Bombay which involves "hera pheri" and oligopolistic exploitation.

But ask Mr Khanna about the benefits likely to accrue from the decision to categorise tourism as an export-oriented industry and the dismay erupts into fury. "Bullshit," he fumes. The jerky reaction is understandable. For nearly a year now he has been building Majorda Beach Resort in Goa but is without a telephone connection. "Each time we want to make a call, we have to walk 15 kilometres to the nearest post office." Nonetheless, such stepmotherliness has not discouraged Mr Khanna from planning to expand his existing 5-hotel chain, which includes the Holiday Inn at Juhu.

Statistical Confusion

The commencement of the next financial year on April 1 is round the corner. Why should the financial year be different from the calendar year, perpetually causing statistical confusion? Most eggheads in the Finance Ministry seemed to be stumped by the question. One, however, hazarded the explanation that the Indian economy is so heavily dependent on the monsoon, that how it fares can only be known after September. Even if this is so, why can't the budget be presented on December 1 and passed by December 31 so that the financial year can start on January 1? Perhaps it is a blinkered pursuit of a British tradition, just like left hand traffic.

Superior Air Compressors

From inflating the tyres of your car at the petrol station to making fertilisers to oil drilling, air compression is among the most

MR K.G. KHOSLA.

widely used form of mechanical power. Way back in the fifties, K.G Khosla, a young businessman, realised this and made full use of his Austrian contacts to get technology from the Vienna-based Maschinen Apparate Werkzung (MAW) in order to manufacture air compressors. Today, with a turnover of Rs 27 crore, K.G. Khosla Compressors Ltd is the oldest and biggest manufacturer of air compressors in the private sector, its main rivals being Kirloskar Pneumatic, Pune, Ingersoll Rand, Bombay, and Holman Climax Ltd, Calcutta

Since the private sector units do not ordinarily make compressors beyond 1,500 horse-power, compressors in the higher 2,000 hp to 1,500 hp range are left to the two public sector units, Bharat Pumps and Compressors Ltd, Allahabad, and BHEL, Hyderabad. If you need still bigger compressors—which are sometimes needed for making chemicals and fertilisers and for oil exploration—you have to import.

The conventional technology in compressors is obviously piston-based. But now Mr Khosla is bringing in the screw compressor technology from MAN of Germany. "It is far superior because there is virtually no wear and tear," insists Mr Khosla. While the parent unit near Faridabad will continue to make piston compressors, the innovative technology will be introduced at the company's three subsidiary units, two near Nasik and one at Sangareddy near Hyderabad. The Sangareddy unit will be 100 per cent export-oriented. Nearly 80 per cent of the money for the expansion programme will be raised from banks and public financial institutions.

Duopoly Created

Jessop of Calcutta and Mining and Allied Machinery Corporation, Durgapur, may not actually be in the red but have, for quite some time, been in the doldrums.

In order to help these two semi-sick public sector companies, the Central Government has created a monopoly—to be precise, a duopoly—for them by not permitting anybody else to enter the field of mining equipment manufacture. The Andhra Pradesh government wanted to set up a unit in collaboration with Babcock of the UK but failed to coax a licence out of the powers that be. The persuasive powers of MacNeill and Magor have proved equally inadequate.

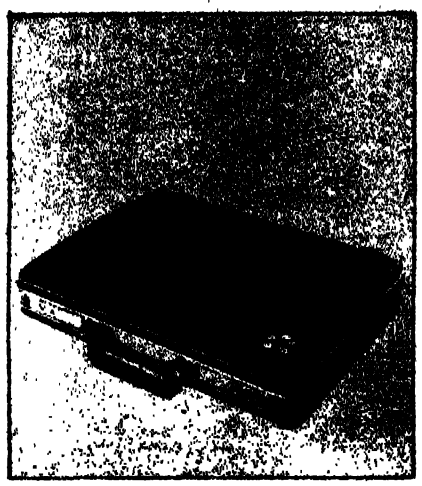
This Calcutta-based group, which now has only 26 per cent of British equity left, is taking large strides under the leadership of Mr B.M. Khaitan in converting itself from an agency house into a leading engineering organisation. By inviting the Worthington Group of USA, the world's largest manufacturer of pumps, to buy up the shareholding of Johnston Pumps of USA in its Panihati unit (near Calcutta), MacNeill and Magor has set up a new subsidiary called Worthington Pump India Ltd. "Technology is being updated with the assistance of Worthington and we will soon have the largest pump test bed in Asia," says Mr Khaitan. Another unit of the group, Flender MacNeill Gears Ltd, is coming up at Kharagpur in collaboration with Flender Gears of Dusseldorf, West Germany.

MR B.M. KHAITAN of MacNeill and Magor.

Mr Khaitan is among the few captains of the industry who has also been a captain on the sports field. His forte is golf and polo.

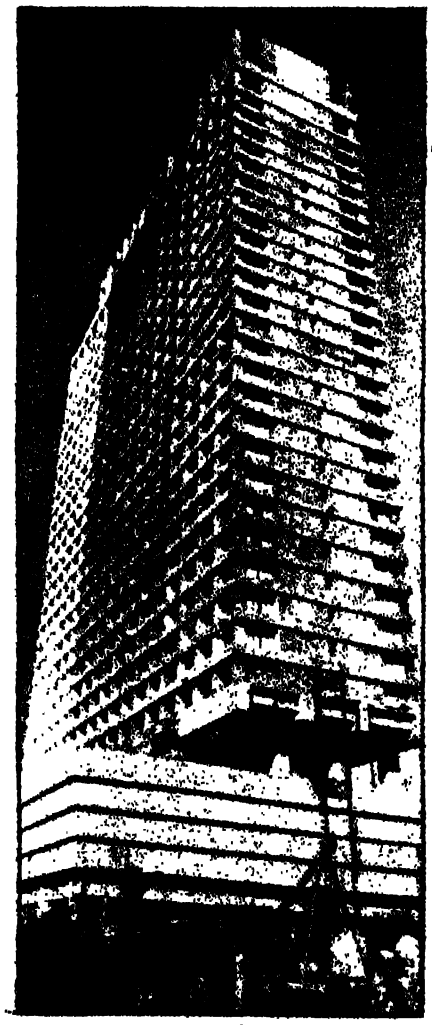
'Bribing' Journalists

Journalists have the reputation, not altogether unmerited, of being cheapskates. Give them a gift and their professional instinct is dulled. This time, at the Seventh Non-Aligned Conference, it was the VIP-brand briefcase, costing Rs 339, given to about 1,500 journalists. As a result, there



were no audible protests from journalists at the manner in which they were excluded from the conference venue like pariahs, ostensibly because of security but actually to deny them access to the delegates to find out what was happening. The computer provided for processing interview requests was also suitably constipated.

The security argument is nothing but gobbledygook, for how is a security-cleared journalist any more of a risk than an official? Some Spanish-speaking mediamen told me that the Havana Summit did not have the sort of news management witnessed at the New Delhi Summit. Arrangements at the adjacent media centre were, however, excellent.



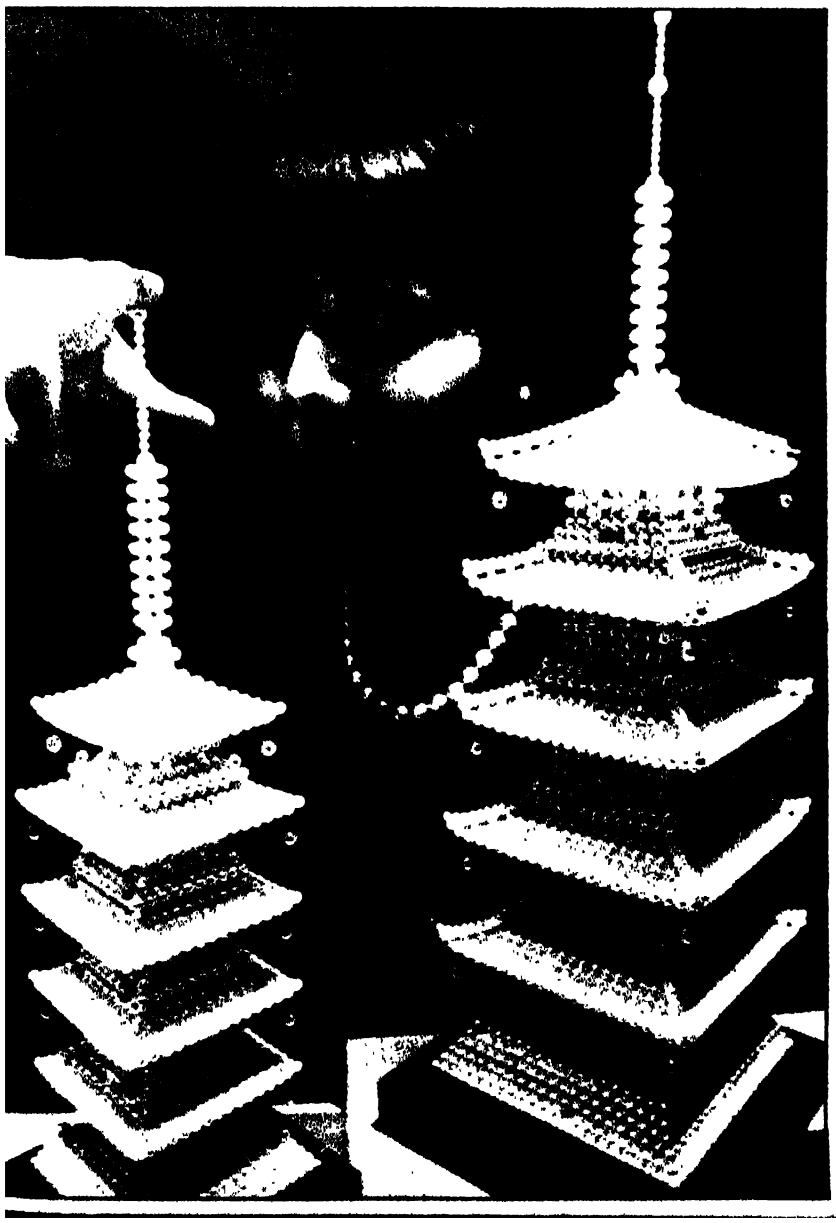
NEW WING OF OBEROI TOWERS, BOMBAY—ready at last.

THE WORLD AROUND US

ITH'S CARDBOARD CASTLE. Flt Lt Keith Hunter has designed this portable cardboard -man shelter which he will test at 14,000 ft, when scaling Manaslu North Peak, some 250 les from Kathmandu. The whole igloo-like structure is carried in a box only four feet by four t six inches.

THE THIRD "DIKSHANT SAMAROH" of the Nartan School of Classical Dances, Ahmedabad, will be celebrated on March 29, 1983. And, the eight students seen here will receive the title of "Nrityo Tirtho".

THE GOOD LORD MADE THEM ALL In a special programme, aired by Japan's Nippon TV Network, these 12 "exceptional" persons were on view. Seated left to right: (i) A woman with her body tattooed from neck to toe; (ii) India's Murari Aditya, the world finger nail champion; (iii) A man with 24 marriages and 40 children; (iv) He has had the biggest operation of all; (v) She has the biggest breasts; (vi) Her name has 103 letters; and (vii) A female Samson who lifts weights with her hair. Standing: (i) A yogi who can place himself in a small glass box and stop his heart beating for more than half an hour; (ii) The world's heaviest man, 365 kgs, with his wife; (iii) The world's tallest woman, who stands 7'8"; (iv) This moustache measures 72"; and (v) This strong man can bend and then wind around his neck a double iron rod.



◀ COSTLY EMBELLISHMENTS. It would cost you around $ 40,000, if you wanted to embellish your living room with this temple pagoda made of 8000 cultured pearls. Both this one and the smaller pagoda (left) were on displayed at the Munich Jewellery and Watch Fair.

ROMANCE IN THE AIR. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jr, the 18-year-old son of the French actor, whose name has been linked with Monaco's Princess Stephanie for the last two years. ▶

Hunger Stalks The Third World

Alarming, anachronistic and an intolerable evil, was how FAO's Director-General Edouard Saouma described the worsening food situation. And the problem is especially acute in the Afro-Asian countries, where food production does not and cannot match the exploding population, adds Satyabrata Rai Chowdhuri.

A RECENT report released by the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) says that the developing countries in Asia and Africa face the prospect of more hunger this year despite ample world supplies of grain. The report adds that according to latest estimates, world cereal output is expected to rise this year to 1,537 million tonnes from earlier estimates of 1,532 million tonnes. The figure was 1,516 million tonnes last year. However, balance of payments problems and a reduction in international food aid means that the developing countries will be unable to import the grain they require. The report indicates that the world trade in food grains is likely to fall to 207 million tonnes from 217 million tonnes last year.

Although hunger has been the common lot of a majority of the human race living in the Third World, today even a section of the people in the so-called First World are feeling the pinch. As recently reported by Mr Michael Simmons of *The Guardian*, in Britain, every self-respecting High Street now has its Oxfam shop, a style in patronage inconceivable a few years ago. At the national level, there has been a slow but steady proliferation of non-government agencies that care about the world's poor and hungry. Elsewhere in the First World, the same trends have been discernible.

A GRAVE SITUATION. In a large number of Afro-Asian countries, the food situation is growing steadily worse. For, while the food production grows by not more than two per cent a year, the population grows by as much as 4 per cent over the same period.

The situation has become so grave that in the last meeting of the FAO Council, held in Rome, Mr Edouard Saouma, its Director General, described the problem as alarming, anachronistic and an intolerable evil. Yet, the magnitude of the task is almost too big for the FAO to grasp. On recent Oxfam estimates, 90,000 people die of starvation or undernourishment every day — more than one a second, or a Falkland's death toll every quarter of an hour. One in four of the world's population—equalling the US, the Soviet Union, Eastern and Western Europe and few more besides — are not getting enough to eat to meet normal energy requirements.

The problem is most acute in those countries where the population is growing rapidly. In a large number of Afro-Asian countries, where the population may well be going up by as much as 4 per cent a year, meaning that 10 million today equals about 18 million in the year 2000, food production is growing by not more than 2 per cent a year.

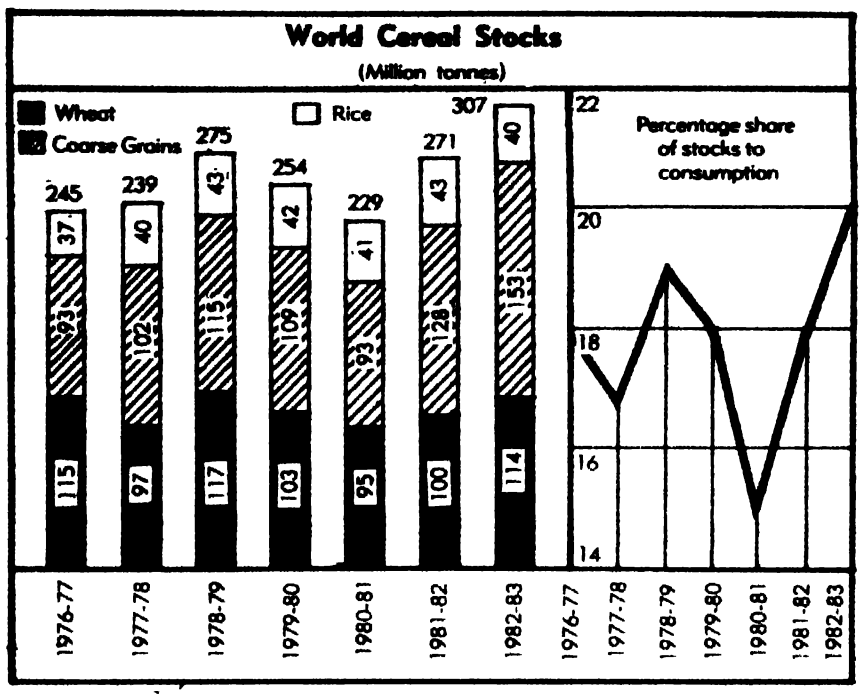
For example, to the 80 million people of Bangladesh, the world's eighth most populous country, the one or two good harvests in recent years are small consolation for the decline in the world market for jute and the country's inability to control its mounting population. The Nigerians, who are also faced with the problem of a rising birth-rate, are spending far more on food than they can afford. And they are only two of more than 30 countries thought to be in the same boat. Add to them the millions of refugees and the landless and the magnitude of the problem and the impending disaster become apparent.

Africa figures prominently in the atlas of disaster: famine in Uganda; continuing drought in Sahel, Djibouti, southern Ethiopia, Angola, Botswana, Malawi, Mozambique, Somalia, Zambia and Zimbabwe; the world's largest concentration of refugees; and the loss of self-sufficiency in Kenya and Tanzania.

Mr Saouma has warned that failure to provide adequate food assistance to the African countries may spark bloody riots that could topple governments. He also expressed concern over the reduction in US appropriations for international agencies. "The United States, the richest country in the world, spends 7 billion to 8 billion dollars a year on food stamps to help its needy citizens... there is no question the requirement is much greater in many of these impoverished African countries," he said. Criticising the bilateral approach in dispensing economic assistance, he pointed out that such an approach might serve the national interests of donor countries, but, if the trend toward bilateralism continued, it would only reduce the already inadequate share of the aid for food and agricultural development.

In his latest report on the world food situation, Mr Saouma said per capita food production in Africa had dropped by more than 10 per cent in 10 years. Twenty-three countries of this region are suffering acute food shortages, their plight compounded by rising foreign debts and a population growing at 3 per cent a year, now the highest in the world. This woeful situation is also partly due to the fact that much of Africa's best lands have been tailored to produce cash crops like sugar, coffee, jute and tea for western countries and not the cereal the Africans badly need to feed themselves.

Other areas of the Third World are in no better a position. Over a third of Asia's population consumes less than 75 per cent of the calories they need; just under a tenth of all Asians consume less than 50 per cent of their daily calorie requirements. One in every three children in Asia is undernourished and 4 per cent are on the verge of starvation. In Latin America, 10 to 30 per cent of the children are underfed, mainly in north-eastern Brazil, the Andean highlands, parts of Central America and the Caribbean, with Haiti suffering the world's worst rate of severe undernourishment — 7 per cent. "These emergencies," reports Mr Saouma, "are not only the result of a limited or temporary food shortage resulting from a natural calamity. The most disturbing are the requests for emergency food aid which are the result of man-made disasters, notably civil strife."



AMPLE GRAIN SUPPLIES notwithstanding, the prospect of more hunger faces the countries of the Third World

What Mr Saouma really means is that food is a political commodity and calls for political treatment, not merely technical or "pure economic" solutions This was clearly illustrated in September, 1980, when the European Parliament held a two-day meeting in Strasbourg to examine the problems posed by world hunger Jorgen Nielsen, a member of the Liberal-Democratic Group observed that a 30 per cent expansion of the area given over to agriculture in the Third World was possible, but, he pointed out, this was impeded by innumerable factors of a human, technical, financial and "political nature" which were holding up the expansion and modernisation of agricultural production in the Third World. His German Socialist colleague, Katharina Focke, was more explicit. "The European Community's food aid policy is still dictated by agricultural interests rather than any intention to promote development It is an ineffective way of distributing European surplus production to the poor countries, associated with high costs, countless mishaps, delays, wranglings over responsibility and bureaucratic obstacles."

Numerous instances can be cited to show that in contemporary international relations food is indeed a political commodity. The Commission on World Hunger, set up in 1978 by President Carter, once declared that there should be a ban on "the use of starvation as a method of warfare." Yet, President Carter's first reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was to order an embargo on grain supplies to the Soviet Union. And a prominent Latin American journalist reported that the military rulers of Argentina refused to join the embargo as a "lever to coax Washington into helping them suppress publication by the Inter-American Human Rights Commission of a list of torturers and assasins." These are but two instances, yet, they serve to highlight the political dimensions of food.

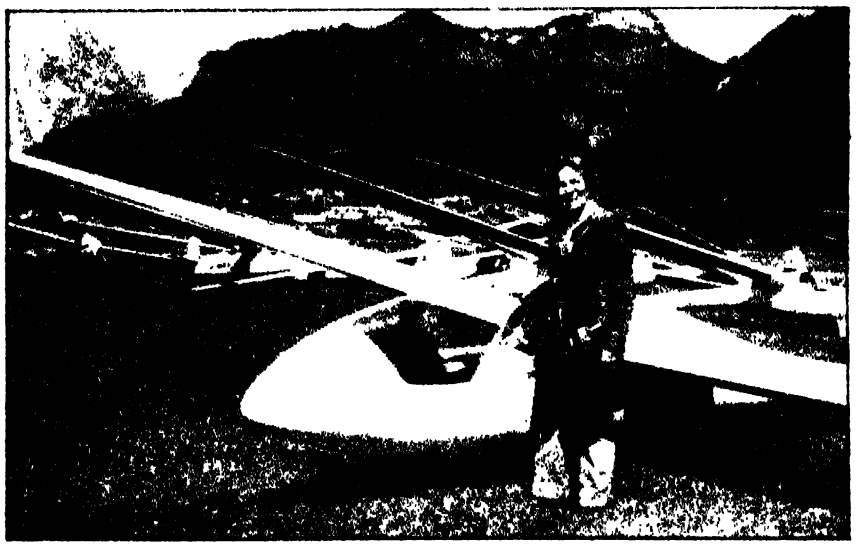
terests that control export of agricultur production." Furthermore, she says, ther really is enough food in the world to g around comfortably, right now. The world' grain production, she stresses, suffices t give each human being a daily calorie intak equivalent to that of the average Americar What prevents the distribution of the hug stock of grain among those who badly nee it is the concentration of world food produc tion and trade in the hands of a few: fiv multi-national companies control 90 per cer of the world's grain trade.

A recent report by the World Food Coun cil, established by the UN in 1974, links th "political sensitivity of food issues" with "th high and growing concentration of interna tional grain supplies in one geographic region (North America)" and "the danger to world food security from possible climati logistical or political factors." These are see

In contemporary international relations food is, indeed, a political commodity.

Frances Moore-Lappe, author, campaigner and one of the founders of the "Rome Declaration Group", an alternative to the FAO's World Conference on Agrarian Reform and Rural Development, argues that food aid increases the Third World's dependence on foreign assistance and aggravates the imbalance between food production and export crops. Food aid programmes, she points out, are normally directed to governments, and "the problem is that the people who make up governments in many Third World countries are those who are linked with, or are themselves the in as good enough reasons to call for th development of alternative sources of supp "particularly in developing countries."

The FAO has estimated that by the turn the century demand for food and other far products will double in the Third World - requiring an output, in terms of money, about 10,000 million dollars every year. they are lucky, they will get half that amour Though even this, will leave a huge defi and, worse, millions of men, women a children in the Third World will continue remain hungry



Hanna Reitsch

The Queen Of The Skies

I WAS introduced to the books of the French poet-pilot Antoine de Saint-Exupery by Hanna Reitsch. Ironically, Saint-Exupery, whose immortal sagas of aviation adventures have thrilled millions, was killed in an aerial dogfight over France in 1943 by a German fighter plane that may have been test flown by Hanna Reitsch who, during the second world war, was a test pilot with Luftwaffe, the German airforce. She was given the official title of Flugkapitan and she test flew almost all types of fighter and bomber planes including the earliest jets developed by the German scientists.

Hanna was seriously wounded while test-flying a German bomber. On her recovery she was awarded the Iron Cross First Class, the highest German award for gallantry, by Field Marshal Goering. She was the first civilian and a woman to receive this award.

She suffered another near-fatal crash while test-flying a Messerschmidt 163-A Rocket Plane that used to climb 10,000m, in 90 seconds. After this accident Hitler personally awarded her three Diamonds and Bar to her Iron Cross

In 1933 she created a sensation through out the world by flying the world's first fully controllable helicopter Focke-Achgellis inside the gaint Deutschland Hall in Berlin in front of 20,000 spectators.

Born on March 29, 1912, in Hirschberg in Germany, she joined the gliding club at the nearby town of Grunau. Her first flight ended in a crash. Braving the jeers of her male co-students, she continued her training to become the first woman gliding instructor in Germany. She set up several world gliding records between 1932 and 1938. Then she became the glider test pilot at the Gliding Research Institute at Darmstadt.

Today man has made innumerable flights in rockets, including those to the moon, but again it was Hanna Reitsch who test flew the first manned version of the famous V-1 Rocket. The landing speed of this rocket was so high, that out of seven ace test pilots who flew it, Hanna Reitsch was the only one to survive the ordeal.

Hanna Reitsch was one of the last few persons to meet Hitler. On summons from Hitler in April 1945, she flew General Ritter von Greim into the beseiged city of Berlin. She had to fly her small Feisler-Storch aircraft low, almost skimming the tree tops to avoid the Russian fighter planes.

When she entered the vicinity of Berlin she encountered heavy rifle and machine gun fire from the Russian field troops. The aircraft was riddled with bullets and General von Greim was wounded. Flying through the dense sulphurous gun smoke that lay over the devastated Berlin, she landed the plane on a street and took wounded von Greim to Hitler in his famous bunker in the Reich Chancellery.

Hitler praised her for her bravery and Hanna offered to take him out of Berlin in her plane. Hitler refused this offer saying that h had decided to end his life in Berlin.

Hanna Reitsch visited India in 1959 t present a German Glider K-7 to the India Government. The glider was received by th late Mr S.K. Patil, then the Minister fo Tourism at a function at the Delhi Glidin Club in which pilots of the club accompanie her in a show of aerobatics before 3,00 guests.

Prime Minister Nehru asked her to stay a his personal guest for a month. During hi stay in Delhi she regaled us with her fantasti adventures. While it was a privilege for m and other pilots of the club to fly with Hann Reitsch, VIPs who had joyrides with hi included Pandit Nehru, who was a glidin enthusiast himself, Mrs Indira Gandhi an her two sons Rajiv and Sanjay Gandi Perhaps both the brothers derived inspiratio to become pilots from her. Due to her effort the Federal German government invited si Indian glider pilots for a three month tour a German gliding clubs in 1960.

I received her last letter in January 197 with a photograph of her in her modern Cirru glider in which she used to fly over th snowbound peaks of the Bavarian Alps.

In 1978 at the age of 65 years Hann Reitsch did a flight of 800 km in a glide setting up world woman's gliding record c distance. It was feat a that required th greatest courage, skill and planning that onl Hanna Reitsch could do at that age. Sh derived her *elan vital* from spiritualism. Sh practised from an early age the teachings o St Francis Loyola, a Christian mystic whos techniques of controlling the mind and bod were similar to the yogic systems of Indic After her Indian visit, she became associate with the Ramkrishna Mission. She died o August 24, 1979.

Natranjan A. Wak

Photofeature

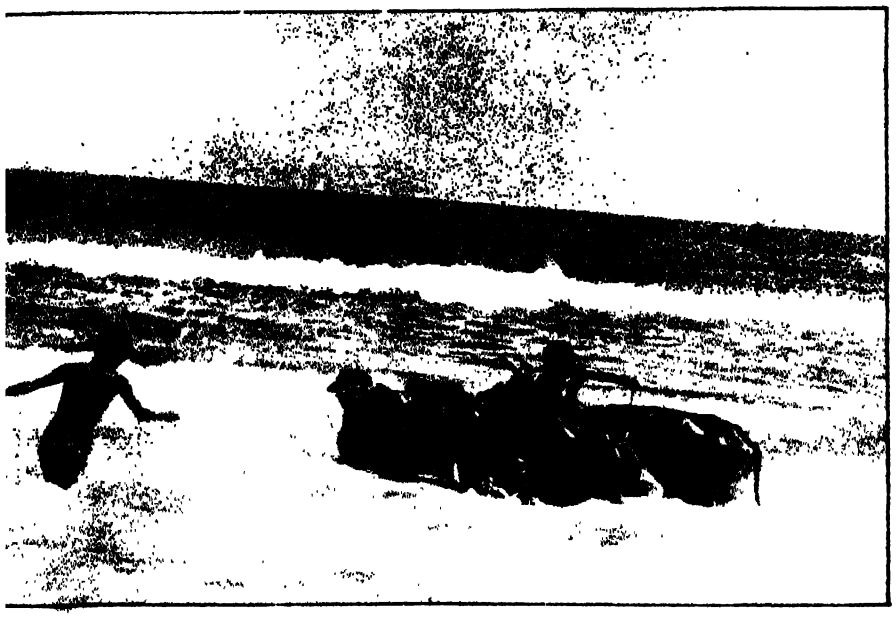
THE THIRD EYE

Summer is here!

MY interest in photography developed through the pictorial pages of magazines. I wanted to become a professional photographer, but there was no one to guide me. So I purchased a box camera and took a few photographs. The results were fair but my preliminary success encouraged me. I learnt how to handle a camera as well as develop and print pictures from a friend of mine who had a shop in Delhi.

I have no pet subject; in fact, I am averse to getting "typed". My photographs have been published in leading magazines here and abroad and I have won several prizes for my work. I am presently with the Central Reserve Police, a stimulating job which gives me an opportunity to cover floods, riots, rescue operations, training exercises and sports meets.

Photographs and Text by Satish Khanna



Did We Build Stonehenge?

It is probably necessary for a people who travel from continent to continent to build some kind of monument which proves they passed that way. Such monuments, more than 4,000 years old, still exist in Great Britain. S.S. Kaul says there is no doubt that Stonehenge and similar sites all over England, Scotland and Wales have a close parallel with India.

IT is impossible to explain fully the attachment of Indians to Britain. Why should a nation of 720 million exercise such a hold over a tiny island in the Atlantic Ocean? Perhaps the roots go deeper, much deeper.

Legend has it that early Indian seafarers discovered a continent which could only be America. The features, customs, clothing and weaving patterns, as also food and worship, of certain American-Indian races are strikingly similar to our own.

The theories about the movement of the Dravidians to Australia under pressure from the Aryans are no longer considered frivolous. The temples of Kampuchea, the worshippers of Bali and the fact that the ancient capital of Thailand was, and still is, called Ayodhya and that their kings to this day are still known as Rama are pointers that the ancient Indians established and maintained links with their far-flung outposts.

The accurate study of the movement of stars is vital for a seafaring nation. Indian astronomical studies were at their peak even thousands of years ago. It is therefore a distinct possibility that Indian seafarers may have landed in Britain and used it as a stop-over for their journeys into the Atlantic and brought their knowledge of astronomy, stone-cutting and ocean navigation to these Isles.

Striking Example

It is probably necessary for a people who travel from continent to continent to build some kind of monument which proves they passed that way. Such monuments, more than 4,000 years old, still exist in Great Britain. British authorities agree that such constructions were beyond the capacity of the pastoral society of that time as it necessitated cutting and moving huge stone slabs, the heaviest weighing 30 tons, over distances ranging from 30 to 200 kilometres. Built of stone and with great care and accuracy, these monuments were meant to last for thousands of years.

The best preserved and most striking example is Stonehenge, on the Salisbury Plain. Construction is believed to have begun around 2,500 BC. It consists of a circular bank and ditch nearly 400 feet in diameter with a ring of stones just inside the ditch. Over the centuries, hundreds of stones, some of them weighing up to 30 tons, were moved over vast distances and positioned with great accuracy.

There is no doubt that Stonehenge and similar sites all over England, Scotland and Wales are of astronomical and religious significance. This has a close parallel with India, where studies of religion and astronomy have been closely interlinked. More significant is the fact that the people who built Stonehenge cremated their dead and preserved the ashes. In India, even today, the ashes are carefully preserved for immersion. Perhaps the ashes were transported back to India for immersion in the Ganga in the great ships which plied the ocean routes. Other features which such monuments have in common with India are the concept of sun worship, the mother goddess and animal sacrifice.

STONEHENGE, on the Salisbury Plain. Construction is believed to have begun around 2,500 BC.

Maharajah's Donation

Closer to our times, in the 1860s to be precise, a well was constructed and donated by the Maharajah of Benares to the village of Stoke Row in Oxfordshire. The well, even at that time, was unique; it was 368 feet deep (taller than St Paul's Cathedral) and built by an Indian maharajah for the needs of a small British rural community for reasons which can be understood even today in India: there was no source of water in the village except for a tiny pond, and water had to be carried over long distances.

The well has its own history and legend. The people of Stoke Row are still proud of it, although it is of little use to them now. A trust has been created and funds are being raised for its proper upkeep.

There must be many, many more monuments to prove our association with the British, some known and some not so well known, but more relevant to our times and significant in modern terms is the noteworthy contribution of several individuals and groups of Indian origin to the growth of British industry, commerce, finance and technology.

But that is another story. ■

Down Memory Lane

with Manoj Das on his recent trip to Indonesia.

WAY back in 1956, Puncak Pass, 1,500 metres above sea level in the hills of Sindanglaya in West Java, was a cosy little resort only for seekers of solitude. There was a hotel with its log cabins scattered on grassy mounds of the high valley. On weekends, four or five families occupied those cabins, and the dining hall of the hotel always looked exclusive and private.

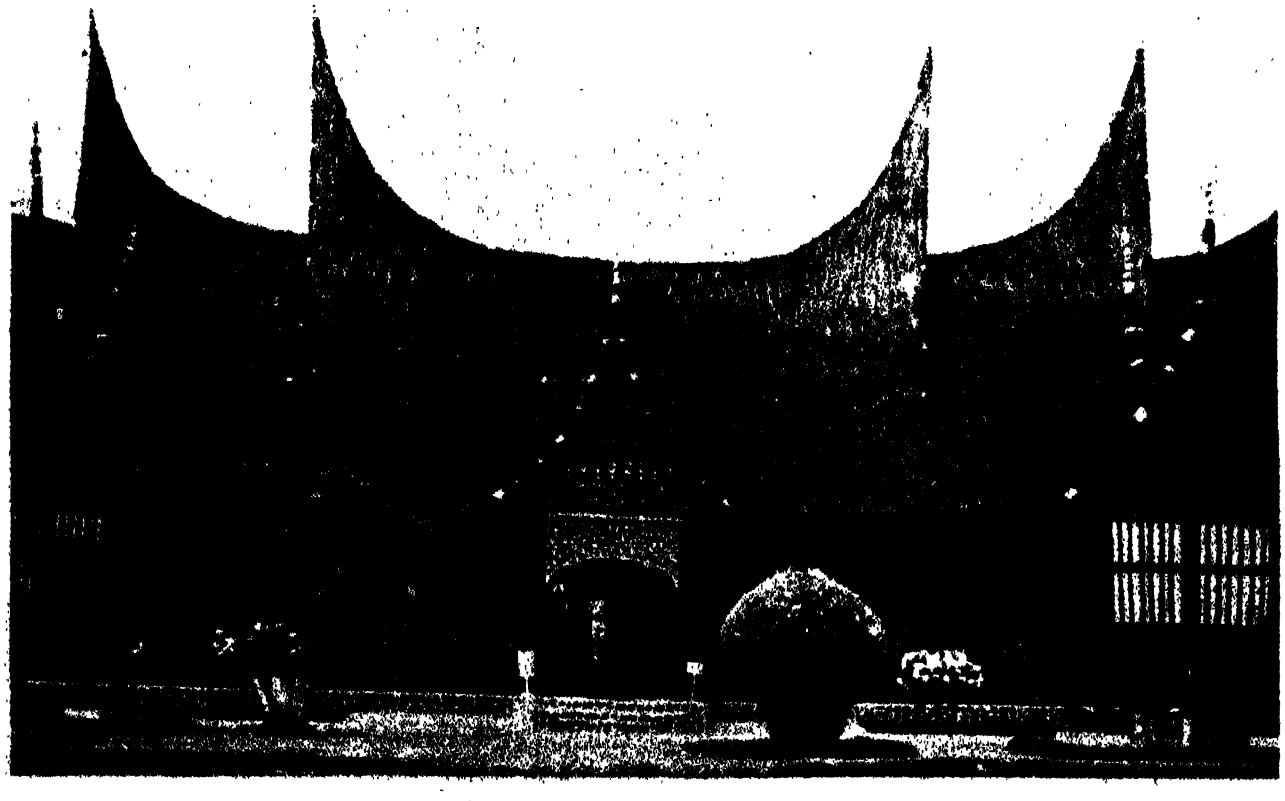
I spent my enchanted hours lolling in a cane chair outside the hotel under a colourful umbrella, enjoying the breathtaking beauty of the valley spreading downward, fog settling down on the wooded hills around.

One Saturday, I entered the forest and trekked the hills for hours. But I did not do it again. The same night a gang of religio-political terrorists attacked the hotel. After ransacking its main building it began invading the log houses. The first, second and third houses were occupied, but the fourth one was empty. I had switched off the lights in my house, the fifth and last. The terrorists concluded that those two houses in the row were empty. They left after deflating the tyres of the cars of the guests parked in front of the hotel. On their way back to their forest-abode, they sprayed bullets from their sten guns and killed seven men in a nearby tea estate.

I left Puncak soon after, but despite that night's terror, I continued to nurse a nostalgia for that desolate hill-resort.

BOROBUDUR. The recent renovation and rededication of this magnificent temple in Indonesia, with the help of UNESCO, is attracting tourists in large numbers.

HOUSE IN THE SUMATRA STYLE.



WITHIN minutes of my arrival at Jaka ta (a friend was waiting in his car the airport), I made a dash for my Puncа

What awaited me was an experienc similar to Tagore's Cabuliwallah, who lov a little girl and rushed to meet her aft spending a number of years in jail, only meet a stranger.

Where was my old Puncak wrapped primeval silence? The pass was flanked l rows of shops. The rush of traffic w terrifying. (The wooden-bodied cars of t Dutch days had been replaced by hordes elegant Japanese cars.)

At last, when I located my old hotel aft passing numerous new ones, I had to litera elbow my way into it. Thousands throng the area. Hang-gliders were descending fro a hill-top.

Amidst the radical changes, my log hou stood unchanged. I wanted to go closer to A smiling young man stopped me. I must p 500 rupiahs for entering the hotel's lodgi area. It was a Sunday, and that was the an way they could stop picnickers spoiling t lawns.

I paid and went in.

"DO not go to Bandung, for an extreme polluted air hangs over the city since volcanic eruption a few days ago," I h been warned by my friends. I wondered if t volcano could do worse to Bandung than t factories did to Bombay or Calcutta.

Bandung was a symbol for me. We, t student-representatives of Asia and Africa the fifties, had met there a year after t historic Bandung Conference of 1955. Ou was called "The Little Bandung". Tha were five days of Hindi-Chini Bhai Bhai a Panchsheel. In the coming together Nehru, Zhou-en-Lai and Sukarno, we saw t emergence of a new East. Native dictato were yet to claim Africa chunk by chu

Bandung, founded by the Dutch at t beginning of this century, was often d scribed as the "Paris of Java", a wist sobriquet that does justice to neither city, a local publication put it. "There is no Sei or Louvre or Notre Dame in Bandung. A Paris does not have mountains, a tropi climate or a restless volcano at her ba door."

I drove straight to my hotel of 1956. It h become multi-storeyed. No room, of cour

Its growth was in keeping with the grow of the city but, even then, if Bandung look smaller and lifeless to me now, it was keeping with my own disenchantment.

Red Sun

Back in Jakarta (oh, the nightmarish traf in this most over-crowded of cities!) I reme bered the night in 1956 when, along with t other friends, I had met D.N. Aidit, then t Secretary of the Indonesian Communist P ty. He was charming and witty. And he w young, had to be, for all his senior comrad had been killed in what was known as t Madiun Affair. Over black tea and grou nuts we discussed all the issues under the r sun!

"When do you expect to come to power we asked him.

"In ten years," he said with startling eas "What will Sukarno's position be?"

"We won't mind him as the President. he can be a Minister if he so pleases!" Ai replied with a twinkle.

But Aidit did not wait for a full ten yea His party made a lightning bid for power 1965. But it was neither through the id Marxist method of organising the proletar and spearheading an upsurge of the mass nor through elections. It was by winning o Sukarno on one hand and influencing t army on the other.

Soon Aidit was in Sukarno's cabinet, a minister without a portfolio.

All the eight top generals of the army were either anti-communist or politically neutral. The second-rankers led the ill-planned coup that was put into execution simultaneously all over the country.

One fateful night, six of the generals were captured by surprise and butchered. Sheer luck saved the other two. Minutes before the ominous bang on his door, General Suharto had left for a hospital with his daughter who had taken ill suddenly.

General Nasution was at home when the rebels struck, but his faithful deputy offered strong resistance, giving Nasution time to scale the rear wall and escape.

The deputy died fighting. Nasution rushed to the camp of his own regiment and at once organised a counter-attack.

Soon the rank and file of the different regiments, most of whom had no sympathy for any political party, learnt what had been done to their generals. They came out on the open streets with grim faces and rifles held tightly in their grip.

Suharto and Nasution were soon in control of the situation. Practically the first thing they did was to cage "Bung Karno" in his own palace and gag the orator. Then the national television and press began showing the mutilated corpses of the generals and their family members. (One general's little daughter had been killed in her mother's arms.) Stories of the gruesome torture the generals had undergone at the hands of their tormentors precipitated a civil crisis. Began a countrywide massacre of communists and their sympathisers. Many found a chance to wreak vengeance on their enemies. "All one had to do was pass on the name of your adversary in business or love to the nearest armyman," a Javanese youth told me.

"Did you witness any of the massacres?" I asked him.

"Not one, but several. The people set fire to a house. The inmates rushed out screaming. They were instantly silenced by soldiers waiting outside, ready with their automatic guns."

"How tragic!"

"Very tragic. But this was a retaliation for the unprovoked violence by the communists," the youth answered without any regret.

"I am speaking of the innocents killed, those who had nothing to do with the coup."

"The little daughter of the general was also innocent. The whole episode was tragic.

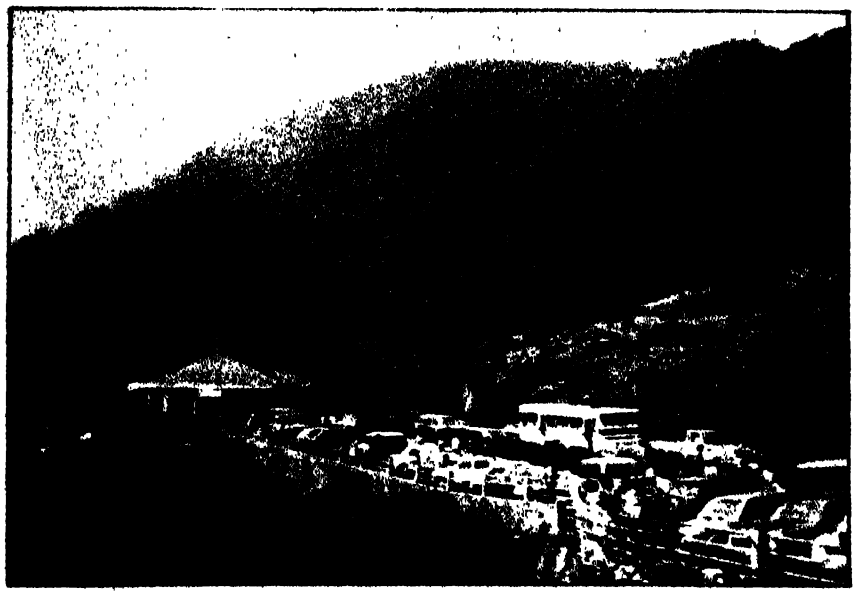
According to a conservative estimate three million people were killed.

Why did Aidit take a hasty step? One explanation is he was a Stalinist. The de-Stalinisation process (he was present at the 20th Soviet Party Congress where it began) frustrated him and he leaned towards the Chinese. It was China that was anxious to demonstrate a miracle.

Nothing was immediately known about Aidit's fate. It was only in October 1980 that a Colonel, Yasir Hajsubrato, stated openly for the first time that he had been executed somewhere in Java.

GATEWAY TO THE BESAKIH TEMPLE IN BALI.

PUNCAK PASS.



BUT Indonesia, the world's largest archipelago consisting of 7,900 islands, not only remains a beautiful country, but is also attracting large numbers of tourists with the renovation of the magnificent Borobudur temple and access to some of the little-explored islands.

Not far from Jogjakarta, amidst a large expanse of lush corn fields and coconut groves, overlooking volcano-studded horizons, stands Borobudur, originally *Vihara Buddha*, or derived from *Bhumisambhar-abhudara* (the accumulation of virtue on the ten stages of Bodhisattva) as a Sanskrit inscription found nearby indicates.

This lily-shaped monument, built in the eighth century AD, was the highest cultural achievement of the Sailendra Dynasty. In its original form, it was a gigantic stupa with a dazzling jewel on its crown, a three-tiered parasol with golden discs, circular terraces with 33 *dagabs* and, below them, 1,500 coloured panels telling tales from Buddha's life and 500 guilded images of Buddha.

After dominating the religious life of Java for about two centuries, Borobudur faded into total oblivion as Central Java lost its political importance and repeated volcanic eruptions damaged the monument.

Much of it remained buried under earth and shrubs. Private builders regularly plundered it for stones. Local rulers made gifts of the idols to their friends abroad.

Rediscovery of the monument in the 18th century, primarily by Sir Stamford Raffles, was followed by haphazard repairs from time to time. It was only 12 years ago that UNESCO decided to renovate it thoroughly.

The work is almost complete.

Borobudur did not look any different to me, but its environment did. There has been a mushrooming of shops outside the compound, and one has to pay a fee to enter it.

The colossal Shiva temple, Prambanan (Parambrahman), also near Jogjakarta, is under renovation too. Along with the majestic image of Shiva are some of Brahma and Vishnu, and a charming panel of delicate sculptures portraying the story of the *Ramayana*. According to an Indian art critic, G. Venkatachalam, they surpass the *Ramayana* friezes of the Hoysala temples of Belur, Halebid and Somnathpur and the Vittalaswamy temple of Hampi in rigour, artistic quality and technical perfection. Under the pedestal of the image of Shiva lies the tomb of King Raikai Balitung, one of the builders of the temple.

DENPASAR, the capital of Bali, has become restless, like all other cities, but the interior of the island remains fabulously innocent and as fascinating as ever.

The most ancient Balinese village that retains its pristine lifestyle is Tenganan. Till 1972, it was not even possible to ascertain its population. However, now they allow their births and deaths to be recorded and don't turn out visitors. There are nearly 300 families. No couple has more than two children, I was informed. Any one who marries from outside the village is obliged to build his house on the other side of the village wall. Their deity is Indra.

The villagers, since time immemorial, have owned a large area of land tilled by outsiders. The land was given to them by the King of Bedaulu under queer circumstances. The king lost his favourite horse and announced a reward for anyone who could bring it to him—dead or alive.

The chief of the village located the dead horse. When the king offered him a reward, he asked to be given land as far as the air was pervaded by the smell of the dead horse.

The king's minister accompanied the chief to determine the area. No matter how far they walked, the smell persisted. Tired, he let the chief have the land as far as he could see and went back to the king.

The chief then quietly removed a bit of rotten horse flesh from his walking stick!

Of the 2.75 million Balinese, 90 per cent are Hindus. Their most famous temple is the Besakih temple (probably from the godly snake, Vasuki) on the Agung mountain.

That was my destination.

The temple, dedicated to the Hindu Trinity, is lofty and awe-inspiring. The spirit of the Agung, a living volcano, watches over the temple.

Of the many ceremonies held in the temple, the most remarkable is *Eka Dasa Rudra*, held once in a hundred years.

It was on March 8, 1963, that the last ceremony was scheduled. Suddenly the mountain shook and the volcano burst, sending lava and boulders to a height of 50,000 feet. Thousands died and the falling lava turned large cultivable areas into wasteland.

Perhaps the date of the ceremony meant to appease the spirit of the mountain had been miscalculated. Perhaps the right time had expired and the spirit had grown impatient.

Surprisingly, the temple stood unshaken. ■

The Police And The Media

Swinder S. Sahni, examining the question of a more meaningful relationship between the two, says the media can be a 'nurturing parent' for the force.

OVER the past few years, an increasing measure of thought and effort has been devoted to the study and the implementation of systems and practices to bring the Police and the Media closer. On the national level, a dialogue has been initiated as between the Police, the Journalists and other Media Men and Academicians with the intention of deciding, in practical terms, the methodologies by which a meaningful rapport can be achieved.

Just a decade or so ago, the police had no realisation of the positive power and gains of a good relationship with the media. The press, particularly, was considered to be an unmitigated nuisance, often resorting to wilful distortion, falsehood, character assassination, sensationalism and crass commercialism at the expense of the morale, the self-confidence, the self-respect and public respect for the law-enforcement agencies in general and the police in particular. This often led to a confrontation in the areas of interaction between the media and the police. It stemmed from—among other things—the inflexibility of the mutual attitudes of the two.

Need For Attitudinal Change

An attitudinal change is required for a smoother relationship between the police and the media in the interests of improving the police image, ensuring better policing and putting the police-public relations on a healthier footing. To achieve these objectives, there must be mutual understanding of the compulsions of *both* parties involved.

Experience has confirmed that, once a proper relationship and regular channels of communication are established, there is lesser tendency on the part of reporters and correspondents to indulge in fabrication or distortion of news or in destructive criticism. This also applies to interpretative or investigative reporting in which the police are often portrayed as odious, merely because of the compulsions of secrecy or discretion on their part and/or lack of free-flowing communication channels.

The attempts at establishing channels of communication have been inadequate, sporadic, chancy and often whimsical—dependent on the personal prejudices and predilections of the officers concerned and the existence or otherwise of geniality and fairness on the part of the media men.

However, one of the fundamental issues which arises is whether the media in general and the press in particular have an "adversary" role to play in respect of the established authority which, of course, includes the police. A sanction is sought to be discovered in Mahatma Gandhi's proclaimed view that "one of the objectives of the press is to understand the popular feelings and give expression to them". This view is perfectly valid, but it does not necessarily imply, much less sanctify, an "adversary" role—which seems to be an idea borrowed from democracies at a much higher stage of advancement.

In these transitional times, what is required is, in terms of Transactional Analysis, that the media should act as a "nurturing parent". Through painstaking job analysis, difficulties of the police—with particular reference to the socio-politico-economic milieu in which they have to function and the in-built distrust of the police in the major laws—the media should come out with constructive suggestions and viewpoints. Negative, hypercritical and prejudiced media can be highly counter-productive and destructive.

Even in a country like the UK (where even the legendary bobby is no longer on as high a pedestal as he used to be), there is felt to be a true need to protect the police from unfair criticism. Thus Lord Shawcross, Chairman of the Press Council, said: "Newspapers generally take care to prevent the publication of anything untrue—when they act in good faith and with a true sense of public responsibility, they should be protected if occasionally they go wrong." In the course of a national-level seminar (at which I had the privilege of representing the Maharashtra Police), the participants were able to suggest some parameters of a meaningful relationship between the police and the media.

Clearly, the first requirement for this is establishment of a well-defined, well-structured and well-staffed organisational network for the entire Police Organisation in a State (or other Police Organisations)—so as to have from the top level down to the unit/sub-unit level a constant contact between the media and the police.

From experience, however, it is seen that, for this purpose, it is not enough to designate police officials at various levels—policemen who are already burdened with whole-time or otherwise substantial duties—additionally to look after the police-media relationship. In Maharashtra, after experimenting with the part-time PR approach over a number of years, a decision has recently been made that *full-time* officials are required to be posted for the PR jobs. A beginning has been made by sanctioning posts of 48 Police Inspectors for the Police Stations of Greater Bombay for performing PR functions.

COMPUTER SECTION OF MAHARASHTRA POLICE For all the sophistication imported into the functioning of the force, the attempts at establishing channels of communication with the media have been inadequate, sporadic, chancy and often whimsical.

There is a consensus, however, that the policy of posting to such jobs police officials (who just happen to be the least burdened by other tasks or those not considered fit for executive duties) may do more harm than good. It must be remembered that Public Relations is a specialised discipline in its own right and any amateurish attempts at it can produce only results of indifferent if not harmful quality. Three alternatives are, therefore, available:

(*i*) To offer entry into the police force at various levels (Constabulary/Sub-Inspectors/State Police Service/IPS) of persons who have had sufficient academic and/or practical training in Journalism or Public Relations, so that a cadre of such personnel can be built up in the department.

(*ii*) Suitable police officers may be financially helped and otherwise encouraged to undergo courses in Journalism/Public Relations with the commitment that, for a prescribed minimum number of years, they would continue to serve the department and be posted in Public Relations jobs.

(*iii*) Working Journalists/Public Relations men could be employed and posted at suitable levels on a contracted or permanent basis, as may be found feasible.

Perhaps a mixture of these three methods will be ideal in order widely to spread a healthy attitude regarding this relationship—at the same time providing a dependable and adequate pool of talent to fill up the posts which may be created from time to time. But the media, too, have been conspicuously lacking in expertise and professionalism in relation to Police Administration; Police Problems; Crime; Law and Order; and Criminology. Much homework is done (not to speak of academic credentials acquired) before the media men write on economic, defence, political or diplomatic affairs. No one—indeed no one—in India comes to mind as possessing parallel credentials for writing on the Police and Crime. The exceptions are, of course, a few ex-police officers of erudition and eminence. But, for the very reason that they were police officers, they are deemed to be "interested parties" and seem to carry less weight! There is an obvious need for specialisation on the part of the media men.

The press often feels that there is too much of secrecy in the matter of providing information. It understands that, at the time of certain occurrences (such as communal riots), there is need to conceal or hold back certain things for some time; but they feel they should be taken into confidence and depended upon not to publish certain things in the public interest. Not being trusted often compels them to seek other sources of information which may lead to the publication of exaggerated, even incorrect information.

Generally speaking, therefore, it will do no harm—if anything, it will do much good—to society to recognise the causes of friction between the police and the media; for the police to provide a well-structured and suitably staffed machinery for the continuous, prompt and copious supply of information to the media (keeping back the minimum possible); for the media also to do their homework and to develop expertise; for both of them to develop an attitude of cooperation (rather than an adversary role) for the common good.

Health

The Malnourished Millions

by Dr Y.P. Gupta

THERE is a growing awareness of the problem of general malnutrition in the developing countries including India Closely nked with the availability of food poverty is naturally the major contributing factor In ndia for example, millions of people live elow the poverty line, and subsist on an l-balanced and inadequate diet due to their ow purchasing capacity

Except USA, Canada and Western Euroean countries, more than half of the world's opulation is caught in a relentless cycle of gnorance, poverty malnutrition disease and arly death

Estimates show that 100 million children uffer from the ill-effects of malnutrition in he developing countries The number is 37 nillion in India alone The death rate among hese children is 50 per cent, while the ncidence of diseases arising from nutritional leficiencies among school children is as high is 22 per cent The infant mortality rate in ndia is the highest It is 127 per 1000 in ndia, 15 per 1000 in Sweden, 18 per 1000 in J K and 22 per 1000 in U S A In U P, it is is high as 168 per 1000 and in Kerala, it is 68 er 1000 This high rate in India is attributed o the widespread prevalence of malnutrition among women in the reproductive age group

Apart from general malnutrition due to ood inadequacy, protein-calorie malnutri ion, anaemia—especially in mothers and young children, vitamin A deficiency (leading o blindness) and riboflavin deficiency are other major types of malnutrition Rickets, scurvy, pellagra and beriberi occur in severe forms in some parts of the world but they are less prevalent than the others

Goitre caused by iodine deficiency is also a major nutritional problem in India According to a recent report of the Director General of Health Services, about 10 million people are afflicted by goitre—enlargement of the thyroid gland Fortification of common salt with iodine was recommended by WHO (World Health Organisation) as the cheapest and best method to prevent goitre In a national goitre control programme, a comprehensive survey on the disease has been undertaken to take preventive measures for its cure (with iodised salt) in the affected areas Some improvement in certain areas has thus been recorded

Anaemia

It has been shown that about 30 per cent pregnant women among the poorer sections suffer from anaemia In a bid to reduce this a national programme to prevent anaemia among the newly-born children has been launched in which expecting mothers are advised to take a combination of iron and folic acid tablets during the last 100 days of pregnancy as well as include green leafy vegetables and legumes in their daily diet

Vitamin A Deficiency

The number of persons who have turned blind due to vitamin A deficiency is estimated to be over one million Reports show that over 7 million children suffer from vitamin A deficiency every year, of which 42,000 become totally blind and another 78,000 suffer from poor vision Ignorance about this deficiency is felt to be the major contributing factor UNICEF, WHO and FAO agencies have been extremely active in educating the rural and urban poor against this blinding scourge Administration of massive doses of vitamin A to young children once in six months yielded promising results in Kerala and Karnataka The use of green leafy vegetables and fruits like mango and papaya in the daily diet has also been suggested as a remedy against possible vitamin A deficiency

Protein-calorie malnutrition has become one of the most outstanding dietary problems in India and in other developing countries It has been proved that a shortage in calorie (food intake) results in protein shortage Thus, a large section of our people suffer from protein malnutrition due to insufficient intake of calories (food) and non-availability of protein-rich foods of nutritional quality, especially needed for growing children

The severest effects of protein-calorie malnutrition, namely, "kwashiorkor" and "marasmus" are manifested in vulnerable groups such as infant and young children, pregnant and nursing women The development of young children in particular is adversely affected. They suffer from retarded mental and physical growth, in addition to being easily susceptible to infections due to low resistance Protein-calorie malnutrition has, thus, a serious implication on the health of the nation

ICMR Survey

The data on diet surveys conducted by Indian Council of Medical Research (ICMR) has revealed that about 31 per cent of the households here are calorie deficient, 22 per cent are protein-deficient in the sense that their protein intake falls short of their protein needs and 19 per cent are both calorie and protein-deficient Dr C Gopalan, Director General, Nutrition Foundation of India has also conclusively shown that the principal deficiency among children is one of calorie (food intake) and deficiencies of other nutrients including protein are the outcome of inadequate consumption of food

According to a study made by the International Food Policy Research Institute (Washington, USA) the average daily intake per capita in advanced countries like USA and Western European countries is about 3,000 calories

The average Indian diet on the other hand is grossly inadequate Food adequacy is thus the most important tool for combating protein-calorie malnutrition Low-cost protein foods containing groundnuts, pulses and cereals have been developed for school children, for this purpose

The balanced diet worked out earlier by the Nutrition Advisory Committee in India for the maintenance of good health was quite costly, the poorer sections of society naturally paid no heed to it, and consequently suffered from malnutrition Keeping in view the current price situation, the balanced diet schedule has been revised by ICMR in 1981 It now represents the bare minimum However though the 1981 ICMR diet is relatively less costly, it may still be difficult for the poor to afford it

Though the growing problem of malnutrition has been receiving greater attention these days there is a need for a multidimensional approach to combat malnutrition successfully, a National Nutrition Policy, of which self sufficiency in food production, eradication of poverty and removal of socio-economic disparities have to be given priority ■

THE VITAL DIFFERENCE Malnutrition in India and other developing countries is usually a result of a grossly inadequate and imbalanced diet

—GIRIJA PRABHAKAR

Cures That Endure

Malnutrition—The Malady

IRONIC isn't it, that while some of the world should be throwing their extra crop of apples, (not having the faintest idea of malnutrition) others never see any fruit for the better part of their lives Somewhere along the line a certain imbalance undoubtedly exists However skipping philosophy and morals, to stay healthy, the body must have fats and carbohydrates to constantly supply energy, proteins, minerals and vitamins to repair and maintain body tissues.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FOOD

For us carbohydrates supply as much as 90 95 per cent calories of the total calorie intake, generally, and this is a fair indication of our atrociously poor standard of nutrition, whereas fats the most concentrated source of energy, provide as much as 9 calories per gram, carbohydrates give only 4 calories per gram

A man between the ages of 18 and 35, who is occupied mainly with desk work needs 2,700 calories, while a person engaged in manual labour needs many more Of course the labourer with his fixed quota of grain can hardly hope to meet his calorie requirements Equally unfortunate is the emaciated pregnant rural belle about to deliver her fourth child, who needs extra calories but who can only dream of drinking milk and orange juice and is perhaps blissfully unaware of the magical vitamin pill

In the course of its life-span, the human body, like any other organism, loses some of its essential elements Protein is lost from the body by shedding cells from the bladder, skin and the gastro-intestinal tract For growing children the need for protein is particularly acute as it is constantly required to build and rebuild cells which are the units that compose the final structure

Nutrition at the earlier stages determines whether or not the adult will be vulnerable to the buffets that life is sure to bring in its course To avoid malnutrition in children, which may lead to severe and irredeemable blindness and other organic disorders, be sure to give your child enough unrefined foods—whole grain cereals, plenty of leafy vegetables and a high protein diet instead of refined sugar products and canned fast food Remember the only way to beat malnutrition is to eat—the right kind of food ■

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

The Bomb And I

The death-wish obsesses us all.
However, getting down to business
is a different thing altogether.
To hang from the ceiling
requires
a slow, deliberate courage.
You have to imagine how you would look
to those who discover you that way.
Sleeping pills may still keep you alive
and with a bad reputation of
not doing a job well.
To pull a trigger
you need a licence. Everything
needs a decision.

So I
tell the bogey that stares up
at me from the newspaper: You are
the answer to a ditherer's prayer—swift,
sure, ultimate You give
the assurance that there will be no
discoverers, tears, wagging tongues,
and provide—
from all procastination, fear, self-indulgence—

deliverance.

Pushpinder Syal (Chandigarh)

Urban Credo

On the sixteenth floor of my K.G Road office,
the air is rarefied, bereft of the scarcities
that peep out of the environs I call home.
The altitude, the lift, the carpeted
air-conditioned splendour
are enough to scrub off my concepts...
I work up my mathematics on the credit side.
The irreverence has turned into irrelevance
For my kin, they have shunned me like a summer fly.
I forget the ironies of home
in the flick of my cigarette.
My suit with a matching tie is my armour
to shut off the creeping lizard sticking to my skin
The philosophy of poverty does not rhyme well
in my talks with company clients.
It's a strange chiaroscuro
in which I conceal the dark lining of a personal history.

Kailash Kohli (Delhi)

Married Bliss

A long time ago, but not so long either,
she used to stealthily glance down when she gave a gentle
tug
to her sweater
She used to talk less,
gaze afar, take long
to gulp the mouthful of water
after meals.

And after one such meal
one day,
after a mundane day
when fog was thick above the kitchen heat,
she swallowed a notion:
Marriages are made to succeed.

So, she devised a man.
A man
who would gently smile in his moustache,
and the two lines
etched one along each
deep shrunken eye,
would hold the promises to glide—
arms locked, lips locked—
above sand dunes
on cold merciless nights...

God knows whose *alma mater* he belonged to.

Still, the wild horse dances in the drizzle;
also,
naughty dreams avalanche in a mother's eye.

Sanjiv Bhatia (Bombay)

The Match

My parents' debt to me was paid.
I was engaged to a rich lad,
a sighing lump. I saw the engagement
pointing to a deadlock: nightmarish
stalemate in the coffin of a bedroom.

Even that lanky, bearded eccentric
producing endless ringlets of smoke... well...

But how could the moron nourish
my delicate dream life?

Resigned, I steeled myself to meet something
like Orwell's rat Winston in 101.

But it wasn't that bad, after all.
Pocketing insults diligently, he sought
to soften me. Days passed.
I pitied him. Consoled myself.

The long, barren night has ended,
with my sympathy extended.
Eagerly he awaits the dawn:
"A glowing sun may soon be born!"

Pity preaches the beauty of the low.
The mind, like Russell, dreams of peace.
But who can quell the unruly waves
whose volcanic rage launches a guerilla raid
to make the ill-founded superstructure
collapse like a torpedoed ship?

The tireless spider weaves its web again.
Yet, can it stand
the blast of wind and wave?
Can broken pieces of glass adorn
an empty frame?

V. Hariharan (Nagercoil)

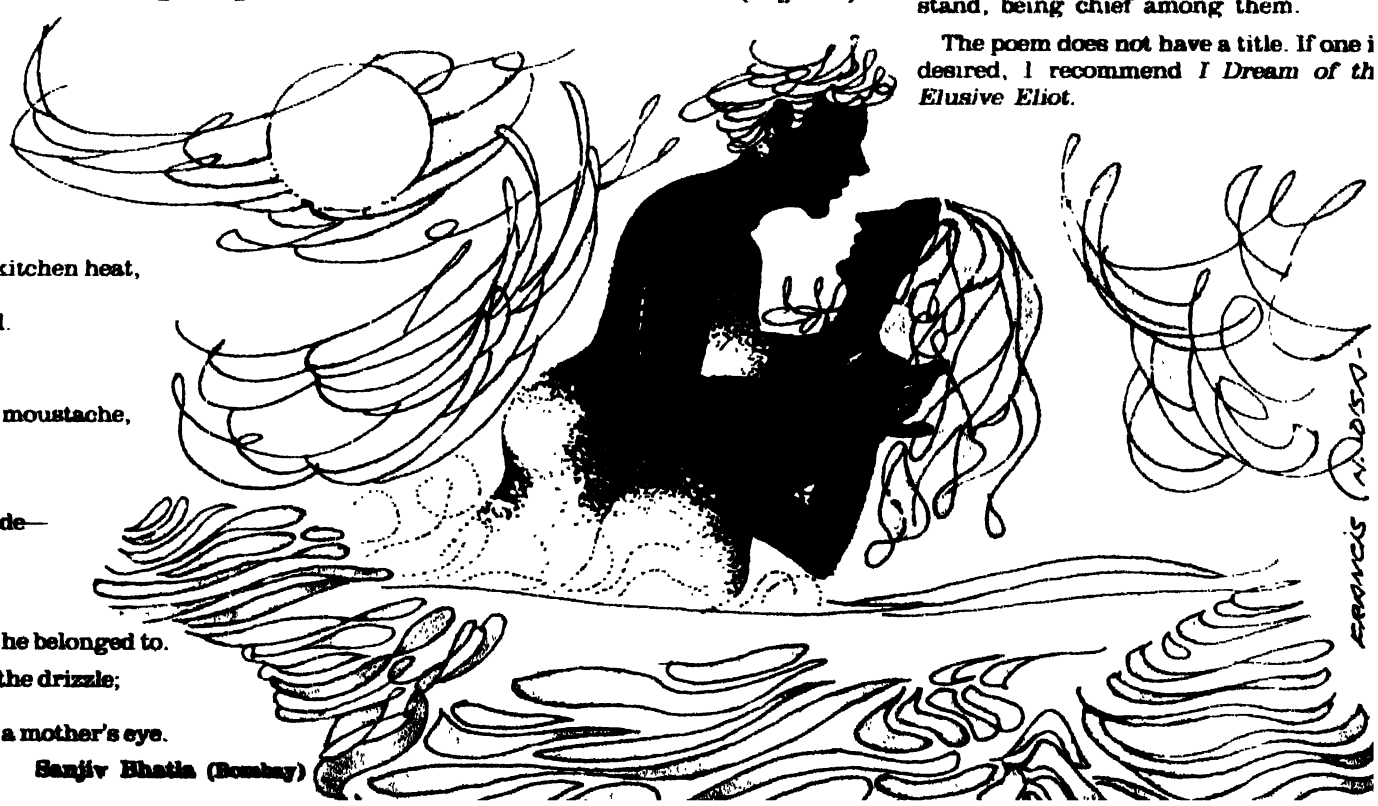
Oh dear eliot is such a crashing
bore i wish he always did not float
parallel to the ceiling me poor indian
brain would liyk to know what he meant
by this by that of course i know
he meant more than these brownie
inglishers of champas and godhulis
and native swollen chests wherefore
wherefor my angst is explained
they of the abhi man yous and
lilavatties may scream i dream
of the illusive illiot he shall light
all within me for I dearly wish
to be cummings onto the scene
of the poetry magazine without the
obligatory chand sitare and
bulley ballye

Dinyar Godrej (Indore)

Notes:
(Being an attempt to show depth in
basically light poem)

The poem is "spoken" by an India
would-be poet who really quite dislike
Indian poetry in English A few of th
shortcomings of Indian poets writing i
English are brought to light. The "speak
er", however, unwittingly brings to ligh
his own weaknesses– the use of relative
ly big words incorrectly (as in "angst"
line 9), the miserable attempt at imita
ing Cummings (acknowledged quietly i
line 14), the craving to understand th
foreign idiom with the total rejection c
the Indian idiom clearly easier to under
stand, being chief among them.

The poem does not have a title. If one i
desired, I recommend *I Dream of th
Elusive Eliot.*



Exposé

Almost every day, the investigation of the various scandals shaking Italy bring to light new evidence of the close link-up between the country's political and financial world and the Mafia. The latest names mentioned in connection with shady deals are those of film director Carlo Ponti and his actress-wife, Sophia Loren.

Sophia Loren-Carlo Ponti

The Mafia Connection

ROME—Offering legal cover-up to well-heeled defendants is an ancient habit which seems to have flourished among the people revolving around Roberto Calvi, the late head of the Banco Ambrosiano and P2, the secret Freemason society accused of subversive activities.

On January 6, the Deputy Public Prosecutor at Perugia, Domenico Tentori Montalto, submitted a request demanding a new legal proceeding against Rome attorney Vilfredo Vitalone, facing charges of having pocketed hundreds of millions of lire under false pretenses to help battle legal problems for Calvi, whose Ambrosiano Bank collapse had unleashed Italy's worst post-war political and financial scandal. Calvi was found dead, hanging from a London bridge two years ago.

Italian judges will soon be facing a case similar to the one involving Attorney Vitalone, a case whose mechanism and background are very similar. It is a case going back a few years, and its principal figures are none other than, on one side, film director Carlo Ponti and his wife Sophia Loren, and on the other side, Domenico Balducci, the mafia boss slain two years ago.

In the background looms the omnipresent figure of Flavio Carboni, the Sardinian entrepreneur now in jail for his participation in the crash of Banco Ambrosiano and Calvi's death.

The story, as brought to light by investigating magistrate Ferdinando Imposimato, is roughly as follows: While probing Carboni's shady deals and Balducci's homicide, the judge was told by quite a few witnesses that Balducci, the 51-year-old right-hand man of Sicilian mafia boss Luigi Faldetta, had often boasted of having close connections with the Rome Palace of Justice.

In his note book, Balducci had the telephone number of Deputy Public Prosecutor Santoloci. Balducci had told some people that he knew the Deputy General Prosecutor, Caldora, whose name has also been mentioned by Carboni in recordings of telephone conversations he had with Calvi.

Balducci had made boastful claims with his intimate friends that he had free access to the offices of some of the top people in Rome's judicial circles. Was this mere beer talk?

The fact is that someone had believed Balducci's assertions. This someone, according to investigating magistrate Imposimato, is film producer Carlo Ponti. Ponti and his wife, Sophia Loren, have been involved in the transfer of illegal money abroad and charged with fraud for passing off films shot abroad as films made in Italy.

According to the writ, the slain mafioso, Balducci, is alleged to have intervened on their behalf. Three hundred million lire were allegedly paid to smooth out all problems. On this score, witnesses questioned by Judge Imposito have been unable to supply details. Someone has mentioned a cheque with Carlo Ponti's signature. Sophia Loren, who will be questioned as a witness, will possibly provide an explanation. If the claims are not borne out, the only explanation will be that Balducci had been guilty of false pretenses. This is the same charge levelled against Defence Attorney Vilfredo Vitalone.

Is this mere coincidence? Naturally, but a strange one. Balducci's story is full of coincidences. To mention only the main one: this fabulously wealthy figure of the Sicilian-Roman underworld, who owned a 700 million lire villa in Rome's Aventino district and a fortune of several billion lire resulting from the laundering of dirty money, was a close associate of Flavio Carboni, to whom he had lent money.

THE LADY L. Sophia Loren recently admitted that her incarceration in a Naples prison for tax evasion has led to heart trouble.

The fact is that someone believed Balducci's assertions. This someone, according to investigating magistrate Imposimato, is film producer Carlo Ponti. Ponti and his wife Sophia Loren have been involved in the transfer of illegal money abroad and charged with fraud for passing off films shot abroad as films made in Italy.

Balducci was also an associate of Danilo Abruciati, a killer slain in Milan by a patrolman while trying to murder Roberto Rosone, the former Vice President of Banco Ambrosiano and a close friend of Ernesto Diotallevi. Rosone, who was also implicated in the scandal, was seen at the side of Calvi and Carboni in the final, dramatic hours before Calvi's death. All this results in a strange merry-go-round of shadowy middlemen and gangsters, murders and suspicious suicides.

A strange new twist to the case of the collapse of the Banco Ambrosiano, the mysterious death of Calvi in London and the P2 Masonic network has just been provided by a testimony made by Emilio Pellicani, a former close aide of entrepreneur Flavio Carboni. Pellicani bluntly told members of the special commission probing the P2 scandal that he fears for his life. Vitalone, Carboni, the Mafia and the underground, he alleged, might try to kill him to make him pay for his revelations.

To assure his protection, the authorities have been holding Pellicani in special jails set up inside police or custom services barracks. Pellicani, who had summed up his testimony in a special report, flatly accused one more Italian public figure of involvement in the scandal: he charged that former Under Secretary in the treasury, Guiseppe Pisanu, had offered to help Calvi overcome his difficulties.

Pellicani asserted that the Treasury Under Secretary had intervened with the Bank of Italia to win permission for Calvi to increase the capital of his trouble-ridden bank.

According to Pellicani's testimony, defense lawyer Vitalone had demanded 25 billion lire for helping Calvi. To collect that money, Calvi sought financial help from various public figures he knew well, but they turned him down.

How was he to meet Vitalone's demand? Within the next 24 hours, Carboni's Companh Prato Verde, of which Pellicani was the administrator, received six billion lire from Banco Ambrosiano. With the help of various middlemen, Vitalone received additional funds, including two payments of 600 million lire each, forwarded to the lawyer thanks to the good services of a car dealer, Fausto Annibaldi, an associate of the Prato Verde Company.

Other funds were supplied via associates in Switzerland. A payment of 750 million lire was forwarded to Vitalone through another middleman, Ernesto Diotallevi, a member of the underground. Soon afterwards, Calvi was found hanged in London, and Pellicani was arrested for the first time. Vitalone despatched cables to all Italian jails proposing to defend Pellicani—but the latter chose his own lawyers.

Just as Pellicani began giving his testimony before judges at Trieste, a note arrived from the Rome Prosecutor's office demanding that Pellicani himself face charges of having, in fact, pocketed the funds destined for Vitalone. But the investigating magistrates warned the prosecutor that unless firm evidence of such a misdemeanor was supplied, the accusation did not hold water.

Pellicani, in his testimony, also supplied details about Calvi's departure from Italy. He had accompanied Calvi on the plane to Trieste which, coincidentally, also carried Mrs Tina Anselmi, the President of the special commission investigating the scandal.

Noticing her presence on the plane, Calvi, according to Pellicani, remarked, "She is my friend."

Pellicani, answering a question by a member of the commission, said he did not know whether Calvi was joking or whether he meant the remark.

Calvi, Pellicani insisted, was at that time not fleeing Italy. He was merely going abroad to try to gather documents which would force Vatican financial expert Marcinkus to meet his obligations to his bank.

But in Trieste, while watching the news on television, Calvi heard the report about his disappearance from the capital. At Diotallevi's suggestion, he decided to escape from Italy under the false name of Calvini... ■

(By special arrangement with *L'espresso*)

The Mohinder Factor

—PATRICK EAGAR

PAKISTAN 78—Mohinder Amarnath in helmetless action during a tour on which he first lost his bearings against pace. Now, fortified by the helmet, Mohinder is back at his best. Is he wielding above the same willow he does today? Commentators have remarked on the fact that Mohinder's 'lucky' 1982-83 bat is heavily strapped.

IF it was the Gavaskar Factor that thus far determined the opposition's 'equation' with our cricket, it is now the Mohinder Factor. Not in the 50-year Test history of Indian Cricket has there perhaps been such a comeback. That, too, against the one type of bowling that has traditionally represented our failing. To hear one commentator after another describe Mohinder Amarnath as "a very good player of fast bowling"—in fact, as our best man against the quick stuff—is to wonder all over again as to where exactly we went wrong in our assessment of this never-say-die performer whom Sunil Gavaskar himself described as "our finest prospect" at the end of that bloody 'no-Holdings-barred' contest against Lloyd's West Indies, early in 1976. If the helmet made all the difference to Geoff Boycott's approach to fast bowling, the same magical metamorphosis is being witnessed in the case of Mohinder Amarnath.

During the recent Karnataka-Bombay Ranji Trophy Final, just as he was leading his team out to field, I asked Brijesh Patel whether he would like another go at Test Cricket, seeing how well Mohinder had done and keeping in mind the widely held view that Patel, too, is a different batsman altogether given the fortification of a helmet. Brijesh just spread his hands, as much as to say it was now all too late. The fact that Brijesh has not been in too robust health of late may rule out the possibility of a Test comeback, but the fact remains that, after G.R. Viswanath, no one has displayed Patel's 'class'. Why, seeing the way Gavaskar threatens to follow in Viswanath's retreating footsteps, it may be time for Sunil, too, to consider wearing a helmet... After all, is it not merely the possible hurt to the 'seat of his ego' that's made Sunil shy away from sporting that headgear so far? *No, it's not him. It's someone else! This can't be the Sunil Gavaskar we saw here in the West Indies in 1971 and 1976...*

The above comment of Tony Cozier over the air on the capers Sunil cut at Port of Spain sounded like a swan-song being composed for the very man in whose praise the Caribbeans had created calypsos galore. Yet, even while regretting Sunil's fall from the heights, Tony Cozier was careful to leave himself with a line of retreat in nothing that "the danger now is that Sunil will suddenly get back his concentration and then..."

Yes, Sunil may yet prove his detractors wrong, especially as the next Test (starting March 31) is in Guyana, where batting conditions are as ideal as at Port of Spain. Only, how many of you considered that Sunil at Port of Spain may have been barred in his bid to resurmon his concentration by the fact that every word uttered by Tony Cozier, and Dicky Rutnagur, and Gerry Gomez, could be heard by him out there in the middle? Transistors in the West Indies blare away at the same deafening volume as they do in India and it could certainly not have been *inspiring* for Sunil to hear every single commentator bemoan the fact that he had lost batting caste.

Mohinder Amarnath, too, must have heard what they said. But, then, they had only praise for him. The point has been made that, now that he stands square to the wicket, Mohinder is even more susceptible than before to body-blows from Marshall, Holding & Co. But it is *this* change of stance, coupled with that helmet, that has wrought the transformation in Mohinder's case.

In the circumstances, one can only admire Mohinder's capacity to carry on with even greater resolve every time he is hit. On one occasion, for instance, the ball went for four off his helmet: yet the very next ball he fearlessly hooked! No concussion there! Only concentration. And a new-found ability to come *inside* the line of flight before playing the shot—the shot that so often proved his undoing when he was sans any headgear!

Can it be then that Gavaskar (like Viswanath), after playing virtually non-stop, has gone too stale mentally to take on the challenge of peak pace, while Mohinder is refreshed by the very fact that he was banished for three years from the Test scene? Who banished Mohinder? Certainly not Polly Umrigar, who was then Chairman of Selectors. The popular impression, that it was Polly Umrigar who showed poor judgment in writing *finis* to Mohinder's career, is totally erroneous. In fact, Polly persisted with him to the last. Why, for the Sixth Test against Hughes' Australia at the Wankhede Stadium in Bombay, every second selector bar Polly Umrigar was against Mohinder Amarnath's inclusion in the India eleven. Whereupon Polly used his casting vote as Selection Committee Chairman to get Mohinder just one more chance.

Every word uttered by Tony Cozier, and Dicky Rutnagur, and Gerry Gomez could be heard by Sunil Gavaskar as he was struggling to find his touch that 'tortured' Tuesday at Port of Spain. And none of the three had complimentary things to say about Sunil. All their praise was reserved for Mohinder Amarnath.

To Mohinder's credit, he made every effort to prove worthy of Umrigar's trust. He came out to bat with the added aid of the 'British' hat that his father, Lala Amarnath, used to wear in the days he faced Lindwall and Miller. But it was no go. Come an extra-fast one from Rodney Hogg and Mohinder negotiated it so awkwardly as to fall like a pole-axed bull on his wicket. As he got up to leave, complete with that hat and all, he looked an antique piece. Certainly, every single person present at the Wankhede Stadium that day wrote Mohinder off as an India Test player.

That was in November 1979. By December 1982 Mohinder had bounced back and how! Even so, there remained a question-mark against his name until he went to the West Indies and faced two *equally* fast bowlers from *both* ends at one and the same time. Now Mohinder's done that and done it in style.

Only once has his concentration wavered since he came back. This was in the first innings of the Sixth Test against Pakistan when, showing the first signs of 'overconfidence', Mohinder chased an Imran ball that was almost a wide outside the off-stump and was caught behind. After that, he's got his head (helmet and all) down and been the linchpin of the India batting. He has been the most steadying influence on a team reeling under the loss of equilibrium created by the departure of G.R. Viswanath and the non-performance of Gavaskar.

What ails Gavaskar? He certainly seemed determined enough when he rejoined the India team for the Kingston Test. He was all concentration and application as he started out in difficult conditions at Sabina Park, after Clive Lloyd had won the toss and asked us to bat. He looked set for a big score when he was dismissed on that opening day of the series. But, starting with that second innings in which he exposed his leg-stump for it to be knocked out of the ground by Mike Holding, Sunil's just not been able to put things together.

His tantrums during the lesser match against Trinidad and Tobago would seem to have cost Sunil dear in retrospect. There was no excuse at all for such behaviour, especially at a time when Sunil had lost the India captaincy to a younger man and every single action of his was being minutely watched. In throwing that fit, Sunil, I believe, got into the *wrong* frame of mind for the Port of Spain Test.

He has since discovered that the game is a great leveller. Sunil went to the West Indies with a world reputation. For the Caribbeans, he was 'Our Own Sunny' since he had begun building that world reputation in their country. Now, as far as they can see, he went up like a rocket only to come down like a stick.

If that sounds harsh, it must be remembered that a superstar is to be judged by the performance yardstick he sets for himself. Indeed, there have been times when I have wondered whether all those tantrums of Sunil were not geared to adding to the mystique of his personality. Look at Viswanath. He was the epitome of elegance on the field and the picture of humility off it. For all that, when he was dropped, he was swiftly forgotten. Sunil, on the other hand, has all along managed to keep the spotlight on himself—on and off the field. But perhaps a stage has been reached when the whole exercise is beginning to prove counter-productive.

True, this is not the first time Sunil's been 'on the brink'. He was in a similar tangle when he returned from the tour of Australia and New Zealand early in 1981. He was certainly unrecognisable as the old Sunil the way he faced the swing of Ian Botham in the Nov-Dec 1981 Bombay Test against Fletcher's England. Still he pulled himself together after that—albeit on our own wickets. But, soon after, he had massive problems all over again—this time against the pace of Imran Khan. And now he is up against the full battery of Windies pace!

The odds could not possibly be more heavily stacked against Sunil than they are now. But they are no more heavily stacked than they were in the past when Gavaskar showed a similar genius for working himself into an 'impossible' situation. Sunil's always believed that, when a batsman is doing all the wrong things, no amount of friendly advice can help—he has, in the end, to find his own way out. Maybe Sunil will discover that way at Georgetown. In the interests of Indian Cricket, one hopes he will—unless, of course, he is ruled as unfit to play that Test.

Raju Bharatan

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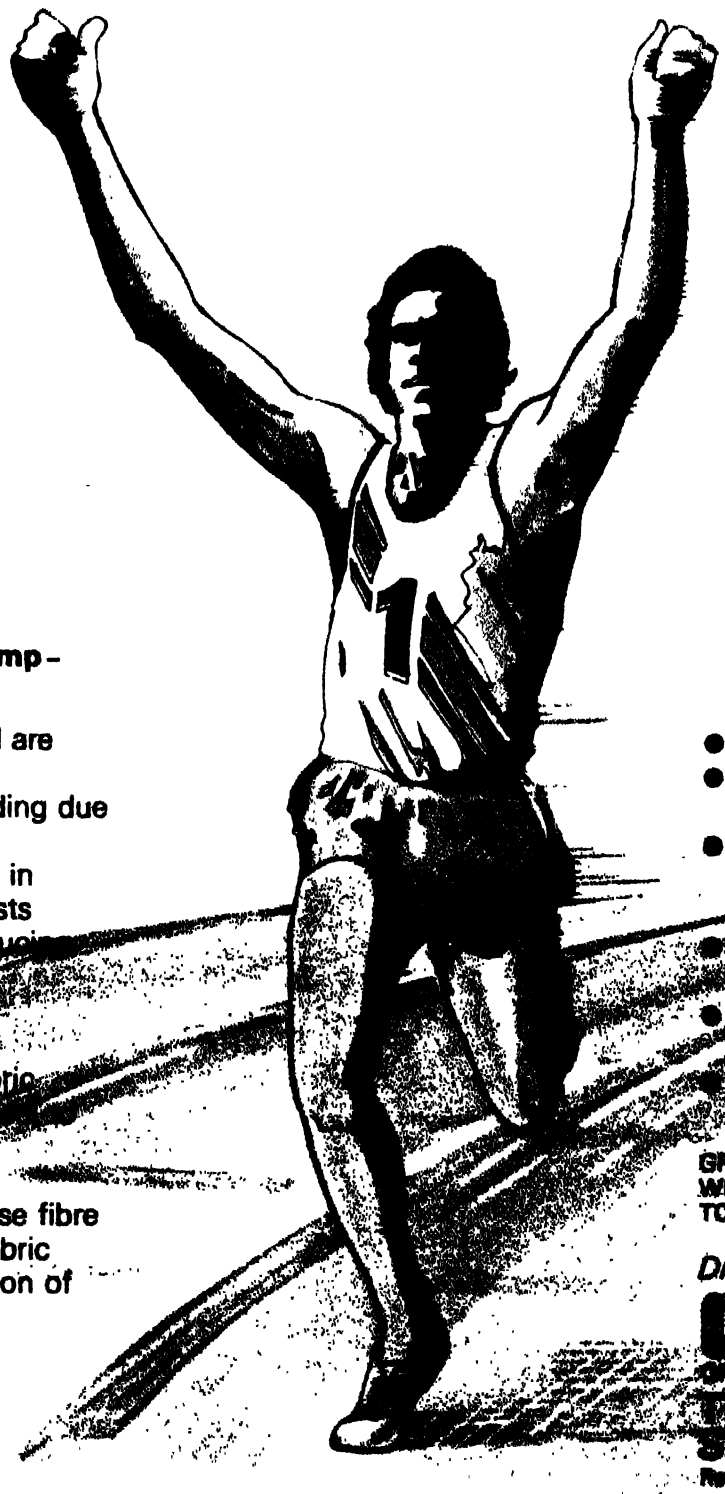

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The Family Man—II

by Charles H. Heimsath

Pleased at having befriended the saffron-clad mother and child, the American businessman looked forward to meeting them again for dinner that night. Would she come?

By mid-afternoon he returned to his beat, as he thought of it—a regular programme of goodwill visits to businessmen and research scientists in the city, people he sometimes dealt with officially but in any case should cultivate to keep himself aware of their activities. It was by this means that he often knew weeks before his competitors did what tenders were to be invited.

He prided himself on how widely he circulated, how many top level people he knew well. In fact, he was often a source of information to Indians on advances in his field. Why did most Americans draw back from entering the Indian market, he often asked himself. Plenty of business here; you have to make a few adjustments in working style and you can step in easily. No one is wary about American capitalism; in fact they admire us, he had discovered years ago. Anyway, luckily for him no other American firm was competing in his line. Let the others discover for themselves, he thought, what they've been missing.

By six he had gone through his list, and he took the car back to the hotel. He bathed, ordered soda and ice and poured a drink from the bottle he'd brought along. At eight he walked two flights down for dinner.

There she was, the little girl in her arms, smiling at him from the centre of the lobby as he reached the end of the stairs. She had seen him coming and moved towards him. They shook hands warmly, once she had adjusted the child on her left shoulder.

"She's no better," said the woman abruptly, "even though she slept the whole afternoon. That's why I couldn't get here for lunch. I'm sorry."

"Please, I understand. What about dinner now? Can she eat anything?"

"I think she's really hungry. Thanks. She hasn't had much all day." The woman followed him towards the main dining room with its elaborately padded door.

"Let's see whether they've got the airconditioning on in here," he suggested before they entered the dining room. "If it's cold we ought not to bring her inside." He was looking at the flushed face of the child. The woman smiled again.

This woman always smiles, he thought suddenly. More smiles than talk. This time the smile conveyed thanks that he understood about children with fevers.

"It's ok," he decided, entering the room tentatively, trying to judge whether there was a blast of iced air that they would have to avoid. "Let's sit over there, and she can lie down if she wants to," he said, gesturing toward the tables against a bank of upholstered couches.

"I just can't believe I'm in such a place," remarked the woman. "It's such a surprise! Such a pleasant surprise." And then just before seating herself and without a word of explanation she leaned over the table next to theirs and embraced a young bearded saffron-clothed man by kissing him on each cheek. So she does have friends, he thought, and then carefully, trying to appear casual, exchanged nods with the bearded man.

"He's a friend from the ashram," she explained, "a karate instructor. We know each other from the last time." And after that she ignored the man completely. Well, it's the normal French greeting, he consoled himself, she isn't attached to him.

But why should he care? What claims did he have on her? Was he jealous? Quickly he threw aside these questions as irrelevant. For God's sake, he told himself, this is nothing more than a pleasant evening! Look after them for an hour, as a gentleman would, and bid them adieu. He settled back into the role of a gracious host, nothing more could be permitted.

"*J'ai faim*," said the child and began to cry. They were now ordering the meal and the girl could tell that food was available.

"It's a good sign, she's hungry," he observed. "What would she like?"

"Oh, she'll just eat from our plates", replied the woman. "You order, please."

He chose two dishes neither of them spicy, and asked the waiter for some lime and soda at once and also some wafers for the child, the kind he knew that the hotel used to ornament squares of ice cream.

The child sat upright at the table and did not, he noted, look as sick as she had earlier. They discussed childrens' fevers for a few minutes. The woman was careful about health, he was glad to confirm—both the child's and her own. Indeed, as their conversation moved to →

Illustrated by Francis R. D'Sa

talk about the ashram she told him more about the guru's admonitions on body fitness.

"There is a good kitchen at the ashram," she told him, "with simple vegetarian food, no spices. Plenty of milk for my daughter. And I drink milk too." She added this laughingly, maybe a little embarrassed that the French in India were reduced to drinking milk, he thought.

THIS was the first mention of the relationship between the woman and the girl, he realised. "I assumed she was your daughter," he said, partly to leave an opening for further explanations.

"Her father is German," she continued, looking at the girl's almost platinum blond hair and went on in what seemed to him to be a natural tone: "We met here at the ashram, and the baby was born in Germany. We're not married but we meet, and he sees her."

Nothing unusual about this situation, he thought. He had heard disparaging remarks by Indians about the Master Spirit's invitation to his followers to indulge promiscuously in sex, his own bevy of mistresses, his occasional telling of dirty stories. So what, he mused, that's what this generation does in Europe and America, so naturally sexual freedom follows them over here. The guru is just moving with the times, keeping abreast of his flock, adding may be the the spice of classical Indian references to sex—which are abundant—to the more pedestrian mores of the liberated West.

He hadn't volunteered any personal information, nor sought any from her during their short acquaintance. It was much more natural to assume that they were both people with normal attachments and enjoy discussing general topics. But she had brought up an important bit of her personal background and it might reasonably be followed a step further. "You're called Ma Prem Priyo?" he asked, hoping that he was pronouncing the strange name correctly.

"Yes, my real name is Marie Pauchet. But Savitri is in fact my daughter's real name; it's that way on her passport". She looked fondly at the little girl, who was busy munching the wafers and at the same time digging her fingers into the sugar bowl. The kid is really hungry, he observed, obviously not seriously ill.

Then he spoke about his children. The meal came, they cut choice morsels for the girl and he talked about his wife and three boys. Not a great deal, just enough to let her know that he was contented with his wife and reasonably proud of his boys, who were in college or working back in the States.

"I always wanted a daughter..." he began. She cut in, "And now it's too late?"

"Well, I guess I'm finished with that now," he admitted, then self-consciously turned to his half-finished plate thinking that she might be passing a quick judgement on his age and virility.

Then they talked more about her experiences in the ashram. She told him how the place looked, what the followers did—carpentry, printing, weaving, dancing, theatrics, as well as yoga and meditation. "We're not sitting around in a trance. We learn to know ourselves better through self-expression in almost every form imaginable. Why, there's one man learning to walk the tight rope!"

"Sort of like zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance." He spoke to encourage her to continue.

"Yes, that's it. You can't be any good spiritually unless you discipline your body by tending the mundane details of life," she went on, plainly enjoying his receptivity to the subject.

"But you're here to escape, aren't you?" he finally said, looking at her seriously, testing her reactions to a sudden shift in his genial manner.

"Of course I'm escaping!" she replied at once. She showed not a trace of dislodgement by his sudden question and he admired her self-assurance. She pushed right ahead on that note. "I'm escaping, as we all are here, from the cruelty of Western civilization, from its senseless drive for bigger and bigger things. We hope to be here, not there, when the end comes, and the West blows itself up over oil—or some other stupid thing!"

Well, this is what's inside the girl's head, he thought and sat back for a moment or two letting her words sink in. While he pondered what to reply she turned towards her daughter and tried transmitting more of her roast chicken to the child's plate. The little girl protested that she'd enough—"*Suffit, Suffit, Maman*"—and while the expected offerings and rejections continued he tried to think of a counter-argument. There was no adequate response to her main point; he could only make a reference to India's blatant inhumanities or offer a simplistic assertion of faith in Western civilisation.

He tried the latter approach, realising how sophomoric he sounded, listing the West's achievements in philosophy, science, culture. She cut him off. "That's what we've *lost*," she said "It's gone, for good. Now maybe these people, these Indians will adopt our virtues and save them for us over here. At home we've lost them!"

She was serious and for once didn't smile. But he could tell that she was happy at the thought she had just enunciated. She would be here in the ashram when Europe and America reached the end of the line: that was her idea. She and the others like her would then be responsible for interpreting to contemporary Indians what had gone wrong in the West. She and her fellow ashramites would survive the blast and the fall-out, would settle here forever and with the Indian intellectuals define the nucleus of the new world order to emerge from the wreckage of the old.

Actually the idea amused him; it had some kind of logic. India, after all, was the land of the Aryans, the original Europeans, and it was appropriate that it should survive the excesses that Europeans had devised for themselves. If Ma Prem Priyo and Savitri and the other saffron-clad young men and women here thought they could carry on the great traditions of the West, under the protection of their guru—who after all gave his daily discourses in English—well, so be it! This group was not devoid of talent. Let them carry on, he thought, after he'd returned to the source of all the world's troubles, the United States. He laughed at his own cynicism.

Anyway she was too pleasant to argue with, he decided. Both of them, furthermore, and the child too, had been abundantly fed and were not in an argumentative frame of mind. He could sense the contented mood and was pleased with himself for having given the three of them a reviving meal. The girl had crawled over to her mother's lap and was almost asleep.

"We'd better go," he said, "or your daughter will be asleep." As always the attentive father, he thought to himself.

"But you haven't had your coffee," she replied. The woman would stick to proprieties, he thought, out of habit.

"Not tonight. Thank you." He turned away and made a move to rise. "I think you really ought to get her to bed," he said, turning back towards them for a moment. "She ought to be fine in the morning," he continued. The woman nodded her assent, readjusted the little girl's weight across her chest, and pushed back her chair. He helped her to rise.

As they walked among the tables towards the restaurant exit he saw himself escorting a woman who could well appear to be his wife, carrying a child that could be his own. He assumed so easily the role of husband and father that he wondered if others were just then confirming his own image of himself. But the saffron garb of the two in front of him did indeed set mother and child apart from the would-be husband-father in the rear. Realising that, he slowed his pace, extending his distance from them. Just as well, he thought; this pretence of a relationship was not a game he wanted to play.

They entered the lobby. The brighter lights altered the little girl to her new surroundings and she cried out and began to squirm. "Savi has to go to the toilet," explained the woman, looking around for a ladies' room. He quickly asked directions from somebody. It was one flight up the main staircase.

As they walked up he automatically considered the problem of getting the child to use the public toilet without touching anything that might be contaminated, a problem he had often faced with his own children, not always successfully.

"Why don't you take her to my room," he said almost without thinking. "I'm just another flight up, and the bathroom is clean there." At once she accepted the offer, circled the elevator shaft and kept climbing the stairs, increasing her speed as the child's discomfort became more evident. Then down the hall, and they entered his room.

A reading light was lit next to one of the two beds, which had already been opened up for the night. He signalled to close the bathroom door and the woman and child entered at once.

She looked out through the half-opened door a minute later, the child clearly having been left on the seat. "Oh, you have hot water," she said smiling as usual. "May I give her a very short bath? We have no hot water at home, and..."

"Yes, of course," he replied and she closed the door.

What a natural thing to do, he thought. He felt tired and sat down on the bed. This woman knows what she's doing, let her have her own way. I'm just providing the conveniences, nothing more. He let his thoughts turn lightly to the magazine he had started during lunch; he picked up the threads of a news story about Afghanistan. Then he heard water running and splashing, muffled sounds of directions being given in French for washing this or that part of the body. The washing stopped. He read on. Then the bathroom door suddenly opened.

The little girl, dressed and beaming, ran out straight to the second bed, where she flopped over its side on her stomach. After a moment the woman followed, but in singularly altered attire. She had taken off her long dress, probably to avoid wetting it with the child's bath water, and now wore it horizontally wrapped around her mid-section, one side just above her breasts tightly gathered and tucked in, the other reaching to her lower thighs.

"I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "Savi just ran out..." She continued in French to the child, who was meanwhile making herself comfortable in bed.

"Better cover her," he said, recalling the fever. The woman pulled back the spread and covered her child with it, looking over at him with a little grimace of embarrassment. "I'll finish right away," she said, walking swiftly on tip toes back toward the bathroom.

"Take a shower, if you like," he told her in a matter of fact voice while looking back to his magazine. She did as she was asked. It was five minutes before she reappeared.

By then the child was asleep. They said nothing, neither one wishing to interrupt nature's way to cure fever. She joined him, sitting at the end of the bed and looking over at her daughter. He put his reading aside and switched off the lamp. There was no thought except of the peacefulness of the moment, the extraordinary simplicity of the scene, which led him to reach down to her. "Yes?" he asked softly when he felt her arm.

"It's normal," she answered and slipped over to him and rested her head on his chest. She pronounced "normal" in the French manner and this reassured him because it meant that the night would pass and he could resume his life tomorrow as if nothing had happened.

WHEN he awoke, the light from the bathroom still formed a rectangle on the wall opposite his bed. He had no idea of the time. The child still slept across from him, now fully covered with a blanket. The fan whirred to keep away mosquitoes. He turned carefully, so as not to awaken the woman.

She was not there. He looked again at the open bathroom door, again at the child's bed, dug under the pillow for his watch. It was five o'clock. Where was she? He rose, naked, and entered the bathroom. The woman's clothes were gone.

Lying on the bed a moment later he stared over at the little girl. What would he do when she awoke? How would he explain her mother's absence? Would she be scared of him? Would his French be good enough to converse simply with a child? He realised with apprehension that he'd never slept before in a room with a small girl.

He checked his thoughts. Would not the woman return before the child awoke? That was the crucial question. Why was he assuming that she would not?

Jolted from sleep into an unplanned situation, he found himself adjusting by mentally re-ordering his life. He had a three-year-old girl who was his responsibility. The mother was gone. If she'd planned to return she would have written a note explaining when. His mind worked over the likely problems of the next few hours. The reaction of the hotel people when he appeared with Savitri. He figured he could manage them. But would the child cry? Was the child still sick?

Now he was fully awake and dressing. When Savitri awoke he would greet her calmly and tell her that her mother would return shortly. *"Maman reviendra toute de suite..."*. He practised what he would say.

As he planned his moves his mind eased. It would go smoothly, he thought. He visualised having a daughter, how he would care for her. For a moment he allowed himself to imagine taking the girl to Bombay, taking her home. He would explain to his wife how this had happened—not every detail, just the broad picture of being left with a child who needed a normal home.

His careful planning paid off when the child awoke. There was no scene, no crying. Savitri actually talked to him. She asked him for a comb. She wanted to know what they would have for breakfast. Satisfied that her mother would return she turned out to be a very secure little girl. Best of all, her fever had gone. She was well.

He took her hand as they descended the two flights of stairs to the lobby. He glanced proudly at the small girl wearing a long saffron coloured dress walking quietly beside him. He thought she looked good with him and permitted himself the hope that this scene would be repeated often—a father and a daughter walking together in a trusting, accustomed way.

She looked up occasionally and spoke a few words—she wanted orange juice, one of her shoes felt loose—and he replied as best he could in her language. She seemed satisfied with his answers, with his company.

They sat at the table they had occupied the day before. He ordered orange juice and porridge for the girl and sprinkled sugar and poured milk when it came. While they ate he made his plans for the day.

He would take Savitri to the ashram and ask about Ma Prem Priyo. When they told him that she was not there he would get her address and drive to her place. She would have packed up and left—probably with the karate instructor; the two ashramites would later be reported to have disappeared into the Himalayas.

"Maman! Maman!" He was just offering the little girl a glass of milk when she suddenly sat upright and called out. He looked up. There was Ma Prem Priyo. She was smiling. ■

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* New page effective 1st Jan. 1983

"WHY is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

"It's a great scheme. You should hear the witnesses contradicting one another."

A MOTORIST speeding along at 80 miles an hour was stopped by a policeman.

"Was I driving too fast?" asked the motorist.

"Hell, no. You were flying too low."

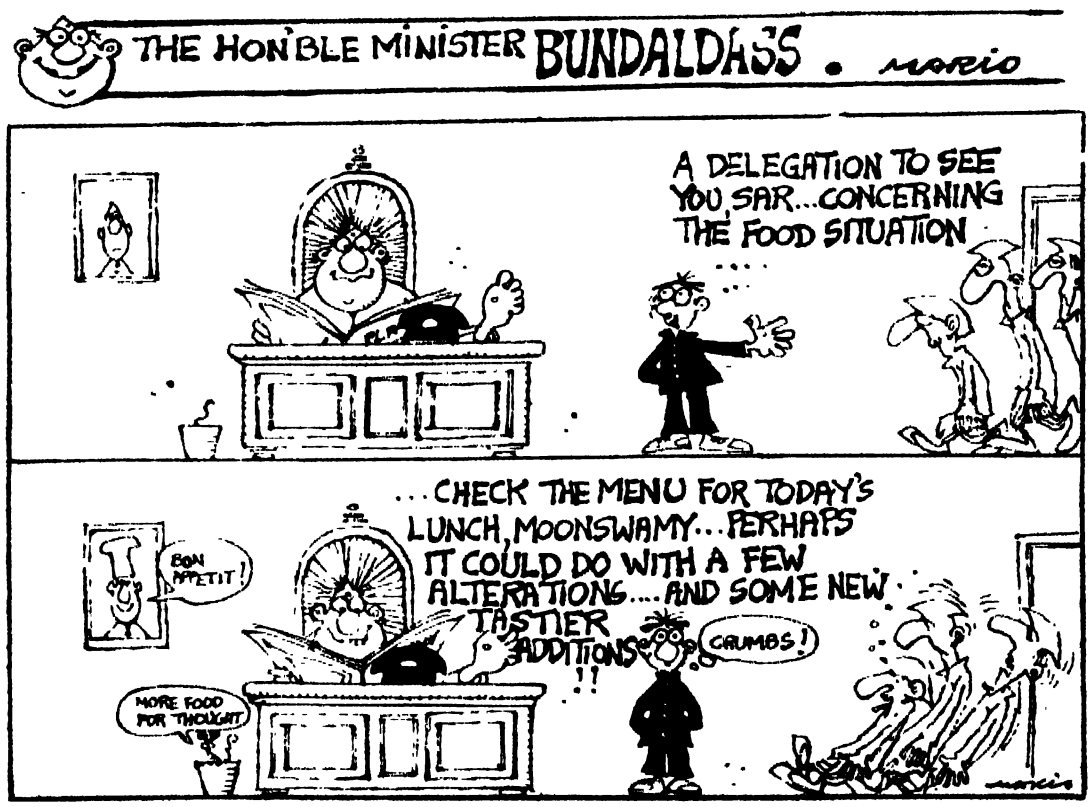
"WHAT part of the car causes the maximum number of accidents?" "The nut that holds the wheel."

JANET: "What do you do when you see an unusually pretty girl?" Anna: "I look for a while and then I get tired and put the mirror down."

AN English statesman visited Russia and after several toasts back and forth, he made a speech in English which had to be translated for the benefit of his Russian hosts. In the course of his speech he quoted from the Bible and said, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The Russian interpreter was flabbergasted into momentary silence but quickly recovered and translated: "The vodka is good but the mutton is rotten."

"Look dear, I've brought something for you—something absolutely free!"

REMARKED the shrewish wife of a struggling author, to a neighbour: "My husband, who fancies himself a writer, has just sold four articles—his wrist-watch, his overcoat and his two suits."



"BROKEN off your engagement to Mary?"

"She wouldn't have me."

"Did you tell her about your very rich uncle?"

"Yes. That's how she's my aunt now."

A PASSENGER in the airplane was high up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

Passenger: "What's the joke?"

Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the lunatic asylum when they find out I've escaped."

AN American G.I., stationed in Vietnam, was once asked what the abbreviation stood for. "Aw, I really don't know," he said scratching his head, "maybe Galvanised Iron."

THE story goes that during World War II, a fiery-tempered infantryman in Burma was once hauled up before the Commanding Officer for calling his British Captain an "S.O.B." Asked if he knew what the offending letters stood for, the accused promptly replied, with remarkable ingenuity, "Soldier of Britain, Sir!" He was allowed to go scot-free.

WHEN a man argues with a woman, it's invariably a case of "He came, he saw, he

THE two cannibals were lunching when one remarked "I hate my mother-in-law."

"It's all right," replied the other, "Why don't you eat the vegetables?"

A MAN and his wife were talking about the most recent wedding scandal. "Just think," said the wife, "it was just as the bride was coming down the aisle that the groom suddenly turned and ran from the church and skipped town. I guess he lost his nerve."

"Oh, I don't think so," said the husband. "I figure he found it!"

THEN there's the story of a very naive girl who, hoping to get rid of an undesirable boy-friend—a doctor—remembered an old saying and religiously started eating an apple every day.

WITH his marriage round the corner, Bob, the local Romeo, was worried about his financial position.

"But why should you worry about money when you're going to make dozens of girls happy," remarked his pal, Willy.

"But I'm only getting married to one," Bob retorted.

"No doubt," said Willy, "I'm thinking of the ones you're not getting married to."

THE new man in town told his neighbour, "I have come out here to make an honest living."

"Well," said the neighbour, "there is not much competition."

A YOUNG playwright gave a special invitation to an editor to watch his new play. The editor came to the play, but slept through the entire performance.

The young playwright was indignant and said, "How could you sleep when you knew how much I wanted your opinion?"

"Young man," said the editor, "sleep is also an opinion."

EVERY chair in the doctor's waiting room was taken. Several people were standing. There was no word from the doctor.

Finally, after waiting for a long time, a patient stood up wearily and said loudly, "Well, I guess I will just go home and die a natural death."

A MAN and his friend were talking about their wives.

"My wife is very touchy," said the friend. The least little thing sets her off."

"You are lucky," said the man. "Mine is a self-starter!"

"YOU look like a nice, sensible girl. Let's get married."

"Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look."

BABY Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush dear, the stalk brought you."

HAVE your parents given their consent to our union?"

"Not yet. Father hasn't expressed his opinion yet, and mother is waiting to contradict him."

"SO Elsie returned your engagement ring?"

"Yes, she mailed it to me and she had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package—"Glass: handle with care."

FATHER: "I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter, you are getting a very big-hearted and generous girl."

Young man: "I do, sir. And I hope that she inherits those fine qualities from her father."

SHE: "Now that we're engaged, dear, you'll give me a ring, won't you?"

Mr. Tightfist: "Yes dear, certainly. What's your number?"

Compiled by Pramilla Rodrigues

Here we are, taking up from where we left off last week. We await your view from atop the Quiz Mountain. From up there, write and tell us how you find the quiz landscape.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

We are all convinced that deep within the material us, there is this brilliant little creative person, struggling to get out Be that as it may, Art is a happy hunting ground for Quizpersons and any Quiz worth its name is bound to contain a number of visual and verbal questions taken from books on Art and Sculpture The choice is so enormous that it is not easy to be fair Let us hope we have been.

The Quiz Mountain

Levelground (1 mark per question)

1. In Athens, the Acropolis is the hill What is the temple on it called?
2. This deformed, bearded, brilliant French artist spent many a night at the Moulin Rouge and used its table tops to sketch Who was he?
3. This renowned Swiss architect drowned in the sea whilst swimming Nehru got him to design Chandigarh Who?
4. Scion of a famous Bengali family, he originated the Bengal School of Art Who was he?
5. He drew astonishing sunflowers and potatoes and billiard tables and cut off his ear and did a self-portrait with one ear missing? Madman? Genius? Who?
6. Which Indian painter did the Durga series which some believe symbolize Mrs Gandhi?
7. Someone made the Campbell soup-can much more than something which just contained soup. Who?

Uphill (2 marks per question)

8. Where in India would you find the painting we call the Bodhisattva Padampani?
9. Someone painted a portrait of Churchill which was so controversial that Lady Churchill had it destroyed Who?
10. A French painter went to the South Seas and painted its women in all their lush glory Later he was the model for Charles Strickland in Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence". He was the true breakaway man Who was he?
11. The North West Frontier Province did not only produce superb home-made rifles and wild-eyed tribesmen In the period after Asoka, it nurtured a special school of Indo-Greek art. What was this school called?
12. A moustache on the Mona Lisa? Yes Who was this subversive genius?
13. In a way, J Buckminster Fuller did something as radical to the concept of structures. What did he invent?
14. Specifically please, who does a Madhubani painting?

Summit (3 marks per question)

15. "Si monumentis requiris, circumspice " If you seek a monument to me look around you What do you see?
16. What is the name for the niche or slab in a mosque which indicates the qibla or direction of Mecca?
17. Which artist defined his drawing as taking a line for a walk?
18. Years later, our lives become a sepia photograph. Maybe, but what is the sepia colour prepared from?
19. Talking of photographs, what is a "conversation piece"?
20. In what kind of structure in India would you see a "harmika" and a "vedika"?
21. Our Ancients visualised the ideally beautiful woman by drawing on symbols from nature. Her hair was like a swarm of bees What had her legs got to be like?

Answers

1. Parthenon Most people would say Acropolis, so I helped. 2 Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. 3 Le Corbusier, Charles Edward Jeanneret. 4. Abanindranath Tagore (1871 1951) 5 Vincent Van Gogh. 6. M.F. Husain. 7 Andy Warhol, of Deep Throat fame. 8 Ajanta caves. 9. Graham Sutherland. 10 Paul Gaugin 11. Gandhara school. 12. Not Salvador Dali. Marcel Duchamp. 13 The humped, semi-circular Geodesic Dome. 14 The woman of Bihar. Usually as an offering to their menfolk. Particularly at marriage time. 15. St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The is the epitaph for Sir Christopher Wren, builder 16. Mihrab. 17. Paul Klee 18. Sepia is a brown pigment prepared from the black fluid emitted by cuttle-fish. 19. In photographs or in paintings, a family portrait in domestic surroundings. Semantically, an ice breaker. To break silence: When was the done? And you are on your way. 20 In Buddhist stupa. A "harmika" is a sort of balcony set on top of the stupa; a "vedika" the railing built round the exterior of the stupa, not,as you thought, the altar. 21 Like the trunk of a skinned banana plant. Good if not?

—Partha Bas

Scoring

Our score: 32
10 to 20: You know it is there and you care
21 to 30: If only your father had listened to you...
31 and over: See you in the Louvre
Below 10: Hand in your paintbrush

A Morris Minor And A Mixed-Up Major

FROM the day she saw it on the road in our town my wife was no longer my wife She had been virtually mesmerised by her childhood memories BMU 6490 was a Morris Minor, decades old, as all Morris Minors are. It had belonged to an old Parsi gentleman who had maintained it very well In fact he had maintained it better than his health, with the result that the latter had failed before the car and so the car was put on sale. My father in law bought it. He, his wife, and his daughters, the youngest of whom I happen to have cast my lot with, years later, used it for many years

I had always wondered how a family of eight could ever have piled into a car of that size, so when we saw it, I also got interested My wife of course raved about its feats, one of them had included racing against the labour pains of a neighbour and delivering her to the nursing home ahead of her child. Funny way of putting things, I thought. Anyway she insisted we go and meet the owner "I just want one ride in it We had so many when we were so high," indicating her height then.

We decided to meet the owner so we located his house and one day I called on him No resistance was offered at the gate, so unmolested, I entered the drawing room The drawing room, a fairly large one, was shared, in that order, by a Victorian sofa-set, a Mullard radio perched uncomfortably on a huge intricately carved mahogany table with curved legs, three or four calendars, a large dog and an old man- -all of them about 75 to 80 years old The dog, in keeping with the habits of that species, obviously did not like my intrusion but was too preoccupied to do anything about it. The old man also agreed with the dog but had to do *something* about the intruder so he looked inquiringly at me, protecting his chest with a newspaper. After the initial shock of a total stranger landing in their midst was diffused by proper diplomatic manoeuvres, I once again brought up the reason for my visit

"I am here because I am interested in your car" I said, picking up the relevant one from his many questions

"I am also, very much" he said happily.

"I mean....er....I mean, you see my wife....it belonged to my wife's father and the family had used it when she was so high," I repeated my wife's gesture, hoping to lighten the atmosphere but he seemed astonished. "Oh! Really! But I have not seen her grow since I bought her" he exclaimed in genuine wonder Disaster was imminent if the course of the conversation was not corrected immediately.

"No, no. I mean my wife. When my wife was so young she had used it and..." "I see. But that was very wrong. You see, children should not be allowed to touch the car at all. See Pushpa, I told you someone had misused . " Pushpa was nowhere around but it did not seem to matter at all and he would have continued.

"Just a minute. Just a minute. Please let me clarify. See, your car BMU 6490 belonged to my father-in-law many years ago...." I was again interrupted.

"Yes, yes, I can readily believe that Why, a friend of mine is using his Morris Minor since the thirties. Such a sturdy car " This was rather exasperating but I persisted.

"Your car belonged to my father-in-law many years ago when my wife was just a child and... "

"You must have married very young Child marriage? Was it? You know... " "Please listen" I butted in, to stop a lecture on this social evil, "To be very precise, if you insist, years ago your car belonged to a gentleman whose daughter I married..... "

"How old was she? I want to know," he demanded. I realised that I had no alternative than to first settle this thorny social issue

"Please rest assured that it was not a child marriage "---I found myself dragged willy nilly, into clarifying my matrimonial matters. "My wife was 24 when we were married. Anyway, I have come to request you to let us see your car " I finished in one breath, like a sprinter.

"Please rest assured that it was not a child marriage," I found myself dragged willy nilly into clarifying my matrimonial matters. "My wife was 24 when we got married. Anyway that is not relevant at all I have come to request you to let us see your car, if you have no objection," I finished in one breath like a sprinter

"But my car is not for sale. Who told you so?" he asked in all curiosity. This is better, I felt. I was glad that at last the conversation was back onto the main track.

"Of course not, I know " I could hardly restrain my enthusiasm. "My wife wants to see it.... "

frown on his face. We were back to square one.

"Your wife wants to see my car? Why?" he asked with furrowed eyebrows and a sort of softness in his voice now. His de attachment to the car and its memories w evident in his tone. I somehow felt that he w not the same old man who had grilled me while ago

"She travelled in that car when she w a child" I ventured and added for cautio "and not yet married to me. The car th belonged to her father."

"Oh! How sweet! How sweet indee Where is the child? Please call her in. Pushp listen. Can you hear me? See this ch has...."

"Not the child....." I wanted to explain b I need not have. He was not listenir Oblivious to his surroundings, he had an again floated back a few decades.

"Did she have an accident with it?" "N no, no No accident at all!" I emphasise gesticulating wildly. "My wife is interested seeing your car because she has a nostalg attachment to it," I once again did th one-breath trick

"So have I. Such a good car." His count nance mellowed and he grew quite roman as he reminisced, and savoured the memo ies of his past. I hated to shatter his reve but I had a job to do—which was to withdr nicely, having already given up the idea wi which I had come I stood there silent waiting for him to say something He fina spoke

"You said your wife has a nostalg attachment to my car. Why?" There was

Sudhir Vaishnav

Next Week For You

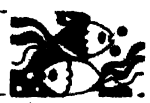
S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Do not take up any challenges this week. Respect the words of those in authority. Honour the advice of elders while launching new schemes or projects. You are better advised to postpone their implementation. Take care while driving. Do not sign any important documents midweek. Saturday is the lucky day.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Two things are extremely essential: avoid a journey or a public appearance and do not challenge those in authority. Investments in building and machinery should be postponed for the time being. Scientists and research scholars should avoid risky experiments early in the week. Be restrained in your activities.



PISCES
(Mina)
Feb. 19-Mar 20

This is going to be an upsetting week. Nurture a newly-formed friendship. Do not bring about a family feud for petty reasons. Those in love should not allow complications in their relationship but keep their minds clear and healthy. A journey by road, rail or air should be avoided in the early part of the week.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Do not be reckless in your activities or over-adventurous. Seniors and elders should be treated cordially and respectfully. Be pleasant to all in and outside the home in the early part of the week. A bad judgement on your part may cause an accident, midweek. A piece of secret information comes to you.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr. 21-May 20

As far as possible do not get involved in others' affairs. Favours of the recent past will be repaid this week. You may be slightly disturbed early in the week. Do not place too much trust in associates, partners and followers. Consult experts before launching any new projects. You may have to travel suddenly.

GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

The generation gap widens this week and intensity of the differences is so great that it completely disrupts all domestic peace. A similar situation arises in the life of the love-lorn. Enmities and petty jealousies cause much tension, midweek. Deal with strangers and foreigners cordially. Clear all backlog.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Your theories and opinions may be perfectly right but others will refuse to see your point of view. Politicians and social workers face certain unexpected reverses. Avoid speculation of any kind. Those in love should not develop prejudices. Guard against possible dangers midweek. Do not trust strangers.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug 21

Your own obstinacy will succeed in punching holes in your pomp and dignity. Management experts and Government officials may face sudden transfers Police and army officers are likely to be involved in risky and dangerous actions in the early part of the week. Long planned programmes are likely to be postponed.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept. 23

Health will be delicate and cause much disruption of your routine. Financial difficulties and domestic problems have you terribly worried this week. You will have to replan your schedule and rearrange your appointments, midweek. Labour problems may hault productions in the early part of the week.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

An injustice towards you will effect your mental and physical health. Politicians and social workers will face defections in their own group. Deal with machinery and vehicles carefully. Do not be too hasty while negotiating a business deal or putting through a project. Saturday eases up the pace of activities.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

Do not cut off an old tie abruptly. Give enough scope to others to put forward their case and explain their points of view. Do not gamble, whether with personal or company funds. Certain burdens and pressures may weigh on your mind considerably. An unexpected bit of good luck helps you immensely.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov 23-Dec. 20

Do not be either over-optimistic or over-confident this entire week. A dormant rivalry comes to the force and you are inclined to have it out with the troublesome specimen early in the week. Restrict outdoor activities and refuse all risky undertakings. Domestic bliss is disrupted by knotty business problems.

STAR FOCUS

Be A Serviceman

To every nation, soldiers are extremely essential to defend the country against foreign aggression. While to some an army career is very interesting, others are not so happy about a job with the armed forces.

A smart man rises rapidly. Western astrologers, therefore, consider that the 9th degree of the Aries-Libra linkup is of much consequence to an army man. It is also essential for superiority and triumph. In the army, mere courage or aggressiveness is of no avail, unless Commanders, Generals and soldiers possess the ability to plan their moves strategically. Such ability is acquired with a Scorpio-Taurus linkup. Cancer-Capricorn 23 with a strong Saturn brings a certain degree of forethought and diplomacy.

In my opinion, Leo and Scorpio are very important, too. The former brings loyalty and grandeur and the latter tactical ability to grasp situations quickly. A good combination between Jupiter and Mars gives courage, valour, optimism, physical strength and capacity to work under stress and strain, cheerfully and obediently.

Field Marshall Von Hindenberge was born on October 2, 1847 at 3 p.m., having Capricorn (according to the Western system) on the ascendant with the Sun-Venus linkup on the meridian cusp in square to the Moon in Cancer. Nelson was born on September 29, 1758 with Scorpio on the ascendant and Mars trine to Herschel.

Sunday, April 3

This is going to be a disturbing year. You cannot afford to make drastic changes in work-life. Quick adjustments are essential to conform to the new pattern of life. Finances will be light in July and November.

Monday, April 4

A quite progressive 12-month period lies ahead of you. A gift-deed or a legacy comes your way either in August or the close of the year. There is the possibility of an accident in July or November.

Tuesday, April 5

Curb the temptation to change your job or business partner. Tolerate the embarrassements that come your way in July and November. August and October are good months.

Wednesday, April 6

Be sporting and appreciative of others achievements. Career and businesswise, the middle of July and October are slightly tricky. You may have to go abroad.

Thursday, April 7

You will do well in your job and at business in June, August and December. You may travel abroad in early 1984. July and November are slightly risky months.

Friday, April 8

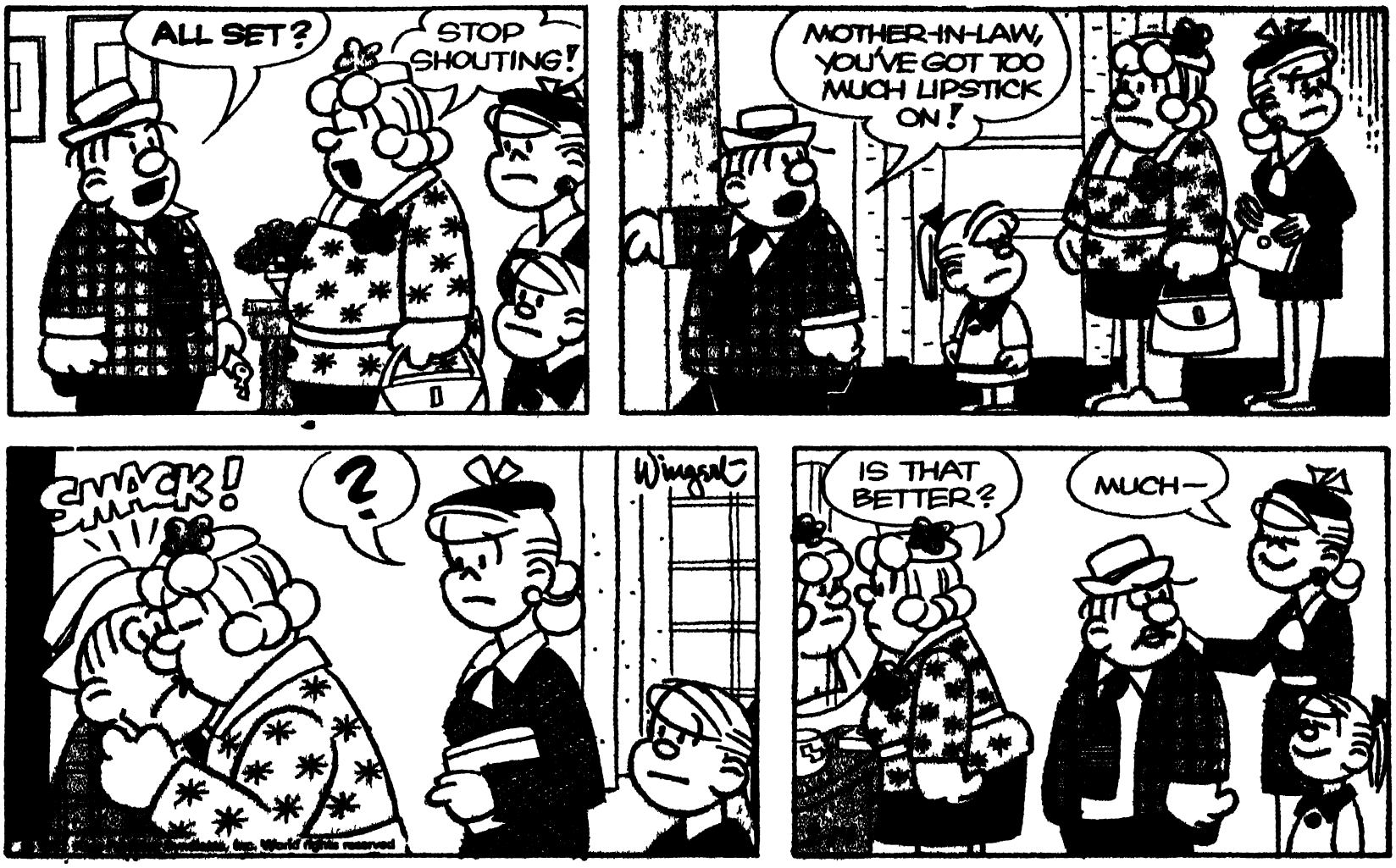
A stormy sailing this year. July and November are troublesome months. Youngsters should seek vocational stability. Elders should take care of their health. You can look forward to a better period in 1984.

Saturday, April 9

The week ushers in a lucky period in your life. You will surmount many difficulties in July and November and reap the benefits of your effort in August and early 1984.

HUBERT

by Dick Wingert



Dennis the Menace

by Hank Ketcham

TURNABOUT

PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
PILOT'S COMING WITH ME. YOU TWO STAY HERE. DON'T TRY TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND.
THE RIVER'S FILLED WITH HUNGRY PIRANHA. A DRUG SMUGGLER TRIED TO SWIM ACROSS. HE GOT ABOUT HALFWAY.
!!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HZZ AND FAMILY, YOU'LL BE TRIED FOR THE CRIMES.
FOR THOSE ANIMALS? WHAT CRIMES?
KIDNAPPING... OR MURDER... THEY'RE UNIQUE. ONE OF A KIND...
HE PUT AWAY HIS GUNS.. NOW!
WH
!!
CRACK
"PHANTOM MOVES FASTER THAN LIGHTNING FLASH"...OLD JUNGLE SAYING.
OUCH..MY HAND! LIKE HITTING A STONE WALL!
DON'T TRY IT AGAIN, PILOT. LET'S GO.
SY BARRY 12/5
IN CASE YOU'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TRY TO ESCAPE...THE CATS ARE TRAINED LIKE GUARD DOGS. STRIPES..FLUFFY... ON GUARD.
!!

HE SAID... THESE CATS... TRAINED LIKE GUARD DOGS. LET'S SEE IF IT'S TRUE... IF WE CAN GET INTO THE RIVER...
IT'S...TRUE!
!!
ER..SIR.. THOSE CAVE MONSTERS...AS YOU CALL THEM...
ER..DON'T WORRY. THEY'RE SAFE BEHIND BARS.
NO BARS CAN HOLD HZZ.
HZZ!
HRZ..
RZZ..
CALL THE POLICE!
FIRE! CAN'T ANY OF YOU HIT HIM?
WE ARE! BULLETS... BOUNCE OFF HIM!
RUN HIM DOWN!
SY BARRY 12/12
ROARR
CRACK
HZZ HZZ!
CRASH

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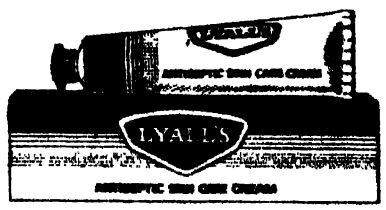

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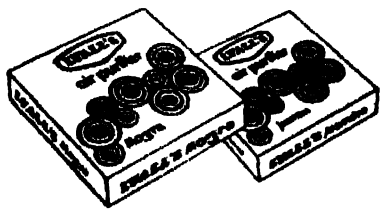

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This Week's Bridge
Pietro Forquet's Classic.

I AM lucky, by virtue of my magazine, to be able to read scores of the best bridge books every year, written by some of the world's greatest authors and players. Very recently I received a copy of Pietro Forquet's "BRIDGE WITH THE BLUE TEAM." I believe I can say, without reservation or fear of contradiction, that the 140 deals presented in this book comprise the finest collection of bridge deals between two covers.

The 140 deals feature the immortal Blue Team, the Italian wizards who won seventeen World Championships in the period 1957-1975, which includes the years 1970-71 when they had retired. Pietro Forquet was perhaps the best player in the world in the Fifties, and along with Belladonna and Garozzo was one of the three best in the world in the sixties. Unlike Belladonna and Garozzo, who were daring, brilliant and spectacular, Forquet was icy, analytical, and faultless.

His selection of deals for this book, and his analyses, are just as faultless. Like this deal, for example:

Reciprocal Courtesies

This Four Spade Contract arose during an Italian Championship:

♠ 954
♥ J42
♦ AK86
♣ J76
North

South
♠ AKJ1032
♥ A
♦ 732
♣ A98

Both sides vulnerable. The bidding:

West	North	East	South
	Garozzo		Forquet
3H	P	P	4S
P	P	P	

West led the three of Clubs: six-ten-Ace.

With two Clubs and a Diamond to lose, the contract seems to depend on picking up the Queen of Spades. In view of West's Three Hearts opening the odds favour cashing the Ace of Spades and if the Queen has not appeared, crossing to dummy with a Diamond to the Ace to take the Spade finesse.

When I cashed the Ace of Spades, lo and behold, East followed with a Club. So, West had opened Three Hearts despite holding four Spades to the Queen.

How should South continue?

This was the complete deal:

	♠ 954 ♥ J42 ♦ AK86 ♣ J76	
♠ Q876 ♥ KQ108753 ♦ J ♣ 3	N W E S	♠ - ♥ 96 ♦ Q10954 ♣ KQ10542
	♠ AKJ1032 ♥ A ♦ 732 ♣ A98	

The only hope of success was to effect a Diamond Club squeeze on East. For this to operate it was vital to prepare a double rectification of the count.

Having reached this conclusion, I cashed the Ace of Hearts and continued with the two of Spades. West did best by winning the Queen and returning the Jack of Diamonds. Winning dummy's Ace, I led the Jack of Hearts (not the low one lest East hold the trick), discarding a Club from the hand. West won and put me back in dummy with the nine of Spades. I continued with a low Heart on which I pitched a Diamond. West won and returned a Heart. After ruffing and drawing West's last trump, this ending was reached:

	♠ - ♥ - ♦ K8 ♣ J	
Not relevant	N W E S	♠ - ♥ - ♦ Q10 ♣ K
	♠ J ♥ - ♦ 7 ♣ 9	

On the last trump I discarded the Jack of Clubs from dummy and East was duly squeezed in Diamonds and Clubs.

After the Club lead taken by the Ace, Ace of Spades, Ace of Hearts, Queen of Spades, Ace of Diamonds, Jack of Hearts won by the Queen, Spade to dummy's nine, this was the position:

	♠ - ♥ 4 ♦ K86 ♣ J7	
♠ 8 ♥ K10873 ♦ - ♣ -	N W E S	♠ - ♥ - ♦ Q109 ♣ KQ5
	♠ KJ10 ♥ - ♦ 73 ♣ 9	

Did you spot the trap?

When South leads the four of Hearts from dummy, pitching a Diamond, West can let dummy hold the trick by following with the three!

The contract must now fail as declarer is locked in dummy and cannot avoid losing two more tricks.

To avoid this the sure line is to play the four of Hearts, under the Ace. Then West cannot underplay dummy's third Heart, the two.

All the members of the old Blue Team star in the various hands, Walter Avarelli, Giorgio Belladonna, Eugenio Chiaradia, Massino D'Alelio, Camillo Pabis Ticci, Guglielmo Sniscalco and Pietro Forquet himself. A few of the latter day Italian stars, among others Arturo Franco, a player as brilliant as any of the old Blues, Antonio Vivaldi, Benito Bianchi and Vito Pittala, make brief appearances along with film and bridge star Omar Sharif.

Many of the hands are tough, even at double dummy. All are exquisite. Apart from play and defence techniques, many hands also give the reader an insight into the Blue Team's bidding methods, particularly slam bidding. One common element in the Blue Team's slam bidding will be a pointer for all players—if the controls were sufficient, and trump holding good, the Blue Team usually bid even thin slams. But perhaps I should sound a word of warning, by quoting an axiom I just made up: 'You can afford to overbid like the Blue Team only if you can overplay like the Blue Team.'

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Double Bishop Sacrifice

POSITION No 215 is a typical example of King side attack involving double Bishop sacrifice on b7 and g7. No 216 varies slightly, the second Bishop being offered on f6.

Milne-Browne, Lasern 1983

1.Nf3, c5 2.c4, Nf6 3.Nc3, e6 4.e3, Nc6 5.d4, d5 6.dxc5, Bxc5 7.a3, a6 8.b4, Ba7 9.Bb2, 00 10.Rc1, d4?! 11.exd4, Nxd4 12.c5, Nxf3ch 13.Qxf3, Bd7 14.Bd3, Bc6 15.Ne4, Nxe4 16.Bxe4, Qc7 17.00, Rad8

Position No. 315: 18.Bxh7ch!, Kxh7 19.Qh5ch, Kg8 20.Bxg7!, Kxg7 21.Qg5ch, Kh8 22.Qf6ch!, Kg8 23.Rc4!, 1-0.

5...d5) With this move the standard position in Semi-Tarrasch Defence to Queen's Gambit is reached. The normal continuation is 6.cxd5, Nxd5 or exd5.

Averbakh-Platonov, Alma-Ata 1969: 6.a3, Ne4 7.Bd3, Nxc3 8.bxc3, Be7 9.00,00 10.Bb2, b6.

Averbakh-Vagnyan, Moscow 1973: 6.a3, Bd6 7.dxc5, Bxc5 8.cxd5, exd5 9.Bc2, 00 10.00, Be6.

Lasker-Tarrasch match, 1907: 6.a3, Bd6 7.dxc5, Bxc5 8.b4, Bd6 9.Bb2, 00 10.Rc1, a5.

8...Ba7) Teichman-Dus Chotimarsky, Prague 1908: 8...Bd6 9.Bb2, dxc4 10.Bxc4, b5 11.Bd3, Bb7 12.00, Ne5 13.Nxe5, Bxe5 14.Qe2, 00, 0-1 (30).

10.Rc1) Kurajica-Kelechevic, Sarajavo 1981: 10.Qc2, dxc4 11.Bxc4, Bb8 12.Ne4, Nxe4 13.Qxe4, Qc7 14.Rc1, Kh8 15.h4, f5 16.Qc2, e5 17.h5, Be6 18.Nh4, Nd8 19.g4!, fxg4 20.Ng6ch!, hxg6 21.hxg6ch, Kg8 22.f4, g3 23.Qe4, g2 24.Qxg2, 1-0 (30).

10...d4?!) 10...dxc4 11.Bxc4, Qxd1ch 12.Rxd1, b5 can lead to a drawish end game.

17...Rad8?) 17...Bxc4 had to be played.

20...Kxg7) If 20...f5 21.Qh8ch, Kf7 22.Bxf8, Rxf8 23.Qh7ch wins the Queen.

Batuyev-Rabinovich, Leningrad 1934

1.d4, d5 2.c4, c6 3.e3, Nf6 4.Nc3, e6 5.Nf3, Nbd7 6.Bd3, dxc4 7.Bxc4, b5 8.Bd3, a6 9.e4, c5 10.e5, cxd4 11.Nxb5, Nxe5 12.Nxe5, axb5 13.00, Qd5 14.Qe2, Ba6 15.Bg5, Nd7?! 16.f4, Bc5 17.Kh1, Nxe5 18.fxe5, Qd7 19.a4!, 00?

Position No. 316: 20.Bxh7ch!, Kxh7 21.Qh5ch, Kg8 22.Bf6!, Rfd8 23.Rf4, Bb7 24.Rh4, Bxg2ch 25.Kxg2, Qd4ch 26.Kh3, Qb3ch 27. Kg4, 1-0.

Queen's Gambit, Semi-Slav Defence, Meran Variation. Up to Black's 15th move, it is all book. Complicated possibilities can arise from 11...Ng4 (instead of 11...axb5); 13.Bxb5ch (instead of 13.00); 14...Bb7 (instead of 14...Ba6). The main line in 'Kurs Dyebutov' is 11...axb5 (instead of 11...Nxe5) 12.exf6, Qb6 13.fxg7, Bxg7 14.00, Nc5 or 00.

15...Nd7?!) 'Kurs Dyebutov' gives 15...Be7 and 16.00.

17...Nxe5) If 17.00 18.Qh5, g6 19.Nxg6!, fxg6 20.nxg6, hxg6 21.Rf3, Qxf3 22.gxf3 and White's attack should win.

Batuyev-Abdusamatov (Lvov 1951): 1.e4, e6 2.d4, d5 3.Nd2, dxe4 4.Nxe4, Nd7 5.Nf3, Ngf6 6.Nxf6ch, Nxf6 7.Bd3, Be7 8.00, 00 9.Qe2, b6 10.Bg5, Bb7 11.Rad1, Nd7 12.Bc1!, Re8 13.Ne5, Nxe5 14.dxe5, Qc8 15.Qg4, c5 16.Bh6, Bf8 17.Bg5, Qc6 18.Rfe1, Bc7 19.Be4, Qc7 20.Bxh7ch!, Kxh7 21.Bf6!, Bxf6 22.exf6, 1-0.

French Defence. The Rubinstein Variation 3...dxe4 gives White space advantage.

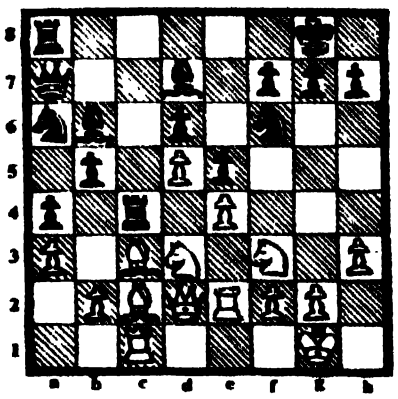
9...b6) Preferable is 9...c5.

11.Nd7?) Better 11...Qc8 followed by ...c5.

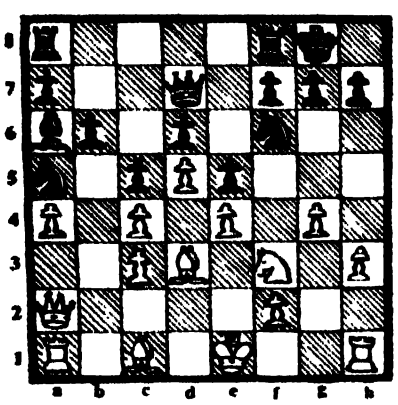
21...Bxf6) Or 21...gxf6 22.Rd3 and 23.Rh3 mate.

22.exf6) If 22...g6 23.qh4ch, Kg8 24.Qh6; or 22.. Rg8 23.Rd3.

R.B. SAPRE



No 317 White to play



No 318 Black to play

The Weekly Pick

Rajasthan—The Painted Walls Of Shekhavati, Francis Wacziarg and Aman Nath, Vikas, Rs 250.

Exquisitely illustrated and extremely well-researched, this book contains a pictorial record of the grandeur and prosperity of a bygone era a tribute to Shekhavati, the seat of several of Rajasthan's Rajput eminences.

Though the book contains a comprehensive narration of Shekhavati's history, its rulers and their havelis, its major attraction and excellence lies in the superb photographic reproduction of the unique frescoes adorning almost all the houses of that region.

These frescoes—portraits, war scenes, religious ceremonies and floral designs—depict, far better than mere words, the history of its people right from the Mughal times.

From Mud House To Rashtrapati Bhawan, Sat Soni, ISSD Publication, Rs 90

A thinly-veiled psychophantic account of India's seventh President, Giani Zail Singh, from his early life ("birth in a mud house") to his foray into politics and subsequent entry into the Rashtrapati Bhawan.

The author writes, in boring detail, about the President's reading habits (only biographies of saints, warriors and kings), how he learnt English, his calm temperament in moments of stress, etc.

On the whole, the book fails deplorably in holding the reader's attention or interest in a personality whose life, luck and struggles are fascinating.

Viraha-Bhakti Friedhelm Hardy, Oxford University Press, Rs 250

An exhaustive study of the *Viraha-Bhakti* or Krishna worship cult, widely practised in South India. The author discusses the origins of the Krishna religion and the influences of Northern elements and traditions of Krishna myths.

The book brings forth an image of Krishna as depicted in the oldest Tamil sources. It also critically analyses the *Alvars*—twelve mystical poets of the second half of the first millenium A.D. with whom *Viraha-Bhakti* reached its culmination in the South.

Recommended only for students of Indian religion and culture.

Minnie

French Kiss

Sexy teen actress Brooke Shields has banned a handsome co-star from giving her French kisses. The 17-year-old starlet was furious when Frenchman Lambert Wilson gave her a hot-blooded kiss with his tongue on the set of her new film, *Sahara*, being shot in Israel. She stormed: "No one has ever kissed me that way before," and Wilson, 24, replied: "I don't feel comfortable any other way." Dozens of admirers have been chasing Brooke on the set, including Prince Talal of Jordan, the 17-year-old nephew of King Hussein.

—The Daily

Birthday Tribute

Liza Minnelli broke a long-standing rule by performing two Judy Garland standards in an eightieth birthday tribute to her father, director Vincente Minnelli. At a $ 1,000-a-plate benefit dinner show, Liza sang *The Boys Next Door* and the trolley song from *Meet Me At St Louis*— two pieces popularised by her mother. She formerly had refused to perform songs made famous by her mother. The tribute to Minnelli, whose 35 films won 21 Oscars, was attended by such celebrities as Frank Sinatra, Lucille Ball, Gregory Peck, Kirk Douglas, Eva Gabor and Louis Jourdan. Minnelli, whose career as a set and costume designer and director spanned a half century, turned 80 on February 28.

—International Herald Tribune

Finicky Meryl

So finicky is Meryl Streep about her profession that when it came time to dub the French soundtrack for her Polish-born character in *Sophie's Choice*, she just had to try to provide that *je ne sais quoi* herself. "I had to audition to show that I could speak the language well enough to play the role," says Streep, who refreshed her knowledge of French with courses and by listening to tapes of a Polish-born Frenchwoman. "It actually worked out very well. I found that to a French ear, an American accent sounds remarkably like a Polish one. So to the French, I sound just like a Polish woman trying to learn to speak their language."

—Time

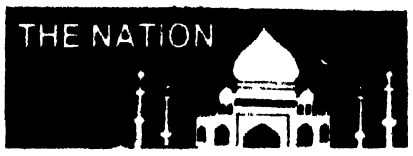
Advantage Sri Lanka

Sri Lanka has come out the winner, having been selected as the venue for the major part of the shooting of Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *The Further Adventures of Indiana Jones*. The production company will shoot for a week each in India (a strong contender earlier) and Hong Kong, while the major part will be shot in Sri Lanka at the cost of $ 10 million.

—Trade Guide

Jackie

The word is spreading



Midnight Marauders

Two young men and two girls had midnight fun in a lavishly furnished suite provided for the Prime Minister at Palam Airport during the Non-Aligned summit.

One of the two young men is believed to be the nephew of a Cabinet Minister. The others come from families of top officials. They are reported to have been employed by the protocol authorities to assist in receiving the guests and looking after them during the summit.

They asked for the keys to the suite from the attendant. Since they wore the official badge, the keys were made over to them. But the attendant later had his doubts and reported the matter to the airport authorities.

When the suite was opened, it was found that one of the costly mirrors fixed near the wash basin had been shattered. Even though they were guilty of vandalism, the matter is being hushed up in view of their high family background.

The suite and the VVIP lounge are exquisitely furnished at a cost of several lakhs of rupees. The bedroom has a four-poster bed with deep cushions and a massive full-length mirror. The lounge has antique furniture and its walls and ceiling are covered by thick raw silk.

—Free Press Journal

Vive le Indian Chillies

Guyanese President LFS Burnham returned home (from the Non-Aligned Summit) with 50 kgs of Indian chilli seeds, specially arranged for him by the public sector National Seeds Corporation (NSC). Burnham said green chillies were very popular in Guyana. Having learnt about Indian varieties, Pusa-Jwala and NP-42, one of the first things he did on his arrival for the summit was to instruct his High Commissioner to get the chilli seeds.

—UNI

Assam's Agony

Politicians of different hues and colours, vested interests of various kinds, even a section of the outside press are busy trying, overtly or covertly, to create alienation between sections of indigenous people. The intention is obvious: either crush the genuine demands of the people of Assam or at least derail their movement from its originally charted path—so that it could be branded "communal" or "secessionist".

—News Star, Gauhati.

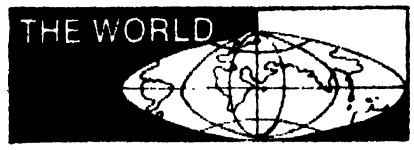
Towards High Places

Will Jayalalitha be inducted into the MGR cabinet on April 14, the Tamil New Year day?

Since her spectacular entry into politics during the AIADMK session in South Arcot nearly a year-and-a-half ago, Jayalalitha has slowly earned her way into the inner echelons of politics in Tamil Nadu, from a mere invitee to official functions to a member of the high-level committee on the Nutritious Meals Scheme, and now, as propaganda secretary of the party.

—Peter Snell in The Daily

Goldie



The Laureate Of Loss

In a country that hates above all things to lose, it's odd that its greatest playwright (after Eugene O'Neill) was the laureate of loss, a man who believed that "high station in life is earned by the gallantry with which appalling experiences are survived with grace." Tennessee Williams, who choked to death on a small bottle cap last week at 71, knew that the universal experience is loss. In his finest work he found an artist's gallantry,

a loser's lyricism that made "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" the most deeply affecting plays of our time, with plays like "Summer And Smoke", "The Rose Tattoo", "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" and "Sweet Bird Of Youth" powerful if less perfect examples of that gallantry and grace.

—Jack Kroll

"This Is For You Guys"

Years ago, when Eamonn Coghlan said he'd break 3.50 in the indoor mile someday, even his hometown paper, Dublin's *Irish Independent*, scoffed, COGHLAN STILL DREAMING. But an Irishman's dreams occasionally come true: last week Coghlan, 30, broke the tape at 3:49.78 to set the world indoor mile record at New Jersey's Byrne Arena, on a track he had helped design (it has 10 laps to the mile, instead of the normal 11). Coghlan was boosted by his famous finishing kick, but he also felt especially determined that day. "All I could think of was my coach, Gerry Farnan, and my father," he said of the two inspiring figures in his life, both of whom recently died. "I was saying, hey, this is for you guys."

—Cathleen McGuigan

Spilling The Beans

The Queen's attitude to the publication of books by her former housekeeper-cook, Mrs McKee, might have been less benign had she realised that, McKee repeatedly broke her vow of silence from 1953 on. McKee's indiscretions fuelled the *Daily Sketch's* coverage of Princess Margaret's romance with Peter Townsend, and won promotion for the reporter she talked to, Olga Franklin. "I was introduced to her because my cousin was married to the Queen Mother's favourite Viennese chocolatier, Paul Gough," Franklin recalls. "She told me more than the paper would print though she was sometimes very nervous, and would close the doors and curtains, even on the sixth floor of a hotel in Stockholm, before telling what she knew.

—PHS

Gigi

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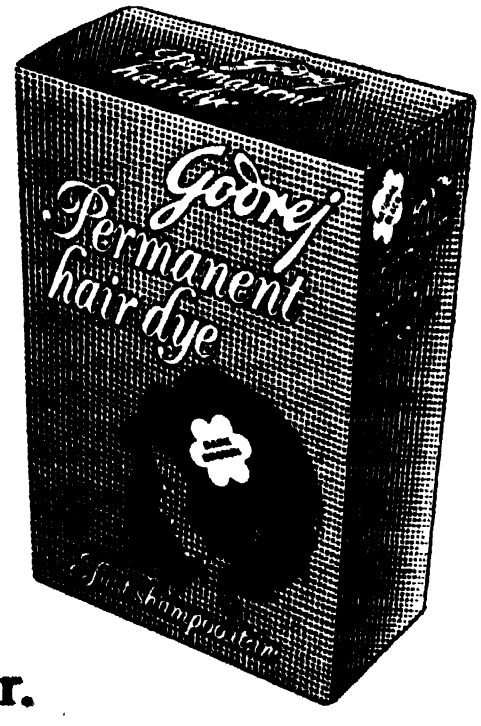

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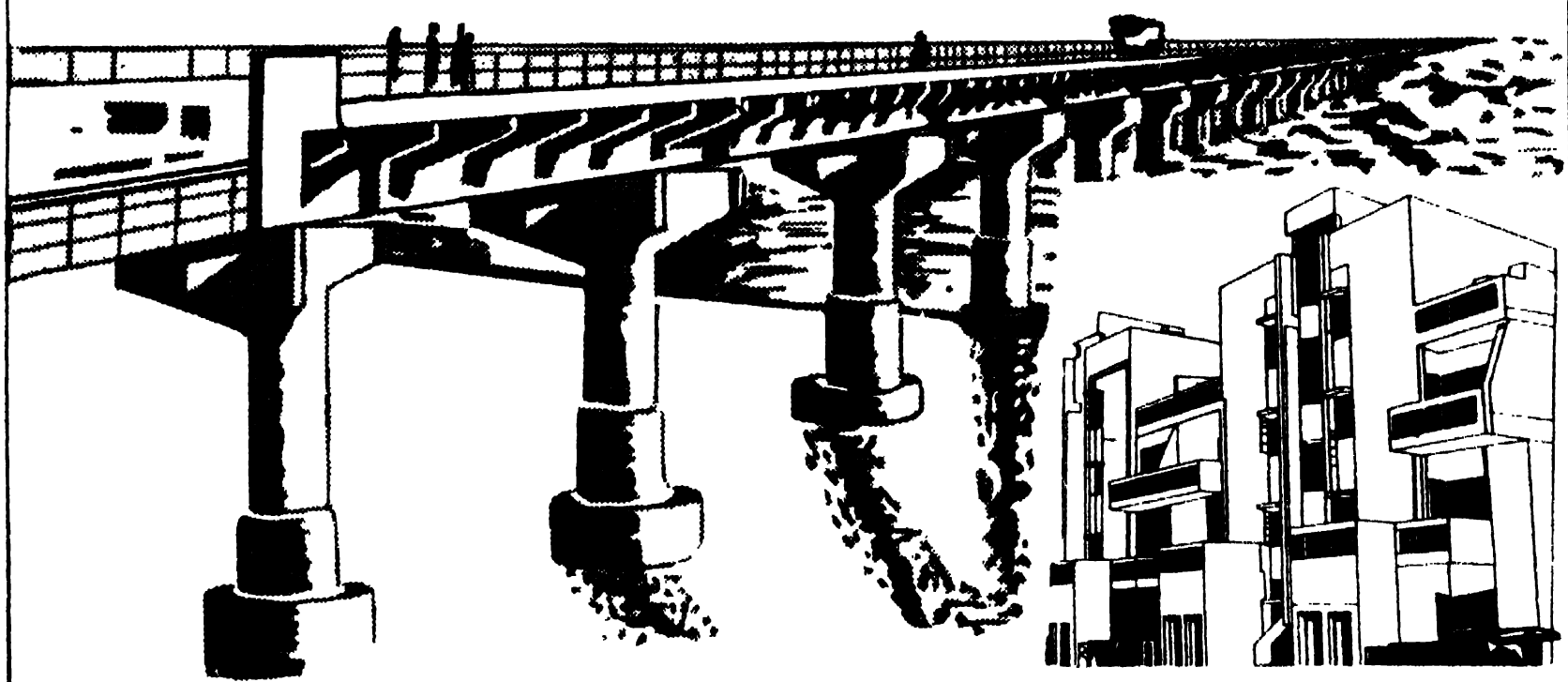

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Burning Assam

Sir -- Sujata Anandan's article was balanced and informative ("Assam On Fire", March 13) The Assam problem is probably more economic than social Too many people are clamouring for the small, shrinking pie Hence the classic struggle for survival

The problem can be alleviated by speedy economic development But everybody should know and feel that they are Indians first and last! Unfortunately, we are bereft of leaders of stature who can knock this idea into our muddled heads

Animesh Kumar Rakshit
Bombay

Sir - "Assam Elections A Mockery Of Democracy" (February 27) by Sujata Anandan shows the real state of affairs in Assam However, in the last paragraph the writer suggests that if the AASU leaders had been wise enough to allow the Assamese to contest the elections, after gaining majority, they could have bargained with the Centre But she should not forget that the electoral rolls, in Assam are the real bones of contention, riddled as they are with the names of foreigners

D Raj Jain
Gauhati

Moon Magic

Sir Neil Armstrong and other astronauts may have stepped on the moon, but the charm and the beauty of the moonlight can only be enjoyed from the earth ("Moon Mysteries", March 6) Moonlight enchants the human mind One can get drunk on the ethereal elixir Poetic and romantic ideas evolve or rather erupt by moonlight Thus the moon has been denoted by the feminine gender, its delightful effects will remain till eternity (or, "as long as the triad of earth, sun and moon exist")

C L Shastri
Bhopal

Protean Eggheads

Sir -K K G Nambiar's lucid article "Intellectuals As Agents Of Change" (March 6) was timely

But why should the intellectuals look to the Government of "men in power"? Shouldn't it be the other way round?

R M Qureshi
Asht, (MP)

Sir - The author assumes that all academicians, journalists, writers, jurists and civil servants can be characterised as intellectuals This is incorrect We have to make a distinction between "knowledge workers" and "intellectuals" Most of the academicians, journalists and civil servants belong to the former class. They use their knowledge as a source of livelihood and this necessarily imposes constraints on their intellectual activity which prevents them from rising above their limitations to be truly intellectual A person, to be called intellectual, must have both integrity and independence and must be capable of looking at problems and analysing them in terms of their inherent character rather than in relation to some predetermined direction or preconceived sense of security That is why, while the number of knowledge workers has grown enormously, persons who could truly be called intellectuals are becoming extremely rare

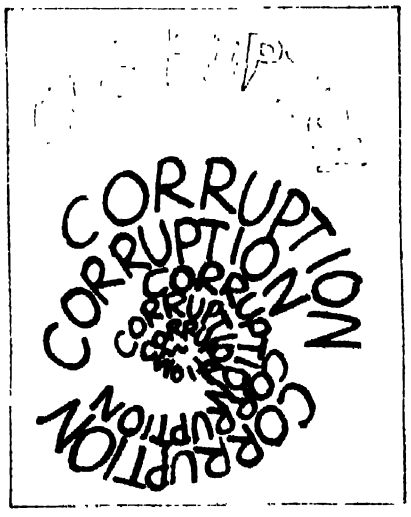
P R Dubhashi
Director
Indian Institute of Public Administration
New Delhi

Cesspools Of Corruption?

Sir Sheela Barse deserves to be congratulated for highlighting the racketeering in Bihar flourishing in the name of education ("Bihar Colleges Dens Of Corruption", March 6)

Needless to say, the educational institutions in the State have lately become happy hunting grounds for the opportunist, caste-conscious politicians The process of political "capital formation" goes on unhindered at the cost of education Consequently, the very institutions which were meant to develop modern, rational and egalitarian values among the students are perpetuating the traditional ills of the system

Alok Shrivastava
New Delhi



Sir -My wholehearted congratulations to Sheela Barse for her excellent article Not a single sentence is incorrect in her well-analysed and cogently written piece Her observations are hundred per cent correct

Although not a single university in Bihar is free from corruption, Patna University is the worst. Ironically, it was once a renowned centre of learning. Now it is a veritable fountainhead of corruption and malpractices

Gone are the days when the products of Patna University were called the cream of Bihar Casteism, favouritism, nepotism and goondaism, which are rampant on the campus, have made it the worst university in the State

Examinations in Bihar colleges are a farce Chits and books are freely used in examination halls. The examinees are not the only offenders Those who conduct the examinations, with only some exceptions, cooperate and connive at the obnoxious business

It is also no secret that if a teacher-politician with caste leanings heads a university department, the top position in the university examination is usually obtained by a student who belongs to his caste This rank nepotism and favouritism is at its worst at practical examinations in science subjects and at all examinations in medical colleges where the examiners enjoy greater freedom

The poor conscientious students who are victims of the system are helpless and can do little to retrieve the situation

They are frustrated and frustration breeds chaos

Khursheed Ahmad
Patna

Congrats!

Sir—The article by Godfrey Jansen "Will They Guard The Ramparts?" (February 27) was superb His suggestion of changing the present designation of the movement deserves to be seriously considered The WEEKLY deserves to be congratulated for providing such marvellous and timely stuff!

Satish D Dani
Nagpur

Nasal Nonsense

Sir -The report "No Laughing Matter. This?" in your "In The States" (February 28) columns is distorted

Vajreshwari Combines is not producing "Kranthiyogi Basaveshwara" Rajkumar declined the offer of the role because of a busy schedule He was not passed over (Two decades ago, he had made a great impact as "Jagajyothi Basaveshwara"!)

After Rajkumar turned down the offer, the producers' choice fell on Srinivasa Murthy and it is Srinivasa Murthy's snub nose that got him out of the role Then the producers chose Ashok.

A letter of apology was obtained from the reporter Mudaliar and photographer Shivayogi of *Sudha*, but it was for printing an old photograph of Rajkumar and not for writing about Rajkumar's nose (In fact no mention has been made about his nose)!

T Keshavamurthy
Bangalore

Firaq's Folly

Sir--P.D Tandon quotes Firaq ("With Contempt For Hindi And Happiness", February 27) thus: "If reborn, I would like to be a decent citizen " Thus on the poet's own admission there was something "indecent" about him And it is this "indecency" that was responsible for his irrational hatred of Hindi, his denunciation of professors, his estrangement from his innocent wife and, perhaps, his only son's suicide Of Hamlet, Polonius says, "Though this be madness, there is method in it " Of Firaq, it might be said: "Though this be method, there's madness in it!"

Robin Bishi
Delh

Boomerang

Sir—The invasion of Lebanon by Israel has boomeranged ("Setback To Israel", February 13) Col Gaddafi's bluff has been called. Even the PLO shuns him now. Ironically, the moderate Arabs and the PLO are engaged in what was til recently an unthinkable dialogue with the US But the hardliners and the USSR are unlikely to give up The Russians in Syria are busy setting up SAM 5 batteries

R D Sinha
Calcutta

Mishra Raj

Sir—"Fresh Drive To Oust Bihar CM' by a special correspondent (February 13) was topical and interesting Anyone familiar with Mrs Gandhi's style of functioning will know that she may not act against Dr Mishra She seems to be satisfied with Dr Mishra, as is evident from her recent decision to drop from her cabinet Kedar Pandey, Sita Ram Kesari and A P Sharma, who were and are political heavy weights from Bihar and opposed to Dr Mishra Further, Dr Mishra's own Kamaraj plan (he dropped 10 of his ministers following the lead given by Mrs Gandhi) shows that he is still strong in Bihar Presumably Mrs Gandhi may even have blessed this move of his May be I am wrong but I think Dr Mishra will be asked by Mrs Gandhi to resign only if the Supreme Court reopens the Urban Cooperative Bank case against him and reverses its earlier judgement

K Govinda
Kuttippuran

The Bohras

Sir - At the commencement of his article ("Dawoodi Bohras Struggle Against Authoritarianism", February 13) Mr Engineer enumerates certain instances of alleged violence practised by the followers of the Syedno against the so called breakaway group However, he fails to disclose that several years ago when violent clashes took place in Udaipur between them, the Police filed 115 prosecutions against Syedna's followers Of these, 94 cases have been cleared and, in all of them, the Syedna's followers were acquitted. The police also filed 135 prosecutions against the self-styled reformists Out of these, 7 have been disposed of in which there have been 18 convicted

In the same article, there is a picture of an old man Rajabali succumbing to his injuries. I do not know whether the author is referring to the case of Rajabali Choriasawala who was alleged to have been murdered by the Syedna's followers On an investigation of the matter, the Police authorities came to the conclusion that Rajabali had died a natural death and there was no question of murder.

Idris H Khorakiwa
Bombay

The Peace-Loving Marwaris

Sir—The reference made to certain Marwari businessmen as instigators of communal riots in the twin cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad ("Communalism The Widening Gulf" February 13) is blatantly false This community has roots in Andhra Pradesh that go back 200 to 250 years Most of its members are in business and have made a liberal contribution in the fields of education, medicine and religion They are also engaged in other promotional activities for the well-being of the State and society Crores of rupees have been invested by philanthropic Marwaris for benevolent causes where the public at large, irrespective of caste and religion, can avail themselves of the services Wherever possible, our institutions have made arrangements to provide relief, either in cash or kind, to the not affected regardless of caste or creed

It would not be out place to mention that in the disturbed conditions, business does not prosper and, therefore, by nature this community cannot be a party to infusion of communal hatred, much less to the instigation of communal riots Indeed, the peace-loving Marwaris, spread all over Hyderabad and Secunderabad, are religious minded and generally afraid of such acts None of them have been or is likely to be a party to inflaming communal passions

R N RATHI
President
Rajasthan Pragati Samaj
Hyderabad

Your Affairs: The World Communications Year 1983.

The United Nations General Assembly has proclaimed 1983 as the World Communications Year The Central Government has appointed S K Ghose, Secretary, Union Ministry of Communications, as the chairman of the National Co-ordination Committee to achieve the objectives laid for the World Communications Year The projects include augmentation of telecommunication facilities in rural areas, strengthening of timely warning, projects for the accelerated growth of traffic in international circuits, data communication, use of international maritime satellite in maritime mobile communication and improvement of existing telephone facilities in metropolitan cities These are laudable goals in an underdeveloped country like India Of these, the last: shake up and improvement of telephone facilities in Indian cities deserve immediate attention The telephone system in Indian cities, including New Delhi is in a shambles Same is the case with our postal system Now letters and postal articles move from one place to another at a snail's pace, particularly in Kerala. Instead of aiming at the sky and the satellite Communications, let the authorities look down a the ground for the time being and put our postal and Telephone system in proper shape.

M Stanley Fernandes
Cochin

The Illustrated Weekly Of India

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Contents

COVER STORY: *Up In Arms?*

The Weekly devotes a special issue to the land of colourful warriors, Sikh and Hindu, the problems that beset it, the State's unique role in the service of the nation and the rich promise it holds for the future. The articles:

8 ***Punjab's Case Is Just.*** K.C. Khanna argues that, despite the "emotional" support mobilised by the Akalis, secularisation of politics has been proceeding faster in Punjab than anywhere else in the country

10 ***Punjab. No Time To Lose.*** Surjit Singh Barnala, as a leading member of the Akali team conducting parleys with the Centre over the Punjab issue, spells out the stepmotherly treatment accorded to the State

11 ***Towards A Sikh Revolution.*** The "Sikh Nation" theory has now crossed the point of no return, says Ganga Singh Dhillon

12 ***What Bhindranwale Stands For.*** Gurtej Singh analyses the prevalent psychological climate in Punjab that supports the "Bhindranwale Phenomenon"

13 ***Akali Agitation And The Services.*** The recruitment by "quotas" based on population is working to the detriment of the Sikhs, says Maj Gen Jaswant Singh Bhullar

14 ***Sikh Fears Are Groundless.*** The Centre's dithering has confused and immobilised the Akalis, says K R Malkani

15 ***Punjab In The Service Of The Nation.*** An assessment by Darshan Singh Maini

18 ***Darbara Singh Speaks Out.*** The Punjab Chief Minister on the State's problems-in an exclusive interview

19 ***Punjabiat In Peril.*** Punjabis are not behaving like Punjabis, says Dr V N Tewari.

20 ***River Waters. Their Life-Blood.*** Gurdev Singh demands an urgent solution to the problem

21 ***The Artisan Of Gods.*** Amrita Pritam talks to the father of Chandigarh's fabulous Rock Garden, Nek Chand

22 ***Those Exquisite Handicrafts*** Balvinder pl. ads for a respectable home market for Punjab's handicrafts.

23 ***In The Field Of Contemporary Indian Art.*** S.S Bhatti evaluates the State's contribution.

27 ***The Bedi Effect.*** Raju Bharatan on Bishan Singh Bedi's doubling as National Selector and TV Commentator

32 ***Gidda: Merry Maids Dance.*** Brahm Dev captures the colourful dance of Punjabi belles

24 **ART:** ***Pichchavais: A Growing Market In The West.*** Praveen Gupta on the backdrops from Nathdwara that are stealing the limelight.

25 **NATURE:** ***Corals: Gems From The Sea.*** Shyamala Mahadevan writes on their great economic potential

34 **RELIGION:** ***Godmen Are Frauds.*** Vasant Sathe, Union Minister for Fertilisers and Chemicals separates the true seers from the spurious ones.

36 **PHOTOGRAPHY:** ***A Beautiful Language.*** A selection of pictures by Dr M. Kanitkar.

49 **FICTION:** ***Walls.*** Story by Keki Daruwalla

Plus: Quiz Mountain 29, In The States 30, The World Around Us 39, Health 42, That's Business 43; HA 46; Stars 53, Comics 55, Bridge & Chess 59, Weekly Pick 61

Next Issue

Dynastic Rule Is A Myth

Is the Prime Minister grooming Rajiv Gandhi to succeed her in the *gaddi*? Romesh Thapar and K R. Sundar Rajan, who have watched the way she works from close quarters for many years, have no doubts on the score Predictably, in an equally hard-hitting article, Vasant Sathe projects the view that dynastic rule and democracy do not mix Opinions of L K Advani, M Karunanidhi Charan Singh and Kamlapati Tripathi diverge as sharply, K.C Khanna rounds off the symposium on the burning issue

Is Sandeep Lost To Cricket?

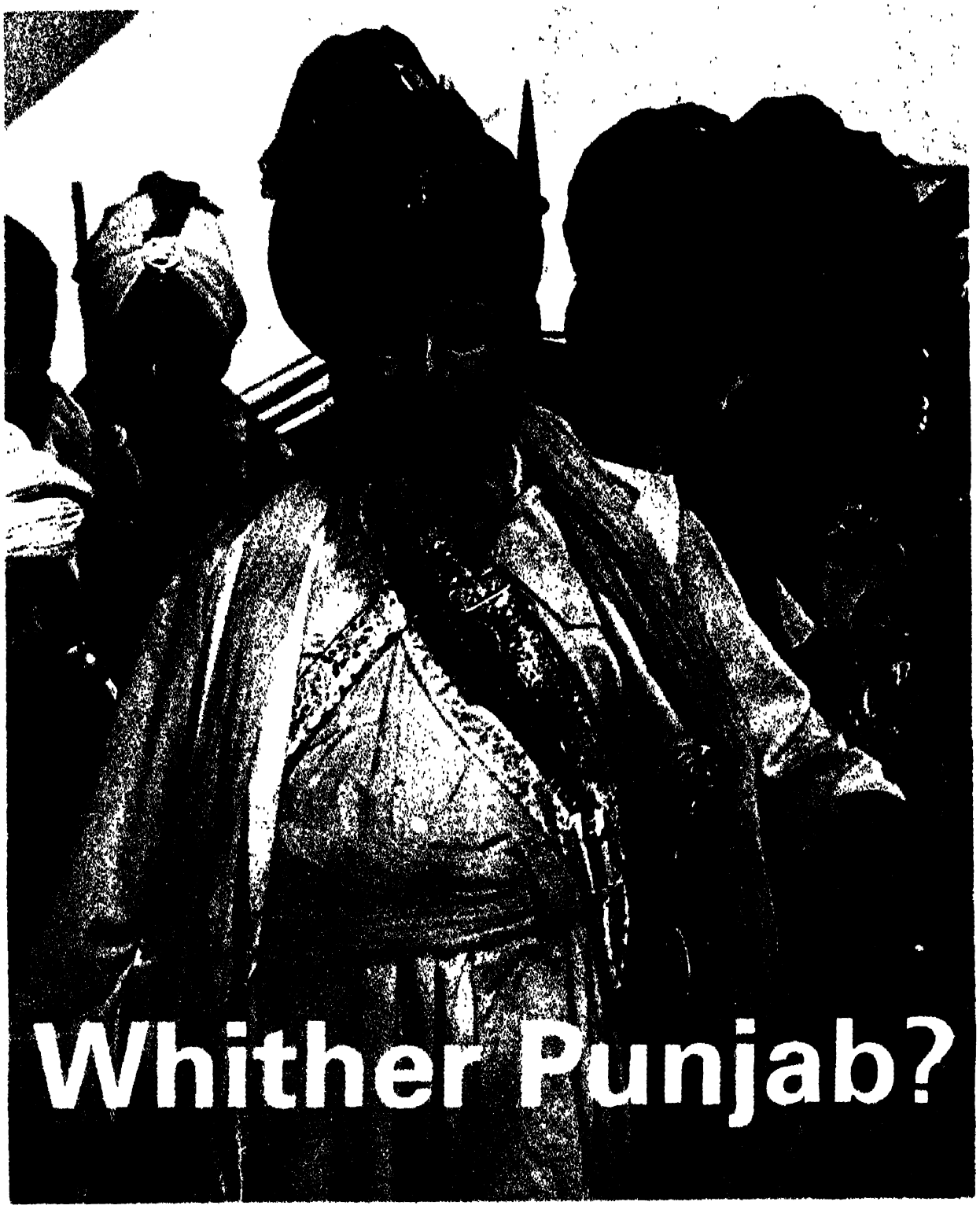
In an exclusive interview, Raju Bharatan corners Sandeep Patil with searching questions

The First Bharat Darshan In Paint

To view Thomas and William Daniell's aquatints is to take a nostalgic journey back in time—to an India newly occupied by the East India Company

A review of *Picturesque India*, the recently published volume of sketches and travels of the Daniells

EDITOR: K.C. KHANNA ASSISTANT EDITORS, RAJU BHARATAN, ELIZABETH RAO CHIEF SUB-EDITOR VITHAL C NADKARNI SUB EDITORS HARIV SHANKAR, ANJALI EWING, SUJATA ANANDAN, GIRIJA PRABHAKAR, MINNIE VAID, HASHIM KHAIRULLAH ART DIRECTOR RAMESH SANZGIRI ASST MANAGER, PRODUCTION (GRAVURE) PURNENDU SEN NEWS COMPOSING SUPDT K A NAIK LAYOUT ARTISTS J S JOGLEKAR, DIONYZIA FERNANDES SUHAS BAWDEKAR PHOTOGRAPHERS JITENDRA ARYA S N KULKARNI



Whither Punjab?

K.C. Khanna argues that, while at the moment the Akalis may have been able to cash in on the emotional upsurge of the Sikhs and the sympathy of the Punjabi Hindus for the cause they are espousing, the truth is that the secularisation of politics has been proceeding faster in Punjab than anywhere else in the country. Punjabi ethos, he says, is essentially preoccupied with production and consumption, not distribution. It is on this aspect of Punjab the *Weekly* seeks to focus in the following pages—on the State's political problems in the broad context of its culture, character and role in national life.

WILL there be a bloodbath in Punjab? Will the State go the way of Assam? The short answer to these questions is a qualified No. Sant Jarail Singh Bhindranwale and his armed followers have the potential for mischief—for looting Hindu property and sneak killing of individuals on their hit list. But, as of now, they do not have the popular support needed to touch off the kind of massacres that erupted in the wake of India's partition or just before and after the first round of elections in Assam in February.

The reasons are evident in the dim, dark and smelly bazars of Amritsar. Hindus crowd Sikh shops and vice versa without a trace of self-consciousness, let alone animosity. The Sikh scooter driver or rickshaw-puller is as polite to elderly Hindu ladies as he is to those of his own faith. None is afraid to go out at night—all alone.

No wonder in the sprawling, colonial-style bungalow of the Deputy Commissioner, the tenant, Sardar Singh, and Senior Superintendent of Police Bains exude confidence. Both very fine officers, they talk modestly of how they were able to keep things under control when the severed head of a cow was found in a temple and cigarette-stubs inside a gurdwara. "The police force is solid," says Bains, "it will never split on communal lines."

To drive home the point, he cites an incident: only a few days earlier, a Hindu police officer on a visit to Amritsar (allegedly given to corruption and extortion in his home district) was waylaid and killed by *goondas*. There were more Sikhs than Hindu police officers at his cremation.

The arrest and release daily of hundreds of Sikh satyagrahis, engaged in *Dharam Yudh* against the Centre, is thus a pretty friendly affair. Usually, they march around dusk, with due ceremony, from the Golden Temple to the city kotwali, less than a couple of kilometres away, squat for hours in a huge makeshift compound and are allowed to be fed by Akali volunteers even as lists are drawn up of those "under arrest". It is around midnight that they are dispersed in officially hired trucks to jails far away. According to the unwritten rules of the game, none offers himself for arrest twice and no one is detained too long.

The figure of 90,000 Akalis, who have defied the prohibitory orders so far, must be assessed in this context. It is a cause more for hope than fear. Peace is the watchword of Sant Harchand Singh Longowal, President of the Shiromani Akali Dal and "dictator" of the *Morcha*, till now, he has been able effectively to have his way. The *Morcha* can continue for years and the Centre need not worry.

But, as things are, worry it must. For even the highly respected Sant Longowal has failed to curb violence in speech. The farewell to the Jathas every evening is preceded by the filthiest imaginable invectives against the Centre, blared over loudspeakers to a large assembly of the faithful. Nor can the Sant prevent occasional shootouts between the police and the "extremists" or, for that matter, sporadic incidents of looting, killing or bomb-throwing. Hindu devotees used to outnumber Sikhs in the Golden Temple: today they are scared. Sant Bhindranwale's armed followers seem to have taken over the Temple's sprawling compound, posing a threat to Sant Longowal himself. (Recently, Sant Longowal is said to have talked of an impending armed attack by the police on the Temple and used it as an excuse to bring some of his own followers with licensed arms into the Teja Singh Samundri Hall for personal protection, just in case Sant Bhindranwale's men take it into their head to act funny.)

Be that as it may, the differences between the two Sants are sharp and cannot be entirely hidden by Sant Longowal's ritual claim that there are none. True, both are learned men, well versed in the scriptures and the Sikh lore. Both swear by the cosmopolitanism of the great Gurus. But one pointedly emphasises their kinship with good Hindus, the other with good Muslims. Both denounce secessionism but their response

to a hypothetical query about the Akali attitude in the event of an attack by Pakistan is divergent. "We will forget our quarrels with the Centre and fight," says Sant Longowal. "We will see," equivocates the other Sant and adds "Slaves cannot fight!"

Both say that the Akalis are not against the Hindus and that they are fighting for the rights of all Punjabis, including the Hindus. But, in the same breath, Sant Bhindranwale quotes chapter and verse to show how the Sikhs have been the victims of Hindu *zoolum*. "Our patience is nearly exhausted and our struggle may not be peaceful. the Gurus exhorted us to take up arms against injustice. That is why we worship weapons."

Specifically, Sant Bhindranwale does not rule out a general massacre in the villages where the Sikhs outnumber the Hindus or vice versa if the "Centre fails to see light." Sant Longowal does. "We cannot possibly kill each other. Our relations are bonded by bread and bride. *Sada Roti Beti Da Sak Hai*."

The differing stance of the two Sants shows how various strands of Sikh society today are woven together into a complex web of competing and com-

The differences between the two Sants, Bhindranwale and Longowal, are sharp and cannot be entirely hidden by Sant Longowal's ritual claim that there are none. Both are learned men, well versed in the scriptures and the Sikh lore. Both swear by the cosmopolitanism of the great Gurus. But one pointedly emphasises their kinship with good Hindus, the other with good Muslims.

plementary interests. Sant Longowal, the moderate, articulates the views and aspirations, by and large, of the prosperous Sikhs, including urban professionals, predominantly Khatri by caste. They are educated and virile and want all hurdles in the way of their rising standard of living demolished. But they do not want to rock the boat too violently. Sant Bhindranwale, the extremist, has fired the imagination of many rural Sikhs, particularly the poor and the landless, who flock to his banner if they are not swayed by the CPM's radical philosophy.

But the polarisation is by no means complete. The rich landed Jat has become urbanised while almost every affluent Khatri businessman or professional has acquired a stake in land. Politically, in the contentious arena of Akali institutions, conflicts are subsumed by interdependence: one group is needed for respectability, the other for muscle power. By the same token, each to some extent is hostage to the other.

The Hindu response to the show of Akali militancy has been predictable. A small number, particularly among the youth, has veered to the RSS in the belief that force must be met with force. At the same time, paradoxically, the BJP's base in Punjab has been badly eroded. The vast majority of the Hindus have swung to the Congress (I), for they think that the Centre alone can now protect the community's true interests. This has plunged the BJP into total confusion. Since it is extending an olive branch to the Muslims and other minorities, its top leadership in New Delhi cannot openly welcome, much less aid, the strengthening of the RSS in Punjab. Mindful of its interests in Haryana, it cannot even support Punjab's case for more water or transfer of Chandigarh. But its State Unit has been compelled to do so for sheer survival. The party as a whole willy nilly thus presents the sorry spectacle of a house divided against itself.

More to the point, New Delhi is dithering. The Congress (I)'s High Command has assumed that the Akalis will not call off their movement unless they are installed in power in Chandigarh, that it is impossible to persuade its own State Unit to commit suicide—specially now that it is stronger than ever—and that, short of this, the satisfying of one Akali demand will lead to another in unending progression. Its policy is also dictated by the conviction that, in Akali counsels, Sant Bhindranwale calls the shots and that the only way to contain his armed might is to see to it that he gets no help from Pakistan. In a word, fear predominates.

This is a great pity. For this fear can become self fulfilling if principles are jettisoned and crass expediency takes over. In this issue of the *Weekly*, we have focused on Punjab's political problems in the broad context of its culture, character and role in national life. We do not mean to suppress any viewpoint. Two points emerge clearly from the articles that follow and these must be firmly grasped before the situation deteriorates further.

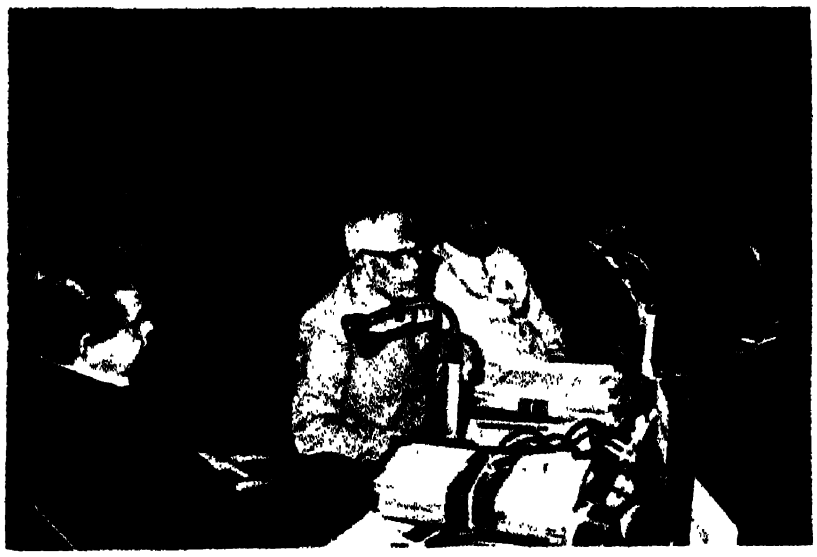
Firstly, the Akali demands for referring the river waters dispute to the Supreme Court as also for transfer of Chandigarh to Punjab are just and rational; they can and must be conceded on merit. Though Punjab has the exclusive use of Sutlej waters, harnessed by the Bhakra Nangal system, they no longer suffice. To apportion the bulk of the Ravi-Beas waters to Haryana and Rajasthan, which are neither riparian States nor wholly fall within the basin of the two rivers, is manifestly unfair. Modalities of reference to the Supreme Court, in keeping with the country's international commitments and overall interest, can be easily worked out. Similarly, the Chandigarh issue can be sorted out once it is recognised that the boundaries of Punjab and Haryana would be "adjusted" and Haryana will receive a Central grant, as its parent State once did, to build a new capital.

Secondly, these two demands are not of the Akalis alone but of all Punjabis. They must be met not only because Punjabis have right on their side but also to ensure the economic, social, cultural and spiritual well-being of a vigorous people.

At the moment, the Akalis have been able to cash in on the emotional upsurge of the Sikhs and the sympathy of the Punjabi Hindus for the cause they are espousing. Therefore, they loom larger than life on the political scene. It is not realised that the secularisation of politics has been proceeding faster in Punjab than perhaps anywhere else in the country. The increasing fragmentation of Akali politics and the disarray in the BJP ranks bear witness to the trend. Attempts by the Congress (I) to take short-term advantage of such fractures will only put the clock back. But, if the Centre takes a wider view, religion and caste will yield precedence to politics in Punjab sooner than in any other State.

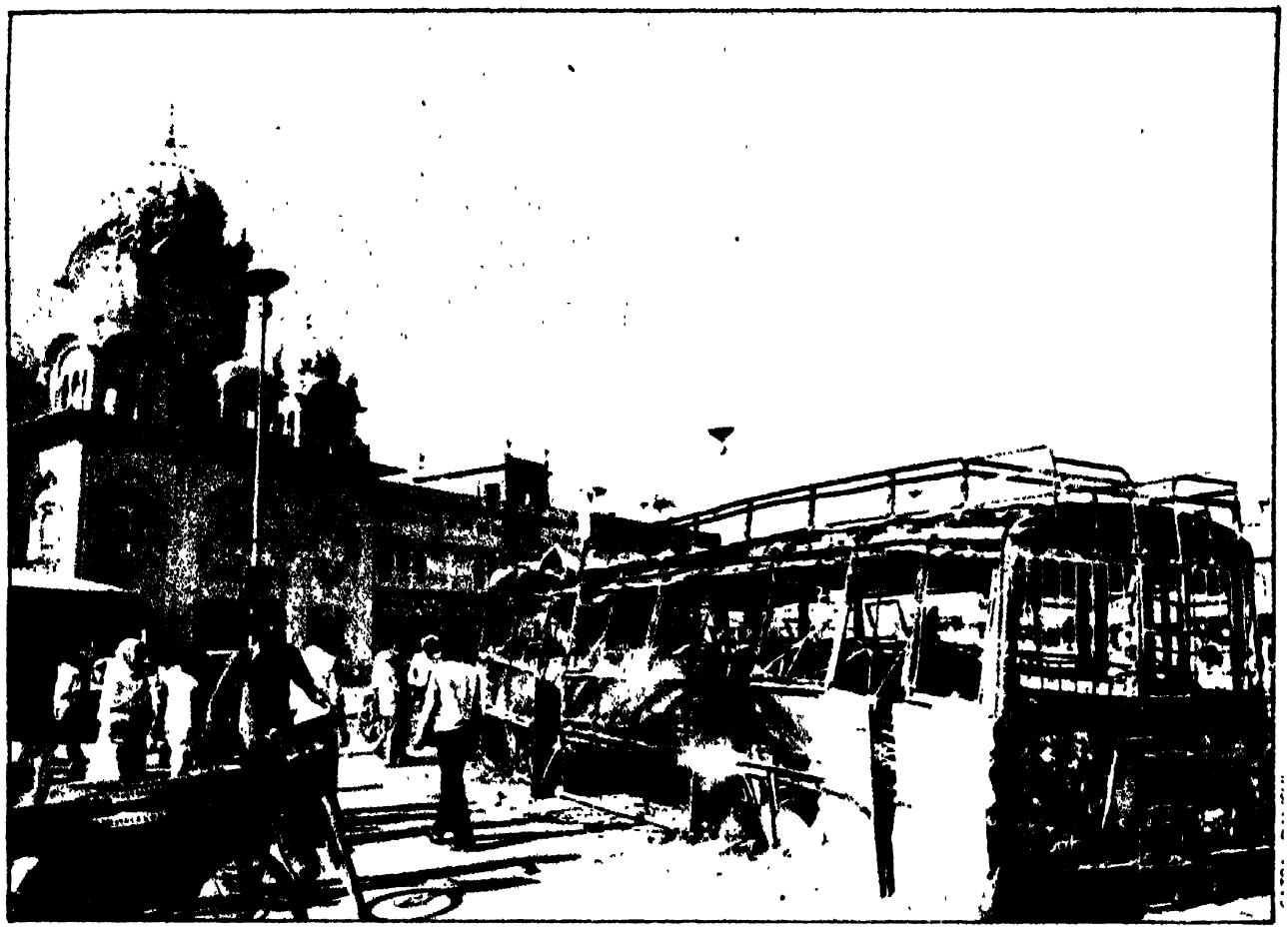
Punjabi ethos is essentially preoccupied with production and consumption, not distribution. Given half a chance, Punjabis, at this stage in their history, have the wherewithal quickly to come into their own. ■

AT THE TRIPARTITE TALKS ON PUNJAB are seen (in the picture at left) members of the Cabinet Committee: Home Minister P C Sethi, Defence Minister R Venkataraman and Sports Minister Buta Singh, while in the picture at right are seen Akali delegates Balwant Singh, Ravi Inder Singh and Surjit Singh Barnala. The Congress(I)'s High Command has evidently assumed that the Akalis will not call off their movement unless they are installed in power in Chandigarh. Its fear is that meeting one Akali demand will only lead to another—in an unending progression.



Punjab: No Time To Lose

Surjit Singh Barnala, as a leading member of the Akali team conducting parleys with the Centre over the Punjab issue, spells out the step-motherly treatment accorded to the State and pleads for a more humane approach on the part of the authorities.



WHAT REMAINS of a Punjab Roadways bus outside the Golden Temple on October 10, 1982. The author feels that time is running out and the Centre would do well to ponder the Punjab problem in its totality before it is too late.

SINCE Independence, Punjab has been discriminated against by the Union Government in the economic, social and political spheres and the Sikhs, who constitute a majority of the State's population, had to launch struggles, time and again, for redressal of their grievances. Unfortunately, instead of solving them, the problems were allowed to multiply and, by interference in their religion and by systematic persecution or harassment, a grave situation was created in the State, so much so that the Sikhs were left with no option but to launch another peaceful agitation. On August 4, therefore, the Shiromani Akali Dal, the only representative party of the Sikhs, started the *Morcha* (agitation) and, up to the end of February 1983, about 82,000 volunteers had gone to jail and 132 had lost their lives.

It may sound strange to some readers that a State, which provides about 65 per cent of the foodgrains to the Central pool and which has been termed as the Sword Arm of India and has the highest per-capita income, should have to fight a long-drawn struggle for achieving even the legitimate rights of its people. This article, then, aims at providing some idea of the stepmotherly treatment accorded to Punjab and to the Sikhs in Free India.

During the struggle for independence, the Sikhs were in the forefront of the movement. Though their number at that time was only about 1½ per cent of the total population of India, 80 per cent of the martyrs who went to the gallows and 75 per cent of those who were exiled during the freedom movement came from this community. On the eve of independence, the Congress leaders (like Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru) gave solemn assurances to the Sikhs that, as a national minority, their rights would be fully protected. Nehru said in July 1946, when the All India Congress Committee met at Calcutta:

> *The brave Sikhs of Punjab are entitled to special consideration. I see nothing wrong in an area and a set-up in the North wherein the Sikhs can also experience the glow of freedom.*

The Sikhs were assured that, if India achieved political freedom, no constitution would be framed unless it was freely acceptable to them. However, when in 1950 the present Constitution was enacted, the basic concept of federalism was totally diluted. The States were left with very little powers and no special safeguards were provided for the minorities, like the Sikhs. The accredited representatives of the Sikhs—the Shiromani Akali Dal—expressed in the Constituent Assembly their inability to accept the Constitution.

The two representatives of the Akali Dal, in fact, declined to append their signatures to it. Later, when the Sikhs represented their grievance, Nehru had only this to say cryptically: *The times have changed!*

When in 1950 the present Constitution was enacted, the basic concept of federalism was totally diluted. The States were left with very little powers and no special safeguards were provided for the minorities, like the Sikhs.

After Independence, the States were reorganised on the basis of language. But the Punjabi language was ignored and the Sikhs had to wage a relentless struggle for 15 long years to attain their just demand for a linguistic State. The Central Government ultimately agreed to form a State on the basis of the Punjabi language, but mischievously kept large Punjabi-speaking areas and Chandigarh out of it. Thus Punjab lost its capital thrice—first Lahore, then Simla and later Chandigarh. Chandigarh was planned as the capital of Punjab to compensate for the loss of Lahore and a large number of people, who had migrated from West Punjab at the time of Partition, had come and settled there. The villages, which were uprooted for building the city, were all a part of the Punjabi-speaking Tehsil Kharar. The only tongue spoken in these villages was Punjabi.

It is not surprising that we demand the immediate and unconditional return of Chandigarh to the parent State of Punjab. As for the other Punjabi-speaking areas left out, a commission should be set up to settle the claim on the basis of language and contiguity, treating the village as a unit.

Partition reduced the Land of Five Rivers to a Land of Three. The rivers Satluj, Bias and Ravi are Punjab's rivers and, according to the national and international laws and conventions in this regard, Punjab, being a riparian State, alone has the claim to these waters. But, unfortunately, only about one-third of the total water of these rivers has been given to Punjab; the rest has been diverted to the far-off non-riparian and non-basin areas of Rajasthan and Haryana.

No other State in India has had its river waters taken out of the natural basin without first meeting all its requirements.

The ultimate result of such an unjustifiable distribution of water will be that the blooming fields of Punjab will, in due course, be converted into parched lands. This is being facilitated to ruin the agrarian economy of Punjab and to turn the Bread Basket of India into a begging-bowl.

The Punjabis in general and the Sikhs in particular can never allow such a thing to happen. We want a judicial review of the allocations of water so that justice is done to the State. We see no reason why the legal aspect of the problem should be deliberately played down and bypassed.

India is a vast country and, envisaging its unity in diversity, a federal constitution was to be provided. However, the constitution which was ultimately framed was more unitary than federal. State Governments were denuded of more powers gradually by amending the Constitution from time to time and by the creation of bodies like the Planning Commission and the University Grants Commission. What is more, the Centre acquired the right to dismiss elected State Governments at will, thus negating the principles of democratic federalism.

As we know, on several occasions, this provision was resorted to in Punjab and elsewhere with a view to securing political leverage for the Ruling Party at the Centre. Indeed, for every small matter, the State Governments have to depend on the Centre for advice and guidance: they have virtually been reduced to the level of municipal committees. Such an erosion of the authority and the duties of the State Governments cannot but cause disquiet and lead to a state of distrust and disharmony.

We want that the Constitution be made truly federal in the light of the Anandpur Sahib Resolution framed by the Akali Dal in 1973. This Policy Statement envisages the retention of only four subjects—Defence, Foreign Affairs, Communications and Currency—by the Centre, leaving the rest to the States.

There is a long-standing demand of the Sikhs to bring all the historic Sikh shrines in the country under one system of management so that uniform religious practices are followed in all the religious places of the Sikhs. The previous Central Government (the Janata) had agreed to pass this legislation and, in fact, a draft of the Bill had been prepared by a committee appointed by the Punjab Government headed by a retired

Chief Justice. The proposed draft is still lying with the present Central Government, which seems to be in no hurry to consider it

Finally, so far as the present agitation is concerned, it behoves the authorities to keep the human angle in view. By arresting a large number of innocent Sikhs on trumped-up and specious charges, they cannot hope to get away with it Nor can we countenance the so-called police encounters in which scores of our young men have been killed under one pretext or another. The whole world knows by now the rationale and the modalities of such fake encounters.

The Government's information media and a section of the press, dominated by certain communal or sectarian anti-Sikh interests, have indulged in systematic propaganda, dubbing the Sikhs as secessionists and extremists This is, to put it mildly, a travesty of the facts. The Sikhs remain as patriotic and as firm as in the past. Their entire history is a saga of sacrifice for the country. However, to fight for one's rightful place and prerogatives is not to do injury to the federal structure of the country. Indeed, this may, in the long run, be the only means to preserve it.

I have spelt out briefly some of the problems agitating the Punjabi and Sikh minds. We have made no extravagant or fanciful claims Our demands rest upon legalities and truths and rights. We have also shown great patience and forbearance all these years; and all through our negotiations with the Centre. However, time now seems to be running out and the Centre would do well to ponder the problem in its totality before it is too late.

Punjab is a sensitive border State and the problem brooks no further delay. Should a catastrophe overtake the State, the responsibility would rest entirely with the Central Government.

I fervently hope and pray that such a situation will not arise and that the Prime Minister will, in the larger interests of the country, rise to the occasion ■

Towards A Sikh Revolution

Ganga Singh Dhillon points out that the Sikhs in the Akali Dal leadership have shown remarkable restraint and patience but that the Sikh Nation theory has now crossed the point of no return.

AFTER 35 years of striving to establish their own identity within the Indian Union, the Sikhs have now run out of patience. The Government's tactics of luring Sikh leaders into endless rounds of talks that only leave them empty-handed will work no more The Sikhs now demand action

How will the Government respond? The real question in many Sikh minds is whether Prime Minister Indira Gandhi will be able to come to grips with the changing political realities in India. The Prime Minister increasingly appears unsure of what to do. Not long ago, her Government responded to Sikh protests by arresting thousands of Sikhs and jailing them—and then ordering their release Such conflicting actions suggest that the Prime Minister is being ill advised.

If there could be any reason for the intensity of the Sikh demand for autonomy, it is the failure of the Government to respond to Sikh needs Everyone knows that Sikhs fought in the forefront for India's independence from Britain, and again fought in three wars to maintain India's territorial integrity. No one doubts today that the Sikhs are gearing themselves for what, in the words of Sant Harchand Singh Longowal, could become open "revolt". No people—especially not the Sikhs who are noted for their loyalty and patriotism—would ever contemplate such action without good reason. And the reason is the violation of Sikh religious, economic and political rights

The concept of a Sikh nation was first mooted at the All India Sikh Educational Conference in Chandigarh on March 14, 1981. It was endorsed by the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee, the highest elected Sikh religious body, and the Akali Dal, the political organ for Sikh aspirations, at Amritsar on March 29, 1981.

No self-respecting Sikh could take so much victimisation lying down One form of retaliation was the large-scale recruitment of Sikh ex-Servicemen. Even after this, the Government has given no indication that it recognises the seriousness of the Sikh struggle for existence

In my view, Sikhs are loyal by nature and historically patriotic. But, like all peoples in democratic societies, Sikhs have their own identity and their own aspirations. If the Government does not accommodate Sikh needs and aspirations—and the aspirations of other minorities as well—the results could be disastrous for the territorial integrity of India and a potential tragedy for humankind

Because of its geographical location in the north-west of India, the Sikh homeland—Punjab—engages the conflicting interests, not only of India and Pakistan, but also of nearby Afghanistan, the Soviet Union and China Any outbreak of violence in Punjab, let alone a full-scale revolution—something that cannot now be ruled out as a possibility—could draw Russia, China and America—as well as India and Pakistan—into the conflict.

Even without intervention from outside, disturbances in Punjab would be a disaster for India Sikhs are the best farmers in India—in fact, they number among the best farmers in the world. Being less than 2 per cent of the population of India, they produce nearly 40 per cent of India's wheat and 48 per cent of India's rice. Any outbreak of violence in the area would result in the decrease of food supply to the rest of the country.

Sikhs, however, do not desire such an outcome Sant Harchand Singh Longowal (President of the Akali Dal) and Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale are distinguished leaders of the "Sikh Nation" They do not need any defence that I might put up for them But, strongly as they advocate autonomy, I am certain that they are not anti-India They understand—as every Sikh does—that India is a diverse country—diverse in language, in custom, in heritage, in culture That is, India is too diverse to ever become a homogenised state where everyone thinks and talks and acts alike. To fulfil its full potential, therefore, India must move away from the idea that it is no more than a large village commune, run by a personal government, and move towards its future destiny as a nation of nations The issue, in other words, is diversity in unity.

Why is it that, whenever the Sikhs have asserted their distinct cultural identity and demanded autonomy for their homeland, reactionary forces have cried "Partition!" When the Sikhs demanded the same status for Punjabi in Punjab that Bengali enjoys in Bengal, the Hindu communal majority shouted: "Separatism!" When the Punjabis asked for control of Chandigarh, the capital, the river waters and the hydro-electric projects of Punjab, they were shouted down as "extremists". When recruitment and promotion in the Armed Forces was demanded on the basis of merit, the Sikhs were labelled as "anti-national". In Hardwar, animal slaughter is prohibited by law but, when Sikhs demanded prohibition of tobacco in Amritsar, the demand was called "fanatic". The Hindus obviously do not want to accept the Sikhs within a Hindu society. The only solution, then, is to accord the Sikhs autonomy within their own homeland, as was accorded to Jammu and Kashmir under Article 370.

The general belief that Sikhism is a sect of Hinduism is a myth spread by Hindus in a vain attempt to undermine Sikhism and ultimately absorb Sikhs within the fold. This is what fuels the Sikh determination to risk all—if necessary —for the right to survive and grow as a distinct community For Sikhism is not a sect of Hinduism Indeed, Sikhism is very akin to Judaism in its worship of one God, its dedication to education and its commitment to human equality.

The challenges to the Centre are those of adjusting to the rapidly changing needs and demands, not only of Sikhs, but of all other minorities in India. What Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and her advisers need to realise is that the India of 1983 is not the India of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi; nor even the India of Jawaharlal Nehru. The problems India faces and the needs to which the Government must respond have changed with the years. This takes none of the lustre away from Gandhi or Nehru, but the changes demand an objective review of the real needs of the diverse peoples of India in the 1980s

There is no reason why those people who hold a different view from the majority and the current political leadership should be charged with treason. The Akali Dal leadership and I have said repeatedly that we do not want to dismember India In fact, the people must grow closer together, for the increasing complexity of modern life and the pervasiveness of high technology and communications make for greater interdependence

The Hindus obviously do not want to accept the Sikhs within a Hindu society. The only solution, therefore, is to accord the Sikhs autonomy within their own homeland, as was accorded to Jammu and Kashmir under Article 370.

A modern government must recognise and accommodate the aspirations of all the people and encourage them to strive for the good of all because, by so doing, they better serve their own interests. The recent elections in Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka and Assam are signs that time is running out for the Government

The Sikhs under the Akali Dal leadership have shown remarkable restraint and patience However, the Sikh Nation theory seems to have crossed the point of no return. The issues concerning the Sikh Nation's future and destiny have been discussed for long at the State, National and International levels and patience has worn thin. Any further effort to start another dialogue would be looked upon as no more than a trap. Evasion will neither promote communal harmony nor territorial integrity. Indeed, it could hurt both. It will not postpone the day of reckoning for long. It will only reduce, if not completely destroy, the chances of an amicable, peaceful settlement of the problem.

Sikhs are increasingly turning to religious teachings. The words of Sahib Guru Gobind Singh, the Father of the Sikh Nation, are echoed among the Sikhs more often these days.

Blessed are those who keep God in their hearts and swords in their hands to fight for a noble cause.. when there is no course open to man, it is but righteous to unsheath the sword.

Will a "Sikh Revolution", then, in the Sikh homeland, Punjab, engulf the entire region? ■

—KARAM SINGH Courtesy, The Tribune Chandigarh

CHOWK MEHTA IN AMRITSAR presented this picture following Sant Bhindranwale's arrest last year Bhindranwale is seen in the inset picture with Sant Longowal—the two key figures in the Punjab drama Bhindranwale's being armed, says the author, is in the best traditions of the ancient Aryans for whom weapons were an appropriate expression of manliness.

What Bhindranwale Stands For

Gurtej Singh, as a youthful IAS officer who resigned his job to throw in his lot with Bhindranwale, argues that a separate identity is the basic creed of Sikhism. Repeated attempts, he says, have been made to humble Sikh pride: they have been systematically deprived, economically and politically.

THANKS primarily to the media's quest for sensationalism, the name of Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale (36) has become synonymous with violence, law-breaking and secessionist activities The Sant's armed escort is deemed to be sufficient proof of his blood-thirsty nature No political ideology is too radical to be attributed to him. Even his stay in a resthouse attached to the Golden Temple, necessitated by his position of a "co-dictator" of the Akali Morcha, created many misunderstandings

True to his name, Jarnail (an adaptation of *General*), the tall, thin Sant with piercing eyes, is a born leader. After barely five years of semi-political activity, he has emerged as an international figure. Besides being acknowledged as a spiritually developed personality, he is also the head of an institution universally respected by the Sikhs.

The Sant is a truthful, logical and precise man. He is not known to have ever denied or revised a public statement. All his discourses are recorded and filmed, but for none of them has he ever been called upon to answer the charges of unlawful activity, secession or even of inciting violence.

His being armed is in the best traditions of the ancient Aryans, for whom weapons were an appropriate expression of manliness and the determination to resist an assault on their dignity and self-respect. The Sant is consciously following the traditions set by Guru Gobind Singh, who regarded weapons to be the hallmark of a free man and worshipped them as visible manifestations of Supreme Power. None of his immediate followers is known to have ever used arms, although it is certain that they are not averse to using them when the situation demands it.

Familiarity with the prevailing psychological climate in the Punjab is necessary for a proper assessment of the Bhindranwale phenomenon. It was adequately summed up at the Seventh All-India Akali Conference in 1966 which, "after having carefully viewed the entire situation, came "to the inescapable conclusion that a section of political Hindus, holding key powers in political India, have a firm plan of degrading and liquidating the Sikhs from the mainstream of Free India. ." It will be remembered that, for the preservation of his infant ideology, the 10th Guru had to battle more often against the Hindu Rajas than the Mughals.

Lakhpat, a Hindu diwan of the 18th-century satrap of Lahore, however, remains the only Government official to have ever taken a public vow to exterminate the Sikhs. He ordered a general massacre of Sikhs and proscribed their scriptures. The Sikhs discerned the basic elements of this policy in the activities of the Aryasamajis, leading to *en-masse* denial of Punjabi as their mother tongue by Punjabi Hindus in the Census Reports of 1951 and 1961 Being motivated and even aided by men like Charan Singh (now of the Lok Dal), this vocal section has been in the forefront in denying the Sikhs their separate identity. Indeed, they gird up their loins to oppose any attempt at even a marginal political or economic betterment of the Sikhs

A separate identity is the basic creed of Sikhism. The Gurus have held Sikhism to be a sovereign dispensation, the basic teachings of which are grounded in direct inspiration from God. Sikh Gurus repudiated the authority of Aryans as well as the Semitic scriptures; gave up Hindu gods; renounced the caste system; and denounced ritualism. An oft-repeated assertion, that Sikhs are no more than Hindus, is a major irritant. The Bhindranwale Taksaal (a mint for forging an authentic religious psyche) legitimately refuses to accept the grave erosion of the true status of Sikhism.

This is the root cause of clashes between Bhindranwale and the heretical sect of Nirankaris, who seek to liquidate the Sikhs by employing the methods of public ridicule. And the Nirankaris appear to be confident of Government support. Giani Zail Singh when Chief Minister of Punjab, obliged them by appointing their adherents to key positions in the Government and the present Chief Minister, Darbara Singh has refused to pursue a case of mass murder registered against them.

There was an allegation in the press that the Nirankaris have been sponsored by the Central Government. That they also enjoy ample sympathy from the anti Sikh forces in the State cannot be denied. Emboldened thus they often clashed with the followers of Bhindranwale, especially in Gurdaspur where a Nirankari official was functioning as the Deputy Commissioner. The bloodiest clash took place at Amritsar on Baisakhi Day in 1978 in which 13 Sikhs were killed.

Many Nirankaris including the head of the mission were tried for murder and acquitted. Refusal to challenge the acquittal lit the powder keg and Punjab has not had a day's peace since. About 25 non Sikhs and more than 100 Sikhs have died following clashes.

Anybody familiar even with recent history could have predicted the Sikh response. The terrorist Babbar Akali Movement was the result of the acquittal of those responsible for the mass murder of Sikhs at Nankana Sahib in 1921. Indeed terrorist activity has been the standard Sikh response to denial of justice. The principal accused the Nirankari Chief and Lala Jagat Narain a Jullundur based journalist, a prominent Sikh baiter and the prime defence witness in the Baisakhi Murder Case, were both killed in quick succession. The confused authorities hurriedly pointed to Sant Jarnail Singh as the conspirator and hastily issued warrants for his arrest even before the culprits were known or apprehended.

An absolutely illegal mode of action was employed to run the Sant to earth. Not finding him at the expected place the police set fire to his vehicles and burnt Sikh scriptures. Not much imagination is needed to predict his fate if the Sant had been located. Since then many young men similarly accused have perished in fake police encounters. False criminal cases have been registered against many others. The Sant was arrested, interrogated and eventually released as nothing could be established against him. The abetment of sacrilege by the authorities, their utter lawless behaviour (especially the wanton destruction of the scriptures and liquidation of innocent people) has deeply hurt Sant Jarnail Singh.

Having seen all this, the Sikhs feel convinced that the Sant's liquidation is on the cards. He can never overprotect himself. Circumstances, prudence and constant persuasion of well wishers have forced the Sant to retain an armed escort.

Similarly the persistent and blatant violation of the prevailing Constitution and established laws can be pinpointed to be the root cause of all important Sikh grievances. The much maligned secessionist Bhindranwale is prepared to accept a just constitutional solution to every demand of the Dharamyudh Morcha. But just solutions are being persistently denied. No textbook situation could be more perfectly designed to make the Sikhs feel completely alienated, degraded and deprived. The Government is working overtime to turn Sikhs into adherents of the Sikhs. Are A Nation theory.

Determined not to be outdone the Hindus (referred to above) are vehemently arguing that eternal political domination of an unalterable cultural majority is the essential precondition of India's unity. This anti democratic stance violates the concept of a multicentral or plural society, the most cherished dream of Sikhism. Even the warning of Sir Winston Churchill (issued in the House of Commons on December 12, 1946) remains unheeded. He said: "I am sure that any attempt by the Congress Party to establish a Hindu Raj on the basis of majorities measured by standards of Western civilisation and proceeding by the forms and the formulas of the government with which we are familiar over here will, at a very early stage, be fatal to any conception of unity of India." *(Hansard Vol 431 No 23 P 16)* The chickens are now coming home to roost.

The Sikh people have weathered many a storm and shall prevail against the present onslaught. Much more than their destiny, the political wisdom of the Hindu majority is on trial.

Doctrinally the Bhindranwale Taksaal is not against harnessing politics to protect religion. Bhai Mani Singh, the originator of the order, effectively used the dream of Khalsa Raj to preserve religion. Though chief priest of the Harmandar he was elected Chief Controller of Sikh Political Activity and was installed as Jathedar of the Akal Takht. An echo of this can be heard in the demand of the Ex Army Men's Convention at Amritsar to appoint Bhindranwale as Jathedar of the Akal Takht. Significantly Sant Harchand Singh, dictator of the *Morcha*, also hails from Longowal (the reputed birthplace of Bhai Mani Singh) and heads a gurdwara in his memory. In his martyrdom the Bhai had become a rallying point for the Khalsa. He did not rest until his ideal of a Sovereign Sikh State was realised. Is history repeating itself?

Repeated attempts have been made to humble Sikh pride. They have been systematically deprived economically and politically. A healing touch of tolerance and a full measure of justice are needed. Half hearted acceptance of inconsequential religious demands or an unprincipled package deal will *not* do. The overwhelming majority must forever quit irrational distrust of a microscopic minority. The Sikh people have weathered many a storm and shall prevail against the present onslaught. Much more than their destiny, the political wisdom of the Hindu majority is on trial.

In conformity with the traditions of the deathless Khalsa, Bhindranwale and his followers who have vowed to live by Truth alone, shall not accept palliatives. If Bhindranwale is martyred as it appears imminent he will be— the tragedy will leave a permanent blot on the body politic of India. That will be the beginning of the end. ■

Akali Agitation And The Services

Maj Gen Jaswant Singh Bhullar, AVSM, VSM (Retd), laments the fact that, while the criteria for all other jobs is merit alone, soldiering is the only profession where quota based on the population has been fixed—something that works to the detriment of Sikhs.

THE participation of ex Servicemen in the Akali Convention held at Amritsar on January 23 1983 has caused widespread concern. Nevertheless one would do well to analyse the reason for their participation.

The personality and the attitude of a soldier are governed by his tradition, his family atmosphere and his training. Therefore problems faced by the people of the soldier's home State naturally affect him.

Moreover both in his character and in his approach to life the Sikh soldier is strongly influenced by his religious traditions. It is important to understand that the very qualities which make the Sikhs distinguished soldiers also make them react to injustice, discrimination or attacks because their value-pattern is the product of their religion.

Years of neglect of ex Servicemen by the Central and State Governments has been the main cause of dissatisfaction amongst ex Servicemen, irrespective of their class or religion. Whereas his civilian counterpart retires mostly in the same areas where he formerly served, a soldier on retirement returns to an entirely different world and feels completely alienated. Besides, he is immediately faced with a drastic reduction in his income. Under the present inflationary pressure he finds it difficult to subsist much less live in dignity or discharge his family responsibilities since he retires at an early age. There is no relief either against the Rent Control or the Tenancy Act. A natural outcome of this is a feeling of resentment against the Defence Services and the Government.

Servicemen are pensioned off between the ages of 30 and 50 whereas a Class IV civilian employee can serve up to the age of 60. Why cannot this trained and disciplined manpower be utilised for jobs in industry and other public undertakings?

Then again in the civilian services if an employee dies in service his vacancy is usually filled by his widow, son or daughter or posts are created for them. In the Armed Forces the widow and the family of a dead soldier are heartlessly neglected.

It is true that all soldiers are given a raw deal and not just the Sikhs but, then Sikh history has always encouraged fighting against oppression and injustice. The resentment by Sikh ex Servicemen is further accentuated by the discriminatory tactics against serving Sikh soldiers. Their percentage in the Armed Forces is being reduced although Sikhs have always borne the brunt of our wars and suffered the highest number of casualties.

At the time of Partition in 1947 there were 30 per cent Sikhs in the Armed Forces. The ratio has now been fixed at 1.5 per cent and this has had a devastating economic impact on the rural Sikhs. For thousands of Sikhs soldiering was a family profession for many generations. Sikhs now feel that while the criteria for all other jobs is merit alone, this is the only profession where quotas based on population have been fixed.

Among the popular myths is one that Sikhs being well off do not come forward to join the Armed Forces. This is not true as in rural Punjab full 45 per cent of the families live below the poverty line. But as most of the recruiting officers in Punjab are non Sikhs they continue painting the false picture that Sikh recruits are not available. The fact is that almost all senior officers keep getting requests from villagers to help them get enlisted in the Forces but they find themselves helpless as the stock answer from the Recruiting Officers is that they have no 'Sikh vacancies'.

A majority of soldiers in Punjab come from peasant stock. They own lands which supplement their income from Government service. Water being the life blood of agriculture, any diversion of water from Punjab's rivers to neighbouring States vitally affects the soldiers and ex soldiers. By this diversion the loss of agricultural production alone would be over Rs 2,000 crores per annum. And the Central Government is not only unwilling to place its unconstitutional orders before the Supreme Court for a judicial verdict but has actually managed to withdraw the case filed for that purpose before that Court by the Akali Government. The Punjab peasant suffers crippling canal and electricity closures daily as well as a lowering of the water table. In actual terms the Akali Morcha is a product of the peasants' grievances and not vice versa. It is therefore virtually impossible for landlording soldiers or ex soldiers to maintain an indifferent attitude towards the problem.

In view of the sacrifices made by the Sikhs before and after Independence it would be naive to accuse them of an urge for secession. It has never even entered the minds of Sikhs least of all of Sikh serving soldiers and ex Servicemen to secede from India, especially while the holocaust of Partition still lingers in their memory. The Dal Khalsa which stands for secession is the brainchild of the Congress(I) leadership with a view to dividing the Sikhs and weakening them. The Sikhs believe that the Khalistan idea is a Government myth created to justify their uncalled for repression. The treatment meted out to the Sikhs by the Haryana Government during the days of the Asiad has badly jolted the Sikh psyche.

In fact the really relevant question today is not the loyalty of the Sikh soldier but the credibility of the Centre to act fairly and constitutionally and see that justice is seen to be done to Punjab and the Sikhs. ■

It has never even entered the minds of Sikhs, least of all of Sikh serving soldiers and ex-Servicemen, to secede from India: the holocaust of Partition still lingers in their memory.

Sikh Fears Are Groundless

K R Malkani writes about the dilemma in which the Congress government has put the Akalis "By talking of firmness one day and flexibility on another, the Prime Minister has confused and immobilised the Akalis," says the author

ONLY a few months back it appeared to be touch and go in Punjab There was a spate of murders followed by hijackings People talked of a Khalistani map and Khalistani currency notes The digging of the Sutlej Beas Link Canal had to be abandoned in the face of an Akali Morcha called Dharam Yudh

Today that situation stands defused thanks to the Prime Minister who ordered all satyagrahis released By talking of firmness one day and flexibility on another she has quite confused and immobilised the Akalis There have also been a few encounters' resulting in the liquidation of some suspected murderers The Operation Stop And Search of all Sikhs passing from Punjab into Delhi through Haryana on the eve of the Asiad was not very polite in some cases it was badly overdone But it did convey the no nonsense message to the Akali hot heads and put the agitators in their place

While all these developments have shown that this problem is manageable they have also shown that there is a problem And as is usual with such problems it is rooted in history

The partition of India in 1947 hurt the Sikhs very badly As many as half the Sikhs found themselves on the wrong side of the Radcliffe Line Giani Kartar Singh a Minister tried to settle as many of them as was possible in the five border districts And that gave them a feeling of unity and strength But the hurt remained In meeting after meeting Master Tara Singh and other Akali leaders would say Hindus got Hindustan Muslims got Pakistan what did we get? The argument was specious but it was not without appeal

The unstated conclusion was that the Sikhs should have been given a Sikhistan And yet nobody demanded Sikhistan explicitly because that would have alienated the community from the Hindus—and Pakistan would have crushed any Sikhistan if it had ever come into being The Muslims held the Sikhs particularly responsible for the partition time violence in East Punjab The *Dawn* once wrote that if Master Tara Singh was hanged twenty times over it would still not assuage their anger

Time is a great healer In a few years time the Sikhs made up their losses many times over Today they are perhaps the richest community in India But man does not live by bread alone Man must also have power—and personality And the Sikh is not very sure about his political power and his identity

Soon after Partition many Sikhs wanted a greater Punjab including Himachal Pradesh to provide them with more opportunities for expansion But they soon realised that in a bigger Punjab the percentage of Sikhs would be pretty low Torn between the choice of a *suba* and a *subi* they opted for a smaller Punjab to ensure a Sikh majority After resistance by Prime Minister Nehru and Lal Bahadur Shastri Mrs Gandhi conceded the *Punjabi suba* But very soon the Akalis realised that they had had the worst of both worlds they had not only got a small Punjab but they could not acquire political power in that State by themselves

About 70 per cent of the Sikhs support the Akalis But the non Sikhs do not vote for the Akalis And so the 30 per cent of the Sikhs and the non Sikhs- who are now 48 per cent of Punjab s population—can always produce a non Akali majority The Akalis can come to power only in alliance with the Hindus

Two options are however still open to them they can ally either with the Congress or the BJP If they ally themselves with the Congress they will be a junior partner in the alliance if they join hands with the BJS or BJP they will be the senior partner The latter arrangement is certainly more profitable for the Akalis However every time the Akalis have opted to coalesce as in 1967 and again in 1977—the Congress has broken it up with a two pronged attack

The 1967 Akali BJS CPI alliance was so successful that Zail Singh was heard saying These people are not only in power they are actually popular But soon the Congress press went to work In the popular mind as conditioned by Congress propaganda BJS Hindus are supposed to be more communal than Congress Hindus and Akali Sikhs are supposed to be more communal than Congress Sikhs Every time an Akali BJS(BJP) coalition was set up the Congress press would tell the Sikhs that the Akalis had sold themselves to the Jana Sanghis Simultaneously it would tell the Hindus that the Jana Sanghis had mortgaged Hindu interest to the Sardars

The Sikh fear of loss of identity is partly unreal and partly unrealistic. It is unreal because Sikhism has successfully grown on the Hindu body social; it is unrealistic because all identities change—with time and circumstance.

The comi tragedy of it all was that the lie was believed by enough people to bring the Government down It happened in 1969 and it happened again in 1979 Sad to say in 1969 the Congress did not hesitate to install the Akali defector Gill as CM—and give him a Minister called Dr Jagjit Singh who today heads the Khalistan movement

All this may be good politics for the Congress but for Punjab it is a pain in the neck While politicians fight business suffers Today nobody wants to make a major investment in Punjab!

It is for the Akalis to decide how they will resolve the dilemma in which the Congress has put them Perhaps they can do so effectively only by reorienting the Sikh mind—and replacing confrontation with cooperation They could delink the Akali Dal from the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee and convert it from a sectarian party into a regional party by throwing its membership open to all people of Punjab

Today the Akali membership is open to practising Sikhs who grow their hair and do not smoke or drink In practice some Sikhs smoke and most of them drink If the Akali Dal can overlook smoking and drinking it could also overlook shaving It is true that it is easier to ignore cigarettes and liquor than a clean chin but in substance abstinence is probably more important than appearance Such a regional party of Punjabis would smooth out Hindu Sikh angularities and leave no scope for the the Congress to exploit them

The Sikh fear of loss of identity is partly unreal and partly unrealistic It is unreal because Sikhism has successfully grown on the Hindu body social it is unrealistic because all identities change—with time and circumstance

Nobody need take the Akali formulation of Sikhs into a separate *qaum* literally In my younger days I once wanted to wear a dhoti to which my mother was opposed When I argued that even Gandhiji and Guruji wore a dhoti she retorted 'They are different *qaum* Obviously she did not mean that wearers of dhotis and pants belonged to different nations all she meant was that different classes and communities have different ways Need we take their Anandpur Saheb resolution too seriously? Indeed the way they have come up with different versions of that resolution some of them quite harmless—tells us not to take it seriously at all It will amuse people outside Punjab to learn that the masse have the greatest reverence for the Anandpur Saheb Gurdwara but they know nothing about the resolution When the Government rejected the Anandpur resolution Akali leaders were heard telling shocked Sikh masses Look they do not recognise our Anandpur Saheb It was reminiscent of the old Akali Communist campaign against the Congress and all it did including the construction of Bhakra They are taking the electricity out of water Such water will not be good for irrigation When the Akalis talk of *qaum* or the Anandpur resolution all that they really mean to say is that they are different—which is a fact And they are welcome to stay that way Ours is a pluralist society

However what in the world can they do about Sikhs who decide that they can be good Sikhs without having to tend long hair? Sardar Majithia was the Prince of philanthropists who started *The Tribune* Sardar Bhagat Singh was the prince of revolutionaries Both of them were clean shaven What purpose does it serve to insist that the press publish their pictures with a beard painted over? Any matchmaker in the Delhi Punjab area will tell you that many Sikh families prefer to have a 'Hindu son-in law And when some other Sikhs object, these families routinely explain It s too bad but our girl ran away and we were helpless

The Sikh problem as we know it today, is the invention of the British It was under British inspiration that Kahan Singh, Dewan of Nabha state came out with the pamphlet *Hum Hindu Nahin Hain* It was these separatists who removed pictures of Hindu gods and goddesses from the Golden Temple and other Sikh gurdwaras And it was these pro British Sikhs who invited Gen Dyer the Butcher of Jallianwala to Har Mandir and presented him with a *saropa* (robe of honour)

All this separatism--and toadyism—is alien to the Sikh ethos Nine of the Ten Sikh Gurus were Hindu Khatris none of whom was a 'Singh' Guru Gobind Singh who founded the Khalsa did so with the clarion call

Sakal jagat mahein Khalsa panth gajjay
Jagay dharma Hindu sakal bhand bhajay
(May the Khalsa panth flourish all over the world
May Hindu dharma awake and expose all falsehoods

It is significant that Guru Gobind Singh was neither born in Punjab nor died there He was born in Patna Bihar and he breathed his last in Nanded Maharashtra He was a worshipper of Goddess Chandi and he has written more Hindi than Punjabi

Maharaja Ranjit Singh established the Lahore Durbar on Divali 1761 he demanded that Afghanistan return the doors of Somnath and willed the Kohinoor diamond to Jagannath Puri When British rule came hundreds of Sikhs died for cow protection in the Kuka movement

It is for the Sikhs to decide whether they will follow the tradition of Guru Gobind Singh and Maharaja Ranjit Singh Sardar Majithia and Bhagat Singh or that of the tribe of Kahan Singh

If it is the former there is no problem If it is the latter it is a problem which even Pakistan and its godfather Uncle Sam would like to exploit to destabilise the Indian border However no patriotic Sikh would tolerate that Sikh associations all over India have deluged the Prime Minister with resolutions dissociating themselves from Akali demands For in their heart of hearts the Sikhs know that they are doing very well Only occasionally does the Congress monkey with them When a certain non matriculate opposed to the Congress wanted to become the SGPC President the Rashtrapati issued an ordinance prescribing matriculation as a minimum qualification Later when the Congress made up with that gentleman another ordinance was issued allowing non matriculates to become SGPC Presidents

That is what the Congress is doing to the Sikhs and that is what they rightly resent But otherwise there is no acute sense of genuine grievance If the Congress really wants peace and amity in Punjab, it should appoint a judicial commission to go into *all* the issues that the Akalis and others may want to raise—on condition that all parties will accept its recommendations *in toto*

One small psychological problem will remain The Sikh farmers are getting much farm labour assistance from UP and Bihar Even otherwise, they do not like to work in the fields after the age of 40 These aging farmers feel bored They love to visit the gurdwaras in different towns They love the excitement of morchas—fighting fronts—even more There are processions slogans newspaper headlines pictures They enjoy every bit of it Believe it or not but when the Emergency was lifted on March 21 1977, many Akali satyagrahis were positively disappointed at being released They kept saying "It s so nice here There s food, there are games there s company What's wrong with the Emergency? Why can t they continue it?"

Anybody who can think of a moral equivalent of a morcha will have done the greatest service to Punjab ■

Punjab In The Service Of The Nation

Darshan Singh Maini argues that what is really important is the climate of what C.P. Snow calls "the two cultures", the humanist and the scientific, which, he says, puts Punjab in a category apart.

Long live thy mansions and palaces,
And long thy huts and hamlets,
Long live thy queenly village belles,
Long those beauties of curds and cream!
O I greet you my sweet land
With each breath I take,
O I salute you, my heroic land!

Des Noon Assis Sadi Gharibon
'A Prayer For My Land'
—Puran Singh

THERE is perhaps no land which has not spurred its poets to song, and its fabulists into story, to orchestrate the music and the pageantry and the drama of its life from generation to generation. It appears that there is something in the pulse and the pitch of the feeling enveloping an expanse of sky, earth and water that feeds the imagination in a deep spiritual manner. Surely this instinctive and intuitive sentiment for one's land of birth shares its dynamics with the creative dialectic of life. That is why the maternal metaphor is almost always pressed into service whenever a people's deeper impulses need to be gathered into an evocative symbol. A motherland, then, is, in some mysterious way, an extension of the feelings and the felicities associated with the medium of milk, lap and roof. No wonder it arouses the tenderest emotions in our breasts and propels us towards the highest deeds of valour and sacrifice.

However, this sacred sentiment may not be wholly confused with the mystique of nationalism which, even as it subsumes the pieties of patriotism, can, in moments of challenge, anguish and bafflement, run away with the situation, so to speak, thereby distorting the structure of a people's sensibility. History has shown, time and again, the tragedy of such a mystique when the involved sentiment, instead of flowing freely and beautifully, begins to silt up the conduits of the imagination. That is when passions turn into vast mindless movements, ideas into blind ideologies. So, if I start with a poetic epigraph, it is only to affirm that the mere facts and the statistics pertaining to a geopolitical entity suggest little if they do not suggest the energies that animate them. No worldly goods, no objects or artefacts may materialise without the harnessing of the poetries of the spirit.

Which brings me first to what may loosely be called the Punjabi Way of Life, for the service which Punjab has rendered to the nation over aeons and ages is linked to a complex of attitudes, perceptions and values. Indeed, the Punjab *persona*, evolved in response to continual challenges and exertions, has come to acquire a force which has not a little to do with such expressions of the collective psyche. Even that celebrated triad of sobriquets which Punjab has earned—*The Sword Arm of India, The Bread-Basket of The Nation* and *The Nursery of Indian Sport*—when analysed in terms of significations, would go "homing" back to that *elan vital* which we associate with its image. For the fact is that all our overt attitudes draw their energies from the sub-surface life which people and communities and races live at the level of dream and fantasy. The Punjabi sensibility is, at once, steeped in the sensuous and phenomenological aspects of reality—the aspect which gets its freest play in action and engagement—and in a certain "mystic" encounter with it. It is the unceasing interplay between these two apparently contrary pulls which constitutes the kinetics of the Punjabi character.

To begin with, geography, history and destiny have given Punjab, of necessity, the role of India's eternal sentinel on its Northern borders. From the earliest invasions of the marauding hordes from the Asian highlands and plateaux down to the wars India has fought since Independence, this land has served both as buffer and battleground, as shield and armour. It has, in short, suffered grievously and continually through horrendous loss of life and limb, of possessions and property, but it has not allowed its humanist vision to be clouded. On the contrary, the Punjabi spirit, tempered in fire and flame, has acquired, *en route*, enormous reservoirs of nervous and spiritual energies. It has absorbed all the shocks and traumas of aggression this side of Delhi and thus helped the rest of the country live in comparative peace and safety.

—YOG JOY, Courtesy 'The Tribune', Chandigarh

Undoubtedly, the Punjabi traits of defiance, daring, vigilance, initiative, adventure and action that mark their corporate character stem from their *frontier* consciousness. And, lest we forget, it was Punjab that paid in full measure the price of Indian Independence in 1947. No nation could ask for more in terms of blood, scars and tears—and the Punjabi spirit did not falter, did not quail. If anything, it acquired new dimensions in Free India to disport itself and renew its natal pledge to redeem the destiny of this great but violated land. The fact that Punjab continues to supply the bulk of frontline officers and men for our Armed Forces, that they constitute the very pick and flower of our soldiery, that they would never fail the date with destiny if and when called upon to do so, is something so widely known as to need no comment.

What is perhaps not so well known is Punjab's contribution to the creation of the revolutionary ethos in pre-Independence India. Along with Bengal, it helped generate a whole new philosophy of action and deed—away from the passivity and the inert quietism of the classical Indian temper, away from the "sickness" of the soul. The Gandhian revolution, too, was essentially directed towards the same end, though the means were different. For men like Bhagat Singh and Udham Singh symbolised the eternal revolt of the human spirit in chains. The Promethean temper is an archetypal temper and the "spark" abides. Punjab thus remains an ever-watchful and unsleeping guard on India's vulnerable frontiers. The spirit of Guru Gobind Singh is verily abroad.

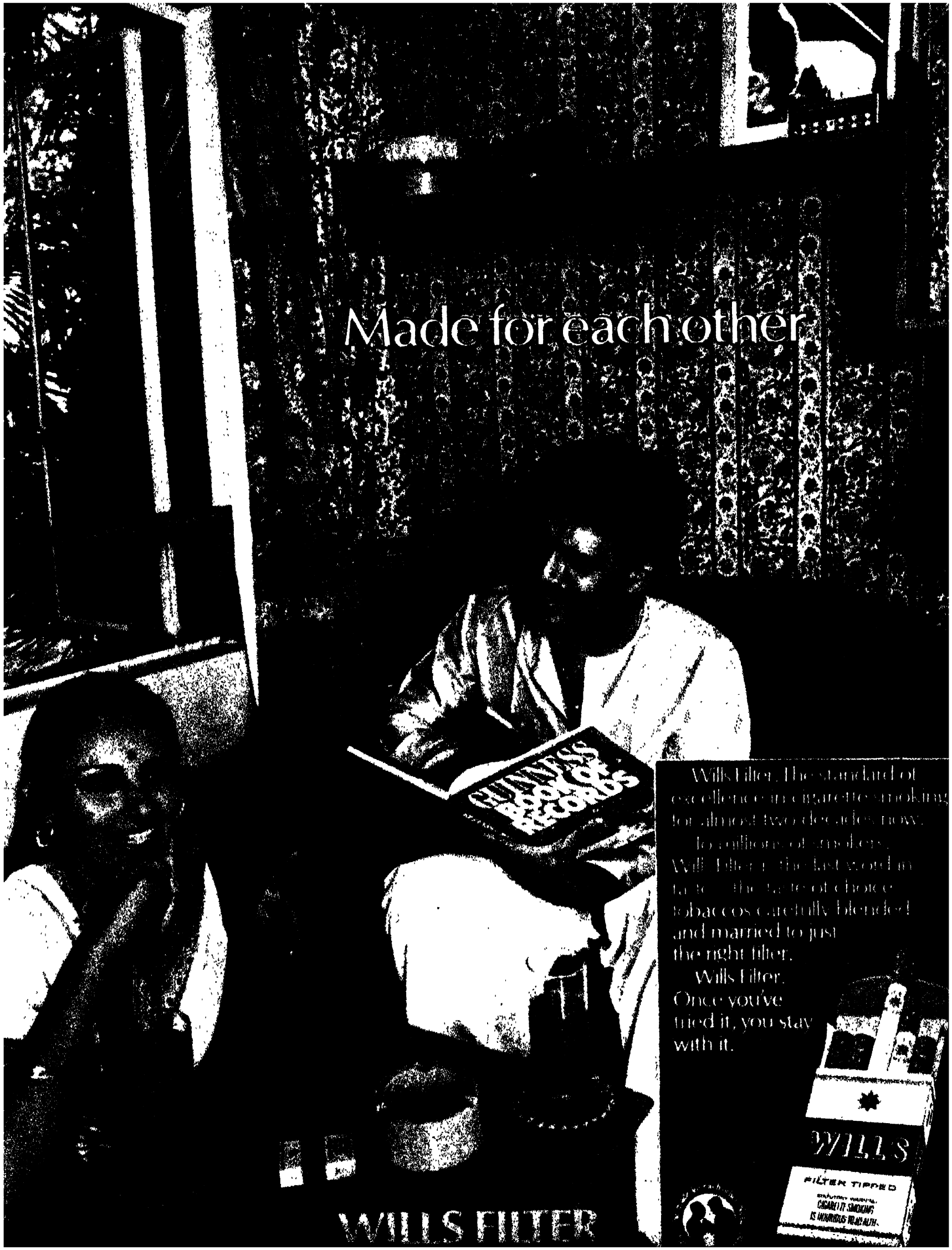
It is not surprising that the spirit which plumes up into a condition of combat at the slightest hint of oppression or indignity should draw its sap and pith from the soil I trust that there are few peoples in the world more wedded in body and soul to Mother Earth than the Punjabis. Soldiering and farming are, in reality, extensions of the same spirit of encounter and fulfilment in action. The way, for instance, the uprooted Punjabis—whose nostalgia for those smiling fields and pastures and orchards left behind in Pakistan has still a poetic quality—tamed an inhospitable stretch of territory on this side of the border and turned rivulet and rock, bush and bramble, into one long and lush dream in green in a matter of years is one of the minor miracles of our times.

What is indeed known as "The Green Revolution" is nothing but the insatiable appetite of the Punjabi peasantry for land and for the land's largesses—corn and vegetable and fruit, honey and milk and meat, juice and liquor and beverage. The force that drives the Punjabi spirit, no doubt, is "the force that through the green fuse drives the flower", to recall Welsh poet Dylan Thomas's memorable line. It is also the force which raised the Bhakra Dam, Free India's greatest enterprise in the service of the nation.

It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that Punjab should emerge as the saviour of the nation on the food front as well. The figures for 1981 reveal that the State contributed 73 per cent of wheat and 48 per cent of rice to the National Food Pool despite the fact that it is, since 1966, the fourth-smallest State in India. Imagine, for a moment, an India deprived of this bounty! All I can add is that "the imagination of disaster" will not then be contained.

From the battlefield and the cornfield to the field of sport is again a smooth progression. The field as a figure of speech holds in each case. The Punjabis are, as a rule, given to a life of play and abandon. Their extrovert nature demands, not only a state of gaiety amidst challenge and encounter, but also a state of physical engagement. The Punjabi penchant for vigorous exercise of limb and muscle is a part of its restive psyche. That is why in nearly all important or major areas of sport—Hockey, Athletics, Football, Mountaineering, Cycling, Wrestling, Boxing, Weightlifting, now even Swimming and Cricket—Punjab has a dominant voice in the country. A Milkha Singh is about the peak of our reach and achievement in World Sport—"The Flying Sikh" image has already entered the sports idiom and lexicon Similarly, the all-time great Balbir Singh remains in hockey the limit of our glory.

There is no need to unroll the notional scrolls of sport to see how Punjab has done duty in this regard. And though Indian Sport, by world standards, is still woefully weak, what hope there is resides in no small measure in the promise of the Punjab youth. Appropriately, therefore, the Netaji Subhas Chandra National Institute of Sports is located in Patiala, a city redolent of princely sports and fabulous names. *Asiad 82*—the greatest show ever in Oriental Sports—mounted in Delhi with an efficiency and *aplomb* which left the sporting world fairly wondering, was, of course, a giant corporate endeavour, but nearly all its top executives (including Sardar Buta Singh, India's Sports Minister, Raja Bhalendra Singh, Sardar Umrao Singh and Principal Gursewak Singh) were, as one can see, drawn from Punjab. The moral is loud and clear. →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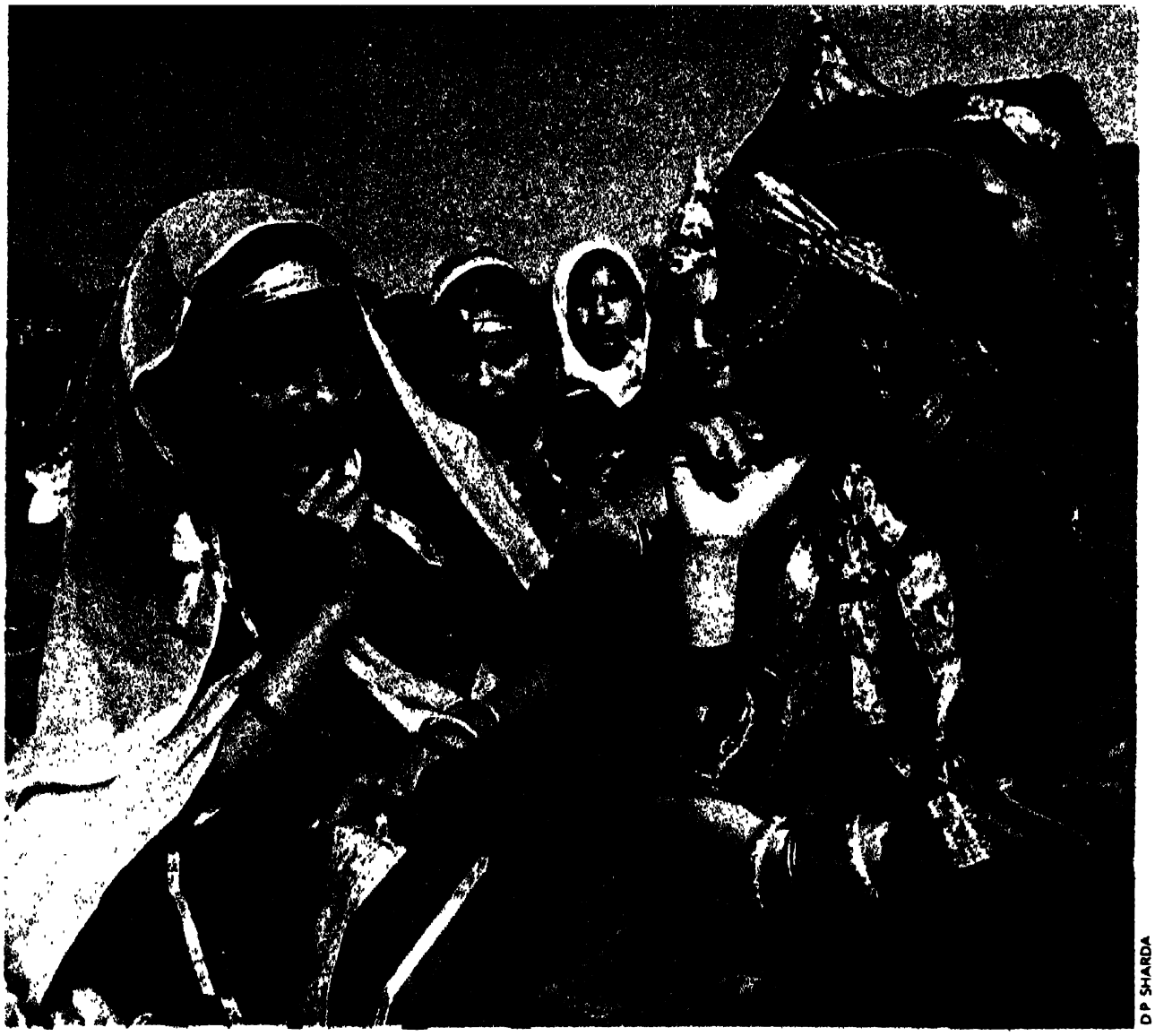


D P SHARDA

The scene shifts and expands from the farm and the field to the road and the highway. Punjabi domination in Road Transport—in metalled mileage, in the number of vehicles, in men behind the wheel and in the motor-parts industry—is so much a part of the road culture and folklore in India that an outsider is apt to take the Punjabis as a community of drivers and mechanics! And, indeed, there is many a joke and story current regarding that tribe. Essentially, the Punjabi spirit can be equated with the spirit of motion and speed. As in the case of the Americans in general, there is in the Punjabi psyche a perpetual urge for movement, a wanderlust.

For the roving Punjabi spirit, then, the horizon is the limit. So the truck and the tractor, the bus and the cab (which haul millions of tonnes and lakhs of passengers across the length and breadth of India round the clock), have emerged as new symbols of our folk culture—and of Punjabi traffic with the near and the far. The Punjabis, in short, are the nation's wheels and serve as the locomotives of its progress.

The story of wheels is not yet done. For several reasons—lack of mineral resources, the proximity of the Pakistani and Chinese borders, the Centre's calculated indifference—Punjab has no big or largescale industries, but the entrepreneurial spirit of the Punjabis has found a purposive outlet in medium and small-scale industries, such as cycles, sewing-machines, electric fans, machine tools, agricultural instruments, tractors, light engineering, sports, hosiery, mini-steel plants. And, in most of these areas, it leads the rest of the country. The export earnings from over 60,000 such units would indicate the dimensions of the effort to keep the small wheels going. Woollens and knitted garments alone account for over Rs 30 crores a year. No wonder Ludhiana is often referred to as the Birmingham of India, while Amritsar, Jullundur, Batala, Gobindgarh and scores of small towns on the national highway and in the interior have created an invigorating air of enterprise, skill and inventive daring. What is more, when India's first nucleus Industrial Township at Goindwal gets going, the Punjabis may well boast of achieving Japanese standards in these and collateral industries if political conditions and considerations do not upset the applecart of their dreams.

In this connection, it may also be mentioned that the Punjabi entrepreneurial and professional skills and labour have found a ready hospitality abroad. As a people on the move, there is hardly a part of the globe where the Punjabi engineers, doctors, teachers, businessmen, artisans, mechanics, factory workers and farmhands have not set up home and shop. And no matter where they settle—in Southall or in the Midlands, in Toronto or in the remote Canadian provinces, in New York or in the Californian valleys, in Kuwait or in the UAE, in Hong Kong or in Singapore—they all carry their "little" Punjab *with them and within* themselves, a home away from home: a node of nostalgia! The remittances (nearly Rs 700 crores) keep the families here in liquor and larder, but they also help swell the national foreign exchange reserves year after year. Home or abroad, the Punjabis make money for the country and make it in generous measure.

If the theme is money-making and national revenue, then the Hindi film industry in Bombay is virtually the creation and the monopoly of the Punjabis settled there. From producers and directors like the Kapoors, the Chopras, the Anands and the Dutts (to name only some clans) to the male heart-throbs of the Indian screen today (Dharmendra, Rajesh Khanna, Vinod Khanna, Raj Babbar, Rishi Kapoor and the up-and-coming "patrician" stars like Sunjay Dutt and Kumar Gaurav)—not to speak of the celluloid "villains" like Ranjeet, Amrish Puri and Shakti Kapoor and character actors like Manmohan Krishna, Pran, Madan Puri and Kulbhushan Kharbanda, Punjabi talent, enterprise and finance keep the nation in good cheer and in good money, too. Of course, the first Punjabi to hit it big in this wayward industry was the late K.L. Saigal—and his spirit and his voice still presides over Indian hearts and ears.

Since the emphasis in this article is on the material contributions of Punjab, naturally its role in the fields of culture outside of the cinema—art, music, theatre, literature, science—has not been highlighted. Which is not to say the effort in this direction is inconsiderable. Particularly since Independence, the renaissance witnessed in this regard, though nascent in certain ways, is vigorous enough to hold an equally great promise. Such names as Amrita Sher-Gil, Satish Gujral, Krishan Khanna and Dhanraj Bhagat among the artists, Mulk Raj Anand, Krishan Chander and Amrita Pritam among the writers, the Nobel Laureate Hargobind Khurana and Satish Dhawan among the scientists would do any people or nation proud.

However, what is really important is the climate of what C.P. Snow calls "the two cultures"—the humanist and the scientific—which seems to put Punjab in a category apart. Indeed, whatever progress the State has achieved is finally rooted in that *spirit of modernity* which seems to sweep Punjabi life nearly at all levels. A whole, radical way of looking at the business and traffic of life is needed before a people can secure their rightful place in the sun. Pragmatism has to be tempered with dream, action with vision, if the eye is set on the stars. ■

D P SHARDA

Darbara Singh Speaks

YOG RAJ. Courtesy 'The Tribune', Chandigarh

Darshan Singh Maini spent 90 minutes with the Punjab Chief Minister Darbara Singh, talking about various problems, like Chandigarh, the Akalis, etc, which face the State.

Darshan Singh Maini: How, in your view, has the Punjab problem become so intractable, confused and tangled? Do you hold the Akalis exclusively responsible for it?

Punjab CM Darbara Singh: The problem is a creation of the Akali Party and it is not a new problem. The real problem is the problem of power. As they are out of power, the Akalis have launched this agitation.

When all the political parties in Punjab have almost wholly endorsed the Akali demands on the issues of water, Chandigarh and territorial adjustments, why should the Centre see it as a purely Akali affair?

That is what we also think. The demands are not those of the Sikhs alone. The Punjabis, in general, are involved. However, we believe in solving all such difficult problems through negotiations.

How do you account for the failure of the Punjab Government to control the extremists and bring them to book?

It's believed that some of them have sought shelter inside the Sikh temples and shrines. It has long been a declared policy of the Government not to violate the sanctity of holy places and we are observing that policy. However, we do keep a watchful eye.

Why did the Punjab Government withdraw the water dispute case from the Supreme Court? Wasn't this done to help win elections in Haryana? Why is the Centre shy of referring it back to the highest judicial body in the land if it hasn't a bad conscience about it?

Again, why didn't the Centre bring pressure on the States involved in the Narbada water dispute to help Rajasthan? Rajasthan was also a party to the dispute, but being a non-riparian state, it lost its case.

It's a complicated issue and I've been trying to get as much water for Punjab as possible. Under the 1981 award, I was able to get Punjab's quota enhanced. As for the Akalis, I doubt if they are really serious about it. They accepted the position when they were in power. The Badal Government accepted rupees one crore from the Haryana Government in connection with the digging of the canal in their territory. Mr Badal even agreed to associate himself with the digging ceremony. Again, when the Akalis formed part of the Janata Government at the Centre, Mr Morarji Desai curtly rejected all their pleas for the reopening of these issues.

This may be so, but the question remains that the Akalis now will not be satisfied so long as the decision is political and not juridical.

Nobody is against such a step. The Akalis, however, want to refer the matter to a Special Tribunal under their own terms of reference.

I don't think that's the Akali position as I understand it. They do not want a Commission or a Tribunal now. They simply want a Supreme Court verdict. Why don't you take the wind out of their sails if the Centre's case is legally so strong?

Well, as I've said, they are adding "ifs" and "buts" and they want the thing on their own terms.

And what about the Narbada case?

We aren't concerned with it.

How do you react to the Centre's proposal to divide Chandigarh? Wasn't the statement of the Pradesh Congress President, Mr Hans Raj Sharma, an "inspired" utterance? Will it not amount to insulting the memory of two of its great progenitors, Jawaharlal Nehru and Le Corbusier?

We don't want to deface the city. I'm a political person and I wouldn't suggest anything. But I do want it to be part and parcel of Punjab.

In case, despite your pleas and stand, it's decided to divide it, will you resist?

I have not to carry on a war against anybody. Suppose you are a judge and the decision is yours, should we not accept it?

There's a widespread feeling that the long, protracted negotiations and the shuttle diplomacy are just eyewash. The Centre is using the same strategy as in Assam. What are your comments on the politics of attrition?

How is it eyewash? The fact is that all their religious demands have been accepted. The Prime Minister is quite anxious to resolve all these issues in a very reasonable manner.

Who is he to demand such apologies? No high official ever saw him for any such purpose.

How far is it true that at one stage you even threatened to resign in view of the Centre's unhelpful attitude towards the issues of water and territory?

I am a very disciplined person. I never hurl threats at anyone. Mrs Gandhi is my leader and she has given me the highest position in the State, it is my duty to put all the facts before her. It is up to her to decide.

There is again a persistent feeling that Punjab continues to be discriminated against in matters of big industry, atomic energy, etc.

What kind of big industry can be put up here? I have put my whole weight behind the demand for an atomic energy plant. We are, of course, close to the Pakistan border and the new type of supersonic planes have greatly reduced even this small distance. We are pursuing the matter and the sites are being located. Mrs Gandhi has even cleared the Thein Dam.

And now, sir, to some broader political questions facing the country. What are your views on the acceptance of "black" money by political parties? Don't you think that by issuing bonds to legalise such money, the Union Government is guilty of a moral lapse?

Well, the trouble is there. People want an easy and luxurious life and the industrialists want to grab money.

No, that's not my question. What should be the attitude of the political parties towards this social evil?

Political parties should receive money by receipts.

But under the Constitution, they are debarred from accepting money that way.

There is no other means of getting money. As for the special bonds, the Government has in its wisdom put that money back into circulation. It will help our economy. However, the Prime Minister is taking some measures against blackmarketeers.

What are your views on defection? Why doesn't your Government move a bill to stop this immoral practice?

We can't do it. It's for Parliament to take action. Defection must be stopped, but we can't do it by force or by the enactment of some law. Besides, there are many difficulties and complexities about it all.

The Punjab problem, CM Darbara Singh believes, is a creation of the Akali Party and it is not a new problem. The real problem, he says, is the problem of power. As they are out of power, the Akalis have launched this agitation.

How has the Akali Dal been able to win the sympathies of so many retired Sikh servicemen and officers? Even the Sikhs settled abroad have supported the Akali agitation.

Punjab is the only state which has created an Ex-Servicemen's Corporation with an investment of rupees five crores. Other amenities are also being given. The Cabinet has also decided that the retiring servicemen could have their houses immediately vacated if they wrote to the Government.

As for the Sikhs abroad, some do support the Akalis, but not to the extent the papers make out.

How far is it true that Sant Bhindranwale is a creation of the Congress(I) and that he has on occasion summoned high police officers and extracted apologies from them?

How do you account for the massive defeat of the Congress (I) in the South?

I can't say from a distance how it happened. Of course, we learnt a lesson and we organised our workers and won the Delhi elections.

Don't you think the reverses, in Andhra particularly, were due to the resentment of the people against the Centre's policy of shifting Chief Ministers, etc?

Not the resentment of the people but some sort of negligence on our part to meet the people through the media and mass contacts.

And what about the Assam tragedy?

It's a great tragedy but the Congress Government is not to be blamed; only certain groups in Assam.

The Prime Minister could have stopped the elections after the first round. This, it is said, was suggested by the Chief Election Commissioner.

I don't know. Under the Constitution, it was incumbent upon the Government to hold elections.

And finally to some specific Punjab problems. Why didn't you both as Chief Minister and as a Sikh openly protest against the intolerable offence to the entire Sikh community by the Haryana Government during the period of the Asiad?

In my own way, I have done it. I spoke to Mr Bhajan Lal personally about it. It is all very unfortunate.

Did the Punjab Government protest against the Haryana Government's language policy? How is Tamil the second language in its schools when a substantial part of Haryana's population consists of Punjabi-speaking people?

We can only request the Haryana Government. We cannot lodge a protest. They adopted Tamil under the 3-language formula.

Isn't this mischievous? Did they have to go to Madras to pick up their second language? Isn't this a clear case of discrimination?

Discrimination? I can't say that. But all the same, I feel that the Punjabi-speaking people in that state should be given this facility.

And now back to Punjab. Do you think a strong Governor is not a workable proposition under our Constitution? I have, of course, the case of Mr Chenna Reddy in mind.

No, it depends upon the person in the chair. A constitutional head has to work in cooperation with the Government.

There was some trouble about the appointment of the Punjabi University Vice Chancellor? Why didn't your Government move the matter in time when it knew the fate of the outgoing Vice-Chancellor well in advance?

One name was there all along; only the Governor had to approve it.

Is there a proposal to appoint a pro Vice-Chancellor also when it can only complicate matters and lead to further politicisation and communalization there?

Yes, there is a proposal. How can it complicate matters?

There will be another rival centre of power won't there?

What have you to say about the sudden retirement of Mr I.C. Puri, your earlier Chief Secretary?

He was taken out of Punjab for a higher post in Mussoorie. As for his resignation well, he resigned and the Government accepted it. That's all.

What about the shameful episode regarding the slapping of the lady Chairman of the Punjab Public Service Commission? What action is being taken in the matter against the Member concerned?

The Supreme Court is investigating the case. I cannot pass remarks at this stage.

Why does the Government regard the Commission posts as well as the Corporation posts as political prizes and plums for the proteges? Quite a few do not have any kind of qualifications.

Since I took over, there is not a single instance that can be cited.

Talking of corruption, why is your Govern

ment reportedly wanting to allow I.A.S. officers, their wives and children the use of staff cars at the royal rate of 25 paise per km? And all for picnics, kitty parties and the like! How can one raise a finger at the less fortunate employees later?

It is not a fact, just a rumour. The Government has no such intention. Only in emergencies such as hospital cases they may use staff cars.

How do you propose to deal with the chronic problem of dissidence in your own party? Do you propose to make changes in your Cabinet?

Only time will tell.

What concrete steps has your Government taken to stop the shameful and barbarous burning of brides in the State? The crime incidence in this regard shows an upward swing.

I think we have taken more cases to the court. These were ignored by the previous Government. It is a social evil and we are trying to deal with it seriously. We are not leaving it to chance.

How are the interests of the Punjabis overseas being protected by your Government?

We have opened a service-window here in addition to the *Punjab Newsletter* brought out by our Overseas Indian Cell. They want to set up electronic and other industries and we will give them all kinds of priorities and facilities.

You, sir, have a fairly clean public image and I understand your sons are running a small hotel somewhere in Bihar. But what about the phenomenon of dynastic politics in this country?

My sons have been in that business for the last 25 years and they are more Biharis than Punjabis in some ways. They have no financial connection with me.

I am talking of dynastic politics in general.

I don't understand how. I'm asking everybody to keep their sons away from it.

And finally, could you list the really outstanding achievements of your Government?

Our major achievement is in the field of rural hygiene. We have covered over 1,000 villages already. We are trying to improve the quality of life in the country. Even the Opposition parties recognise this fact. We have also made significant progress in the setting up of new, small and medium-scale industries. Also in road transport. Another major investment sector is power.

But the state buses continue to be hopelessly overcrowded.

That's true. With the increased population and higher standards of living in Punjab, there is far more travelling. However, we are trying to solve this problem also. ■

Punjabiat In Peril

Dr V.N. Tewari feels that the Punjabis, unfortunately, are not behaving as Punjabis, but are being split as Hindus and Sikhs. The challenge before the Punjabi writer, he says, is whether he overpowers communalism or communalism overpowers him.

LET me, to begin with, try to define the concept of what, for want of a better expression, is loosely called *Punjabiat*. We often talk of the "Englishness" or the "Americanness" of certain thinkers, writers and artists. The phrase, as we know, is intended to convey a whole complex of attitudes and perceptions and values. Its power essentially lies in its ambience and in its suggestiveness. *Punjabiat*, then, is a cultural and not a geographical concept.

To see it in action or in a palpable form, two global conferences were organised lately. Attended by over 60 Punjabi writers from India, Pakistan, the United States, Canada, Holland, Singapore, East Africa and Zambia, the first World Punjabi Literary Conference was organised by the Progressive Writers' Association of the UK in 1980. The Second Conference was held in Canada in 1982. And the Third is scheduled to be held in India in December 1983.

The Punjabi writer is very proud of the fact that, though the boundaries of his Punjab have been shrinking since 1901, yet the growth of the Punjabi language and Punjabi literature has shown a continual upswing. However, he is disturbed to note the paradox of the situation today where Punjabi literature forges ahead as an international entity even while Punjabi culture is beginning to lose its composite character. Such a dichotomy is inexplicable. The Punjabi writer, who has never been communal at any time, is thus in great agony over the upsurge of communal tension in Punjab. He finds himself in a state of uncertainty, if not confusion. This, in a way, is the badge of his integrity and authenticity. One recalls the memorable lines of W.B. Yeats from *The Second Coming:*

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity

The problem in Punjab is really complex. On the face of it, it is a simple power game between the Akalis and the Congress, between the Centre and the State. It faces the danger of turning into a communal problem. Punjab, being a border State, also faces the danger of being exploited by Power Blocs and international agencies. At the moment, therefore, the Punjabi writer is forcefully pitchforked into a situation which has political, regional, communal and international dimensions.

Unfortunately, language and religion have been so mixed up in Punjab that the Punjabi language has, quite often, been a casualty and the concept of *Punjabiat* a kind of heresy. Although Punjabi is the official language of the State, yet Punjabi is not entirely the language of administration, justice and education even today. Similarly, the number of publications in Punjabi is more than two hundred a year, yet not a single writer in Punjabi can live on his writings. The Punjabis can spend a great deal on whisky, chicken and clothing but, somehow, refuse to buy books, especially those written in their own tongue.

Against this socio-religio-political background, the Punjabi writer feels forlorn and alienated. There is another reason for his alienation. He feels shattered within because of the fast changing way of life. Inventions of science have brought the world nearer but, unfortunately, the distance between man and man is increasing. Scientific inventions are becoming an integral part of our life, but we have not been able to adopt a scientific outlook so far. Disharmony, frustration, loneliness and alienation have thus become a condition of the mind and the imagination. The militant, young Punjabi poets, however, felt that the bullet, and not the ballot, could answer their purpose. Poets of this movement--Pash, Chandan, Joga Singh and Lok Nath--are still writing, though one misses the militant ardour in their recent poetry. Pash writes:

Main jo sirf ik adami banana lochdu si
Aeh ki bana dita gian haan
When translated
I wanted to be no more than a man,
Oh what have I been reduced to?

Idealists, like the Marxists, are also torn within themselves and are struggling to locate their "centre". Jaswant Singh Neki finds the *kendar*, or the "centre", rather shaky:

Vicharan di afratafri chon
Vikendrit shanti ne janam lia
Par kendar aje vi ashanti si.
When translated

Out of the turmoil of thoughts,
Only that peace could come
Which had no centre, no hold!

Pritam Singh Safeer's mysticism has not outgrown the world of flesh.

Jisman di agg machche
Behosh haun hoshan
The bodies burn still,
And the senses are inebriated.

Capitalism, Communism and Democracy have not solved the problems of man. Amrita Pritam feels deserted and alone.

Aeh ik koi ohh hai
Jo bari var sadan te nahin aya
Te hun main ikali nahin
Main apne aap naal khari haan
He it's who never responded
to earnest invitations,
And now I'm not alone,
I share the space with my own self

Loneliness amidst the good things of life in the poetry of Prabhjot Kaur, Harbhajan Singh, Ajaib Kamal and Ravinder Ravi is also disconcerting. Similarly, Amitoj, Manjeet Tiwana, Mohanjeet, Harinam, Sarod Sadeep, Kuldeep Kalpana, Jasbir Ahluwalia, Sharan Makkar and Surjeet Pattar are still trying to come to terms with the problem of identity in their poems. To use Erikson's well-known phrase, they are all facing an "identity crisis". Progressive poets like Gurcharan Rampuri, Jagtar and S.S. Misha do not seem to be sure of the revolution. Thus the present Punjabi poetry lacks "militancy" as well as "faith". What will the Punjabi poet invoke? God, society or the beloved? At the moment, he is depressed, disillusioned, torn and alone. Will he follow "neo-spiritualism", or "neo-progressivism", or still be a "lone individual" is the question-mark before the contemporary Punjabi poet. My own poetry too faces this crisis:

Shehran di bhir vich
Cheran di bhir vich
Rishtian di bhir vich
Main upne supne di ungli phar
Tur nhan han ikala.
Holding the little finger of my dream,
I wend my way alone,
Through the multitudes of towns,
And the multitudes of faces and relationships

Turning to the novelists and short-story writers, one finds the theme of sex, of pre-marital and extra-marital relations, an obsessive concern. Such a preoccupation may be a revolt against the repression of natural urges, it may be for commercial reasons, or it may show the anxiety to depict the true face of contemporary society. The latest writings of Kartar Singh Duggal, Narendra Pal Singh, Balwant Gargi, Amrita Pritam, Ajeet Kaur, Santokh Singh Dhir, Maheep Singh, Mohan Kahlon and Surjeet Singh Sethi are explicit enough. Progressive writers like Jaswant Singh Kanwal and Gurdial Singh have also not been able to sustain themselves. Maybe theirs is the frustration of the writer unable to play his role in the process of social change. Sex may thus be the only outlet of escape for the Punjabi writer thus situated.

The growth of the Punjabi theatre is, however, a significant feature of the contemporary Punjabi scene. From folk theatre, it has graduated to modernist in the course of the last decade or so. Sheila Bhatia and Harpal Tiwana are popular with the city elite. Gursharan Singh and Ajmer Aulakh, on the other hand, translate more fully the dream and the desire of people in the country. Punjabi literature thus is beginning to acquire a kind of cosmopolitan, modernist character, though it seems, at the same time, to be drifting away from its deep roots and healthy traditions.

I am proud of being a Punjabi because I am born in the land of the *Rig Veda*, the *Gita* and the *Guru Granth*. Yet I am deeply anguished to see that great humanist tradition violated in spirit again and again. The catholicity of the *Guru Granth* may well be seen in the nature and the rationale of its composition. Namdev from Maharashtra, Kabir from UP, Farid, the Sufi poet, Ravi Dass, the Harija--all find an honoured place in this unique scripture. It is a pity that we have deserted that great tradition in the hour of our trial. We have reduced it to polemics and party gains. The Punjabis, unfortunately, are not behaving as Punjabis, but are being split as Hindus and Sikhs. The challenge before the Punjabi writer is whether he overpowers communalism or communalism overpowers him.

It is only when *Punjabiat* becomes a living experience or a creed for us that we can hope to salvage something of the ruined image of Punjab. And, to this end, our writers and artists must bend all their energies and all their talents. A writer, says James Joyce, "is a priest of the eternal imagination" and helps create the conscience of his people and race. ■

Punjabiat is a cultural and not a geographical concept. The Punjabi writer is disturbed to note the paradox of the situation today where Punjabi literature forges ahead as an international entity even while Punjabi culture is beginning to lose its composite character.

AKALI DAL (L) AND CPM VOLUNTEERS uproot a barricade at Kapuri on May 24, 1982. Kapuri is the village from where the Haryana Government had to start digging her part of the Sutlej-Yamuna canal. Punjab has very strong views on sharing its river waters with any other State.

River Waters: Their Life-Blood

Gurdev Singh says that true statesmanship calls for a bold and early decision. Prolonging the controversy can only increase tension.

THE protracted Centre-Akali talks to resolve the Punjab tangle have been bogged down by the refusal of the Union Government to refer the question of distribution of the Punjab river waters to the Supreme Court for adjudication in accordance with the law and the Constitution. This issue has assumed considerable importance and calls for careful examination to ensure a just and lasting solution

Punjab is the granary of India. it feeds the entire country by increasing the production of foodgrains from year to year Self-sufficiency in food has been achieved as a result of what is called the Green Revolution, brought about by its industrious peasantry wedded to the soil and by mopping up all the resources, primary among them being the subsoil and river waters Every effort is being made to bring larger areas under irrigation and to step up production by effecting changes in the cropping pattern In this situation, it can well be appreciated why a Punjabi regards the waters flowing through the rivers of Punjab as his life blood

To exploit the agricultural potential of the Punjab plains, the British Government set up an elaborate and extensive canal system to carry Punjab's river waters to the needy areas. Vast canal-irrigated areas were left in Pakistan at the time of Partition, and, for its cultivable areas, Punjab had to devise its own ways and means of irrigation to make them productive Fortunately, the present Punjab was still left with three rivers (Sutlej, Beas and Ravi) flowing through it. The exploitation of these rivers for agricultural purposes and for the production of electric energy thus became an urgent necessity A similar situation had to be faced by Pakistan, as it was in peril of losing the waters of the three rivers that ran through the Indian part of Punjab

This created a serious problem for both the Dominions regarding the use of their water resources— a problem they ultimately agreed to solve with the good offices of the World Bank In the year 1954, the World Bank put forward a proposal that Pakistan should have no claim to the waters of the three eastern rivers running through Punjab- the Ravi, the Beas and the Sutlej—and retain full control over the Chenab, the Jhelum and the Indus for its exclusive use This proposal was accepted by both countries and, ultimately, on September 19, 1960, the Indus Water Treaty was signed Under it, Pakistan lost all claim to the waters of the three Punjab rivers. they became available to India for unrestricted use after March 31, 1970.

On November 1, 1966, the State of Punjab was reorganised and a separate State of Haryana came into being Even after this reorganisation, the three eastern rivers continued to flow through the territories of Punjab alone (where their basins also lie), to the exclusion of Haryana and other States The waters of the Sutlej had, however, already been planned to be utilised for the Bhakra Nangal Project.

Under Section 78 of the Punjab Reorganisation Act, it was laid down that the rights and the liabilities of the successor States in the Bhakra Nangal and the Beas Project would be as agreed to by them but, in the absence of any such agreement within two years, they would be determined by the Central Government.

No agreement of the type contemplated under this provision having been arrived at between the States of Punjab and Haryana, the Central Government, by its notifications dated March 24, 1976, allotted the Ravi-Beas waters in the following manner

Rajasthan	8.00 MAF
Haryana	3.5 MAF
Punjab not exceeding	3.5 MAF
Delhi Drinking Water Supply	6.2 MAF

The Punjab Government protested against this arbitrary decision Later, when the Akali Government came to power in Punjab, it filed a suit in the Supreme Court, under Article 131 of the Constitution, on July 11, 1979, challenging, *inter alia*, the validity of the above-mentioned allocation order and the *vires* of Sections 78 to 80 of the Punjab Reorganisation Act 1976 under which the Central Government had assumed control of the Punjab Projects and made the apportionment of waters and energy of the Punjab rivers While this matter was still pending adjudication before the Supreme Court, the Central Government managed to secure an agreement of the Chief Ministers of Punjab, Haryana and Rajasthan on December 31, 1981 Under this agreement, the suit was withdrawn and the award of 1976 was modified as follows:

Share of Punjab	*4.22 MAF*
Share of Haryana	*3.50 MAF*
Share of Rajasthan	*8.60 MAF*
Quantity earmarked for Delhi Water Supply	*0 20 MAF*
Share of Jammu & Kashmir	*0.65 MAF*
Total.	*17.17 MAF*

It may be noticed that, though in the later notification the share of Punjab was slightly increased, in reality this increase was illusory, since the total quantity of water available for distribution was stated to have increased from 15.02 to 17 17 MAF. This has been described as a jugglery of figures. In his recent statement published in *The Tribune* of March 9, 1983, Dr Kanwar Sain, former Chairman of the Central Power and Water Commission, specifically asserted that the availability of river waters for distribution in 1981 was only 15 85 MAF

Although the orders of allocation purport to have been made under Section 78 of the Punjab Reorganisation Act because of the failure of the Successor States to agree between themselves within two years, the Central Government did not confine itself to apportionment between them but overstepped its authority in gifting away more than 75 per cent of the available water of non-riparian States, leaving less than 24 per cent

Continued on Page 29

It is only after fully meeting the needs of the riparian State of Punjab that any part of surplus water can be made available to another State; and that, too, on such terms as are considered beneficial to the riparian State.

The Artisan Of Gods

Amrita Pritam talks to Nek Chand, the gifted creator of Chandigarh's Rock Garden. Nek Chand, however, prefers to call it an Abode of the Gods, as each of his creations "has an eternal life".

THE INTERVIEWER AND THE CREATOR.
Amrita Pritam with Nek Chand

Amrita Pritam: Nek Chandji, I've gone round the Rock Garden of your creation in Chandigarh—I should say I've seen for myself your "Magnificent Obsession". Now I'd like to hear more about it from your own lips

Nek Chand: The first thing I'd like to get across is that the signboard, *Rock Garden,* has been put up by the Government. According to me, it's purely an Abode of the Gods.

Architect of this Abode of the Gods, pray tell me precisely how the first glimmerings had you gradually coiled up—and uncoiled!

The gods themselves must've had a hand in these apparently inexplicable processes! All I know is that, when I was a little boy, I had a positive craze for collecting ... ones and bits of rock from jungles and all sorts of God-forsaken places: shapes and forms of twigs and twines simply fascinated me and fired my imagination. I was—in course of time—lord of a mighty array. The only snag was: I hadn't an inch of land where I could get down to carving my kingdom. Not knowing what to do, I began flinging them back, one by one, wherever I found a fitting final resting-place to put them—with whatever artistry I had in me to bequeath and bestow.

So, until you found the right place to plant your dreams, the rugged wildernesses not only kept watch over your unbounded bounty but kept replenishing it with its own offferings...

Exactly! That's how it turned out to be. For, when I came of age and had been through the grind as a Road Inspector in the PWD, I'd decided to keep my store in this niche: far from the reach of the madding crowd and in the no-man's land around. So I began to find the right setting for each piece in my collection, as my fancy took me.

In other words, you began laying the foundations for what's shaped out to be the Abode of the Gods ..

I did. But not without the fear deep down that, when the Government's minions would strut around on inspection, they might well look over the humps and the bends and raise routine objections. What would I do then? That was what kept gnawing at my insides. How would I confront the danger? All I could do in time was come to terms with myself. "If the worst comes to the worst," I thought, "I'll knock off everything in all directions into the ditches and onto Nature's own dumps around, that's all."

You'd have sunk underground your visions of the skies. Would you have? Some courage that! Nek Chandji, I'd heard of man being created out of bits and pieces of the gods' own images, not out of the reflects of man. That's New History you've been the architect of, isn't it?

The gods themselves have written this phase of the History of Creation. I consider myself a mere medium...

Well, I'd had more than my share of hard times. I remember the days when I used to go out at dusk, after the day's work, to collect cup-pieces and rags from tailors' shops and cycle with stuffed sacks back to this place. Of course, I never had any problem in piling up empty PWD canisters and cans. As for whatever else I needed, good Lord, I had to go looking over fairgrounds after the fairs had wound up and the people had gone back. Broken glass-bangles filled my next lot of sacks. The same way, I was always on the go for whatever junk I could lay my hands on from the backyards of both humble and posh eating-places. Broken crockery, fused wires, bulbs and tubes—I'd add, on and on, to my bizarre collection. And how could I ever afford to go and buy even a grain of cement! So off I was on wheels, up and down

NEK CHAND in his Abode of the Gods

— SUKHWANT

factories that built mains and pipes. I'd sweep up sprays and squirts of this absolutely indispensable adhesive for my purpose. All was grist to my mill ..

This marvellous kingdom carved out of the dust and the ashes really of Punjab thus became the Eighth Wonder, but with this distinct difference: earlier, artists from different countries chiselled and carved and sculpted their works from hewn marble and

I had a positive craze for collecting stones and bits of rock from jungles—shapes and forms of twigs and twine simply fascinated me and fired my imagination. I was, in course of time, lord of a mighty array.

REMARKABLE ROCK GARDEN

— SUKHWANT

My salutations to the medium! The Shivalik Ranges have, from the very beginning, been the sacred places of Shiva worship. Village after village, township after township, all along bear names of the gods from antiquity. Just as Parvati made Ganesh out of her own sweat and slough, it seems that the various facets of Shiva worship from far-flung places have been brought together and wrought to perfection here by you in your image. By the way, where do you hail from?

Beriya Kalan, a little hamlet in Gurdaspur district... That's where I was born.

So you've simply been carrying out the Will and the Design of the gods in your unrivalled field of art, have you?

Believe it or not, that's just how it is. I learnt neither to sketch, nor to draw, nor to design, nor have I ever attempted to do so on my own. Haven't the gods then held my hand and taken me on to accomplish whatever mission I had in life?

rock, but you fashioned your marvel from junk strewn around. How proud must Punjab be of a son of the soil like you!

I know nothing about that part of it. All I'm grateful for is that Punjab's allocated these six acres to my gods! When for twelve long years I went through my tryst with destiny, you've no idea of the nightmares I had of finding my handiwork bulldozed one dark day. It was only when M.S. Randhawa chanced to pass through this area that a ray of light came my way. I found his sportive strong hand on my back. That gave me the encouragement I needed. Each bit of rock here is a gem, each stone and pebble a jewel in my eyes .. And then, when T.N. Chaturvedi was appointed Chief Commissioner, he awarded me, not only in my eyes the colossal sum of Rs 5,000 and sanction for whatever quantity of cement I needed as raw material, but also placed at my disposal as many labourers as I needed at Government expense! So I went rollicking on for a while—

→

that is, until the new chief was posted here With a wave of his iron fist, he cried halt Why all this expense?. Why this undue drain on the State Treasury?

To cut a long story short, for three whole years, not a little finger could I raise. But, thank the stars above, since the next officer Banerjee's transfer here, I've been trying to make up for time lost What's more, not only have another six acres been allocated for the expansion of my vision, but the extension of my service, too, has come through—after the year of superannuation I've now reached

I hear you've had an invitation from France to do something along the same lines there...

Sure But how could I be so sacrilegious as to abandon the Abode of my own Gods? No. Let me elaborate my point it really is for the gods of the whole wide world I've not, as far as my perspective goes, omitted any. France undertook to shoot a film of it all I flew out for three months. Would you believe it, if I told you, that all the cargo I carried consisted of 500 dolls made out of bangles?

Coming back to your question: No, I can't imagine tearing myself away from my roots for any length of time beyond what's gone

In recognition of your incomparable output, France must've given you a real good morale boost, I'm sure.

What stumped me was that I was not, to begin with, permitted to take off at all! It was after a protracted tug-of-war of sorts that issues were settled through some Cultural Exchange Project I was allowed the three months I've mentioned before, for no question of any money arose on this side. On the other hand, I was, in any case, not prepared to accept any offer of theirs

Chandigarh is a beautiful city. But didn't it strike you as ironical that, at one stage, a French architect should've been commissioned by our Government to build it and, at another, the Artisan of the Gods should've been led to play hide-and-seek with the Government over such an Abode!.

He was commissioned by the Government: I by my gods!

Leaning towards your artistic sensibilities, could you reckon your experiment with this new six-acre plot as any different from the previous one?

Absolutely. I don't permit anyone to visit this site until the piece I've in hand has been executed to my satisfaction. I've laid aside my principle just this once—for you I'm creating a series of serrated waterfalls as appropriate backdrops and, for each, a specific atmosphere. For instance, this first portion contains both their pool and their *sanctum sanctorum*

Shall we say for their free play and relaxation?

Sure. Because, right here by the side of this hill-stream, I'm designing an open-air amphitheatre Just as in Phase One of my earlier work, the evolution of the ethos has an agrarian base and bias.

Punjabi culture comes alive there. Village belles with water-jars on their heads and brides alighting from palanquins: such cameos are indeed pulsating delights. Would you care to share a secret? Did you ever dream of their having come to life: with breath to them?

Good Lord, I could never conceive of them otherwise! They've far more—an eternal life. Should you now, with deep concentration, look at any one, you'd even discover channels of communication opening out!

Nek Chandji, out of abject despair and sorrow, Khalil Gibran once said somewhere: Let's talk of that humanity that has, after having created the human race, become barren *There's a truth in what he's said. As true is it that, in certain chosen centuries, such a one is born as makes the barren womb of humanity so fertile again that the gods, too, can be given birth to By your superior will, have you not shown just how breath can be breathed into dust?* ■

Those Exquisite Handicrafts

Balvinder argues that the decline of Indian craftsmen cannot be stemmed unless a respectable home market is created for their products and stern steps are taken to eliminate the middleman, who still provides raw material to the craftsmen, sells their goods and takes the lion's share for his 'services'.

OUR period is of economic enterprise, unlimited competition and unrestrained individualism, remarked T S Eliot But is this the acme of human "progress"? "Progress", fuelled by reckless industrialisation, has led to the extinction of many handicraft traditions which have been significant links in the cultural development of societies throughout the ages

The situation in Punjab (like in other Indian States) is not very different Many of its traditional crafts (like *Phulkari* embroidery work) are dying Another popular Punjabi tradition of embroidery, *Kasida,* has acquired a miniature format Punjabi village women make interesting folk motifs, in needlework, on a square or rectangular piece of *dasuti* cloth of small size. These are framed in glass and displayed on the walls of houses, along with framed high-school certificates and other photographs

While interviewing a few village women of Malwa (Punjab), I found that, for most of them, *Kasida* is a sheer waste of time and money It is restricted to young girls of marriageable age who are supposed to know everything, from cooking to housekeeping to *Kasida*

However, there *are* exceptions During a recent visit to Hoshiarpur and Amritsar, I found that both cities are unique in having maintained the centuries-old traditions of wood-carving, inlay work and ivory-and-bone carving

Long ago, the Ramgarhia and Dhiman families of a small village, Bassi Ghulam Hassan (on the outskirts of Hoshiarpur), used to make musical instruments It was at that time that ivory inlay work began with a view to decorating musical instruments. Now the inlay work is done by more than 50 families in various villages around Hoshiarpur Some craftsmen have settled in the city and also export their products

Picture-frames, furniture, boxes and walking-sticks are made of the locally available *tahli* (sheesham) wood and the inlay work is done meticulously with white plastic instead of ivory Ivory, being both expensive (between Rs 1,500 and Rs 2,000 a kilogramme) and hard to work with, was replaced by white plastic some two decades ago Apart from plastic, materials like bone, brass, copper and coloured wood are also used

Similarly, Amritsar's age-old tradition of ivory-carving is well preserved and earns a lot of respect and foreign exchange from people in the West Craftsmen still use crude, old-fashioned tools to produce exquisite powder-boxes, figurines of various gods, birds and animals, chessmen and chessboards, cuff-links, combs, bangles, ear-rings, brooches, book-marks, lampshades and so on Camel bone and sandalwood are also used to carve out decorative and other utility objects

Earnings (mostly in foreign exchange) from the present-day handicraft traditions of Punjab are increasing rapidly. Yet Punjabi craftsmen are fast becoming socially alienated and their numbers are decreasing.

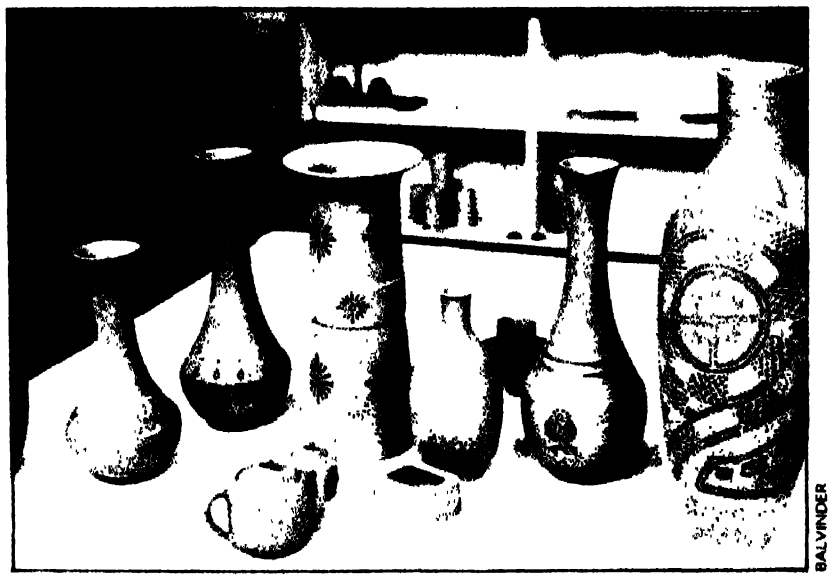
Why is this so? The reason, to my mind, is that handicrafts, which have decorative as well as utilitarian value, are being given, of late, too much aesthetic importance by enthusiastic penpushers while their social significance is being ignored

Though the Government does protect and promote traditional handicrafts through national and State agencies, the decline of Indian craftsmen cannot be stemmed unless a respectable home market is created for their products and stern steps are taken to eliminate the middleman, who still provides raw material to the craftsmen, sells their goods and takes the lion's share for his "services"

Virgil's famous saying, *So do you bees make honey not for yourself,* seems to be relevant to present-day Indian handicraftsmen, who make things mostly for the West. ■

BALVINDER

AMRITSAR'S INTRICATE CARVINGS



BALVINDER

POTTERY CRAFT OF PUNJAB

AWARD-WINNING CRAFTSMAN, Jeet Singh, displaying his lacquered vase

BALVINDER

In The Field Of Contemporary Indian Art

S.S. Bhatti on the contribution of those who have rewritten Punjab's ethos in a stirring visual language.

SOME of India's most outstanding contemporary artists—painters, sculptors, muralists, print-makers, draughtsmen, photographers and graphic designers—have hailed from the State of Punjab. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine the world of contemporary Indian art without Amrita Sher-Gil, Dhanraj Bhagat and Satish Gujral, to name just a few.

Along with Gaganendranath Tagore, Rabindranath Tagore and Jamini Roy, Amrita Sher-Gil was the pioneer of radicalism in Indian art. She brought about a profound synthesis of the more fundamental and enduring elements in Western and Indian Painting. Her work gave a much-needed impetus to the modern art movement in the country and helped put India on the art map of the world.

Satish Gujral's murals and collages also possess a distinct monumental character, and never fail to impress.

Then S.G. Thakur Singh, Harkishan Lal and Paramjeet Singh rank among the best landscape painters in the country. While Harkishan Lal's landscapes are more in the style of Van Gogh's paintings,Paramjit Singh has evolved a form of expressionism which has a visionary slant.

In this genre, the work of E.K Raj also holds great promise.

Krishan Khanna, Kanwal Krishna, Pran Nath Mago, Avinash Chandra, Balraj Khanna, K.C. Aryan, Rameshwar Broota, Sohan Qadri and Jaswant Singh are other accomplished painters. The work of Sobha Singh, the painter of Punjab's love legends, is significant for its technical virtuosity and populist appeal. Kirpal Singh has rewritten Punjab's valour-filled history in a stirring visual language. Mehar Singh, Amar Singh and G.S Bansal are noted portrait-painters.

Among the younger painters, Ranbir Kaleka displays consummate skill. His photo-montage paintings convincingly parody the terse efficiency of modern gadgets. Prem Singh's work is a happy blend of craft and creativity. His faceless women appear on the threshold of a new awareness of personal identity, individuality and liberty

Other notable painters in this group are Harjeet Purewal, Jodh Singh, Malkit Singh, Balvinder Singh, J.S. Garcha, Nirmal Singh, Ajit Singh Jabbal, Sukhdev S. Dail, Harjeet Kulhar and Surjit Kaur

Modern Indian sculpture has been tremendously enriched by the unusual contribution of Dhanraj Bhagat, India's Henry Moore. His work expands India's unique sculptural traditions, underscoring an acute sense of awareness, exultation and pride in their perennial richness. He has rediscovered in the flowing forms of his sculpted figures such music as has always been present in all great Indian sculpture. Above all, he has laid bare the intrinsic nobility of the human spirit through his devout preoccupation with man caught in his complex, if somewhat disillusioning, relationship with God, eternity and himself.

The work of Shiv Singh belongs to the same class for which standards of excellence have been set by sculptors of the calibre of Dhanraj Bhagat. But Shiv's sculptural aesthetics and idiom are singularly his own. His metal sculptures are characterised by fluid grace, lightness, poise and elegance. He uncovers the musical element in his work by the use of sequential as well as repetitive rhythm The power of his work derives from the creative energy that he infuses in his sculptures, deploying high technical skill and aesthetic sophistication

Avtarjeet S. Dhanjal, who usually works in aluminium, has also evolved a strong personal style

Among the other well-known Punjabi sculptors are Amarnath Sehgal, S L. Prashar, Balbir Katt, Avtar Singh and S.S. Vohra.

Print-making in India has found in Jagmohan Chopra an impassioned and untiring crusader. He is tenacious in the defence of his choice of graphics as a potential medium of creative expression. He adds that graphics make for sharing of experiences through "group activity" and that it is by far the most democratic of present-day art-forms Chopra's graphics are bold, rugged and solid. His extraordinary technical skill lends a charming loveliness to his prints. Two of his most gifted students, both devout print-makers, are Anupam Sud and Paramjit Singh.

Anupam Sud is perhaps one of the most versatile and gifted artists of Punjab. She paints, prints, draws and sculpts with equal facility She has a mastery of the human figure and repeatedly uses it to satirise the prevailing socio-political hypocrisy. Paramjit Singh has a penchant for silk-screen techniques and employs it in the pursuit of technical and creative excellence.

Tarlochan Oberoi has also used silk-screen printing for mystico-spiritual themes with great success .

Drawing, which is usually forsaken by many in their misplaced ambition to become instant painters, is being pursued as a cult with a near fanatic zeal by Gurcharan Singh. His pen-and-ink drawings are embodiments of immaculate draughtsmanship, amazing patience and inexhaustible loving care of which few artists are capable Expressionist drawings become transformed into weird visions in the hands of Satwant Singh.

Surjeet Singh, Brij and Prabhinder Lall are other noteworthy draughtsmen.

Creative photography has come to blossom in Yog Joy's poetic sensibility. He transforms the camera lens into a "thinking eye"—an eye that thinks at the speed of light to capture a fleeting moment of significant experience in the stillness of eternity!

The genius of Raghu Rai and S.Paul is too well known to need any elaboration.

Among the younger photographers, the work of Dev Inder and Vijay Ozo is sensitive, serious and earnest.

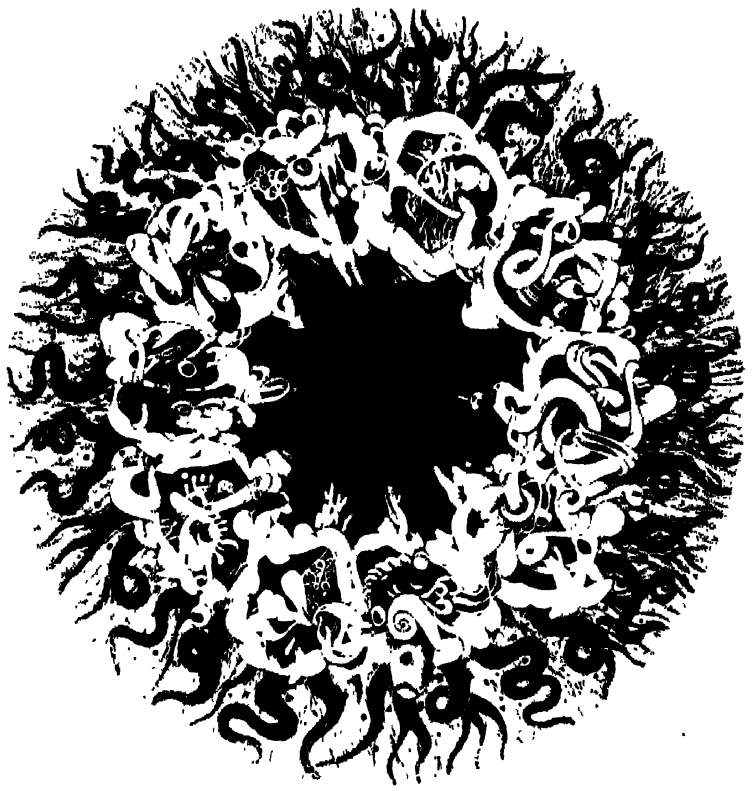
Suresh Sharma and Uttam Chand have also made valuable contributions to architectural photography

Sudarshan Dheer, a leading graphic designer of the country, deserves special mention. Designer of the Hindustan Petroleum symbol and the corporate identity for Kissan products, Dheer has demonstrated that creativity can be pursued even as an object of utility without detriment to its aesthetic prerogative.

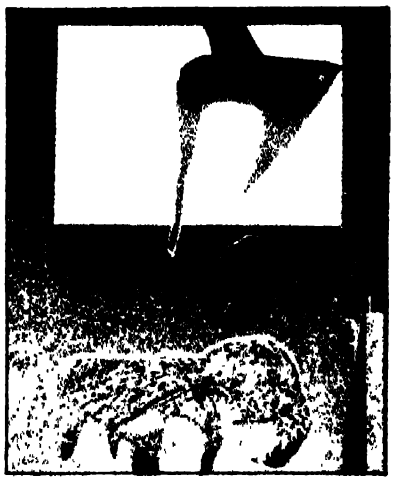
Art activity in Punjab has found its nucleus in Chandigarh, which has come to stay as the cultural capital of Haryana, Himachal Pradesh, Punjab, Jammu and Kashmir Not only has Punjab produced so many gifted artists but it has also been the first to hold (in 1980) a six-week International Sculpture Symposium in Patiala. The first one of its kind in this part of the Third World, the symposium was attended by Karl Prantle (Austria), Paul Schneider (West Germany), Hiroshi Mikami (Japan), Peter Fink (Czechoslovakia), K. Kunhiraman (Kerala), Nand Gopal (Madras), Avtar Singh (Amritsar), Balbir Katt (Banaras), Harbhajan Sandhu (Patiala), Vipin Jain (Nawan Shabar) and Khajooria (Jammu).

In the years to come, art activity in Punjab is going to be intensified to nurture more and more native talent—with its characteristic vim, verve and vigour—for enriching the vast canvas of contemporary Indian art ■

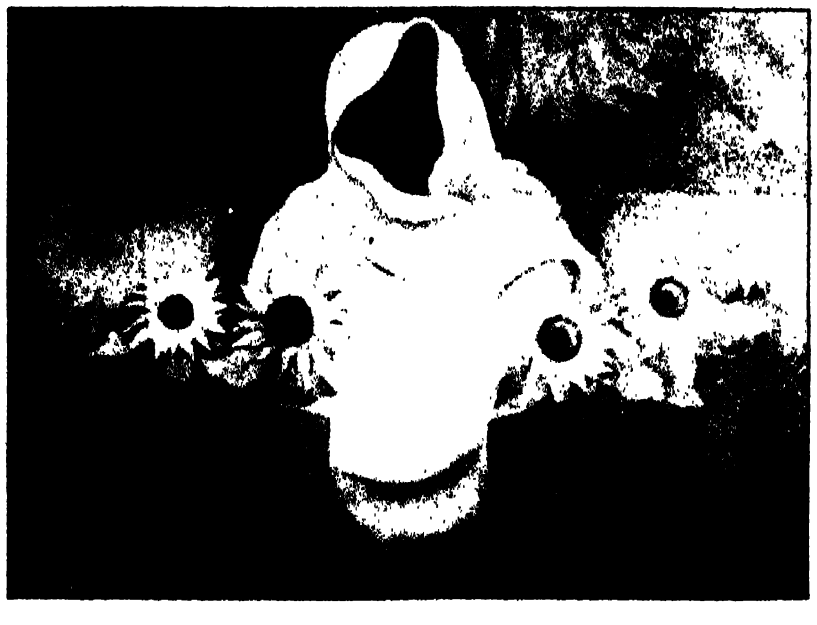
Also see Page 27



PEN-AND-INK DRAWING by Gurcharan Singh



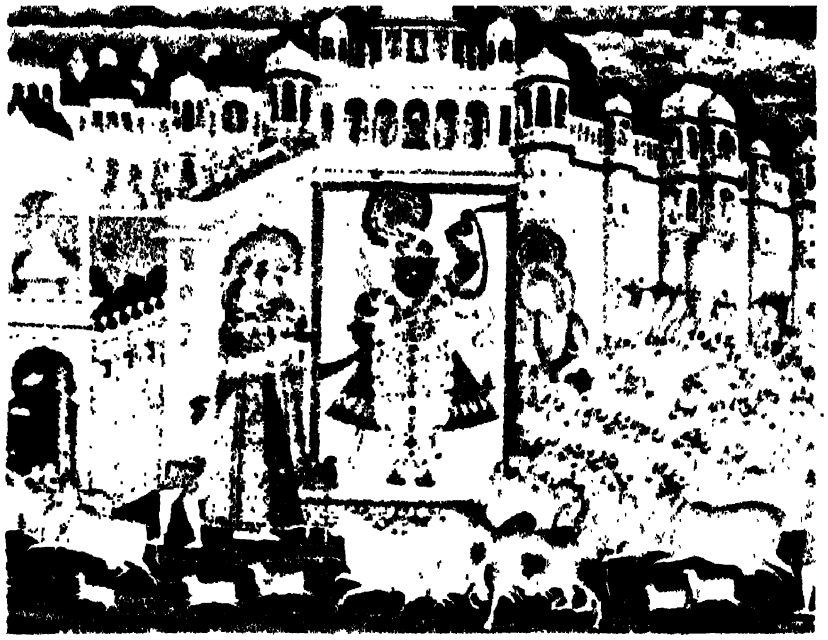
GRAPHIC COMPOSITION BY JAGMOHAN CHOPRA



A PAINTING BY PREM SINGH

Art

It is unfortunate, yet true, that we Indians learn to appreciate our wealth of art treasures only after they have been rediscovered by the Westerners. The pichhavais of Rajasthan are no exception. And, following worldwide acclaim, which came their way quite by accident in 1969, there is a growing demand for these paintings, especially in the West, says Praveen Gupta.



WHEN ART AND RELIGION MEET. Pichhovai paintings, an art of Nathdwara, Rajasthan, were used traditionally in the temple.

PICHHAVAIS

A Growing Market In The West

A DREAM OF COLOUR AND REFINEMENT The versatile painter B G. Sharma, who inherited the skills of his forefathers, has successfully fused the minute details of the miniature style on his pichhavais He attributes the popularity of these paintings abroad to the activities of ISKCON and the Hare Krishna movement Eight of his pichhavais grace the ISKCON centre at Dallas, Texas And his works were also displayed at the Festival of India, held in Britain last year

PICHHAVAI, an obscure art of Nathdwara in Rajasthan, gained worldwide popularity by accident in 1969 when some of these superb paintings reached the Karl Mann Collection in New York

Gajendra Kumar Singh, a well known art dealer of Udaipur, attributes the sudden upsurge in demand for pichhavais to Mr Mann's purchase of 250 antique pieces from Nathdwara in 1969 and the subsequent publication of the book by Robert Skelton, the keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London "This played a big role in stimulating the art circles in the West," says Singh. His son, Vardhani Kumar says, "I was the first one to get pichhavais painted on a commercial basis in 1972" Today he has a market all over the US, West Germany, Spain, France and Italy. He is inundated with demands for "antique finish" pichhavais since genuine antiques are no longer available.

Pichhavai—literally "something at the back"—is a product of the Vallabhacharya sect to which the Shrinathji temple at Nathdwara belongs Although it is still practised at Nathdwara, neighbouring Udaipur, the more popular tourist resort, has emerged as the main centre of the art. It has today no less than 150 pichhavai painters catering to diverse customers at home and abroad. The prices vary according to the material and the workmanship Moreover, the paintings are taking on a "secular hue", being no longer confined to the traditional ritual.

Nathdwara, where it all began, was an insignificant village until 1671. It came into prominence with the installation of an idol of Shrinathji in that year. The Pushtimarg sect to which this deity belongs has a tradition wherein the shrine, which houses the image, is decorated with cloth hangings. They form a backdrop to image. Their motifs vary according to the ceremonies for which they are intended and they are done in sets so that every item in the decoration of the shrine is appropriate for the occasion.

Thus the pichhavais, which provide a backdrop or a kind of textile "stage set", are painted with scenes showing worship within the shrine or events in Sri Krishna's life as an incarnation of Vishnu. Not all the episodes depicted in the pichhavais are derived from the *Bhagavata Purana;* many of them are drawn from literature or the epics. The subjects form a frequent and necessary part of Vallabhachari ritual. "This ritual is more elaborate than in other Hindu temples. It follows a set daily pattern which is modified in conformity with various festivals that take place throughout the year," says Robert Skelton in *Rajasthan Temple Hangings of the Krishna Cult.* Twentyfour of these festivals are of special importance.

Some of the popular themes are: Sarat Purnima (the autumn full moon), Varsha (the rainy season), Dana Lila (the demanding of toll), Rass Lila (the festive dance), Annakut (the mountain of food), Gopasthami (the festival of cattle), Jal Vihar (water sports) and Dasi Ghar Milan (meeting in a servant girl's house). Earlier, after the ritual worship, most of these paintings were consigned to the waters. Some of them remained in the possession of the temple "Gosains". Eventually some of these were acquired by Mr Mann.

B.G. Sharma, the versatile painter originally from Nathdwara, who inherited the skills of his forefathers, has successfully fused the minute details of the miniature style on his pichhavais He attributes the popularity of pichhavais abroad to the activities of ISKCON and the Hare Krishna movement. Eight large-sized pichhavais done by him are on display at the ISKCON centre at Dallas, Texas The Belgian and French centres also have his works. His paintings were also displayed at the Festival of India recently Commenting on the artist's work, Francis Brunel, an internationally known authority on Rajasthan says "What a dream of delicate colours and of exquisite refinements are the miniatures of B.G. Sharma!"

However, Majidbhai, an art dealer who has clients in France and Belgium says "Doing Mughal miniatures in the pichhavai style is merely fulfilling exigencies of demand" Majid, a diploma-holder in Fine Arts from Shantiniketan, is also a recipient of a Senior Fellowship of the Union Government for his work on Batik. "Although we *do* use earth colours, there has also been an increasing use of chemical colours. But traditional brushes made from squirrels' tails are no longer used," says Majid He fears that any attempt at popularising pichhavai by means of screen-printing may kill the art.

The cost of a pichhavai ranges widely. "A hurriedly done and poorly executed pichhavai like the ones done by most city painters," as Mahavir Chand Dhadda, an art dealer puts it, "would fetch only Rs 20 or Rs 30." On the other hand, a pichhavai done by Sharma with 24 carat gold foil work may cost upto Rs 40,000 and would take eight months to a year to complete. Normally, cotton fabric is used since silk is not only costlier but more difficult to colour.

"Unlike the other provincial Rajasthani painting styles which have virtually vanished with the disappearance of the ruling nobility who patronised them—the Nathdwara pichhavai style exists because people want such paintings and they are given what they want," says B.G. Sharma. A modern pichhavai has many aspects: an old Gujarati couple may look for themes the *Bhagavata Purana* while the younger generation may seek something "artistic"; serious collectors in India and abroad look for perfection... There is a market for each one of them at Udaipur.

VISION OF COLOUR AND BEAUTY A jumble of thorny and soft corals Coral reefs have, for centuries, evoked conflicting emotions

CORALS

Gems From The Sea

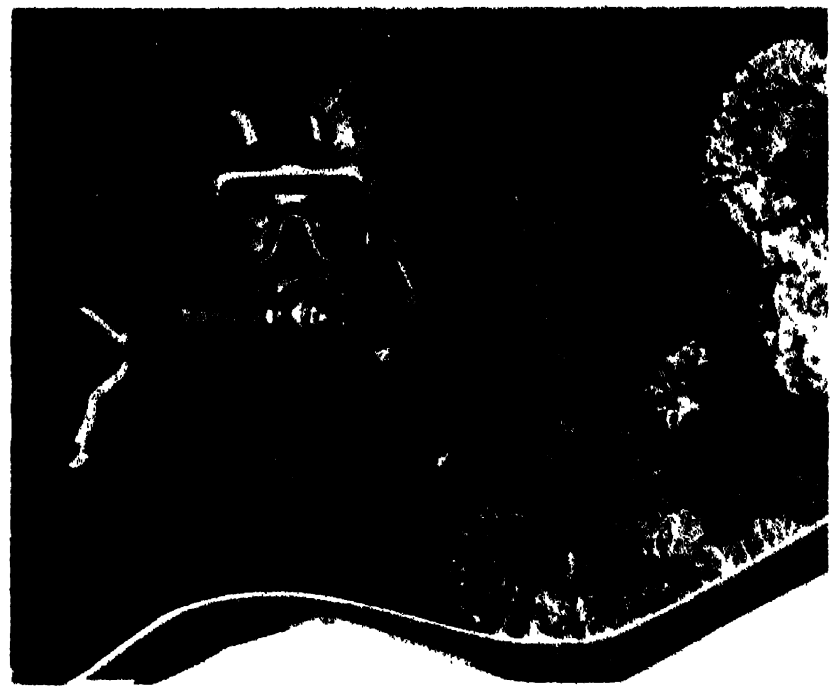
Shyamala Mahadevan traces the biological history and the commercial value of corals. Apart from being precious gems they are extremely valuable for zinc and copper extracts and the oil and gas found in the pores of the reefs.

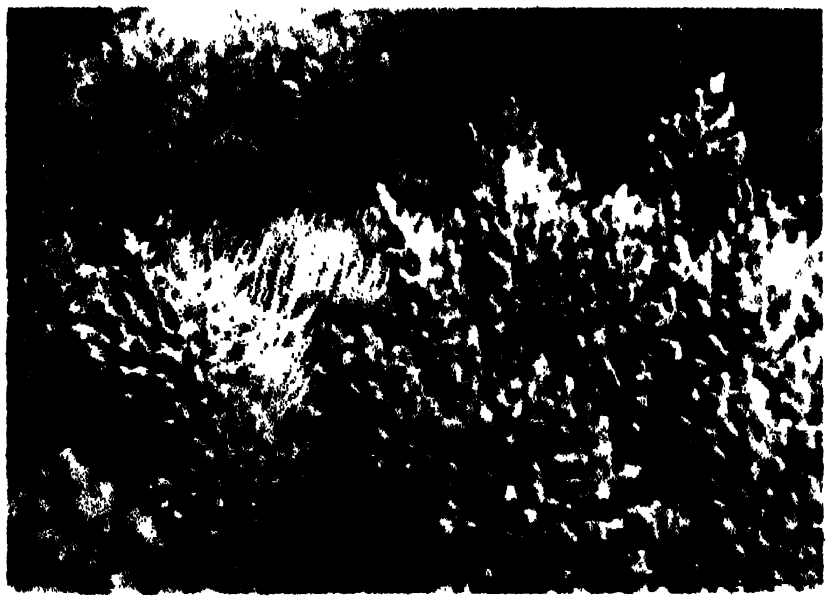
THE coral, like the pearl,has for long been one of the most precious gems known to mankind The very mention of a coral-reef has, for centuries, evoked conflicting emotional responses from mariners, the coral conjuring up a vision of colour and beauty and the reef that of apprehension.

Corallium nobile, a Latin term came to imply all sedentary creatures growing on the reef in the ocean However, the coral reefs are, in fact, only masses of carbonate of lime, arising from the sea floor with the accumulation of the skeletons of sea animals each performing the function of absorbing the minerals from sea water, processing and then secreting them as calcium carbonate deposits on their skeleton A reef is thus formed—sea creatures like clams and tube worms contributing their molluscean skeleton as well The whole structure is a complex set up, set on a fragile base easily influenced and affected by any environmental changes This perhaps accounts for it's limited growth the world over Also the reef formation is an exceedingly slow process taking millions of years to form, develop and attain full growth.

Looking back at the history of a reef, the young larval corals from the plankton must have settled down on firm rocks in the sea and with an abundance of feeding matter to feed on, the whole process must have developed from this small beginning into wide spread and well-established colonies. However, the conditions should be congenial for a healthy growth of the reef-water, optimum temperature, the right amount of light and adequate food supply being imperative for their very survival Though they live and grow from low tide down to 50 metres, coral reefs are normally located nearer land Being delicate, these are unable to withstand exposure to air and sunlight and therefore not found above low tide

The temperature also influences the distribution of reefs It has been noticed that the





A DIVERS' PARADISE Corals may be soft or stony and of varied colours, shapes and sizes Left The reefs are the natural habitat for a large variety of animal and plant life and also breeding and sheltering spots for fish and other fauna

and algae. There are different types of reefs and corals. In fact, corals are responsible for the formation of reefs, the enormous solid structures, which more or less determine the environment and the habitat, vastly influencing the organisms living there. As in land, where the nature of flora and fauna is largely determined by different environmental features such as soil, rock, water and the climate, in the sea also the whole habitat is influenced by temperature, depth, water current and the nature of the sea-bed

Coral is a general term, loosely applied to several groups of invertebrates belonging to the lowly group of marine fauna. A coral formation is a colony of billions of polyps, reefs in the continent are found in the Mediterranean sea as against the northern waters of cooler currents There are extensive reefs in the Caribbean sea though the maximum concentration is in the eastern Indian Ocean, Mediterranean Ocean and the Pacific Ocean, often miles in extent In India they are found in the Arabian sea along the coast of Saurashtra and the islands of Laccadive and Minicoy besides the Gulf of Mannar at the confluence of the seas. However, the Pacific is said to be the richest field for coral reefs at different stages of formation, growth and decay.

The corals themselves are either soft or stony in structure besides being of varied colours, shapes and sizes It is the calcium content that makes the coral hard In depths from 5 to 35 metres, corals may be green purple, brown or yellow In deep seas, small solitary corals are found at depths of more than 50 metres and are usually white or grey The proverbial red coloured corals are pro-

→

ducts of the Mediterranean belt The equally popular orange and flaming yellow corals are found all over, though blue and black corals are not uncommon. Corals can be as small as beads and as large as thumbs Corals lend themselves to different shapes spherical, cylindrical, spindle-like, thimble like, tubular and so on

Attempts have been made to discover the composition of the reefs and that of their base The underlying rocks have been found to be volcanic in origin and the material above consists entirely of dead reef corals This has led to the conclusion that corals at one time, perhaps 50 million years ago, lived in the shallow waters of the sea Another explanation for this phenomenon is that the foundation of some coral formations might have been the result of volcanic eruptions under the sea and the reef building corals must have thrived on the sub marine ridges

Coral reefs appear to be predominantly an animal community but are not really so The reefs are not made entirely of corals either Many of the marine creatures, sea animals and plants play an important role in their formation, structure and growth Even the microscopic algae which are almost a part of the reef, make a significant contribution to the colony The tiny one celled algae seem to live together in permanent partnership, though the exact nature of their kinship is not known.

Their interdependence is not altogether connected to food Recent research has shown that small amounts of material passed out from the algae enter the tissues of the corals, even though the majority of corals rely on the plankton animals for their food to which their digestive enzymes are well adopted

There are innumerable small animals, similar in structure to sea anemones inhabiting the reefs, superficially resembling each other. These are soft to the touch with no proper skeleton. Yet the coral reefs are not completely covered with only marine invertebrates Patches of coral sand are scattered around consisting of finely divided particles of dead coral skeleton

In short, the reefs provide an underwater habitat for a great variety of life which includes vertebrates, invertebrates, worms, sponges, molluscs, fish and flora, and also act as breeding sites and sheltering spots for a large number of species The relationship between them is complex but interesting. These happen to be community centres of the ocean Even free swimming species like sharks and whales use the reefs as landmarks for stop-overs during their long journeys in the high seas

Corals are carnivorous by nature When fully grown they develop a limy skeleton and multiply chiefly by budding Coral secretions assume various forms—fan-shaped, tree-shaped, mushroom-shaped and so on In one type, the colony grows like a heavily branched bush, in some the branches are longer and more delicate and in others as elaborate as the structure of the human brain.

The most fascinating form of life associated with the reefs is the group called coral fish—small, flashy, coloured fish that swarm around the reef On the reef, a coral head can be spotted with its tangle of branches providing shelter to the fish The intricate out-growths in the structure of the reef shelter a variety of life forms A coral reef literally serves the purpose of a home, providing food to organisms as well as shelter and nourishment to the plant life over a large area around it. The reefs also support a rich variety of fauna

Tropical reefs vary considerably in form. They could be fringing reef, platform reef or an atoll (an island of corals around a lagoon)

A coral reef is a delicate structure and, therefore, easily susceptible to damage and destruction. Besides human beings, it has several natural enemies. Hurricanes, storms and other natural phenomena can damage the reef Invertebrates and fish feed on the soft tissues of the corals while other organisms like molluscs bore into the coral rocks and the living reef Thus, portions of the reef tumble and collapse, parts of it get detached in the process and are carried away by the swift currents.

The most destructive among the natural foes of the reefs are the star fish This so-called "crown-of-thorn" eats into the soft tissues to the extent of erasing them altogether from many a reef in the ocean The crown-of-thorn belongs to the Sea-Cucumber family that feeds on creatures living inside the reef, thereby destroying the corals from within. Boring algae, boring sponges, Crustaceans and various types of worms also penetrate the rocky and the skeletal layers of the corals, thereby destroying the tissues

Besides these natural enemies, environmental aberrations also affect the fragile set-up of coral reefs For example, a sudden dumping of silt can damage their very existence by shutting off light and oxygen supply. Besides silts, industrial effluents, oil spill and other human factors also endanger their survival The reefs face extinction in some areas due to the rapid growth of industries and modernisation

The ruthless exploitation of marine life explains their gradual disappearance Undoubtedly, human interference is resulting in the serious deterioration of marine life and nature's treasures will soon be lost to mankind forever

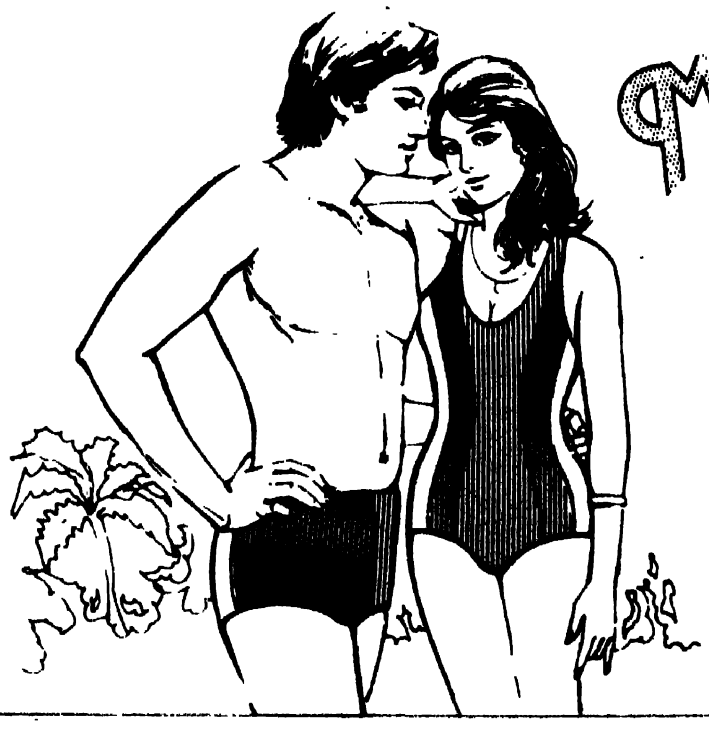
ECHINODERMS are the coral's greatest enemy.

A living coral reef also has tremendous economic potential. Buried fossil reefs are targets for petroleum exploration and metal prospecting since the corals contain a small percentage of metals like zinc and copper, biogenetically extracted from the sea water. The poracity of the reefs and the characteristic curvature of the non porous, enclosing sediments make them natural reservoirs for oil and gas.

Corals also have medicinal value and have been in such use traditionally Above all, corals surpass all in colour and beauty and are still much favoured all over the world for their elegance Due to their intrinsic value as gems and their place in the environmental balance in the seas, it is high time that protective measures are taken to ensure their survival for the future.

CREATION SUMMER'83

MAKE A SPLASH



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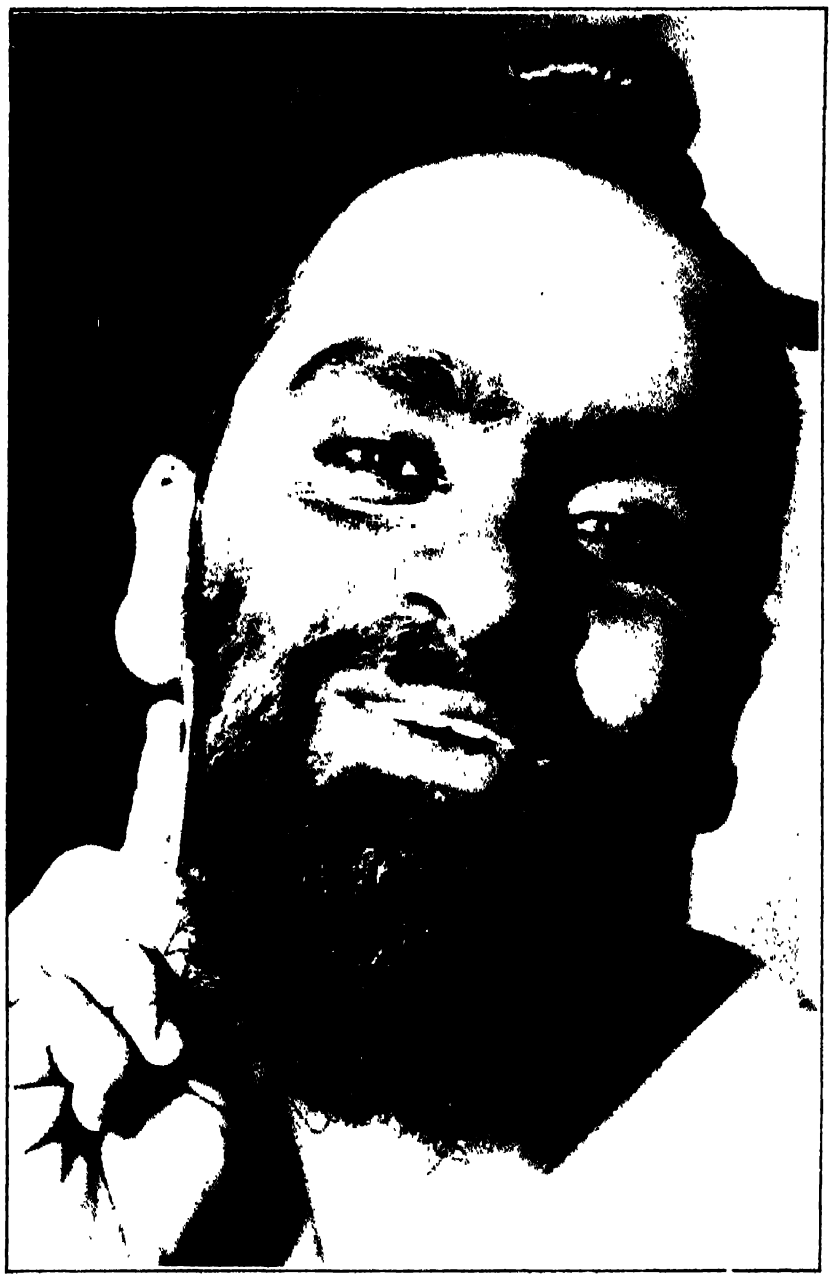

'YOGI OF SPIN' BISH BEDI

The Bedi Effect

HOW can there be a Punjab Issue without Bish Bedi joining issue! The man whose spin made batsmen's heads swim is very much in the news right now with his pungent point of view that he *can* be a National selector and a TV commentator in the same breath. Reacting sharply to Bystander's pointed criticism in *Sportsweek* of his curious double role in our cricket, Bishan Singh Bedi says:

> *It is ridiculous to suggest that a performance made in the public for all to see should not be described faithfully by anyone, be he a selector, official or player, without any sinister motive being attributed to him. Oh, come off it, this holier-than-Pope attitude is plain naive hypocrisy. My performance as a selector is something that is behind me and whatever comments I make on particular actions on the field of play, based on my cricketing knowledge and experience, have really no bearing on it. If, say, Kapil Dev made a silly batting error, does my truthful description of it warrant the inference that I am prejudiced against him for all time? Nothing can be more ridiculous!*

Fair enough, Bish, but what if Kapil Dev now, in his turn, comes up with the argument that his performance as India captain is *behind* him at the end of the day's play and he is free to air his opinions on the performances of those *under* him once the day's last over is bowled?

A skipper or a selector—especially in a country like India where fan reaction is forged in the crucible of passion rather than reason—must at all times not only be fair but also be *seen* to be fair And fair comment can sound as fair only if made from a position that is in no way compromised

Take, for instance, the comment Bedi made in the Final Karachi Test, when Ravi Shastri was clearly lucky to survive, that "This is Shastri's day!" That was not only an innocent piece of comment but also a perfectly valid one. But, cricket fans in India being what they are, they are sure to interpret any such Bedi comment on Ravi Shastri vis-a-vis Maninder Singh! And, at a time when the left-arm spinner's spot in the India team rests between the two, it is best that a *selector* at least leaves himself open to no such interpretation by doubling as a *live* TV commentator

Bedi cites the fact that "the great Sir Donald Bradman has done it and Alec Bedser has made frequent TV appearances while being a selector". They may have gone on the air or made TV appearances but, as far as I know, these two greats of the game were never ever involved in *ball-by-ball* comment while they were selectors. It is one thing for a selector to appear on TV during a break in play, another to pass *live* comment on those men he's helped select when they are in the *actual* motion of performance

But why does Bedi have to go back to Bradman and Bedser, he has the standing example of our own Vijay Merchant trying to continue as ball-by-ball commentator *after* he became Chairman of Selectors. What a hue and cry there was when Merchant tried to do that! Why, Merchant himself found it difficult to be wholly objective, hard as he tried. So he gave up the job of commentator to retain the casting vote as Chairman of Selectors.

Bedi's point is that it was never made clear to him by our Cricket Board that, in order to be a selector, he would need to cease to be a commentator. But such things, do they need to be told, are they not to be understood? There is already a hint that our Cricket Board is not best pleased about this dual function of Bedi. In the circumstances, should Bedi not, in fairness to himself and to those he helps select, choose between the two jobs?

Bedi writes well on the game and is a perceptive commentator, too. As a media man, he has something positive to contribute to the game Why does he then want to be a selector-cum-commentator? It should be either the one or the other.

There are those who believe that Bedi became a selector only to settle an old score with Sunil Gavaskar. Those who project such a view are being blatantly unfair to the man. Outspoken Bish may be, even obtuse at times, but any scores Bedi settles he settles on the field—in the open. There is a certain directness about the man that comes out in his comment. Even the streak of blue he talks is an endearing streak of blue Like, for instance, his Australian TV comment that Sunil's batting was exciting enough to give him an orgasm or two!

There was a time when we professional writers were fond of saying that Bishan Singh Bedi opens his mouth only to put his cricket boot in it Today, Bedi is in a position to hit back and his straight-from-the-shoulder rejoinder to Bystander's comment must be interpreted as his legitimate urge to speak his mind. But, now that he's given Bystander a piece of his Sardarji mind, should Bedi himself not reconsider his position in the Idiot Box? When a 'diplomatic' selector like Vijay Merchant could not make a success of the job, can Bedi really hope to get away with it? In fact, if there is one person unsuited to being a commentator while he is a selector, it is Bish Bedi. For you can no more restrain Bish Bedi than you can restrain Raj Narain! His temperament is such that, in the very nature of things, he is bound to say something to which either player or viewer can take umbrage.

Indeed, as I see it, the time has come for the media to make some gut decisions about whom to put where Having done my last live Test commentary as far back as February 1973 and having thereafter acted as the expert in merely one Test (in 1974), I feel I have the benefit of both distance and detachment to air my views here.

If we do not want a selector to be a commentator, the same principle must be extended to those who hold *any* office in our cricket. It is noticed, for instance, that in one Test a certain gentleman is India's Team Manager and in the next Test he is a commentator! In one Test, a person is a ball-by-ball commentator, in the next he is an expert! In one Test, the man comes on the radio, in the next he is a TV commentator!

I know there are commentators abroad who have the flair to carry it off on both fronts. But, in India, it is rare to find a radio commentator successfully make the TV transition And telecommentary spoken in the radio style becomes a drag on the ear and the eye alike

It is time, therefore, that two different sets of commentators were evolved—one for TV, one for radio Only that commentator should go on TV who is able to *add* to the sum total of the visuals already there. A ball-by-ball description is *not* wanted on TV.

The last series of Tests revealed how far behind Pakistan our commentators are in this respect When the commentator is not telegenic, when he is out and out a radio man, you get the kind of *faux pas* you did when a certain radio commentator pitchforked into the Idiot Box said that a certain woman cricketer "is running up for her first delivery"! And so it went on, with her running up for her second, third and fourth delivery, until you were left wondering as to whose 'delivery' to admire—hers or his

By the same token, I don't think it is right for one to be a commentator in one Test and an expert in the next The one function is descriptive, the other analytical. And, definitely, it is not right for one who is India's Team Manager during a domestic series to be a commentator or an expert in the next Test. As Team Manager, one has access to certain information which one is bound to use, in some form or other, in one's commentary This gives the Team Manager-Commentator an unfair edge over his colleagues in the box In any case, dressing-room information is not supposed to be carried to the box. Nor selection-room information, hence the question-mark against Bedi's functioning as a commentator when he is holding sensitive selective office

The Bedi Effect, it can be deadly—on and off the field On the field, Barry Wood and Dennis Amiss will testify to the potency of the Bedi Effect Off the field, Bedi, in my view, has today a definite role to play as a media man, a role that should in no way be shackled by the embarrassment of office.

Unlike those who turn out for India today, Bedi all his playing life only thought of what he could give the game, never of what he could get out of it. He's paid dearly for this attitude. His courage in sailing against the 'vaseline' wind lost him his playing niche in England. All his life he's fought and lost Fame on the field suddenly deserted him: he became the nation's whipping-boy for that one over he bowled in Pakistan

Today, therefore, when fame as a media man is his for the taking, Bedi should make the right choice. He can be either a controversial selector or a controversial commentator, but he can't be both at once—this man we know as an enemy of the Establishment and a friend of Dom Moraes, as inheritor from Lala Amarnath of the mantle. 'The Stormy Petrel of Indian Cricket'

Raju Bharatan

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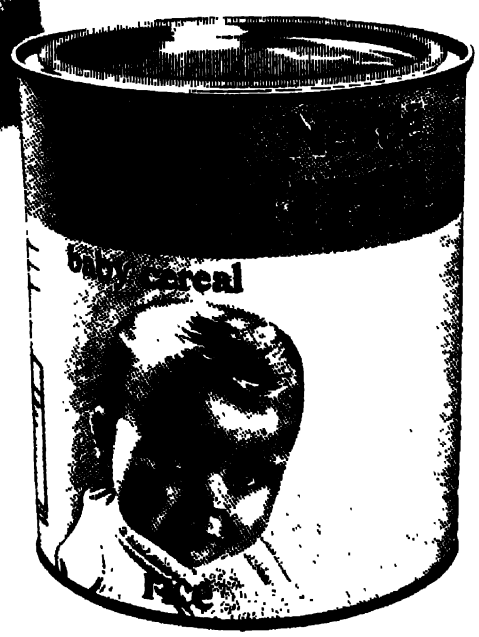

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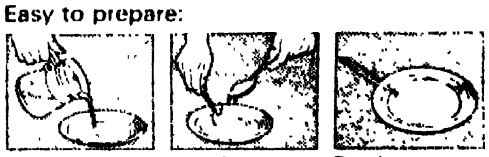

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JARGON

Life is getting tough, complex. Communicating is a hassle. More and more, we find our traditional language inadequate in putting across our views and emotions quickly and effectively. We feel the need for specialist words. Jargon is not a dirty word when used to show up and not to show off. So trade off the old for the new and follow through with confidence. Get on to the wavelength. The spin-offs are substantial. Think Concorde, not bullock carts. Have fun.

Let us see if you are with it. Straight through from A to Z. For each word, score 1 if you are near and 2 if you are there.

A to G	**H to N**
Adversary System	Hassle
Black Box	Interface
Cybernetics	Jargon
Downside Risk	Key
Eclectic	Lateral Thinking
Flip Flop	Meta System
Gel	Negative Feedback
O to T	**U to Z**
Opportunity Cost	Uptight
Peer Group	Value Added
Quantum Leap	Window
Rip Off	X Theory
Semantics	Y Theory
Through Put	Zoot Suit

PS: If you want to catch up on Jargon, read any good technical magazine. Or get Edward De Bono's "Word Power". Only problem is this book is so good that it is always out of print. So many people want to read it that only a few get to read it. A typical Catch-22 situation

Explanations

A to G

Adversary System. A negative system of conflict, often eyeball to eyeball. In proving the other man wrong, you prove yourself right.

Black Box: You know what goes in, what comes out. But you do not know what is happening inside.

Cybernetics. The study of dynamic systems, given a voice and form by Norbert Wiener. Effects are fed back to you, you analyse the causes, checks and corrections are effected and you do it right this time. All this may take a split-second, or years, depending on the action.

Downside Risk: The indirect risk involved in a situation where you are primarily looking at the gains.

Eclectic: Not intellectually hide-bound. Picking from different sources. The downside-risk is being called a dilletante.

Flip Flop: A sudden move from one stable state to another, like a swift, inexplicable batting collapse or a sudden corporate disaster.

Gel: Not so much like in jelly. Rather to evolve into a definite form, to come together in a picture you now understand. Friendships gel

H to N

Hassle: Not just bother. Rather a system which tends to defeat the individual's effort; often hurdles placed so as not to overburden the system.

Interface: Once again, relating less to individuals, more to systems. Even though the Personnel Manager may be negotiating with the Union leader, the interface is between Management and Labour.

Jargon. Specialist words and phrases, communicative rather than just descriptive. Time saving. But use carefully, particularly when recipient is not expected to be on your wavelength.

Key. A trigger, often knowledge, which releases something that has been set up in advance. Look at it this way, a key prevents all but those who have the know-how from entering.

Lateral Thinking. Dr Edward De Bono's brilliant formalisation in 1966. Much earlier, however, the poet Rabindranath Tagore satirised a mythical King beset with the problem of not getting his bare feet dirty. Suggestions for constant sweeping and washing the Kingdom, or wrapping it up, were rejected. Until a bright boy said: Why not wrap up just your feet? Tagore named his poem "The Discovery Of Footwear".

Meta System. An external, overriding system which controls the smaller systems within it. The Mafia is a Meta System.

Negative Feedback: A check-and-balance system which is meant to regulate, by feeding back facts. A thermostat or, sometimes, the Church works on this principle.

O to T

Opportunity Cost: A supplement to the direct cost of a product, process or project, O-C looks at the cost of making it or setting it up, in preference to other alternatives. Essential in today's situation.

Peer Group: A segment drawn from the body to which the individual belongs, rather than someone from a higher or lower rank, used in assessing you, is your Peer Group.

Quantum Leap: When the increase is not gradual but in definite steps. A winning team goes ahead by goals and not ¾ goals or ⅞ goals. From argument you proceed to hitting someone. You have taken a Quantum Leap into a different ball-game.

Rip-Off: A profiteering concept based on "take what you can get away with", it exploits a buyer's willingness to put a special value to goods or services due to shortage or heightened need. A premium cashed in is a rip-off; a tinge of unfairness seems to be involved.

Semantics. A form of playing with word meanings. For instance, in using a word only in its partial sense to establish a specific perception or act. Love-making is not only sex, though we use it as such. We swing weightlessly between Love and Death is an example of semantic jugglery.

Through-Put: The quantum of linear movement or activity in a system. A college or a factory has a Through-Put. In an office, the number of drafts typed by its Steno-Pool makes up a large part of its T-P, but this is not indicative of the work really done or not done. Most drafts are re-drafted or destroyed.

U to Z

Uptight: Your insides are coiled up like a large spring, straining for release, not from dynamism so much as fear, tension, a feeling of injustice, acute embarrassment, so forth. It is the opposite of being cool. It is not overt, but covert mostly.

Value Added: You buy raw material and sell the finished product. Value is added by you to make this change. It is the cost-stage after bought-outs. This concept in financial decision-making is now considered vital, particularly in the West.

Window: Two steel sheets with small holes in their centres are swung in opposite directions between you and your target. You can therefore sight it for only a split second, when you have to fire away. A window is that period in time when all the factors are lined up in a way that enables you to see your objective clearly and act.

X Theory. Douglas McGregor's famous Management concept which states that everyone has to be directed, or led, or driven to be able to contribute effectively. The X Theory, which recognises very little self motivation, is anachronistic and substituted by ..

Y Theory. Which conceptualises a strong self-motivation amongst modern executives. According to it, all persons seek self-realisation in success terms in a corporate environment. All it needs thereafter is for superiors to dovetail company objectives into such personal objectives, for success and job satisfaction.

(Douglas McGregor's "The Human Side of Enterprise" is standard reading in all Company-programmes.)

Zoot Suit: A zoot-suited person is not only well dressed but overdressed and also somewhat out of fashion. The zoot-suit syndrome is noticeable amongst candidates for interviews, where things tend to be a little overdone, dress-wise. Young management trainees on the make are also often guilty.

Partha Basu

Scoring

Our Score. 44

15 to 25	Your Indifference Curve needs adjustment
26 to 40	You have reached your Take-Off point
Over 40	It's a Stand Off
Below 15	Have you been reading your Silas Marner lately?

River Waters

Continued from Page 20

for Punjab, through whose territories these rivers flow and to whom these belong.

This at once raises the question of the validity of these notifications and the allocation made to the non-riparian States of Haryana and Rajasthan. Among the basic issues to be considered are the constitutional validity of Sections 78 to 80 of the Punjab Reorganisation Act; the competence of Parliament to enact the same, ignoring the statutory powers of the States; arbitrary allotment of waters to non-riparian States, depriving the State of Punjab of its rights of full exploitation and use of its resources; the authority of the Central Government to allocate waters of State rivers to a non-successor State; the right of non-riparian States to the water of rivers outside their territories, besides the question of propriety and fairness of the decision.

Rajasthan State—to which more than 50 per cent of the available water has been allocated—is neither a successor State nor a co-riparian. It can thus have no claim to even a drop of the water of the rivers, Ravi and Beas.

Recently, a similar claim was put forward by this very State before the Narmada Water Tribunal presided over by V. Ramswami, a sitting Judge of the Supreme Court, but it was finally rejected. "The State of Rajasthan," it affirmed, "was not entitled to any portion of the waters of the Narmada on the ground that it was not a co-riparian State and no part of its territory is situated in the basin of River Narmada."

> The Tribunal thus refused to entertain the claim of Rajasthan. This very situation obtains in the present case.

The fact that in the summary of statements pertaining to the Ravi and Beas Waters (circulated at a conference of Ministers held on January 29, 1955), regarding the apportionment of 15.85 MAF of river waters, the share of Rajasthan was put at 8.00 MAF does not give it any claim to obtain waters of Punjab's rivers for all time to come. By no stretch of the imagination can this summary statement be equated with a voluntary agreement or a contract. The circumstances under which these summary statements were prepared have been recently clarified by both Dr Kanwar Sain and Dr N D. Gilati, who were then concerned with the matter at the highest level. They tell us that the note regarding the requirements of Rajasthan was prepared in a hurry on the basis of their requirements projected by Rajasthan and others, as the World Bank Team was visiting India to assess the requirements. Dr Kanwar Sain further says that the requirements of Rajasthan were exaggerated.

Section 78 of the Punjab Reorganisation Act deals with the rights and the liabilities in regard to the Bhakra and the Beas Project. It is clearly invalid for want of legislative competence, as it impinges upon the exclusive legislative domain of the States and is not concerned with the reorganisation of States or matters connected therewith. Section 78, in so far as it makes provision for allocation and distribution of the waters of the Beas River which flows through Punjab, is *ultra vires* of Article 243 of the Constitution. Section 78 being unconstitutional, the two notifications in question cannot be sustained. The matter falls under the legislative authority of the States under Entry 17 of List II of Schedule 7 of the Constitution.

Both notifications are further vitiated by the fact that the requirements of the State of Punjab were never fully and properly investigated. It must not be forgotten that it is only after fully meeting the needs of the riparian State of Punjab that any part of surplus water can be made available to another State, and that, too, on such terms as are considered beneficial to the riparian State.

With an ever-increasing area under cultivation and double cropping, the demand for water is increasing. Extensive areas depend upon tube-well irrigation, which is becoming very costly day by day, with uncertain power and diesel supply.

> There is no reason why the State of Punjab should be compelled to part with its river waters in favour of non-riparian States and compel its peasants to depend upon tube-well irrigation.

Since some of the issues involved are constitutional, they can only be gone into by the Supreme Court, not by a tribunal or a commission. As such, the suggestion made in some quarters that the dispute be referred to a tribunal under the Inter-State River Waters Dispute Act is untenable. Apart from the fact that a tribunal cannot decide constitutional issues, it would lack the jurisdiction to go into the present dispute, as the Ravi and the Beas, whose waters are in dispute, are not inter-state rivers. They belong exclusively to Punjab State. Section 3 of the Act is clear in this regard. As observed by Justice Holmes in *New Jersey vs New York* (283 US 336), "A river is more than an amenity. It is a treasure. It offers necessity of life that must be rationed among those who have power over it."

> It is only the State of Punjab whose "treasure" these rivers are.

In this situation, instead of prolonging the controversy which increases tension, true statesmanship calls for a bold and early decision. But if, for any reason, such a step is not considered expedient, the demand of the Punjabis to take the issue to the Supreme Court for judicial determination should be immediately conceded.

This will be not only a constitutional and lawful course but also a pragmatic step, as it will promote confidence in the Judiciary and save the administration from being accused of partiality. ■

In The States

Decaying Of Art

by Gautaman Bhaskaran

CALCUTTA: Calcutta's Victoria Memorial is perhaps comparable only to the Taj Mahal And so, too, the Memorial's Restoration Unit, the only one of its kind in eastern India and just about as well-equipped as the National Centre for Conservation of Cultural Property in Lucknow Yet, in all the four decades of its existence, it seems, it has never attracted the kind of attention that it should have

For, how else does one explain the utterly miserable staff strength? The Unit has one restorer and one picture and print repairer It does not even have a laboratory attendant In fact, it was only in the last year that the Victoria Memorial authorities got permission to divide the Unit into two for administrative convenience One unit looks after small and medium size oils, the other after the larger ones

Let alone the fabulous paintings rotting in the four corners of Calcutta, the Restoration Unit is in no position to look after the vast and interesting collection that the Victoria Memorial treasures The paintings at Calcutta's famous Asiatic Society are decaying not merely for want of funds but also for want of a dedicated staff Valuable oils by Robert Home and the Daniells, who painted virtually the whole of India, will soon be beyond redemption So too some works at the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, St John's Church, Calcutta Club, Turf Club and those in private collections Outside the city, the Hazarduari Palace at Murshidabad, indeed, holds a fascinating variety of oils but in a sad state of neglect But still the Victoria Memorial looks on helplessly

The Memorial itself has 350 oils the largest number of old paintings to be found in any single institution In fact, the second largest oil painting in the world--Prince of Wales entering Jaipur in 1876, by the Russian painter Vassily Verestchagin is housed at the Victoria Memorial Another large one is Zoffany's painting of the second Mrs Warren Hastings To say that these are preserved in the most ideal of conditions would be, to put it mildly, an exaggeration

Paintings are best preserved in air conditioned galleries But Curzon, while raising the Memorial in honour of his beloved Queen, could never anticipate that such problems will trouble future administrators electric wiring is itself next to impossible in the high-ceiling galleries, let alone air-conditioning Again, excessive sunlight robs a painting of its richness The Victoria Memorial's huge windows, are now shielded to an extent by hanging venetian blinds This, however, makes the galleries all the more dark, and many an art lover is known to have complained about the inability to view properly the works of art Then there are some out-of-the way paintings which cannot be conserved Take, for example, Zoffany's *Death of a Tiger*, possibly painted at Chandernagore, near Calcutta The medium used was bitumen, which becomes darker with age, and this process cannot simply be reversed

In spite of all this, there is hope for the Restoration Unit and with it for the Memorial's and perhaps the city's precious paintings If the Unit can be sufficiently expanded, it can cater to external requirements it can also work in coordination with the Lucknow centre Later, more such units can follow, with the one in Lucknow acting as the apex body.

Recently, there has been a proposal that the Memorial's Restoration Unit can serve as a training centre, where people will be educated in the art of restoration In line with this idea, a workshop on oil painting restoration at the Victoria Memorial has been planned for later this year Lord Dunluce of the London Tate Gallery and other experts in the field are expected to participate

Currently, the Restoration Unit is doing some good work in its own small way, and has some outstanding achievements to its credit Some time ago, when the police raided a curio shop in Calcutta, the owner escaped but not before he had torn into 11 pieces a Dutch Bengal school painting of Kali The pieces were handed over to the Victoria Memorial and after nine intricate "operations", the painting was restored to its original form- in 12 months This shows how complicated and time-consuming the art of restoration is The members of the Unit say that restoration is as complicated as human surgery

No wonder, then, that before a painting is taken up for restoration, investigations are made to ascertain the age of the painting. This is not very difficult. Particular kinds of raw materials were used at particular ages and the rough age of the painting is calculated this way The exercise is useful in other ways, too For instance, if a painting has traces of glue, one ought to be careful not to disturb it, if the dry glue gets wet, it expands, damaging the painting further

After the investigations are over, the crumpled pieces of a painting, if that be the case, are straightened out through a process of vapourisation in which alcohol and water are used The segments of the canvas are joined to one another through a process of heating The painting is then cleaned part by part and retouched, also part by part, several months may pass before a painting regains its former glory

A visit to the galleries of the Victoria Memorial will reveal some of the paintings so restored The *Kos Minar* by Thomas Daniell is the most striking of the lot *Claude Martin and His Friends* by Zoffany, *Allahabad Fort* by W "Hodges and *A State Barge on the River Goomtee*, also by Thomas Daniell are oils that look as if they were executed only the other day

Soumitra Das adds:

The great marble fabric of Victoria Memorial Hall is set off by acres and acres of green and placid pools Its Italian Renaissance structure seems far removed from the muddle of this land, a few paces though it is from the ravages of the Metro Railway.

The design is suggestive of the oriental with its constellation of minarets, the lotus motif that crowns the cupolas, acanthus that support the columns of its main portal, lattice work and other smaller features because the the Regina stood for an institution cherished here. Its very marble was quarried from Makarana.

The Hall was never an ivory tower of the Raj. The Rs 1 crore and 5 lakhs that went into the building came not just from the coffers of the rich. The humble and lowly too, contributed—the native staff of the Geological Survey of India and Bank of Bengal, students of Bishop's College and the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School, teachers and pupils of Hare School and even the children of the Loreto Day School parted with all their tuck money

Apart from being a monument to the Queen, Curzon meant the Hall to be a "National Gallery and Valhalla for the Indian Empire" The roots of its myriad exhibits are not in the Occident alone but can be traced back to the native soil Here there is a treasure trove of Indian art and manuscripts dating back to the early and late middle ages in Arabic, Persian and Urdu, original documents belonging to the British period and a fascinating garner of Bengali folk art

The richest collection is that of manuscripts In Asiatic countries, calligraphy was considered an art worthier than that of paintings The *Khushnavis* or beautiful writer, however, could take up miniature painting. But never the reverse

Consider a Quran in Arabic, an original handiwork of Aurangzeb's: one among the many striking examples, the royal copy of a book of metaphysics from Jehangir's time and five extracts from the Quran by Dara Shikuh. The lettering is in unadorned black, gold or white on a background dusted again with gold Some are sumptuously illuminated Flowers shot with gold bloom in profusion along the borders or form a *mihrab* (arch)

The Persian manuscripts are larger in number and cover a wide range of topics—history beginning from creation, travelogues, a calendar prepared for Wajid Ali Shah of Oudh, correspondence, an Arabic-Persian vocabulary (without tears) for children, and a translations of the *Upanishads*

Two volumes of *Akbarnama* and *Ain-Akbari* authored by Abul Fazl; collections of verses of the celebrated Khwaja Shamsuddin Hafiz of Shiraz and Nizami, one of the greatest Persian poets, Nalwa Daman, a romantic poem about the long-separated lovers of *Mahabharata*, translated at the behest of Akbar, and letters of Tipu Sultan with quaint illustrations of gun-toting soldiers are some of the invaluable treasures

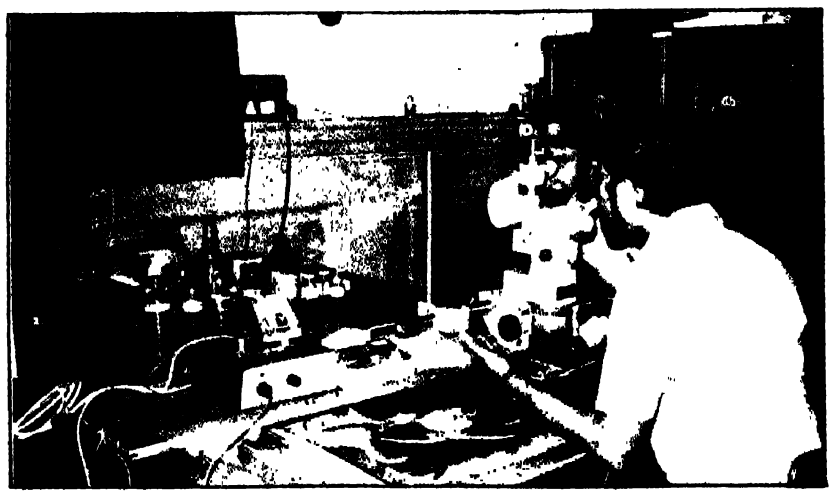
The important Urdu works are a lithographed book by Wajid Ali on the science of music and dance, the tale of Prince Bi-Nazir and Princess Badr-i-Munir, and an incomplete love story.

There is a certain delicacy and richness about the works; the often extremely beautiful jilds or bindings and excellent miniatures in every style from Persian of fluid grace to the somewhat stiff Murshidabadi keep one fascinated.

Although the Hall has few miniatures of outstanding artistic merit there are enough to illustrate every school from the days when it flourished under Mughal patronage to its degeneration into a dry and lifeless echo of the great masters

The Mughal miniatures are strictly secular and transfer to paper the kaleidoscopic scenes of the court where colours of luxurious raiment, gilding and polychromous gems ran riot They depict the whole line of emperors beginning with Tamerlane, a young but composed Akbar tries to soothe his mad elephant: in court as a sage and connoisseur, and as a lover disporting with Jodh Bai, a charming Prince Salim who grows up to be a dissipated Jehangir; a beautifully

BEFORE AND AFTER A painting from the Victoria Memorial that has been salvaged by the Restoration Unit Below *Men at work restoring a painting to its former glory*



modelled Shah Jehan; Dara Shikuh's aquiline profile; a callow Aurangzeb in a hyacinth *Jama;* the emperor with his awestruck sons; storming the massive fort of Golconda, and as an emaciated ascetic in his last days.

The finest of the series are a regal Jehangir and the lion in which the artist employs a remarkably restrained palette and the Lucullan "Jehangir Distributing Charity" aglow with gold and lapis lazuli. The delicately modelled faces and drapery reveal European influence while the linear delicacy harks back to Persia.

The Kangra school was the last and most exquisite of the Rajput school of painting of which there is but one fine example. A bevy of lotus-eyed beauties crowd around a gesticulating palmist. The supple strokes that celebrate the female form, the soft ochres, cerise and white create a subtle harmony.

To a much later date belong the miniature mica paintings of the car festival and the *firka* set of soldiers. By the Company's servants, who commissioned them, they were regarded as the acme of the picturesque

A roving David Mecutchin had culled *patas* from rural Bengal. His gift to the Hall forms a major collection. The strangely pantomimic *patas* come as scrolls or rectangles depicting Hindu deities, both classical and rural, or the magical *Chaksudana* that has links with the Egyptian cult of Osiris. A lustrous *Durgapata* in shades of Indian red with a neatly shod bile green *Asura* is simply breathtaking.

Kalighata *patas* are epitomized by a boldly executed parrot, demented Gopinis prostrating themselves before a Krishna represent 19th Century lithographs and a mauve *Sitaharan* represents Jamini Roy.

The oil paintings commissioned by well-to-do Calcuttans of the late 19th Century, "to keep up with the Joneses", arouse a good deal of curiosity. This school has yet to be christened but is tentatively known as French or Dutch Bengal though its links with *Chinsurah* are tenuous. The subjects are traditional—Kali, Durga, Jagadhatri—but the artists are well versed in Western techniques revealed by their predilection for creating atmosphere and in the modelling of features But at the same time the delineation of the diadems and rivieres is extremely traditional.

The Hall's repository of 1,110 original documents and correspondence in varied languages, European and Oriental, includes Zebunissa's letter to Aurangzeb and those written by the giants of Bengal Renaissance.

Documents, their dates ranging from 1758 to 1857, trace the British period of Indian history. A note describes the experiences of the only female survivor of the Black Hole; the Jewel Bond which led to the judicial murder of Nanda Kumar, the oath taken by Clive; the result of a Warren Hastings possessed by Erato; Burke's letter on the impeachment of the Governor-General; and, what seems unbelievable today, one of the earliest grants of land to lure people to settle in Calcutta.

The Seventh Schedule of the Constitution declares the Victoria Memorial Hall a museum of national importance. The edifice and its 64 acres of parkland combine to form a rare showpiece and tourist spot likened by many to the Taj and by the catty to the ponderous Regina herself.

Yet surprisingly it lacks even the necessary infrastructural support to maintain it. The garden has no horticulturist to tend it. Until recently there was no public agency accountable to the people for the upkeep of the structure. There is no regular gallery staff or display unit to keep it well-preserved. The crumbling Indian Museum, on the other hand, has been provided with every facility. May be its association with Queen Victoria has left the memorial out in the cold.

Rooting Out Corruption

HYDERABAD: He was the monarch of all he surveyed in Vijayawada, the commercial town of Andhra Pradesh. He hated travelling by road or rail. He preferred to fly to the State capital, mostly under fictitious names Money was no problem, he had bagfuls of it. He had a few former Ministers on his payroll.

If you think he is a prosperous businessman, you are wrong He was a small time Government servant, a sub-registrar, whose name Prabhakar Rao, has become synonymous with corruption. His *modus operandi* was simple. He registered urban sites as agricultural land, and made a neat sum in the process.

Not that the previous Governments were ignorant of his dealings. Although he was transferred more than once from Vijayawada he had the right connections to countermand each such order and he became firmly entrenched in Vijayawada

With the fall of the Congress (I) Government early this year, Rao's journey towards prosperity entered a stormy phase---he was suspended from service by the NTR Government which had vowed to wipe out corruption.

The sub-registrar was among a few other top bureaucrats, who have been shown the door by the new Government Among them are a former Commissioner of Police, Pavithran, accused of having pocketed several lakhs of rupees while heading the housing board; Muralidhar Rao, a senior IAS officer, charged with committing irregularities to the tune of Rs 9 crores, and Santhanam, another IAS officer, hauled up for awarding a contract to a private firm when he headed the Singareni collieries

While congratulating NTR on his bold steps, one wishes that he had provided the accused officials with an opportunity to explain their conduct since most of the suspensions have taken place on the basis of reports by one-man investigating committes.

For instance, enquiries reveal that Santhanam, who has been charged with showing undue favouritism to a private firm for the supply of drill bits to Singareni collieries, was only carrying out the orders of his predecessor In other words, the victim has apparently inherited the sins of his predecessor and suffered for them. The least that one could do in such circumstances, is provide an opportunity to the accused to present his version of the offence This is absolutely essential if the State bureaucracy has to keep its morale intact

Opinions differ on the feasibility of rooting out corruption from the system But certainly there is scope for containing it to the minimum. One cannot throw up one's hands in despair and console oneself with the theory that corruption is a universal phenomenon and has to be accepted as a way of life. That the Prime Minister is sold on such an idea is indeed unfortunate.

NTR has made a good beginning by his no-holds-barred attack on corruption Given the will, he is capable of proving that rooting out corruption is not an utopian task. He should pull up all the corrupt officials, but give them a reasonable chance to defend themsleves.

G.S. Reddy

Monument To A Harlot

PONDICHERRY! The very name brings before our mind's eye the cosmopolitan Auroville, the tranquil Sri Aurobindo Ashram, the lovely Botanical Gardens and the enchanting seashore with its shady park, these are only a few of the many attractions of this historically renowned place.

At the centre of the park, formerly Le Jardin du Roi (The Royal Garden), later Charles de Gaulle Square and now known as Government Square, stands a small surprise. Surprising indeed for it is a monument built not in honour of a queen or of an empress but of a harlot. The fact that Napoleon III, Emperor of France, who reigned during the later half of the 19th century was responsible for erecting this building to commemorate a 16th century harlot adds to our curiosity. The harlot belonged to Pondicherry.

Ever since the French traders had established themselves as rulers having their headquarters at Puducherri (earlier name of Pondicherry) potable water was much in demand. It became an insoluble problem. Wells were dug but they offered only salt water as the sea was too close. And the various attempts to bring drinking water from the nearby villages through canals proved in one way or another futile. The Frenchmen known as White-town-dwellers found it hazardous to quench their thirst. Emperor Napoleon III came to hear of the plight of his subjects stationed at Puducherri. The understanding monarch immediately shipped Monsieur Lamairesse, the chief engineer, to Puducherri with orders for Monsieur Bontemps, the then French Governor of Puducherri to utilise the engineering skills of Lamairesse to quench the thirst of the Frenchmen.

On reaching his destination, Lamairesse made a thorough study of the tanks and rivers in the surrounding villages, and analysed the advantages and drawbacks of laying long canals. Finally his choice fell on Aayikulam, (a tank named after Aayi, the harlot)at Muththirayar Palayam, a five km distance west of Pondicherry. He succeeded in laying a long canal starting from the bank of Aayikulam and reaching the place where the monument built later stands At last the Frenchmen had enough water to drink.

Emperor Napoleon while commending the success of the chief engineer, wished to know why the tank was named after Aayi, the harlot He was told what had happened 300 years ago

The story of Aayi takes us back to the reign of King Krishna Deva Raya (A.D. 1509-1530) of Vijayanagar. When this, physically strong and striking personality came to power, all of southern India comprising the whole of the modern Madras presidency, including the native states was under his sway and several quasi-independent chiefs were his vassals. Having his headquarters at Vijayanagar, King Krishna Deva Raya loved to inspect the southern states as and when time permitted

During one such visit, the king accompanied by his able minister Appaji, started from Vellore only to sojourn at Villanore, 8 kms west of Pondicherry, where he heard of a wealthy agriculturist living at Ozhukarai, 4 kms west of Pondicherry He had a physiological peculiarity---a thick growth of hair on his soles---and wore sandals made of gold. His name was Uiyyakunda Viswaraya Mudaliar Curiosity surged in the heart of the king He resolved that the stranger was worth a visit

It was dusk when the king and his retinue bid goodbye to Viswaraya Mudaliar On their way back to Villianur, they passed through Muththirayar Palayam.

Sandal-scented, fragrance-laden southern breezes welcomed the king and his men They soon found themselves standing in front of a house, fully illuminated with clay oil lamps. The well-polished doors of the house were kept wide open and the stairs that led to the entrance were strewn with flower petals They stood, speechless for a moment, contemplating the beauty of the house

The next moment the king's men found their Lord and his minister Appaji doing obeisance to the house, taking it for a temple They followed suit.

A passer-by who noticed their action, mustered all his courage and told the king in all humility that the place was not a temple but the abode of a woman of easy virtue named Aayi

'ordscannot describe the wrath of the king In his fury he shouted at his men to demolish the house of the harlot and in its place dig a well and a tank as penance for the insult he had brought on himself.

Aayi heard the command of the king and came rushing out of her house. She went down on her knees and cried for mercy. The king was adamant Her pleadings failed to soothe the king's anger Finally the harlot implored the king to allow her to demolish her house and build in its place the tank and the well at her own expense.

King Krishna Deva Raya, 'a man of much gentleness and generosity of character', cooled down and granted her request. Aayi did what she promised and thereby gained immortality The tank she built was named after her

Emperor Napoleon III was moved by the story.

"My Lord! We are all grateful to you for sending Monsieur Lamairesse here who gave us water He deserves a reward," wrote the Governor of Puducherri to Napoleon.

The Emperior replied "Be grateful to Aayi She deserves a monument"

NAPOLEON BUILT THIS MONUMENT *to commemorate a 16th century harlot of Pondicherry, called Aayi*

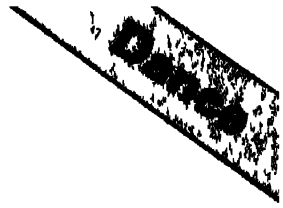
Gidda: Merry Maids' Dance

While the ever-popular Bhangra is practically synonymous with Punjab and the Sikhs,people are relatively uninformed about its feminine equivalent—the Gidda Brahm Dev outlines the nature of this lively folk dance of Punjab

A GAY WHIRL OF RHYTHM AND COLOUR EMBODIES THE ESSENCE OF GIDDA The dancers fling their arms about in joyful abandonment displaying their gorgeous dupattas to full advantage Forming two circles the outer dancers clap their hands in tune to the music and bolis while the inner ones frisk around gaily their outstretched feet in continuous motion

BRAHM DEV

BRAHM DEV



GIDDA one of the two most-loved fo dances of Punjab (the other is th Bhangra) is the exclusive domain of t womenfolk It is however by no means so and lilting even while presenting the mo delicate sentiments it is full blooded vigo ous and very appealing Powerful as well a rhythmic Gidda suits Punjab s fun lovin and buxom girls right down to the ground

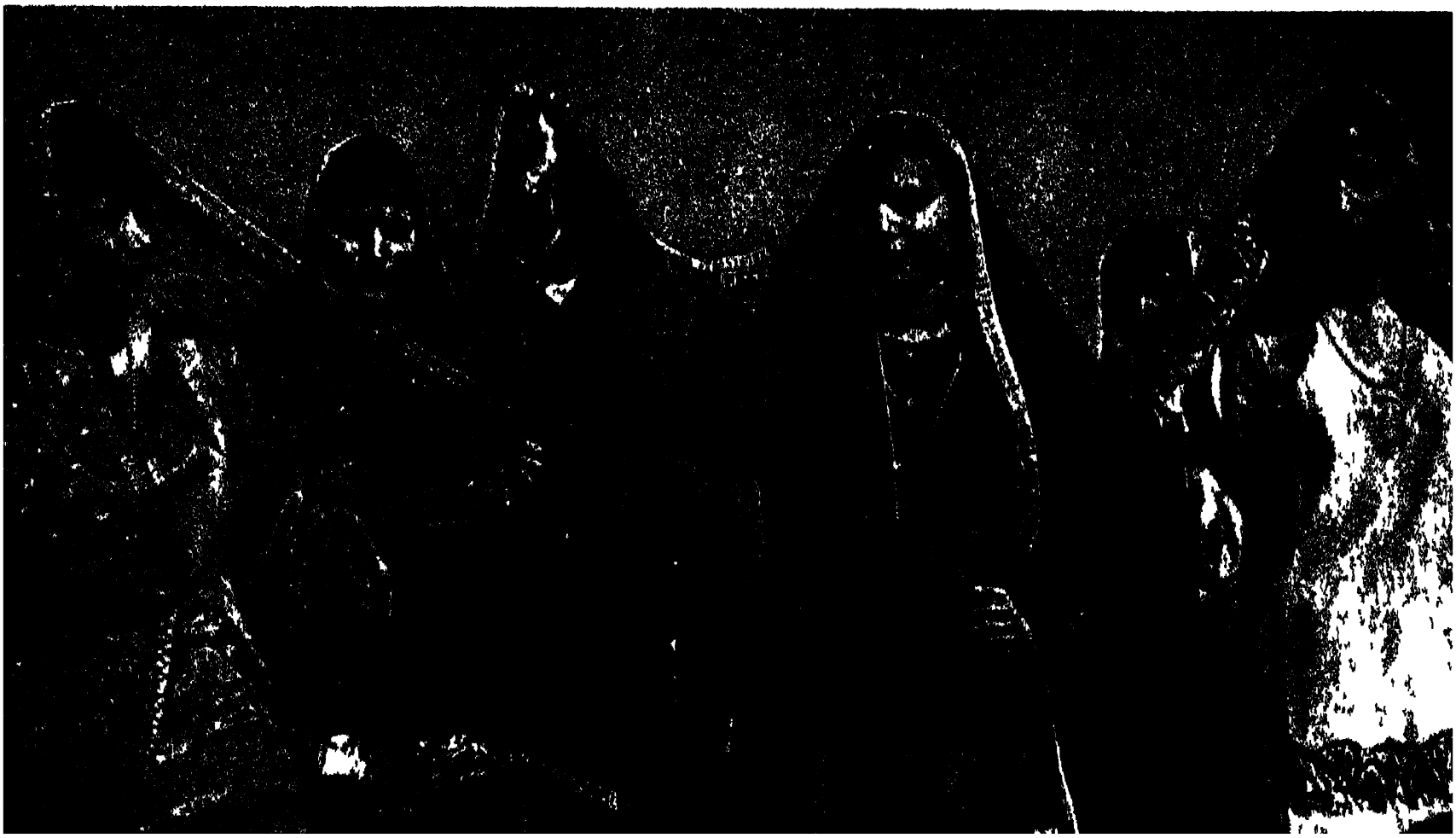
From a young maiden wrapped up in he thoughts of her lover or a newly married gi fed up with the dictates of her mother in law or a sister happy at the news of a brother forthcoming marriage Gidda provides a excellent outlet for pent up feelings an emotions

Gidda dancers express their thought through boli For example a young ma ried girl may accuse her mother in law forgetting her day as a newlywed in th form of a boli As these bolis are totall free from the restrictions of rhyming anyon can compose them in a flash of inspiration improvise on the spot

Though Gidda is danced most frequentl during the harvest season it is also a mus on ceremonial occasions such as marriage births fairs etc Its themes also encompas a wide variety o subjects ranging from th magnificent bounty of Nature to legendar battles, to the lonelines of sepa ation

Like most folk dances the essence Gidda is transmitted more through the pla ticity of movements rather than any partic lar or distinct style

Gidda is a much loved dance and ha been from time immemorial Nurtured b simple and robust hearts through the ages, continues to sparkle in its native purity Nature s amphitheatre the countryside



Perky Union Minister Vasant Sathe says:

Godmen Are Frauds

THE cacophony about Godmen in this country has reached a crescendo In the welter of discordant noises, any rational thinking about them and their so-called powers is impossible Even so, it is necessary to put matters in perspective.

The concept of God has been the most original and the oldest invention of the human mind ever since, in the process of evolution, he reached a point when he started wondering about the mysteries of nature which he could not understand, let alone solve Many such phenomena affected his life and some actually overwhelmed him. He wondered at the sun, the rains, the thunder and the fire and, eventually, deified them as Gods However, as his knowledge grew the mysteries also receded and he thought of a power sovereign to the forces of nature. the said power had to be superior and it had to have mastery over the universe with its millions of galaxies and stars among which the biggest known star, the "sun", was just a small pebble!

Also, the concept of a personal God created by man in his own image (with more faculties, as additional hands, etc) was thought to be insufficient to satisfy his imagination Hence God became a non-duelistic entity that was *nirakara* and *nirguna* (formless and without attributes)

The more man thought of this universal power, the more he realised that it lay beyond the compass of the human mind and intellect, the finest of vehicles *Naisha Tarkena Matirapaneyah*, declared the sages

Yet the inquisitive mind of man was not to be satisfied The seekers of truth ultimately came to the conclusion that, although one cannot know it by external discovery, one can realise it by an inner search Once the quest succeeds, the seeker is at peace with himself and with the world without

No one who has had this realisation has ever claimed that he is God For, even if there is a God, it would be beyond comprehension and beyond the attributes known to human minds Presuming for the sake of argument that this Supreme Power had the capacity to create and had indeed created millions of stars, millions of galaxies, millions of Milky Ways and perhaps billions of universes in the entire cosmos, to claim that you are that supreme power God, is like a sunbeam claiming that it was the "sun" itself! When the self-realised seer says *Aham Brahmasmi* (I am Brahman) or answers *Koham* by *Soham* ("Who am I", with "I am He"), what he means is that the element in him (*Atman*) is the same as the universal reality (*Paramatman*)

Our philosophical tracts and Vedanta have summarised the universal reality in one syllable *Om* (or Amen) which may be the abbreviated form of the statement *So Aham* (that I am) The seers also say that the universal energy is indivisible and that even when you deduct something from the whole, what remains is the whole. This statement is now corroborated even by science.

What then is the difference between an ordinary person and a person who has achieved realisation? While the ordinary person is lost, through ignorance, in the whirlpool of life and its struggles, the realised one develops a sense of detachment and *Sakshi Bhava* (perspective of a perceiver or observer) He is able to look at the whole world, nay the whole universe, as an outsider as it were, and like a person watching a drama or a story in the film, remains uninvolved. He is like an elder playing with the children in their games of a make-believe world (which to the children is a serious reality). This person, therefore, can laugh when the children fight over a pebble or a sweet, and like an elder, intervene and advise the children and settle the quarrel.

Such a person (one who has had the Zero Experience of the *Shunyatva*) develops a tranquil mind and is always composed. He may display disapproval or anger, but only superficially; it is like the annoyance of the parents at the wrongs of the children. The self realised person can abandon the world or life itself which is hardly relevant to him, but rather than do so, he tries to help other human beings to obtain the same realisation which gives lasting peace and happiness as also the capacity to withstand life's vicissitudes The total perspective acquired by such a person automatically makes all his activities efficient The entire earth is like a berry on the palm of his hand and the whole human race just one family No wonder he cannot identify with one man against the other

Although many of us *do* experience and express these noble sentiments, they are not natural or constantly with us We have to labour to express such feelings, more as sermons from the platform, because the next moment we tend to lose ourselves in struggles for worldly wealth and power The realised man can judge right and wrong with greater objectivity He performs the very actions which the ordinary man does but he executes them with greater efficiency and steadfast detachment He is also able to discern why a particular person is unhappy and he can suggest the proper remedies. He does not perform miracles like a magician He does not need to attract crowds nor does he commercialise his knowledge, because that would so utterly enmesh him

Let us now consider the question of miracles wrought by the so called Godmen. One such person reportedly says "he does not perform miracles but he *creates* because he is God" Now, it is one thing to say that one has the spark of the Universal Energy in oneself, like a drop of sea water claiming to have the qualities of the entire ocean. But it is as ridiculous for the same drop to claim that it *is* the ocean and is big enough to float a ship as the person claiming to be God almighty, the creator of the Universe! (All this presupposes the existence of a God which we can comprehend).

What does our Godman do? Produce sacred ash from his fingers, materialise a ring with his photograph, obviously prepared by some goldsmith somewhere? An Editor of a famous weekly was once presented with a golden chain, watch and a bottle of whisky on which the name of the Godman and the name of the Editor were inscribed! The Godman produced these articles out of

"nowhere" and told the Editor that they were his *prasad*! The only flaw the Editor noticed was that the genie controlled by the God-man's *siddhi* had misspelt his name! Such ludicrous acts of "producing or creating" things are intended to impress the gullible and con followers into believing that the Godman indeed had real miraculous powers and that he could solve the worldly problems of his devotees.

Presuming that extraordinary powers called *siddhis* can be acquired by Godmen by *sadhana* or practice, it would be useful if they collaborated with scientists, particularly space scientists, and taught at least a few spacemen the secrets of travel in the fourth dimension enabling them to reach other planets without the aid of the spacesuits and to bring back useful information from other worlds in the universe. But, this they will not do. They only use their powers to create ashes and gold watches made in Switzerland!

When even judges or ministers are impressed and turn into devotees of the Godmen, is it surprising that lesser beings fall in line and queue up for the *prasad* or to have their worldly problems solved by shortcuts? Why can't Godmen prevent floods and droughts or produce foodgrains and sugar instead of producing ash (or trash)? The usual answer offered is that, after all, men were destined to suffer for the sins of their past life and it would be wrong to interfere in the cosmic scheme of things Then why do some Godmen cure patients by their healing touch? Oh! That is because the repentant sinner has come to surrender himself to the "God" and the "God" decides to forgive him and relieve the devotee of his suffering! Can there be a greater fraud and callousness than this?

In fact, being a Godman has no connection with being a person with realisation When a certain Siddha came to Ramakrishna Paramhansa, so the story goes, and told the sage that he could walk on water and cross the river Ganga, Ramakrishna is said to have told him that it is a pity that, with all his lifelong *tapasya* and *sadhana*, all he could do was what a boatman did *every day* for a few paise! The story beautifully underscores the futility of such powers and the false values of persons who utilise them, in effect, for self-aggrandisement

In any case, why can't Godmen start colleges or universities and teach the science of acquiring *siddhis*? We would then at least learn that powers from a little known dimension can be acquired by scientific training It may be through the method of Hathayoga or Tantra or awakening of Kundalini or any other method that these gurus may like to teach the pupils. It would indeed be a boon to the humanity if these *Siddhas* could cooperate with the scientists in advancing the knowledge of man. He needs to develop further faculties in a new dimension to cope with the requirements of life in space and, looking ahead, when he is able to break the time barrier. While he has harnessed external forces through science for his own betterment a great deal, he has yet fully to explore his own internal resources. This can best be done by open and collective effort. Godmen must cooperate in the task instead of throwing a cloak of secrecy over whatever they know. Or is it begging the question? The Open inquiry which would explode the myth of their alleged mystic powers is perhaps precisely what the so-called Godmen are afraid of.

If so, they will represent an emasculated society where man has no control over his surroundings or resources and where the system makes him acquisitive, encouraging all unethical and anti-social practices. Most people want quick results and easy money today. They want everything including salvation instantly. Once the law of demand and supply is allowed to reign supreme, everything—your soul, your intellect, your ideals and values—become marketable commodities and you try get their demands fulfilled by different suppliers—mainly Godmen. Instead of creating an army of self-seeking, blind devotees, let these Godmen arouse the self-confidence and enthusiasm of the people and galvanise their energies to build a new prosperous India But this they will not and cannot do.

Indeed, some of them do not hesitate even to equate sex with self-realisation and encourage indulgence in sex and drugs by comparing their experience with *samadhi* (the trance of realisation). Realisation is the superior state of equilibrium *(Samatvam)* which brings about a lasting change in the personality of the one who has achieved it But to equate it with a momentary state of pleasure or drug-induced stupor is the worst form of chicanery and perversity

It is true that, like the hunger for food or natural need for evacuation of the bowels, sexual release is a natural biological urge. The only difference is that whereas in the first two cases, the individual alone is involved, in sex the male and female participate for more than one object With the pleasure that accompanies the act of copulation, nature also links the role of procreation. Sex is fundamental to the very existence and continuation of the human species To bring the two sexes together and also to provide for taking care of the offspring, nature has provided for mutual attraction in which so much emotion gets involved, this we call love.

The best and the most satisfying union of the opposite sexes is when the two are emotionally and physically attached to each other and are complimentary in consummation Anything else is just prostitution. Human society from experience has devised the institution of marriage for the sake of stability and parental care of the offspring It has, however, to be remembered that marriage by itself is not the guarantee of a mutually complementary union. It can be said that a truly satisfied person, both in terms of food, health and sex, has the necessary make-up for concentration, peace of mind and ultimately for self-realisation Probably because a satisfactory sexual relationship is so difficult to obtain, that rather than keep persuing it and get frustrated in the process, the knowledgeable and experienced persons thought it better to withdraw from this pursuit altogether. Hence many have been preaching abstinence But, this again has no direct bearing on realisation. As pointed out earlier, realisation is the knowledge of the totality of life and universe, which in turn enables a person to look at men and matters in broader perspective. This not only changes his comprehension but also his approach which to ordinary persons appears extraordinary.

It is again wrong to think that realisation is something godsend and very difficult to achieve except through the blessings of a guru Once it is understood that a person with realisation does not acquire supernatural powers, it will be easy to comprehend that every intelligent human being can aspire to and, with a little effort, achieve real sation. With many rational persons with a humanitarian and catholic approach to life, this feeling comes momentarily. But, under the pressure of worldly strife, they lose it equally fast. To acquire this sense of realisation permanently and make it a part of one's nature is really difficult. It requires constant practice of concentration and meditation to make *Sakshi Bhava* into *Sthayi Bhava* (the perceiver attitude a permanent one). "Yoga" is one way of doing so and those who understand and follow this intelligent path do not have to succumb to the frauds of the so-called Godmen. ■

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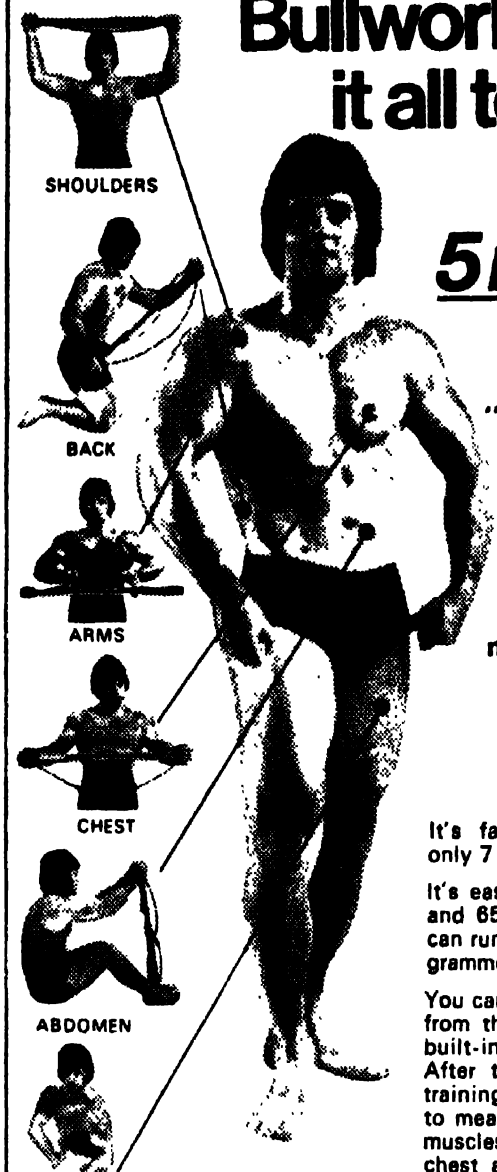

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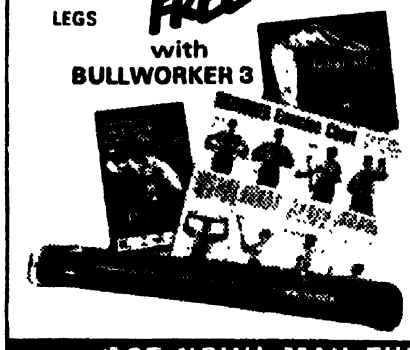

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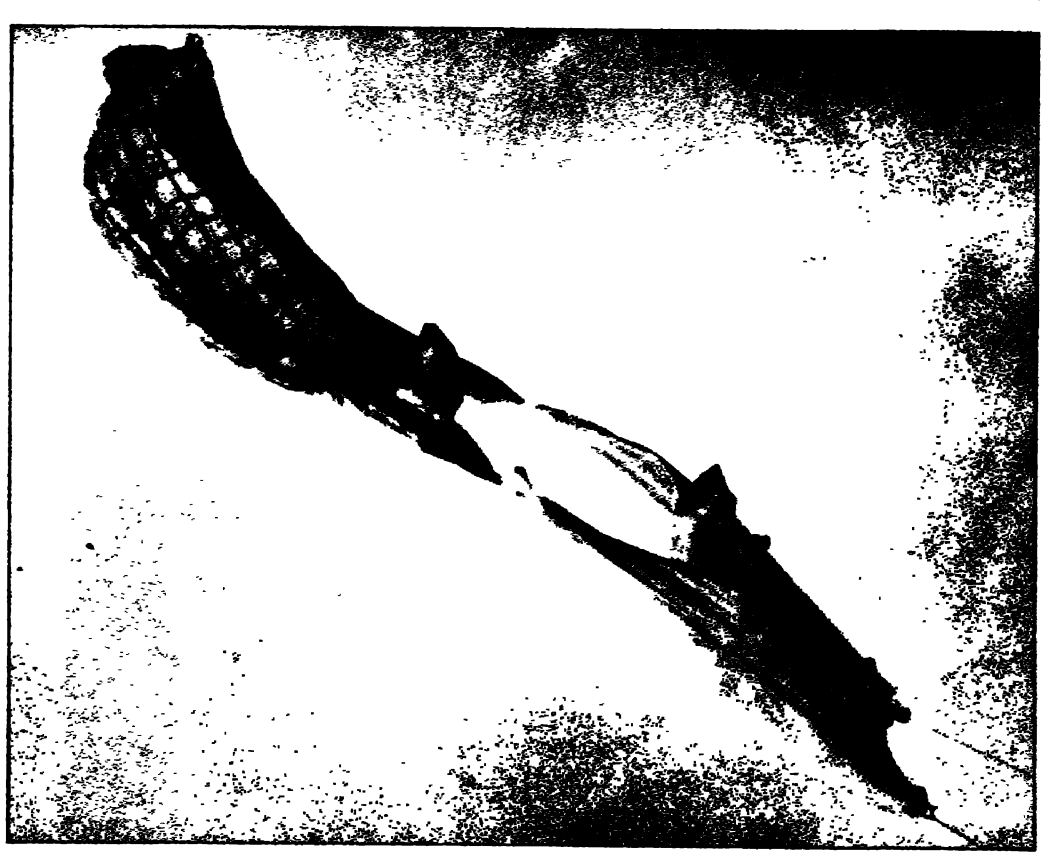
THE THIRD EYE

A Beautiful Language

Photographs and Text by Dr M. Kanitkar

I GRADUATED as a doctor in 1937 and have continued to practise medicine since. I took up photography as a hobby in 1933 and have been devoted to it for five decades now. I made my debut in an international photo salon in the year 1937. Twenty years later I was elected an associate of the Royal Photographic Society, London and the following year of the Federation Internationale de L'art Photographique, Sweden. I have won several awards at national and international salons and have organised many one man shows in addition to conducting classes. For me, photography is a beautiful language —and not as costly as it is made out to be!

ment he has yet fully to explore his own internal resources. This can best be done by open and collective effort. Godmen must cooperate in the task instead of throwing a cloak of secrecy over whatever they know. Or is it begging the question? The open inquiry which would explode the myth of their alleged mystic powers is perhaps precisely what the so called Godmen are afraid of.



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'ROMAN' HOLIDAY Vice President M Hidayatullah accompanied by his wife visits the Roman ruins at Jerash Jordan while on a goodwill visit to Egypt and Jordan

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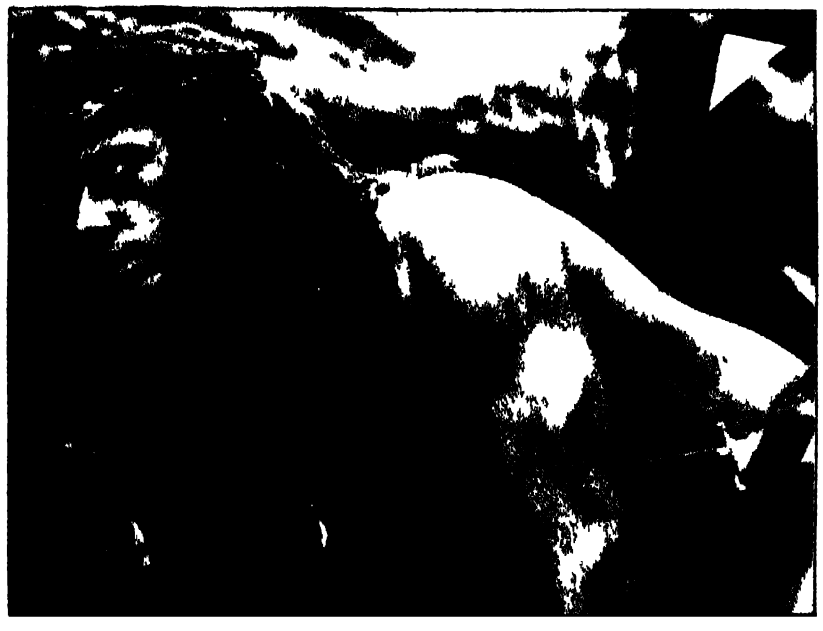
HANG YOUR HEAD HERE Larry Lawrence and his wife pose with a model of the guillotine they build and sell from their Galveston Indiana home The models vary from the 20 ft Robespierre to the six ft Antoinette and are used as hat racks business sign and of course conversation pieces

VYJAYANTHI AND CHARITY Prime Minister Indira Gandhi receives a copy of Vyjayanthimala s LP album on Bharata Natyam dance music The danseuse has donated her share of the royalty from the record to the Prime Minister s National Relief Fund Also in the picture is Dr Bali

THE WORLD AROUND US

HAIR RAISING Dhorie Geronimo displays her lovely long locks after winning the Long Is Lovely annual competition sponsored by Hair magazine in London It took her eleven years to grow the prize winning tresses to a length of 65½

LORD OF THE APES Christopher Lambert will be the new Tarzan in the movie Greystoke The Legend of Tarzan Lord of the Apes currently under production

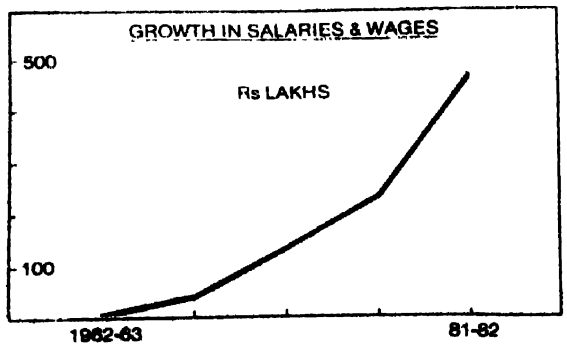


For 25 years, Nirlon has unleashed industrial growth with its intermediary products. Whilst doing so, Nirlon has given impetus to small-scale entrepreneurs: fishermen along India's coastline, and weavers of Surat, Bhiwandi, Amritsar and Ludhiana, to name a few. These have become synthetic textiles industry centres, a large number being household units; many developed by Nirlon.

Nirlon has also raised living standards by providing jobs, and setting up its belting plants in developing areas. This enables an infrastructure to develop, along with welfare amenities. A testimony to these, Nirlon won the Indian Merchants' Chamber Award for Employee Relations.

Nirlon employees are among the best looked-after in the country. With housing, canteens, free education for employees and their families, health care and family planning, parks, an auditorium, activity centre and a community swimming pool at Goregaon.

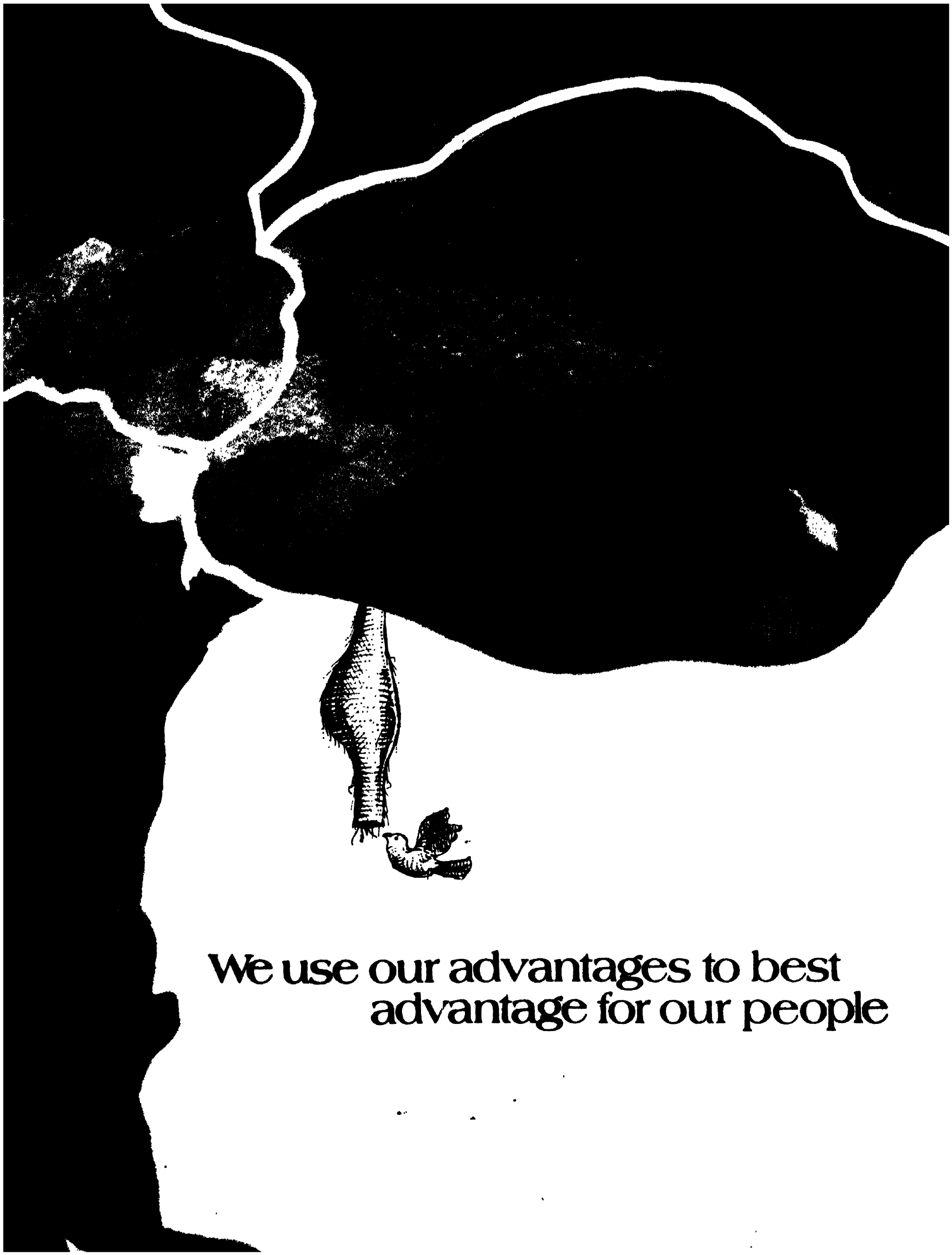
Nirlon's pioneering spirit and management team never forgets that people matter more than machines. That welfare leads to better work opportunities — and that life is a celebration.



Nirlon

Nirlon Nylon Filament Yarn
Nirester Polyester Filament Yarn
Nircord Tyrecord
Nirbelt Conveyor, V and Fan Belts

Catalysts of Industrial Growth



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Health

Rheumatic Heart Disease

IF we were to ignore leprosy because there are a mere 3 2 million cases in India –and it is a disease that does not kil'—there would be quite a hue and cry However, side by side, rheumatic heart-disease which affects nearly double the number (of children) is ironically allowed to play havoc with the lives of kids In a like vein, if no programme had been drawn up at the national level for the control of tuberculosis (8 million X ray positive cases) public indignation would have been vehement but in the case of a disease three fourth as frequent in children as pulmonary tuberculosis no cognisance is taken

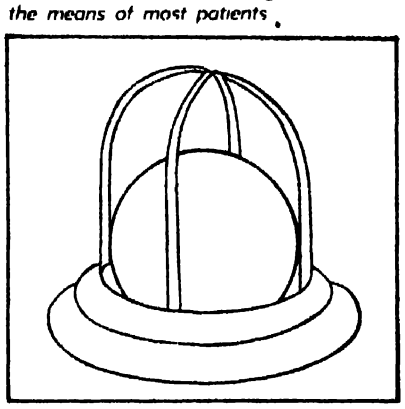
Rheumatic heart disease is the commonest type of heart disease in the hospitalised cases of cardiac disorders in all the large hospitals of the country constituting 30 to 40 per cent of the admissions in the cardiac category (The dreaded coronary artery disease—heart attacks and other less life threatening manifestations is a distant second)

There is positive proof that rheumatic heart disease continues unabated in the Third World—there are no signs of any downward trend in its prevalence in India (*Lancet*, October 24 1981) Numerous surveys among school children in the last 25 years have shown rheumatic heart disease to be a widely prevalent malady probably affecting an average of 56 per 10,000 children in the country Unfortunately it does not arouse widespread interest among the public in the way that epidemics of cholera and small pox did in the past

It is particularly galling when one knows that rheumatic heart disease is the type of cardiac ailment that is easiest to eradicate Indeed the West has very nearly freed its children from the scourge of this disease

Children and adolescents get sore throats which are often so mild that they tend to go unnoticed As a result, a child may, a few days later, develop rheumatic fever characte rised by joint pains and swelling It is well and good if the disease does not progress any further but, unfortunately some children so suffering can develop an inflammation of the leaflets of the heart valves Healing by fibrosis in a few years results either in narrowing of the valve-opening (offering resistance to free flow of blood from one chamber of the heart to the other) or incompetence of the valve, so that blood leaks or regurgitates into another chamber

THE ARTIFICIAL VALVE that replaces the damaged valve provides considerable relief and palliation Unfortunately the cost of this valve or such advanced surgery is beyond the means of most patients



The heart so affected will progressively fail to function effectively The child, once stigmatised with rheumatic fever, is very prone to develop recurrences and with each recurrence, the heart is further "bitten" The damaged valve can now be replaced by an artificial-valve prosthesis which can provide considerable relief and palliation

It must, however be understood that there are hardly ten centres in India which have the expertise and the facilities to perform open heart surgery Besides, it is beyond most patients to be able to afford the cost of the valve (Rs 5,000 to 10,000) or such advanced surgery

All rheumatic fevers can be prevented by the treatment of streptococcal sore throat with penicillin (primary prevention) but,, in that event, thousands of sore throats will have to be diagnosed and treated for preventing a single case of rheumatic fever something that is just not possible in any country save one extremely affluent The first attack of rheumatic fever is ordinarily not serious it is the recurrences that make it so Fortunately, such recurrences can be completely prevented by an injection of long acting penicillin once a month (secondary prevention) for a few years This has been rightly described as the finest achievement of medicine in rheumatic fever" and it is in this direction that WHO made recommendations for enforcement by developing countries Two pilot studies in India (at Vellore and Delhi) have amply demonstrated their feasibility and benefit

Now 1984-85 has been declared the Year of the Rheumatic Heart Child so that an effort may be made to give "the otherwise condemned children of developing countries a chance to benefit '— in the words of Dr H Neufeld President of the last World Congress of Cardiology A year is observed internationally to direct attention to a particular problem so that national and other efforts may be intensified to check and control it

A CARDIAC CRIPPLE Rheumatic Heart Disease is extremely common in children In India alone, there are almost 6 million children afflicted by it

In conclusion, it can be said that in India we have the resources, the capacity and the expertise to eradicate rheumatic fever by the end of this century if there is a concentrated drive, publicity campaigns for mass education and a national will Japan and a number of small countries (like Singapore and Hong Kong in Asia) have achieved a drastic decline in less than two decades India would do well to follow their example ■

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That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

MRS SANTOSH CHADDA.

YEARS ago a young girl, born and brought up in the verdant vale of Kashmir, used to watch with wide-eyed admiration the exquisite artistry of Kashmiri carpet weavers Today, Mrs Santosh Chadda presides over a family business, hers being the sort of success story that could serve as an inspiration for those endowed with the right kind of initiative and enterprise

Settling down in Delhi after marriage and raising a family, she found, after her children grew up, that she had time and ideas, but not enough money Mrs Chadda went to Kashmir, got in touch with carpet weavers, persuaded them to release a few pieces on a credit basis and sold these to members of the diplomatic community Having tapped the fancy of the capital's diplomats, she graduated in 1974 to exports, bringing her sons Anoop and Arvind, and daughter Jayshree, into the fold of a burgeoning business The boys have provided the drive and dash, and their sister the mellifluous touch in a business that involves, at the other end, the connoisseur

The Chaddas have dexterously exploited the growing fashion in Western Europe and the USA for luxurious hand-woven silk and wool-and-silk carpets They provide the designs and raw materials on a contractual basis to weavers in Kashmir, Jaipur, Punjab and Delhi The eventual price can range from Rs 40 to Rs 1,000 per sq ft, which means that the profit margin is large Maharaja Carpets' exports now touch Rs 75 lakh but should exceed Rs 1 crore if the Chaddas make a foray into the Latin American market They plan to participate in the Bogota Fair later this year

One thing leads to another. In 1979, Mr Rudy Fabre, who runs the Air-Routing International Corporation in Houston, USA, was so thrilled by his carpet purchases that he asked the Chaddas if they would like to become his agents in India. Thus was born Aviation Marketing and Services, which the younger Chaddas run between themselves. They provide services to private aircraft coming to India—arranging landing permits, furnishing flights plans, arranging ground transportation and hotel accommodation and what have you. "On an average we handle one flight every alternate day," says Mr Arvind Chadda.

The posh Chadda bungalow in Delhi's exclusive West End shows that luxurty carpets plus private aircraft add up to a lucrative business

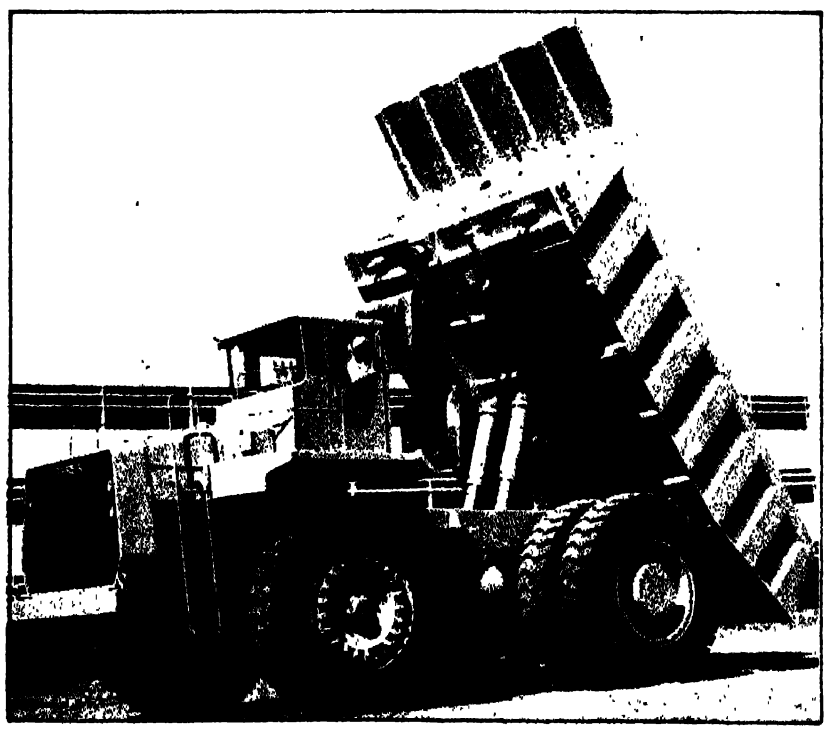
Project Exports

The Engineering Projects (India) Limited's giant housing project in Ardiya, Kuwait, can at last be regarded as complete because the Kuwaiti authorities carried out a final inspection on March 13. Nearly 2,500 housing units have been built over six years at a cost of 5,60,00,000 Kuwaiti dinars The EPI must be heaving a sigh of relief, for the project's chequered progress often found this public sector company in the dock. Even at the tag end there were hassles, if the inordinately long gap between the completion of the last phase and possession by the Kuwaitis is any indication Were the clients dissatisfied? The newly-appointed Chairman of EPI, Mr H C Malhotra, is taciturn about it.

MR H C. MALHOTRA, Chairman, EPI

He would rather talk about something else The EPI is trying for a Rs 200 crore turnkey defence project in Iraq Considering the nature of the project, political acceptability would be the decisive factor, which means that an Indian company stands a good chance Again, EPI is hopeful of getting a Rs 20 crore civil works contract at the Ruwas hydro-cracking project in Abu Dhabi It is negotiating with the Italian firm of Snam Progetti, who are consultants for the Abu Dhabi National Oil Company

A civil engineer, Mr Malhotra is all for the consortium approach in project exports "provided there is no duplication and overlapping"



Delivering The Goods

Statuesque and with the freshness of youth ruffling her tousled hair, Miss Anna-Maria Wiedenbeck looks more like a fashion designer's dream than a business executive, but she is one—the latter What she is doing in India sounds interesting

The inability of Indian garment exporters

MS ANNA-MARIA WIEDENBECK

to keep to delivery schedules and their proclivity to cheat on quality is an oft-heard complaint Otto Versand, a Hamburg-based mail-order house, was having problems on this score So it sent Miss Wiedenbeck out to India to work as a "technical consultant" with Indian exporters and to see if things could be improved Perhaps they have, for otherwise she would have been recalled Otto's imports from India now touch DM 20 million

But with the Indian red-tape's octopus-like quality of keeping businessmen (or women) in a bind, it must be a tough grind "Often, I have to work even on week-ends" Coming from a Westerner, that must be something!

Stock Exchange For Gauhati

The Calcutta Stock Exchange has taken steps to prevent undervaluation of investment companies which usually takes place at the beginning of a new financial year to reduce the tax burden on individual assessees Since investment companies are usually closely held, it becomes easy for them to transact shares at absurdly low prices and thus show fictitious losses This helps to save income tax as quotations on stock exchanges are regarded by the authorities as proof for allowing deductions for tax purposes It has now been decided not to print any transactions of shares of listed investment companies at prices below Rs 4 for Rs 10 shares

The stock exchange has also made conditions for listing investment companies more stringent by stipulating that the minimum number of shareholders should be 1,000 and the minimum share capital Rs 50 lakh The earlier stipulations were 400 for shareholders and Rs 20 lakh for share capital This should check the spurt in the number of investment companies listed on the stock exchange, despite the fact that these have become a still more attractive means of tax evasion in view of the budgetary proposal to tax the income of religious trusts

Representations had been made to the Union Finance Ministry that because of postal and banking delays a period of 14 days for hand-delivery shares was too short. North Block has, therefore, decided to extend the delivery period to three months But market circles think that this would mean substantial relaxation of the ban on forward trading, if not its revocation To guard against such abuses, the stock exchange Division of the Ministry has called a meeting of Executive Directors of the various stock exchanges in the first week of April to evolve counter-measures. One proposal is to impose margins on contracts carried forward from one settlement. Another is to have a two-tier system of making up prices for payment of differences

What is intriguing, however, is the move to offer a sop to Assam in the form of a stock exchange at Gauhati With mayhem ruling the roast in that State, the move, purely from the business angle, is meaningless Bhubaneswar's claim to a stock exchange is much stronger

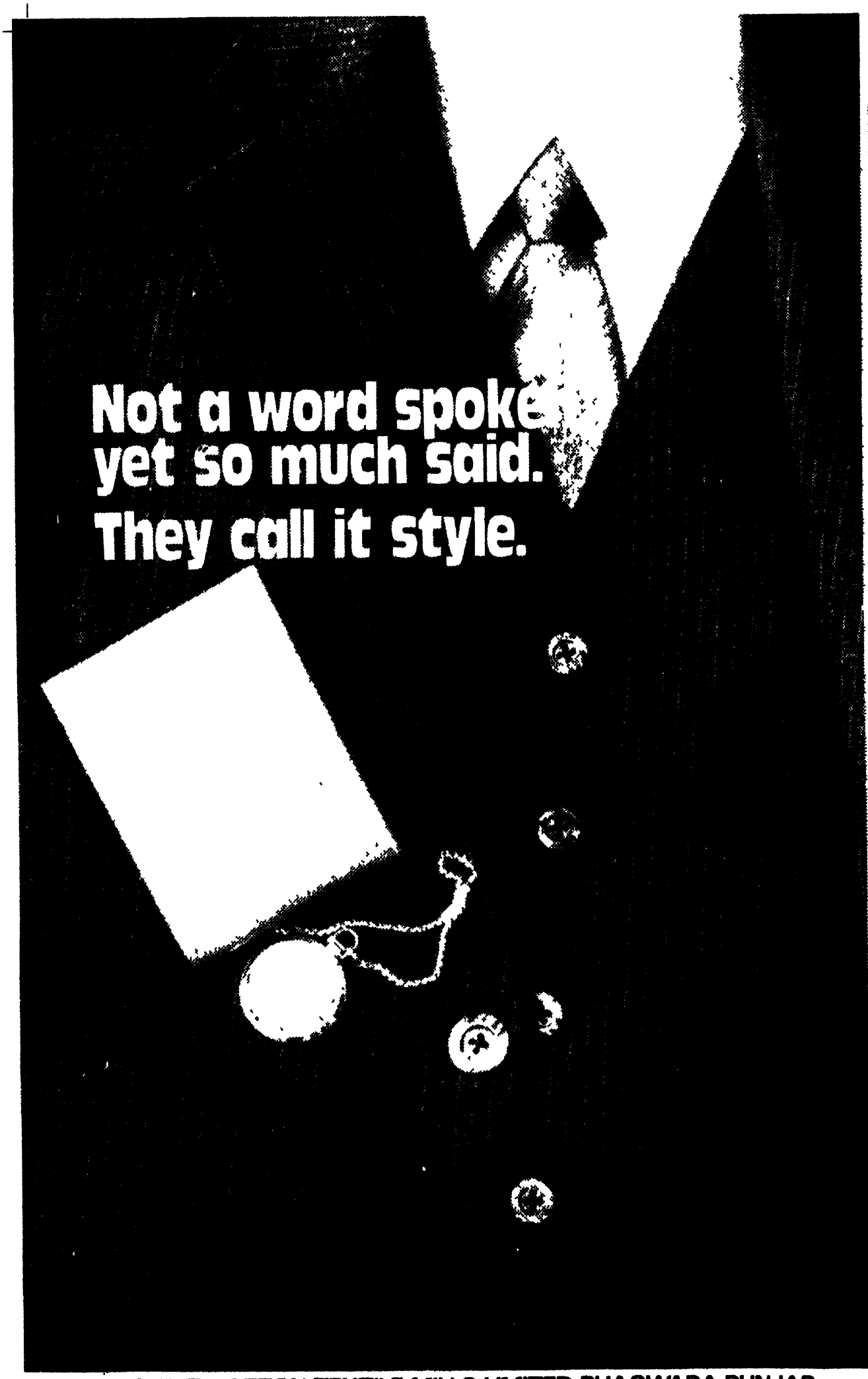
Pollution Alarm

Some days ago, a few schoolchildren, walking between home and school in the Najafgarh industrial area, suddenly fell sick and had to be hospitalised Doctors diagnosed inhalation of sulphur dioxide and chlorine, two known air contaminants Factory owners honour their obligation to install anti-pollution devices more in breach than in observance Will this incident cause any twinge in the bureaucratic conscience and result in the enforcement of the Air (Prevention and Control of Pollution) Act 1981?

Gigantic Dumper

The Madras-based earthmoving equipment division of Hindustan Motors Limited has, in collaboration with IBH Holding AG, West Germany, developed a huge 85-ton dumper with a horse-power of 840 and a heaped capacity of 65 cubic feet To give you an idea of the dumper's gigantic size its wheels are nearly twice the height of a man First customer, the Rajappa project of Central Coalfields in Eastern India ■

tonne capacity



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THE country doctor came home all worn out and prepared for a good night's sleep, but no sooner had he retired than the phone beside his bed rang loudly. He nudged his wife· "Listen dear, see who it is, say you expect me soon, or anything you can think of "

The wife answered the phone. "Doctor is not at home," she reported

"Well, this is Mrs. Susheela," rattled a voice in the receiver. "I've got a pain in the chest and I want to see him as soon as he comes in "

The doctor whispered some instructions to his wife, which she repeated to the prospective patient "Do that and I'm sure you'll soon feel all right "

"Thanks very much," said the lady on the phone, "but tell me, is that gentleman who seems to be with you qualified to advise me?"

THERE is only one way to handle a woman The trouble is nobody knows what it is

THE smiling, confident young man entered a New York bank. He stepped up to the manager's desk and began, "Good day, sir. Has your bank any need for a highly-intelligent, college-trained man?"

The manager handed him an application form and offered to assist him in filling it out.

"Your name?"

"Theophile Babinger."

"Experience?"

"Just out of college."

"I see," said the manager. "And what kind of position are you seeking?"

"Well," mused the young man, "I want something in the executive line, such as a vice-presidency, for example."

The manager put down his pencil. "I'm really very sorry," he said sarcastically, "but we already have twelve vice-presidents "

The young man waved a hand, then stated with a happy confidence, "Oh, that's all right, I'm not superstitious."

A HOLLYWOOD starlet, who was more beautiful than brainy, visited friends one day and asked to be shown through their new greenhouse Pausing a moment before one plant, she asked its name.

"It belongs to the Begonia family," was the host's answer.

"Oh," gushed the beauty, "how nice of you to look after it while they are away."

NEIGHBOUR· "They tell me your son is on the college football team. Do you know what position he plays?"

Proud mother: "I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the drawbacks "

THE trouble with being a woman these days is that you've got to look like a girl, dress like a boy, think like a man, and work like a dog

PIANIST Rachmaninoff told this story about his boyhood:

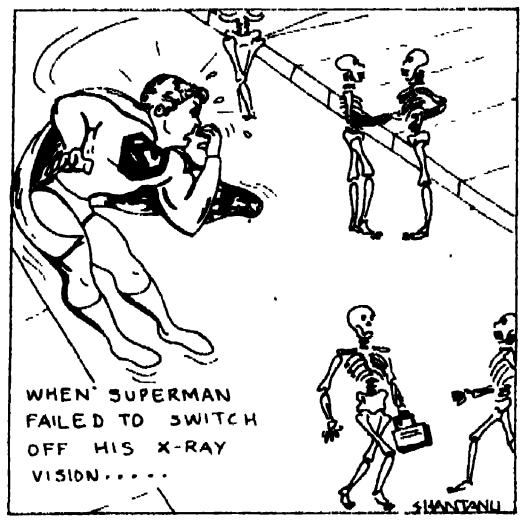
"When I was a very little fellow," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian count's and, for an urchin of seven, I flatter myself that I swung through Beethovan's *Kreutzer Sonata* pretty successfully.

"The *Kreutzer,* you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests the count's wife, a motherly old lady, leaned forward, patted me on the shoulder and said: "Play us something you know, dear."

HEYWOOD Broun was listening with disbelief to a speaker at a political rally who was giving his own version of the facts.

"How does he get away with it?" whispered a fellow reporter to Broun. "He's murdering the truth "

Broun shook his head in disagreement. "He'll never get close enough to it to do it bodily harm," he said.



JIMMY: "Oh, you're afraid to fight."

Johnny: "No, I'm not, but if I fight, my mom'll find out and spank me."

Jimmy: "How will she find out?"

Johnny: "She'll see the doctor going into your place."

A DISTRICT attorney was having trouble with one of the witnesses, a rather pugnacious old man.

"Are you acquainted with any of the jurors?" asked the D.A.

"More than half," grunted the witness.

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

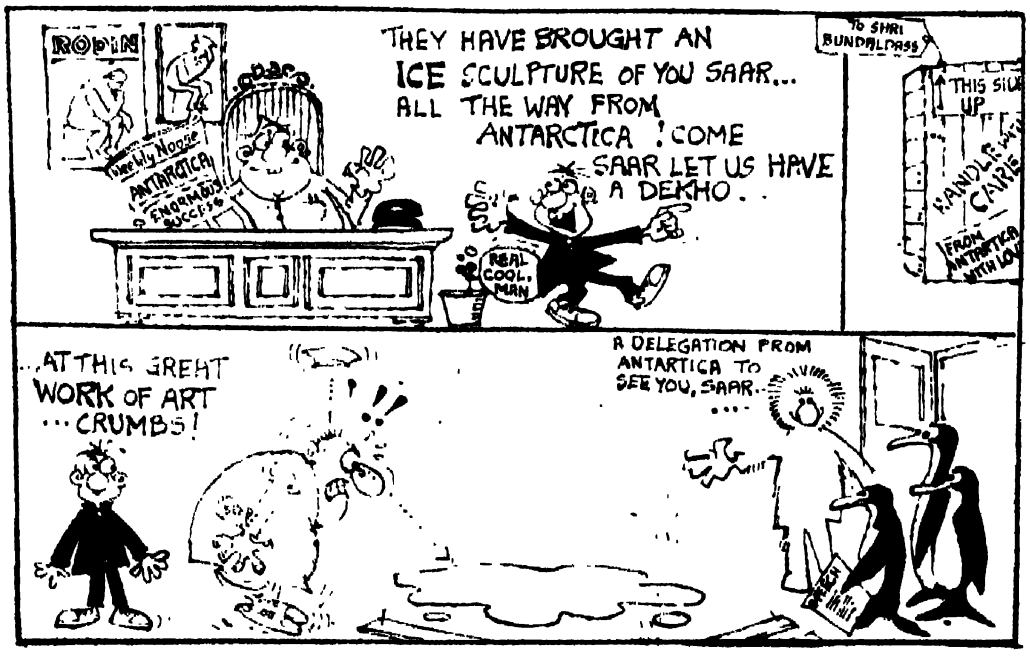
The old man flicked a glance over the jury box. "If it comes to that," he drawled, "I'm willing to swear I know more than all of them put together."

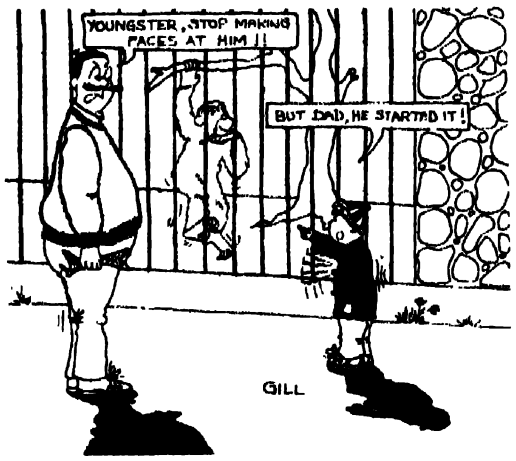
ARTIST: "I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose."

Critic: "Why not give it to an institution for the blind?"

SIGN on the back of a truck: "Please don't hug me. I'm going steady."

THE HON'BLE MINISTER BUNDALDASS • mario





A FROWNING woman walked up to a little boy she caught smoking.

"Does your mother know you smoke?" she demanded.

"Lady," he countered, "does your husband know you stop and talk to strange men on the street?"

A NEW Yorker, pointing to a hillside field, complimented the New Englander on his corn.

"How do you plow that field? It looks pretty steep"

'Don't plow it; when the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling downhill tear it up."

"That so? How do you plant it?"

"Don't plant it really Just stand in my back door and shoot the seed in with a shotgun."

"Is that the truth?" asked the New Yorker

"Hell, no That's conversation."

A MOTHER brought her four-year-old twins to a store for a final fitting of identical coats Wouldn't the twins like to see themselves in the mirror, the store owner asked.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," the mother replied, "They never do—they just look at each other."

JUDGE· "I am revoking your driver's licence, and you will not be allowed to drive a car for two years. You're a danger to pedestrians."

Motorist: "But your honour, my living depends on it."

Judge: "Yes, and so does theirs."

OFFICER: "Why did you keep on going after I whistled?"

Lady driver: "Sorry, officer, I'm pretty deaf."

Officer: "Well, don't worry, lady, you'll get your hearing in the morning."

YOUNG lady driver (presenting a parking ticket at the police station): "Did one of your men lose this? I found it on my windshield!"

A CONCEITED bachelor was invited to dinner by a lady of consequence. But he didn't accept. Meeting her on the street a few days later, he said in his best manner, "I believe you asked me to dine with you last week."

"Yes, I believe I did," responded the lady, adding, "and did you come?"

MRS Jones was reading a letter at breakfast. Suddenly she looked up suspiciously at her husband.

"Henry," she said, "I've just received a letter from mother saying she isn't accepting our invitation to come and stay, as we do not appear to want her. What does she mean by that? I told you to say that she was to come at her own convenience. You did write that didn't you?"

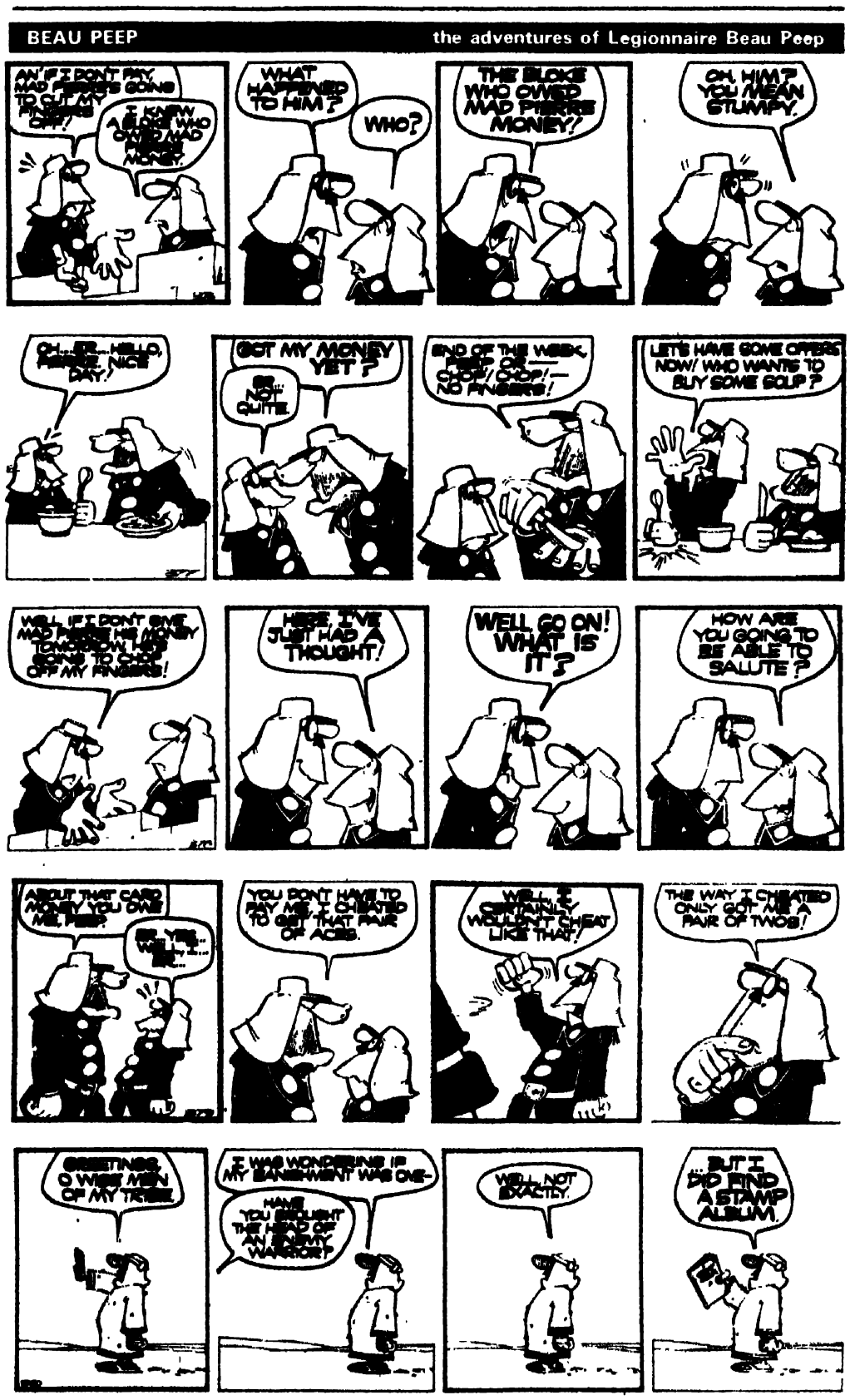
"Er-yes, I did," said the husband. "But I—I couldn't spell 'convenience', so I made it 'risk' "

ONE of the Sunday school teachers in a large and fashionable church was explaining to his class the significance of the colour white.

"White," he explained, "stands for joy. That is why a bride wears white when she's married. He wedding day is the most joyous occasion of he life."

"Then, why," queried the little boy, "do all men wear black?"

Compiled by R. Muthuswamy



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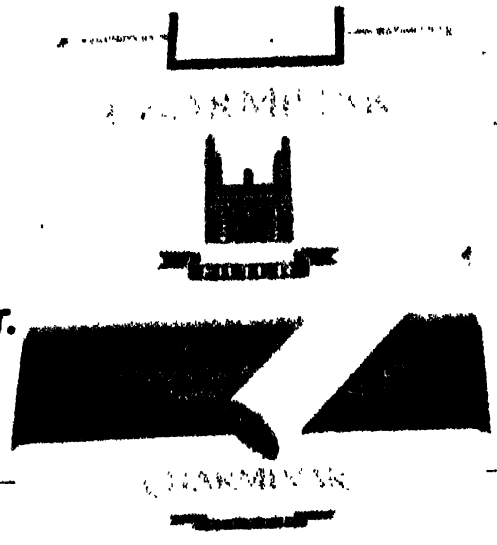
Give me a ghazal.
Give me a paan.

And give me the taste of toasted tobacco.



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WALLS

by Keki N. Daruwalla

Illustrated by P.B. Kavadi

She wondered at the total lack of anger in her. In fact, she had a sense of relief that the dream-shadows around her had been lanced with light.

MALTI got up and switched off the desert cooler, feeling relieved when its steady drone died down. Now she could once again hear the ceiling fan whir overhead. Opening the front door, she took the paper in, went back and flopped down on the bed, without wasting a look at the headlines. All she wanted was to be alone with her thoughts for a while.

Dreams had been at high tide during the night, wave upon wave sweeping over her like cloud-shadows during a rising wind. She wanted to mull over them and catch this stream of images at the edge of awareness before it drifted into limbo.

She had dreamt of people streaming into the living room, couples most of them, quite a few arm in arm. In the backyards of the dream she heard car-doors bang. The crush in the room became unbearable and she started wondering where to fit in all these people. As more of them came in, she noticed that there was no smile on their faces. In fact they hardly had faces, as they drifted in like silhouettes, to the background music of slamming car doors. Unconsciously she asked herself if they had come to condole. Wild-eyed she had looked for her children. They were there, both of them. The pressure of people seemed to be increasing and she thought that if they all exhaled at the same time, the windows would burst open. She looked for her husband and found he was not there. The inevitable car door slammed. But this time the noise was followed by the sound of tyre-wheels tearing over loose gravel.

She had woken up for a few moments and drifted back into dreams, like a fern reaching for shadow. This time she was in →

a room which was adjacent to a railway station, but at times seemed to be built right under the track There was a sense of *deja vu* about it all, for she had seen the room in earlier dreams, and had heard the symphony of the traffic overhead, as it rumbled past. She could feel floor and roof and walls reverberating to the onset of wheels Then she had felt some difficulty in breathing and woken up

It was only lately that she had started taking stock of her nocturnal visions Malti always felt that in the mornings dreams lie around you like bits of broken mirrors. When you look into them they can't but help reflecting your face as they see it now, in the harsh light of day

Going back to a dream, Malti had always realised, was stripping it of its dreamlight, its penumbral glow She had told a friend once that a recollected dream was as close to the real one as alimony to a marriage Only the figures were left in the morning, a string of numbers, bits of broken statuary which we sought to piece together with our logic

Her gown had slipped over her knees, but she did not bother to adjust it It was a lace-frilled gown, lavender-coloured and made of some synthetic material with a glossy finish She got up and the gown fell in satin-ripples beneath her ankles She looked down and found it was not crumpled

Standing before the mirror she noticed shadowy smears under the eyes, and the forehead furrowed The gown without one false crease, the face lined That nylon should have the better of flesh, ironic though it seemed, made sense to her. In another ten years she would be trundling around with a derelict face.

Walking to the basin she helped herself to a splash of cold water, rubbed the soap into a thick lather and washed her face. She was answering the mirror's questions with a new face now, as she stood there combing her hair, the plastic brush crackling every now and then with an electric charge as it swept down

OUTSIDE, the lawn must have been starred with the white-flowered *champa*. The whole night it kept dropping its floral excesses In the morning she would often pick them up and put them in a water bowl. They had a very faint smell, nowhere near the powerful fragrance of the *mogra*. But she did not feel like going out and collecting them this morning.

Their house faced east Opening the door meant confronting the sun, already gleaming like a radar dish, though it was not yet seven An hour later the gardener would come and lower the bamboo blinds on the veranda. The blinds had a blue cloth on the inside, and once they were pulled down, this portion of the house became moss-dark, almost blue with shadow, and an illusion of coolness stole over the place

The maid came and rapped at the kitchen door None of the servants came from the front, ever The sweeper, of course, entered only the bathrooms, both of which opened into the backyard Even the gardener, when he needed to consult her on buying seeds, or bringing a flowerpot from the nursery came and conversed in the vegetable patch next to the kitchen

Malti opened the door and within a few minutes tea was laid Anil was up, reading the paper, reclining against his bedrest For an hour almost total silence

prevailed, except for the rustle of the unfolding paper as he plodded his way from the front page to the editorial, to soccer forecasts for the coming world cup He noticed her listlessness and the fact that she had not asked for the middle page, as was her wont He had looked at her only once through the corner of his eyes to size up her mood

"You all right, I hope?"

"Yes, I am all right"

"Bad dreams again?" he asked, getting up and folding the paper.

"You wouldn't be interested," she answered rather wearily She had casually mentioned her shuttered dreams to him once when the cycle had started a month back He had given her the brush off then. "Dreams make bad copy," he had said rather enigmatically, "they need professional proof-readers."

An hour after Anil left for office she went into the veranda and nudged the heavy bamboo blind open, knowing exactly where the postman slipped in the mail. She drew a blank

Outside the heat quivered like a hummingbird. Shielding her eyes against the glare she stepped out, watching a vegetable-vendor trundle past on his ram-shackle bicycle, a huge basket slung on his rear carrier, his face half-hooded under a big damp cloth that flapped against his shoulders She never saw his face, and wondered for an instant what it looked like She walked in to get a reprieve from the sun

A small portion of the veranda had been glazed and turned into a study. It was draped with thick yellow curtains, which she drew aside. To hell with the heat, she thought, I want to look out through the glass. The sun now started beating like a gong against the panes. She gazed at the *neem* tree jutting out from near the hedge, and at the wall of glare beyond it, which gave a white sheen to the top branches. Viewed from a distant roof the tree would be one big parabolic shimmer, she thought. Yet the lower branches drooped with shadow.

Casually she thumbed through the first book she could lay her hands upon It was Camus's *Notebooks*, and the first sentence her eyes lit upon was, "Beyond the window there is a garden, but I can see only its walls. And a few braches flowing with light."

She mulled over that for a while, looking out Not a soul in sight What was wrong with being penned in during dreamtime? Why not let dreams stay in their bunkers? What was so great about a no-wall world? If you looked through a train-window while going to Jaiselmer you noticed that all desertscapes streamed past the horizon.

Her thoughts inevitably went back to the first dream in this cycle of hers, which she could still recall in vivid detail, the figures encrusted in her memory as clear and tangible as those carbonised denizens of Pompeii encased in lava-ash

She had dreamt of her parents and herself, all three staying in one room There was no rug on the floor. The room had two beds, one of them as thin as a railway berth. Her father had not shaved for a day at least, and carried a white stubble on his chin, as he shuffled across the room, his gait unsteady Her mother seemed as busy as ever in her chores, dressed, as in life, in a sari, the dream never focussing on her crow's -nest face. And then it was night even by dreamtime, with Malti turning restless on that railway-birth bed of hers, expecting her father to arrive by the morning train. She was assailed by doubts; must she go to the station to receive him or no? He could easily come on his own; after all one only had to take a tonga

It was odd, she had reflected later, that she had thought of a horse-carriage rather than a cab As the night wore on she had convinced herself that he could make it to the room on his own. His shuffling gait started haunting her. She wanted to throw her covering sheet aside and get up, but a paralysis of will seemed to have seized her, and she could not even stir. The anxiety about her father's return became more pronounced. She simply had to go and fetch him. There was no way he could make it on his own. The room now appeared to her as if it was adjacent to the Railway Station, quick with the tremors of passing trains. All she had to do was to go out of that room and she would be on the platform. She fought this icy stranglehold of inertia, threw the sheet aside, and woke up.

THE phone rang. Chaya was on the line. "Why don't you drop by this evening, Chaya? Anil will be so happy to see you"

"And you?"

"I don't have to tell you how delighted I will be."

There was no response from the other end

"Why can't you come, Chaya? I'll get Anil to drop you back, if that is what's worrying you And have dinner with us."

Chaya was firm about having no dinner She could not afford to return that late, she was expecting a call, and her dinner was already cooked. Malti felt a spasm of tenderness for Chaya, not unmixed with guilt

It was she who should have been phoning Chaya. Chaya's marriage with Harish, on the rocks for the past two years, had finally broken up. Malti had considerable regard for Harish, a large-hearted man, very gentle when sober, but a brute of a fellow when in his cups Anil's sympathies were totally with Chaya, especially during the last violent year of their marriage On the face of it Chaya seemed to have come out of it unscathed, with her laughter intact. But the hurt had gone deeper and if you knew her well enough, you could not but help noticing her wincing against the world.

In the evening Malti rang up Anil. "What is keeping you in office so long today? Chaya is here."

"Look darling, I have an important client here. I just can't make it for an hour"

"You better be back in fifteen minutes," she said sternly When she went back into the living room Chaya asked her rather plaintively, "Why did you bother him?" She looked so cool in her *choori-dar-kameez* outfit, sitting on the rug, nursing a tall gin and lime. The sofa-chair she reclined against kept sliding back with her weight. Malti put two cushions against the wall and made her shift. "Willowy as you are, this chair can't take your weight. You know I dozed off in the afternoon and I dreamt I was sitting on a rickety chair. I got down and sat on the floor like you, resting my back against a chair which slid back. Then I leaned against the wall and the wall tilted! It was so unreal!"

"But what did it mean?" asked Chaya.

"It didn't have a meaning, or at least not one that I know of Dreams appear in cuneiform. That's half the fun."

Barely twenty-seven and already divorced, thought Malti. She remembered a remark which Chaya had let drop when her matter was in the divorce courts, "A woman is the patron saint of pain." Recalled now, it sounded pedantic, But in those days it had embodied for Malti all the agony of womanhood.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Chaya.

"Nothing."

Anil came home sulking a little played

at having to leave office, it seemed. That can't be true, she thought.

"Don't pretend you have been dragged against your will. No one minds being with Chaya!" To her surprise Malti noticed him blanching a little. "And don't pretend you are very tired because you have to drop Chaya back. I wouldn't risk her with those taxi-wallahs."

"Let me at least sit down," he said. "I have hardly set foot in the house!"

He went in for a hurried wash. "Don't bother him," said Chaya, "I'll get a scooter or something."

"Nonsense! You are having dinner and going." When Anil came in, she said, "It is ages since we have seen her, haven't we?" Anil did not answer. After some small talk Chaya was on her feet. "I really must go," she said. "I would have stayed on for dinner if I was not expecting that call. Why don't you come and have grub with me? I have cooked heaps of *biryani*."

How can I tell her that this whole day I haven't felt like going into the garden, leave alone Vasant Vihar. There was much bandying about of dinner invitations. Finally Malti solved the problem "I tell you what, Anil can eat with you"

"But why can't you also come along?"

"I don't feel up to it." Another round of protestations which slowly petered off. When they drove away Malti felt a little let down Chaya had been unreasonable

SHE ate her meal quietly. She was about to change when a jeep drove up It was her robust, extrovert cousin, Kishore, who had a farm in Gurgaon He had driven down for an after-dinner coffee at the Oberoi.

"But Anil isn't in."

"Why do you let him loose at night? He won't come to any good." They laughed. "Where's he gone, anyway,"

"Vasant Vihar."

"Then let's have coffee at Qutab or Ashoka. I am not going to sit up waiting for him. Let us give him a surprise and drag his hosts along with him." His enthusiasm was infectious. She got into the jeep There were no half measures with Kishore The jeep groaned and lurched forward each time the gears changed.

"You've got the address, I hope."

"Yes, we are going to Chaya's."

"Chaya"? There was dismay in his voice. His foot came off the accelerator.

"You never told me we are going to Chaya's"

"You never asked. But what is upsetting you?" He was hard put to give a rational answer.

"Well, I was not mentally prepared, for one thing, if you know what I mean" She did not "Well I don't fancy her as the kind who would, on the spur of the moment, dash off for a cup of coffee at midnight. I was thinking of packing a flustered elderly couple into my jeep and go tearing over pot-holes and speed-breakers."

"It would be more fun going over speed-breakers with Chaya," she answered. "She may bounce into your lap"

He drove listlessly now, past the deer park and the tennis courts. As he turned right at the university he stopped and asked, "Are you sure you want to go through with this coffee thing? Don't you think the whole idea is childish?"

What was wrong with the man, she thought. Where had all that enthusiasm suddenly disappeared? Beyond Munirka he turned left into the Vasant Vihar colony, went past the Priya cinema and turned off the engine as the car rolled into the house Anil's fiat was parked there. There was only one light in the house. Kishore cleared his throat. "I wonder if anyone's home."

"There has to be," she said "the car is here." Malti felt her voice getting stuck in her throat, somehwere. She knew the place well. The only lighted room in the house was the bedroom.

"Do we have to go through with this?" asked Kishore gazing down at the steering wheel "I suggest we go."

He knew all along! He knew all along, she thought, noting the residue of pity in his voice, recalling his efforts to prevent her from coming here

Malti got down and rang the bell. There was no answer, no sound of footsteps inside. She got into the jeep and said, "Drop me at the Priya Cinema. I'll take a cab from there" When he started remonstrating, she stopped him with a shrill, "please" At lower pitch, though no less firmly, she added, "I know what I want"

After Kishore had driven off reluctantly from the cinema, barely a hundred yards away, she walked back to the house, feeling a little mean as she kept a vigil from behind the hedge Within a few minutes Anil came out and drove away, after having looked around in a slightly furtive manner She walked back to the cinema and took a cab.

In an Indian movie, she reflected, this journey would have been shown to the accompaniment of gusts of rain, and thunder rolling from end to end like barrels across a tilting roof, when actually she was merely traversing empty, tree-lined avenues, her hand resting on the slightly sleazy rexine of the seat She wondered at the total lack of anger in her. In fact, if she was concious of anything it was that the shadows around her had been lanced with light Things seemed to be falling into place suddenly, his lack of ardour during the last month and his occasional return from his morning squash without a drop of perspiration on him. He was obviously at Vasant Vihar rather than at the club.

As she alighted she was struck by the sudden unaccountable sense of relief she had been feeling for the last few minutes. To Anil's concerned queries she replied, "I got stuck ringing a bell. If I am late it is because someone took ages to answer"

No arguments, no bickering She just changed and went to sleep the moment she hit the pillow. As the dreams overtook her, for the first time in a month that cloistered feeling left her, and with it those shadow-scaffoldings that fenced in her sleeping hours The walls and the hedges disappeared and she drifted with her dreams, browsing on downhill pastures that went shelving away into the river-silt.

And the landscapes swung open like an iron gate ■

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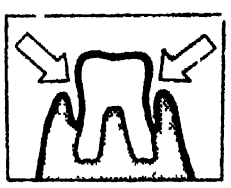

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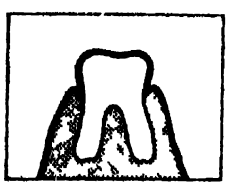

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Next Week For You

S.K.KELKAR

CAPRICORN
(Makara)
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Don't impose your views or opinions on others, otherwise some of your friends will perhaps bid goodbye to you. Await the propitious time to change your policies and views. Road accidents and minor injuries are likely to take place on Monday-Tuesday. Better luck on Tuesday for normal business/vocation.

AQUARIUS
(Kumbha)
Jan 20-Feb 18

Usually, you are patient and have a calm and cool exterior. This week, both these qualities will be put to the test and you may perhaps rudely cut off long-standing relationships and delicate ties. Friday is better for financial matters. Utilise Saturday for organising a social function with friends, guests and associates

PISCES
(Mina)
Feb 19-Mar. 20

Basically, you are much too emotional and sentimental. One of your closest friends or family members may commit mistakes innocently and unknowingly and you will think it was deliberate action. By midweek, you will either criticise vehemently or swear vengeance. By the end of the week, you will repent.

ARIES
(Mesha)
Mar 21-Apr 20

Patience is seldom a virtue in your case. Pool up all your energy and avoid any kind of hostility in and outside your home by midweek. Social and group activities and Government jobs should be postponed this week. Seek adjournment in legal-matters too. Have a small get-together on Friday.

TAURUS
(Vrishabha)
Apr 21-May 20

Enmity, either open or secret may cause physical and mental tension on Monday and Thursday. Ignore baseless and unfounded allegations if hurled against you on Wednesday, curb extravagance on Sunday. Plan a new strategy to defeat rivals on Friday. Saturday is lucky for success. Expect a windfall on Saturday.

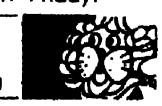
GEMINI
(Mithuna)
May 21-June 20

Expenses on medicine and treatment may drain your purse. Sudden conflicts in the family may take place over property matters. Near and dear ones may develop certain prejudices on Monday. Try to get along with your friends and associates on Friday. Saturday should be utilised for domestic chores.

CANCER
(Kataka)
June 21-July 20

Be tactful and adopt a defensive posture in all your dealings. Politicians and social workers may face a revolt and defections from among their followers and associates, either on Monday or on Thursday Pacify them and accede to their requests verbally. Engineer a new plan for weeding out trouble makers.

LEO
(Simha)
July 21-Aug. 21



A tricky situation may continue to confront you for the entire week. It would be prudent to heed what others have to say without making any final commitment. Ignore the rumours being circulated to malign you on Monday and Thursday. Friday is suited for paying back the opposition in the same coin.

VIRGO
(Kanya)
Aug. 22-Sept 23

Don't ventilate your views before strangers. An embarrassing situation may have to be tolerated by those in service on Monday. Check your trump cards before you appear before an audience and bosses on Wednesday. Make a sound judgement on Friday for pushing up your activities on Saturday.

LIBRA
(Tula)
Sept 24-Oct. 23

Your sense of justice and fair play is likely to be offended due to circumstances beyond your control. Abrupt job transfers may dislocate your activities, on Monday. Wednesday-Thursday may demand courage and tenacity to face awkward situations. Friday is the lucky day of the week.

SCORPIO
(Vrishchika)
Oct 24-Nov. 22

You are an expert in resing your anger and motives. This week your patience may be tested and you are likely to burst out and humiliate others and thus may lose a friend or associate. Tuesday is suited for expecting a letter or news from abroad. Deal with intimates cordially on Wednesday.

SAGITTARIUS
(Dhanu)
Nov. 23-Dec. 20

It is nice to be away from social, philanthropic and religious activities for some more time. Sportsmen and artists should be cautious and careful in displaying their skill on Monday. Guard against possible rift in your rank and file on Wednesday. Generation gap may cause much tension on Thursday.

STAR FOCUS

Halley's Comet 1

Among the vivid and various celestial phenomena, the appearance of a bright comet has attracted the attention of the masses for centuries.

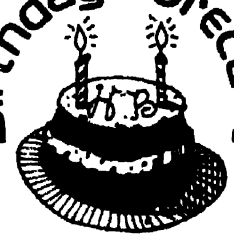
Tycho Brahe, Johannese Kepler and Isaac Newton had carried out extensive observations. This work was continued in Newton's Principia, which was published through the efforts of Edmund Halley. After prolonged study, Halley thought that the comet would return after an interval of 75 years. He predicted that it would return about the end of 1758. Subsequently, French astronomer, Clairaut, felt that the comet would pass its perihelion (the point of its orbit nearest the Sun) around April 13, 1758. The comet passed in perihelion on March 12, 1759.

Thus, Halley's prediction was triumphantly vindicated and it is thus fitting that the comet bears this name.

Since 240 B.C., the comet has appeared 29 times, the last occurrence was on July 11, 1911 when it was 520,000,000 miles from the Sun.

With the improved instruments now available, astronomers are learning more about comets by studying fainter ones that appear frequently. The discovery of another bright comet would accelerate this study. But even if no such comet is found, astronomers expect the return of the comet in 1986. The date is approximately calculated as February 9, 1986 at 9.30 a.m. G.M.T.

Birthday Forecast



Sunday, April 17

Move cautiously in all walks of life till August and thereafter you can do something worthwhile. Last quarter will help to restore your confidence and you can settle down on a sound footing in 1984.

Monday, April 18

Remember, discretion is the better part of valour, in the next couple of months; otherwise be ready to face far-reaching changes in work and your personal life. November-December are good months to plan ahead

Tuesday, April 19

This is going to be a disturbing year from many angles. Maintain status quo and get rid of the ticklish planetary positions till August. The period between October and December is a good one for jobs and business.

Wednesday, April 20

A feeling of loneliness and restlessness is going to continue till September Don't change jobs or partners in the next six months. You can look forward to a better and brighter phase by the end of August.

Thursday, April 21

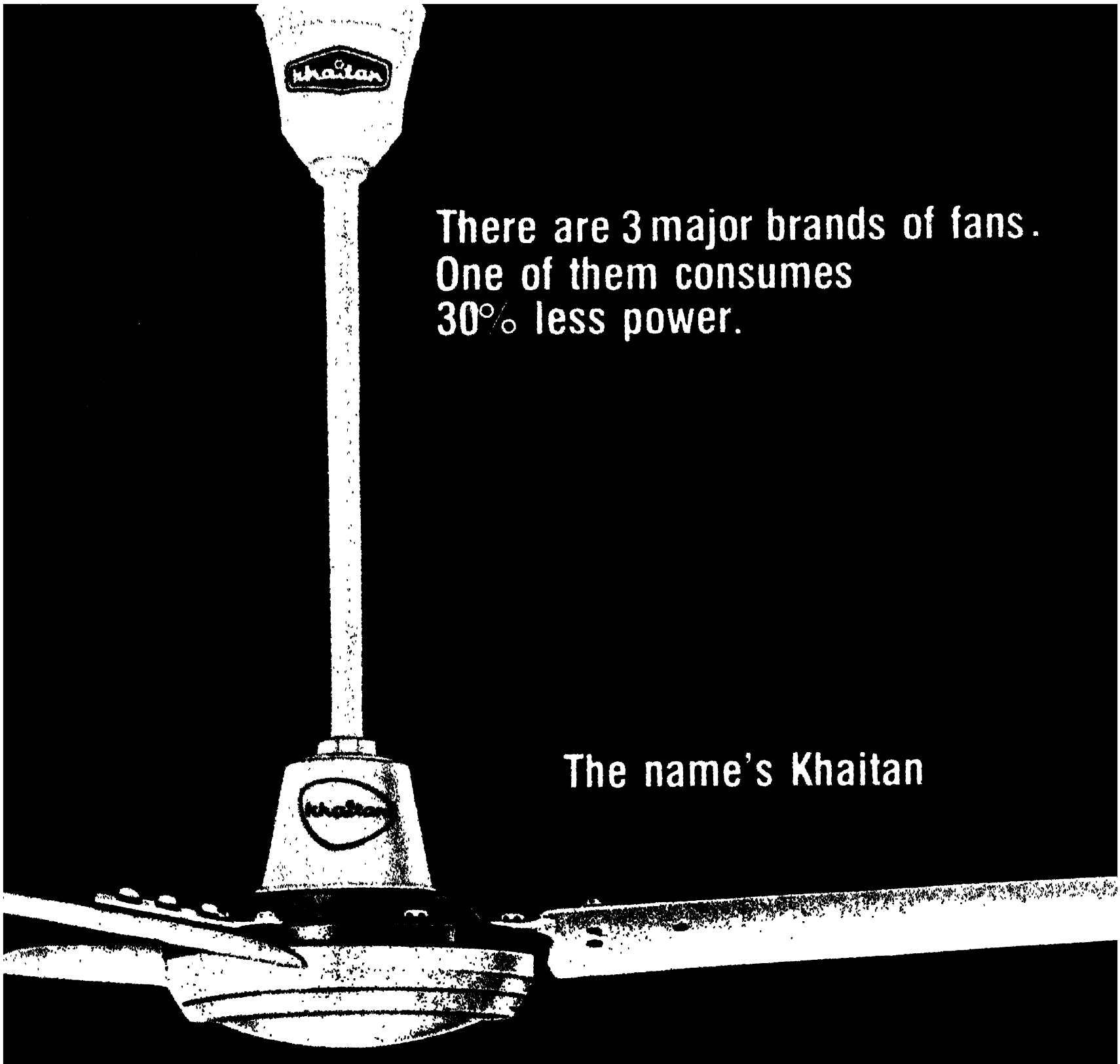
Conflicts are likely to trouble you upto September Don't cut off existing ties but bear your burdens cheerfully upto August. Rapid and favourable changes may take place in November/December.

Friday, April 22

Despite a number of difficulties and bottlenecks, you can swim in troubled waters successfully on account of your shrewd behaviour and intuitive knowledge. Certain important decisions must be taken in November-December

Saturday, April 23

Your 1983/84 stars are of a mixed character. Drastic changes in August-September may change the course of your life. Financial position shows signs of improvement in 1984.


There are 3 major brands of fans.
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a different class of fan

12-19
PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
HZZ HZZ!
CRASH!
WOW! OUT! FAST!
CHIEF, SAVE THOSE CREATURES.. THEY'RE UNIQUE SPECIMENS.. UNKNOWN... PRICELESS!
SORRY, PROFESSOR. HE'S WRECKING THE TOWN! I'M CALLING THE ARMY!
THAT'S WHERE WE LEFT THOSE... ER.. THINGS, HUH!
AS I FEARED... BROKE OUT...
CAPT. BLADE ANIMAL DEALER
LEFT AN EASY TRAIL, LIKE A HURRICANE. FOLLOW IT!
HZZ THE CAVE MONSTER.. THINKING HIS MATE AND CHILD ARE IN DANGER, SEEMS TO GO BERSERK..
TELEPHONE
CRASH
HE'S NOT BERSERK. WITH A HOMING INSTINCT... HE'S HEADING IN A STRAIGHT LINE FOR THE DISTANT ISLE OF EDEN...
CRASH
SY BARRY 12/19
...KNOCKING DOWN ALL THAT STANDS IN THE WAY!
THERE IT IS! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! BULLETS DIDN'T WORK! USE YOUR CANNON!
WOW... WHAT IS IT?
A MONSTER!
12-26
CAPT. BLADE, HOW LONG WE GOT TO SIT HERE?
UNTIL THAT MASKED GUY COMES BACK... OR (GULP) UNTIL THESE CATS.. GET HUNGRY.
GET HUNGRY? UH... WHAT WILL THEY EAT?
(GULP) US.
(YAWN)
SHOOT THAT MONSTER.
GEE, CHIEF.. THEY'RE A FAMILY... POPPA, MOMMA, KID. THIS CANNON'LL BLOW THEM APART
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. DO IT!
??
??
!!
CRASH!
BOOM
YOU MISSED ON PURPOSE!
NO, HONEST. JUST THEN.. I ROLLED OVER A POTHOLE!
SY BARRY 12/26
HZZ
HZZ
...HZZ REALIZES THIS DANGER AND THE NEED FOR COVER... AND GETS IT!
HZZ!
THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE!
THERE THEY ARE! LOWER TO THE STREET!
CONT'D

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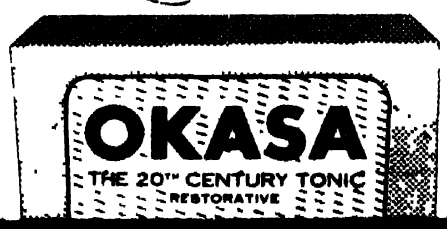

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This Week's Bridge

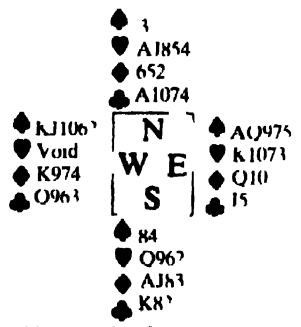
Tolani Masters-I.

THE Team of Four Duplicate event restricted to players with over 300 B F I Master Points took place in February at Bombay This National Masters event the winner of which gets a berth in the Trials to select India's international team is sponsored by Dr Nandlal Tolani the Bombay Shipping and Construction magnate who is one of India's foremost patrons of Duplicate Bridge

This year Dr Tolani introduced a Pairs event in addition to the team event Because of shortage of time players from states other than Maharashtra could not be informed of this in time but from next year onwards this event will be a permanent feature for National Masters from all over India

Jaggy Shivdasani and I were lucky to win the inaugural Pairs event and with it the handsome cash prize donated by Dr Tolani This deal from the two session 60 Board Final gave us one of our many tops It is instructive for matchpoint tactics Our opponents were Dr Tolani and his regular partner Bhagwan Shivdasani

East dealt with East West Vulnerable



The bidding was brief

West	North	East	South
Bhagwan	Jiggy	Tolani	Avinash
		1S	Dble
4S	5H	Dble	P
5S	Dble	All Pass	

Against Five Spades we had three top tricks which we duly took The real point of interest is the bidding At Rubber Bridge or Team of Four Duplicate that South hand does not qualify for a take out Double At Pairs on the other hand most experts tend to get into the bidding as quickly as possible and to compete vigourously for part scores At pairs a take out Double non vulnerable against vulnerable is a perfectly reasonable gamble on this particular South hand The gain came in unexpected fashion when after West's jump to game North had an easy Five Hearts bid—from his viewpoint the contract could even be making Tolani's Double was normal but Bhagwan who could see that defending FIVE Hearts could hardly be a profitable proposition judged to take out Right he was too because at all the other tables East West were allowed to play in Four Spades making so Five Hearts down two or even three would still have been a poor score for him

At Pairs more often than not one tends to play games in No Trump rather than in a minor suit because making say 10 tricks in Three No Trumps for 430 gives you a far better score than for making even twelve tricks in a minor game which is worth 420 These two deals back to back showed up the possible pitfalls in this approach

West opens One No Trump 12 13 non vulnerable and East holds

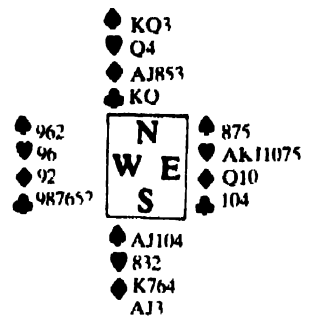
♠ 9
♥ J83
♦ KQ6
♣ A10532

At Pairs most players would bid what I did—Three No Trumps and then would sit as dummy and watch the opponents run off five Spade tricks and the Ace of Diamonds for two down with Five Clubs cold and four Hearts a make Partner held

♠ 1083
♥ AK104
♦ J82
♣ KQ4

This hand provided us with only 1 match point out of 7 The next deal was

North dealer Both Vul



The bidding went

West	North	East	South
	1C (1)	1H	Dble
P	2D	P	2H
P	3NT	P	3NT
All Pass			

North's One Club was Precision 16 up South's Double showed 8 or more points and his Two Hearts bid asked for a Heart stopper North decided to rebid Two No Trumps with his balanced hand and South reluctant to play in Five Diamonds bid the No Trump game Down Two when I was able to cash all my Hearts for 6 points out of 7 to us

North might have rebid 3 Diamonds at his third turn on which South would have bid 3 Spades North Four Spades which would have been the ideal contract Doubtless that's the way they would have bid at Team of Four Duplicate but the lure of Three No Trumps at Pairs proved fatal

Modak and Bhiwandikar the latter playing in his first major tournament played exceedingly well to finish second just ahead of Dr Kher and Balu Ukidave Ukidave incidentally finished second in the 1982 Nationals Open Pairs for the Holkar Trophy with Datar and Ukidave—Datar won the Modi Trophy at the same Nationals This a player of whom we are certain to hear a great deal in the years to come

Laws of Duplicate Bridge-V

Laws extracted verbatim from *Laws Of Duplicate Contract Bridge 1975* promulgated by The World Bridge Federation courtesy the publishers, Waddingtons Playing Card Co Ltd Leeds England (For details of this and other books please write to me)

Procedure after Establishment of a Revoke

Law 64 When a revoke has become established (penalty) after play ceases one trick is transferred to the non offending side if the side that revoked won a trick subsequent to the trick on which the revoke occurred in addition the trick on which the revoke occurred is transferred to the non offending side if it was won by the side that revoked This penalty for an established revoke does not apply

(a) If the side that revoked did not win either the trick on which the revoke occurred or any subsequent trick

(b) if the revoke was a subsequent revoke in the same suit by the same player

(c) if the revoke was made in failing to play any card faced on the table or belonging to a hand faced on the table including a card from dummy's hand

(d) if attention was first drawn to the revoke

(i) after a member of the non offending side has made a call on a subsequent deal or

(ii) after the round has ended

(e) if the revoke was made after the eleventh trick

When after any established revoke including those not subject to penalty the Director deems that the non offending side is insufficiently compensated by this Law for the damage caused he should assign an adjusted score

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess

Knight Sac In Centre

ILLUSIONS of security with a blocked Pawn centre may be shattered by an enemy sacrifice In position No 317 White sacrifices a Knight to open up a Bishop line giving rise to forceful combinational play In No 318 Black's Knight sacrifice on d5 inflicts punishment for White's tardy opening day

Timman-Torre Olympiad, Luzern 1983

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 Bb5 a6 4 Ba4 Nf6 5 00 Be7 6 Re1 b5 7 Bb3 d6 8 c3 00 9 h3 Na5 10 Bc2 c5 11 d4 Qc7 12 Nbd2 cxd4 13 cxd4 Nc6 14 a3 Bd7 15 Nb3 a5 16 d5 Nb8 17 Bd2 a4 18 Nc1 Rc8 19 Bc3! Na6 20 Nd3 Bd8 21 Rc1 Qa7 22 Qd2 Bb6? 23 Rc2 Rc4

Position No 317 24 Ndxe5! dxe5 25 Nxe5 R4c8 26 Nc6! Bxc6 27 Bxf6! gxf6 28 e5! f5 29 Qg5ch Kf8 30 Qh6ch Ke8 31 dxc6 Nc5 32 Bxf5 Ne6 33 Bxe6 fxe6 34 c7! Rxc7 35 Qxe6ch Kf8 36 Rxc7 Bxc7 37 Re4 Qb6 38 Rf4ch, Kg7 39 Qe7ch Kh8 40 Rf8ch 1 0

Ruy Lopez Tchigorin Defence At move 12 Black has various choices such as 12 Nc6 12 Bd7 12 Bb7 12 Rd1 12 g6

14 a3) Usual is 14 Nb3 a5 15 Be3 a4 16 Nbd2 Be6 17 d5 Nb4 18 Bb1 Bd7 (MCO) Ljubojevich Timman Yerevan 1982 17 Rc1 Qb7 18 Qc2 Rfe8 19 Bd3 Rab8 20 dxe5 dxe5 21 Bc5 Nb5 22 g3 Bxc5 23 Rxc5 Qb3 24 Rec1 Rbc8 25 Qe3 Bxh3 26 Bxb5 1 0 41

19 Bc3! This placement of the Bishop followed by the Knight manoeuvre to d3 with a Knight sacrifice on c5 already in the air is a remarkable idea

22 Bb6?) While seeking better prospects for itself the Bishop leaves his King in the lurch

28 e5!) In effect this is another piece sacrifice The threats are 29 xf6/30 Qg5ch and if 28 Bd8 29 Qh6 If 28 fxe5 29 Qg5ch Kh8 30 Qf6ch Kg8 31 Bxh7ch! Kxh7 32 Rxe5 and Rh5ch/Rh8 mate

29 Kf8) After 29 Kh8 30 Qf6ch Kg8 31 dxc6 recovers a piece still retaining a tremendous attack, e g 31 Bd8 32 Qh6 f5 33 exf6ep Qf7 34 Re8ch!, or 31 Bb6 34 Re7

34 c7!) Cutting off the Black Queen

36 Bxc7) Als after 36 Qxc7 37 Re4 works

Hopman-Van Tul Utrech, 1982

1 d4 Nf6 2 c4 e6 3 Nc3 Bb4 4 e3 b6 5 a3 Bxc3ch 6 bxc3 c5 7 Nf3 Bb7 8 Bd3 d6 9 Qc2 Nc6 10 e4 c5 11 d5 Na5 12 a4 Qd7 13 h3 00 14 g4 Ba6 15 Qa2

Position No 318 15 Nxd5! 16 cxd5 e4 17 Bxe4 Rae8 18 Nd2 f5! 19 gxf5 Qxf5 20 f3 Nxc4! 21 00 Qxh3 22 Rf2 Ne3 23 Bxh7ch Qxh7 24 Rh2 Qg6ch 25 Kh1 Nd1! 0 1

4 e3) Nimzo Indian Defence Rubinstein Variation

5 a3) This is usually preceded by 5 Nc2 to prevent the doubling of the c Pawn Or White continues development by Bd3 Nf3

6 Nf3) 6 Bd3 ? Ne7 could transpose into the line in Sämisch Variation 4 a3

14 g4?) Logical is 14 Bc5 (or Bg5) to reply to Ba6 by Nd7 followed by 00

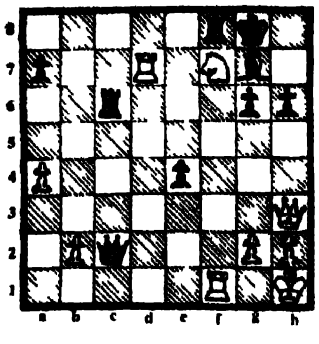
15 Qa2) 15 Qc2 Nf3 16 Rb1 Nxc1 and White loses his a Pawn 15 Nd2 was necessary though it blocks the Bishop

15 Nxd5!) The sacrifices open the e file uncomfortably for the White King 16 cxd5 is not possible because of 16 Bxd3

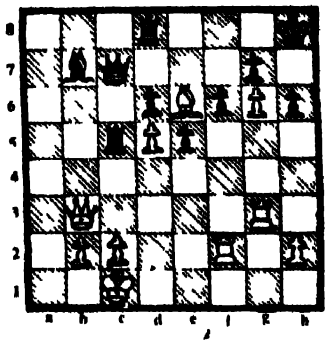
20 Nxc4) Another piece offer if 21 Nxc4 Qxf3 is murderous

22 Rxf2) Now 22 Nxc4 would be replied 22 Rxe4 23 fxe4 Rxf1 mate

R B SAPRE



No 319 White to play



No 320 White to play

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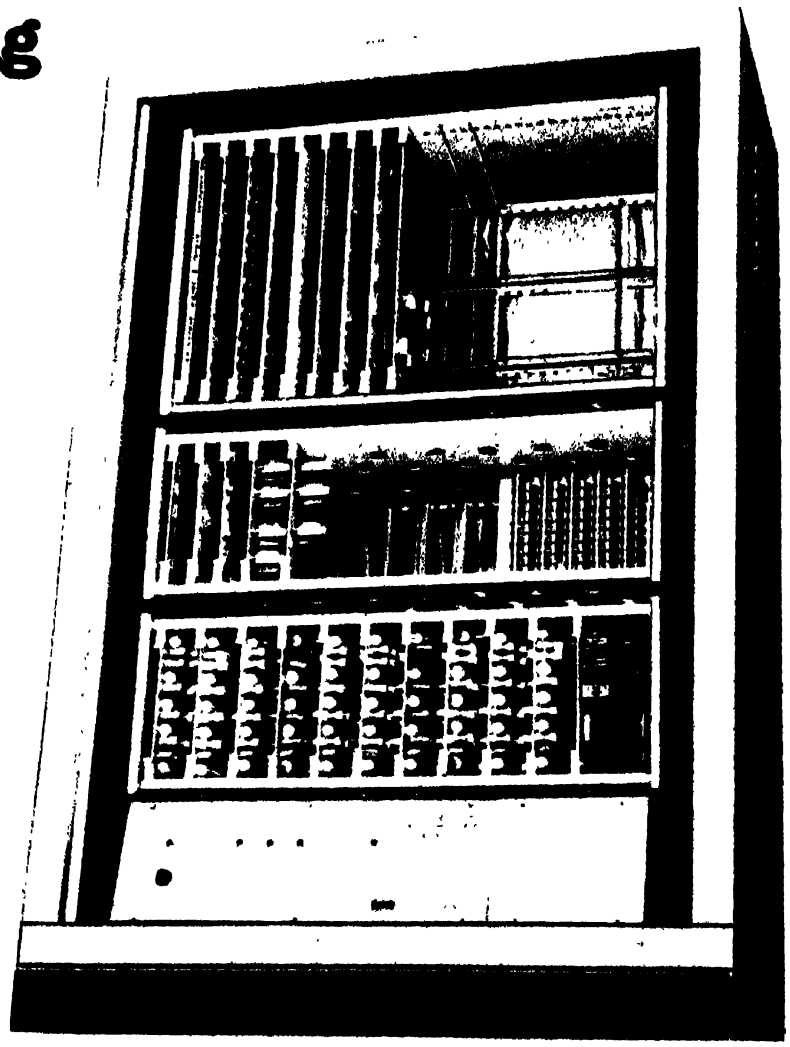

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The Weekly Pick

Indian Nationalism

Suntharalingan, Vikas, Rs 150

Though the subject may be hackneyed, this book presents a narrative study of the history of Indian nationalism from its origins till 1947. The author attempts to answer and analyse issues that have generated controversy among scholars.

Well researched and documented, this book devotes three chapters to the meaning of nationalism, the approaches to and origins of Indian nationalism. It then goes on to analyse in detail, the role of the Indian National Congress and that of Mahatma Gandhi towards the nationalist movement.

Problems of Indian Economic Development

K.N. Prasad, Sterling Publishers, Rs 200

Adopting a multidisciplinary approach, this book critically studies problems of Indian economic development, from national and regional points of view

Social and political phenomena like caste system, divorce and dowry, centralisation of power, welfare of the weaker sections, etc, are discussed with respect to their bearing on economic development

This book will prove extremely useful to students of Economics, Commerce, Business Management, Sociology and Political Science, but will not be of interest to general readers.

Worship and Conflict under Colonial Rule

Arjun Appadurai, Orient Longman, Rs 75

This book presents a case study of a temple in South India within an integrated anthropological framework. The author interprets the politics of worship and attempts to develop methods and models to study colonialism from a cultural point of view.

Rather dry and boring, this book will definitely not interest the average reader.

Airport Management

S. Ramanathan, SCOPE Publication, Rs 100

An interesting topic and one adequately handled by the author. The management of an airport (the kingpin of air travel) is a complex task, and has now developed into a specialised profession.

The author deals with the various aspects of airport industry, with a deep insight. The chapter, "Airport management in developing countries" is especially noteworthy for its comprehensiveness.

Though this book deals with a technical subject, it is nevertheless fairly easy reading.

Minnie

Actress Phoolan Devi?

A full-length biographical colour feature film, *Bagi Phoolan*, is being planned on docoit queen Phoolan Devi. An urgent communication from the producer has gone to Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister Arjun Singh, seeking permission to allow Phoolan and her paramour Man Singh to appear in the film. The State Government had earlier allowed notorious dacoits Madho Singh and Mohar Singh to feature in *Chambal ke Daku*. The producer has also requested the Chief Minister to allow her to give the two some necessary training in film acting a few days before shooting begins.

—UNI

Royalty Is Catching

Amy Irving, who is shooting for *The Far Pavilions* in Jaipur, says that her role as an Indian princess has inspired in her "a royal feeling. I notice my posture has improved" She has also honed her horseback riding. "Now," says Irving, "I can walk like a princess and ride a horse like a cowboy." Much better that than riding like a princess and walking like a cowboy.

—Time

Another India Location?

For sheer glamour it would be difficult to beat actress Joan Collins who, in spite of her rather ripe age, continues to wow audiences in blockbuster movies like *The Stud* and the television series, *Dynasty* Now she has reportedly been offered a leading role in a $13 million movie called *The Sword*. But what will interest movie fans is that the film is to be shot in Spain and India That is if the lady can find the time!

—Sunday Mid-Day

Burton's Terrifying Disease

Actor Richard Burton says he is still struggling with alcoholism but occasionally falls off the wagon to have "one or two bottles of vodka a day. It's no laughing matter; I am an alcoholic," he said in a recent television interview for the BBC. "It's a terrifying disease; as bad as cancer," he added.

Amitabh Inspires Murderers

Munawar Shah, one of the accused in the Abhayankar murders in Pune: "When I was in Yerawada jail, I remember reading about a judge who was Chief Guest at a *Filmfare* function and who gave Amitabh Bachchan the Best Actor Award for *Don* The same judge has sentenced us to death. He could appreciate good acting but he could not appreciate the inspiration we drew from such acting."

—Sunday Mid-Day

Jackie

Films-Worthy Farooq

While he was in Bombay, the Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir, Farooq Abdullah, had many serious official engagements. But he did have one frivolous evening. It was organised by film-maker Ramanand Sagar and the purpose was to introduce the young CM to "the intellectuals of the film industry". Fortunately the evening turned out to be anything but intellectual. Abdullah told the film people that he would henceforth charge them for police protection when they visited his State.

Later in the evening, when the mood was more mellow, Abdullah sang a Kashmiri folk song and those who saw him in action say it was an extra-ordinary performance, replete with mannerisms and suggestive gestures. Some film producers are seriously considering "signing" the Chief Minister

The *Saas-Bahu* Tangle

While Mrs Indira Gandhi is basking in the glory of international attention as the new chairperson of the Non-Aligned Movement, her troublesome daughter-in-law has been out of the public gaze for some time now.

But that does not mean that Maneka has run out of ideas. On the contrary, being the instinctive strategist that she is, proving herself to be Sanjay's widow, she is merely biding her time for the right moment to shoot right back into the headlines.

And, according to present plans, she is due to make her splash in early April, when she will launch her new political party. Already the residence of her lieutenant J.N. Mishra, near Delhi's Willingdon Hospital, has begun sporting a large name board bearing the Sanjay Vichar Manch legend.

Thus, soon after her ego-boosting success at the summit, Mrs Gandhi will have to undergo the irritation of witnessing her rebellious *bahu's* formal entry into politics as a full-fledged opposition leader

Settled Out Of Court

While Arun Shourie is sitting in an American university finishing his book on the *Koran*, his honour "back home" has been vindicated.

Two years ago *Society* published a piece in which it said that Shourie was a CIA agent who made regular trips to the USA under the pretext of his child's medical treatment. All this information, the magazine said, had come from one A.R. Antulay, who possessed documentary evidence of Shourie's CIA connection.

Mr Shourie promptly sued *Society*, even though the editor pointed out that the item had been published in the chatty, gossipy part of the paper. More. in the *Contents* page it had been made clear that all items appearing in that section of the magazine were "wild allegations" Mr Shourie did not think that was much of a defence.

Now in an out-of-court settlement, the magazine has apologised to Arun Shourie and his family and stated that it has the highest regard for Mr Shourie's integrity and his contribution to journalism.

—The Sunday Observer

Goldie

De Beauvoir Honoured

The French author and philosopher Simone de Beauvoir was named the 1983 recipient of the Sonning Prize for European culture. The award, announced by a faculty committee at the University of Copenhagen, is made every two years to a person judged to have made a "great contribution to European culture and civilisation" The committee selected de Beauvoir, 74, because of her "significance in European cultural life—partly as an author, partly as a philosopher and humanist, and not least as an inspirer of the modern feminist movement" It said most of de Beauvoir's books reflect "a universally human moral theme, often in the light of existentialism," the philosophy expounded by the author's long-time companion, the late Jean-Paul Sartre.

—International Herald Tribune

Burberrys: Tailored for Success

The war in the Falkland Islands was raging. But Argentina's foreign minister, Nicanor Costa Mendez, took a moment's break from a bout of anti-British diplomacy nonetheless. He slipped off to buy a quintessentially British product—a Burberrys raincoat.

Costa Mendez is just one VIP with a weakness for Burberrys products. Prince Charles likes to don a Burberry as does his mother, Queen Elizabeth. Churchill used to wear a Burberry, and so did Franco and de Gaulle Peter Sellers bought two Burberrys before the filming of every Pink Panther movie

—Newsweek

The Triumph of a "Larrikin"

In Australia they used to call Bob Hawke a "larrikin", Down Under slang for a mischievous—but lovable—rowdy. For years he was a renowned drinker, and as Hawke himself put it, "a bad drunk". He was a roue and a womanizer—with a bad temper into the bargain. For any other politician a "larrikin" reputation would probably be a disaster, but for Hawke it has been a measure of his success. Countless Australians say they respect his candour for admitting his faults and his success at overcoming them—and perhaps that is one reason why so many voted for him.

—Joseph Treen

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For Britons, Boars and butter'd Toast,
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Thomas Lovell Beddoes

Gigi

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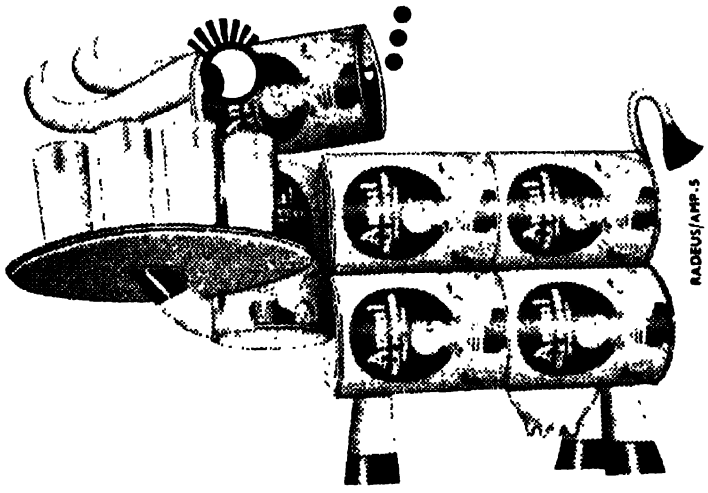

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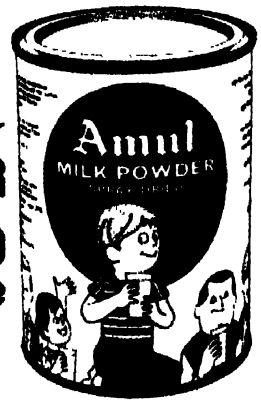

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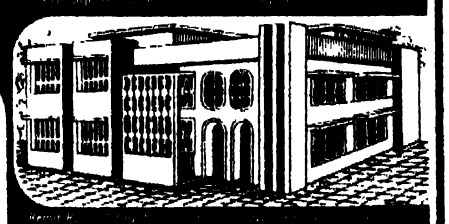
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1691, NAI SARAK

PUNJAB STATE AGRICULTURAL MARKETING BOARD POISED FOR BETTER PROSPECTS

Mostly farmers bring their produce to the mandis on tractor-trollies. In the Pic.: A farmer brings his produce to the market on his tractor-trolly for selling it.

Under the dynamic stewardship of S. Darbara Singh, Chief Minister, Punjab, and the able and sagacious guidance of its Chairman, Chaudhry Darshan Singh, the Punjab State Agricultural Marketing Board is implementing various projects and schemes for better agricultural marketing with vigour and dedication by:

A typical mandi scene during marketing season of agricultural produce in the Punjab. Newly constructed Covered Sheds to protect the produce against weather hazards are also seen in the picture.

Presently 623 regulated market-yards are functioning in the Punjab for regulating the sale and purchase of the agricultural produce. This strong marketing network is being further strengthened by establishing more modern markets and modernising the existing ones. The picture shows a typical market scene during peak arrivals at the mandis of the Punjab.

ESTABLISHING new mandis especially in the rural areas, to facilitate the farmers in the marketing of their produce at their door-steps. Work at 75 places for construction of modern markets at a cost of Rs 18 Crore is nearing completion. 60 of these markets have already started functioning

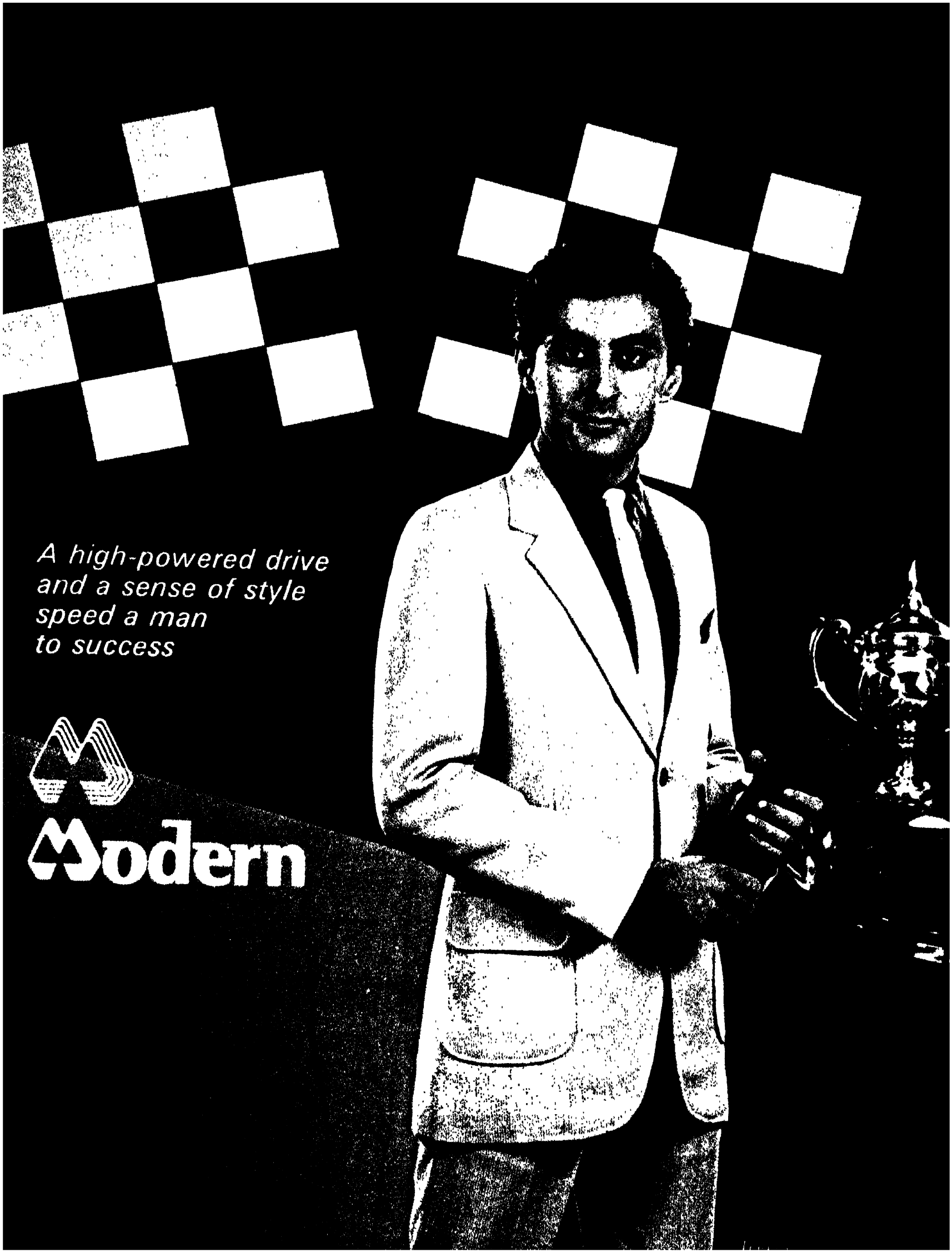
MODERNISING this transection of agricultural produce at the mandis by setting up mechanized units and grading laboratories etc., to speed up the sale and purchase of the produce. 8 Weigh-Bridges of 20 to 30 MT capacity have been installed, and more are being installed in the mandis These weigh-bridges have automatic ticket-recorder with inbuilt tape recording device. 80 Cotton-Sheds have been erected in the mandis to protect produce against weather hazards.

REGULATING and supervising the working of the marketing system to get fair returns to the farmers for their produce, and checking the malpractices in the mandis.

ASSISTING the financially weaker Market Committees in their developmental activities.

The Engineering Wing of the Board has taken in hand the construction of 88 houses for the staff of the Board in Sector 36 and 37, Chandigarh. The planning and designing of a six-storey Marketing Bhawan has also been finalized It will be built in Sector 35 at a cost of about Rs. 2 Crore

ROMILA DUBEY, IAS
SECRETARY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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Burning Assam

Sir—I appreciate the courageous assessment by your staffer, Sujata Anandan, ("Assam On Fire", March 13): "What Assam faces today, India may have to face tomorrow—invasion by the Arabs and Super-Powers and if the country remains as divided as it is today it will not be in a position to fight back" Bangladesh was also a secular nation when it became independent with the help of India Today it is an Islamic Republic But this has not opened our "secular" eyes

So long as we have secular policy enshrined in our Constitution we have to bow to Muslim pressure and the day is not far off when there will be numerous Pakistani pockets like Mallapuram District in Kerala. The majority community in India is sure to become the minority.

The atrocities in Assam stem from the Prime Minister's imposition of an unwanted election on an unwilling people. And she continues to perpetuate the same folly by allowing her own stooges to carry on with the administration of a State where 85 per cent of the population is opposed to it

My sympathies are with the natives of Assam. Had I been in their position I, too, would also have reacted similarly

R K Kutty
Bangalore

Sir—The article is interesting and informative The Election Commission has long been conscious of the consequences of the influx and had checked the voters list in 1979 when a large number of people were found to be illegal entrants in a parliamentary constituency in Assam. The observation that the people who wanted these immigrants to stay in Assam were tea-garden owners (who needed cheap labour) and politicians (who wanted votes of these minorities) is quite understandable. The recent election has not solved Assam's problem

If the problem of Bangladesh immigrants is not solved it will not be long before Assam's original inhabitants are dominated by foreigners and the State will aspire to the status of an independent Muslim state. Our experience of Pakistan, Bangladesh and Kashmir is not very happy.

S.C. Mathur
Agra

Sir—While quoting my views on the Assam problem you have described me as a member formerly belonging to Congress(I) Party I was a member of the undivided Congress Party, but at no time was I a member of Congress(I).

Dinesh Goswami
Member of Parliament
(Rajya Sabha)

Sir—I can find no justification for agreements like those between Indira and Mujib in 1971. Why should we take care of such a large number of poor "foreigners"? Don't we have enough of our own?

Our leaders are totally unaware of the conditions and feelings of the Assamese. If they were enlightened, would they sign naive friendship treaties?

Prabir Kumar Samanta
Midnapore (WB)

The IITs

Sir—Minnie Vaid's yardstick for judging the performance of IITs is faulty ("Are IITs Any Good?",March 13). Nobody in India or abroad would question the calibre and brilliance of IIT students If the Indian bureaucracy and industry fail to capitalise on the country's technical wealth, why blame the IITs and further conclude that they are a failure?

I have been a victim of this syndrome While working for my M Des degree at IITB, I designed an improved public telephone. All our efforts to get the concerned authorities to take an interest in the project failed The authorities were happy with the existing system which is over 100 years old!

Pradeep Yammiyavar
Dharwad

Sir—The author's contention that despite "enormous amounts" spent on the IITs they are not doing as well as they should, is erroneous. Engineering education (or education in medicine, for that matter) is an enormously costly affair. Although the Government grants seemingly increase year by year, thanks to inflation, in real terms the funds are extremely inadequate.

Coupled with the fact that IITs have to expand their activities to meet challenges in newer areas such as offshore engineering, remote sensing, unconventional energy studies, etc, to fulfil national aspirations makes it increasingly difficult for these institutions to keep in the forefront of expanding fields of science and technology. If resources available to even second-rate universities in the US or UK are compared to those available to the IITs, it is a wonder that the IITs are doing as well as they are. There are some sceptics who cite the example of Dr C.V. Raman whose Nobel prize-winning experimentation set-up cost only Rs 700 to 800. But it must be understood that geniuses cannot be produced, let alone trained.

Dr C S Gurujee
Bombay

Congrats

Sir—I was very pleased with the WEEKLY's new series, "Young Entrepreneurs". I enjoyed reading Mr Ratan Tata's profile ("Heir-Apparent To The Tata Throne", March 13). I found it extremely interesting and educative. I would like to congratulate you and Mr Hashim Khairullah for an excellent article. Such features provide excellent encouragement to entrepreneurs.

A P Mehta
Bangalore

Plumbing The Gap

Sir—In "A Tame Budget" (March 13) your correspondent is incorrect in his definition of the concept of "inflationary gap" and its application to India He writes, "Large investments in long-gestation capital and infrastructural projects results in immediate creation of incomes, but the fruits of such investments always take time to materialise. Thus we have what is called in economic jargon the 'inflationary gap'." According to Keynes "inflationary gap" is the excess of aggregate expenditure over income at full employment level of output. Once full employment is reached, pumping in more currency does not increase the output, it simply leads to inflation. This concept is applicable to developed countries and not countries like India where vast unemployment exists In our country inflation is not caused because of the inflationary gap, but because of structural bottlenecks We have "stagflation" *ie* inflation with stagnancy, the stagnancy being below the full employment level of output

D.R Gulati
New Delhi

Kapil And Calypso

Sir—Raju Bharatan's article "Of Kapil, Calypso And Sunil" (March 13) was thought-provoking I agree with him that it is wrong to say that the "inept marshalling of his resources by Kapil Dev" cost India dear. When we have such serious dearth of bowling resources where is the question of marshalling them?

However, Bharatan's comparison between Kapil and Sunil's captaincy is unwarranted. Although everyone knows that Kapil is an attacking cricketer, yet it is too early to pass any comment on his captaincy. His assertion that India could have saved the Test only with the "Sunil school of cricket captains" is unfair If he is saying that Sunil was defensive, it was the circumstances that made him defensive In fact, the majority feel that it is certainly more honourable to draw a match than to lose it.

Prabha Padmanabhan
Bombay

Sir—We appreciate Raju Bharatan's piece. As a captain, Kapil was at fault only when he tried to get the West Indies out for a low score Greenidge and Lloyd should have been allowed to bat The rate of scoring between them was slow.

K.V. Rajagopalan
Madras

Your Affairs: A Grave New World

Sir—The bespectacled, buck-toothed mousy girl in faded jeans had called ten young men for an interview to select a husband for herself The ad had asked for "handsome, young, fair-complexioned men, not shorter than 5'10", IFS, IAS, engineers, doctors, etc." (IPS was perhaps "too crude"). Of these seven were rejected for various reasons. one could not sing a duet while going round a tree A few failed in the cooking test One could not change the diaper on a given doll And one did not know the "more's position" from the *Kamasutra*. Finally, three were short-listed, their parents were asked to contact the girl's father for settling the "terms"—the amount of gold to be given to the bride, flat, fridge, colour TV insurance, etc. The lucky boy's parents celebrated the wedding with pomp and splendour, with a reception at a 5-star hotel and honeymoon in Kashmir. The couple lived happily thereafter .

That is, for four months Then came the shocking news that the mechanical engineer-MBA husband had caught fire mysteriously and died while lighting a kerosene stove. The indignant parents of the boy sent telegrams to the President, the PM, the CM and others, accusing the girl and her relatives of foul play (the local police were alleged to be in collusion) The "dowry death" was ignored, of course The buck-toothed vixen is interviewing candidates

This "reverse scenario" of female tyranny may indeed become reality if the recent study of two Pune sociologists, Dr (Mrs) A Ramanamma and Dr (Mrs) Usha Bambawale, Dept of Sociology, Pune University, published in the scholarly journal, *Social Science and Medicine* (Pergamon Press) is an accurate indication of the future It is known that many hospitals undertake tests for the determination of the sex of the foetus. Facilities are also available for the Medical Termination of Pregnancy (MTP) on request

From studies covering nearly 500 requests for foetal sex determination, the researchers found that almost everyone with a female child immediately went for MTP. This can only result in a terrible dystopia where the majority of Indians will be males fighting for the few female gargoyles.

These are days of historical justice The sins of the great-great-grandfathers should be made to visit on the great-great-grandsons The male chauvinistic pigs have grunted enough. The female chauvinistic sows will take over. The hens will begin to rule the roost. The dogs have had their day. The cats will now meow. Alark! The Grave New World is coming!

Dr B V Ramachandran
Pune

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Contents

6 COVER STORY: ***Dynastic Rule Is A Myth.*** "In India, it is unthinkable that democracy can ever be replaced by a dynasty, a monarchy or a military dictatorship," says K.C. Khanna. "Even those who are convinced that Mrs Gandhi harbours dynastic ambitions cannot ignore the power, the resilience and the sagacity of the Indian electorate."

8 ALSO: ***Of Politicians, Sons And Perspectives.*** "The question why dynasties are sought in supposedly democratic environments is most relevant in India, for it deals with a very real political situation," says Romesh Thapar, Editor of *Seminar*.

10 ***Of Apostolic Succession.*** "Mrs Gandhi did not invent dynastic rule. She has only tried to perfect it," says K.R. Sundar Rajan.

11 ***People's Choice Will Prevail.*** "The genesis of this myth about dynastic rule is the crudest example of the Goebbelsian technique," says Union Minister Vasant Sathe.

12 ***The Dynastic Debate.*** Nachiketa interviews Lal Krishna Advani, Chaudhury Charan Singh and Kamlapati Tripathi in Delhi while Rina Kamath in Madras talks to M. Karunanidhi.

59 HUMOUR: ***Out Of The Woods.*** Vijay Kumar on the relentless policy of "give-and-talk".

34 POLITICS: ***The States Do Have A Case.*** "The recent meeting of the Southern Ramas is not the first attempt at restructuring Centre-State relations," says G.S. Reddy.

16 ALSO: ***Where Every Drop Of Water Counts.*** Girija Prabhakar on Madras City's worst water crisis.

28 REPORT: ***Afghan Refugees: They Wait With God.*** Anees Jung files a graphic report from Kacha Garhi in Pakistan.

24 VIEWPOINT: ***Punjab Tangle: Hindus Hold The Key.*** "Only with patience and determination can the complex issues be resolved," says P.K. Nijhawan.

19 SPORT: ***Is Sandeep Lost To Cricket?*** Raju Bharatan corners the cricketer who's put on greasepaint instead of a helmet.

38 INVESTIGATION: ***Rs 500 Crores Go Up In Smoke Every Year.*** Aruna Sood on the staggering losses caused by accidental fires in the summer.

36 ART: ***The First Bharat Darshan: In Paint.*** Sarosh Demavent reviews *Picturesque India* on the aquatints of Thomas and William Daniells.

29 HAPPENINGS: ***Letter From Calcutta.*** Sumita Sandilya focuses on the angel on Victoria Memorial; wildlife in the city; the protest against the bus-fare hike; the eternal power-cut and the dhobis' agitation.

32 IN THE STATES: Highlighting the bunglings at the Hazaribagh coal mines; the end of the DMK Congress-(I) honeymoon in Pondicherry.

22 FESTIVAL: ***In Colourful Jhabua: Where Eloping Is Sacrosanct.*** Chakresh Jain celebrates Holi with the Bhils.

51 FICTION: ***Rain Of Fire And Gold.*** Beginning a three-part serial by P. Thomas.

40 THEATRE: ***A Company Called Shakespeareana.*** Asha Suri on Geoffrey Kendal's peripatetic group.

44 PHOTOFEATURE: ***Escape From Reality.*** Text and photographs by Kocai Sitharam.

Plus: The World Around Us 18; That's Business 48; Quiz 17; Health 57; HAI 60; Comics 63; Bridge & Chess 65; Weekly Pick 69; Books 62.

To Our Readers

Owing to an illegal lightning strike by the workmen of the etching section of our Gravure Department, misled by Kamgar Utkarsha Sabha, our major gravure periodicals could not be printed in our Bombay press. We have had to make alternative arrangement to print *The Illustrated Weekly of India* dated April 10-16, 1983, and this issue in smaller size.
We request our readers, advertisers, advertising agencies, dealers and all other constituents to bear with us.

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Dynastic Rule Is A Myth

MR CLEAN Rajiv Gandhi and mother

THE LATE LION OF KASHMIR with cub Dr Farooq Abdullah

SHEIKH HASINA WAZED daughter of the late Mujibur Rahman (right)

by K. C. Khanna

NORMALLY it should not be necessary to nail down a myth By definition it is a fable an imaginary story woven round a fanciful if popular idea person place or thing

But the myth of dynastic rule in India s political context falls in a different category Precisely because it is widely believed in it has become a handy brick for the Opposition and the dissidents to hurl at the Prime Minister More to the point it confuses the intelligentsia tends to alienate it from the Establishment for the wrong reasons and vitiates debate

Rajiv Gandhi s appointment as General Secretary of the Congress (I) and the more recent attempts to refurbish his image—witness his foray into the Dharavi slums in Bombay amid throngs of milling admirers—has again stirred a hornets nest The intelligentsia sees it as one more evidence of Mrs Gandhi s bid to nurture a ruling dynasty and to go about it systematically

Its fears are rooted in certain undeniable facts The rise to political eminence of Mrs Gandhi s second son Sanjay was meteoric at the time of his accidental death in June 1980 he had emerged as the second most powerful political personage in the country And now Rajiv next only to the Prime Minister herself is the most important official in the Ruling Party Everyone knows that its Working President Kamlapat Tripathi and the other General Secretaries do not count for much

Then there are other factors Motilal Nehru (as K R Sundar Rajan pertinently points out in a subsequent article) took a lively interest in promoting his son s career and Jawaharlal Nehru in turn did not hesitate on occasion to thrust Indira Gandhi into the limelight More significantly Nehru was Prime Minister for 17 years Mrs Gandhi has held the post with a break for a total of 14 years Having inducted Rajiv into politics Mrs Gandhi would be less than human if she did not aspire to her elder son getting to the top At least so the argument goes

Mrs Gandhi herself has repeatedly stressed that hers is a political family Comparisons with the Churchills and the Kennedys may seem far fetched But what about Farooq Abdullah being anointed the Crown Prince by his father Sheikh Abdullah or Nusrat and Benazir inheriting the mantle of Bhutto or Begum Hasina stepping into her late father s *gaddi* as Chief of the Awami League? In the Indian subcontinent the laws of inheritance often extend far beyond property They tend to embrace culture talent business and even vocation

The common man in sharp contrast to the Indian elite takes a very relaxed view of it all He is not at all disturbed if told that Mrs Gandhi is trying to groom Rajiv as her successor He sees nothing wrong in her trying to do for her son what others have done for theirs And he effortlessly nods approval when she claims that in the final analysis she cannot nominate her son as a successor—it will be for the people to decide For he knows that when it comes to the crunch the popular will must prevail He has faith in himself In this day and age a dynasty any more than a monarchy cannot be imposed on a people with a modicum of civilisation It is a different matter if the people themselves opt for one -as the Spaniards did not too long ago

The Indian intelligentsia however seems to be less sure of itself By some strange alchemy of double think it has convinced itself that political aspirations of a Prime Minister s son are inconsistent with democratic norms if not morally sinful

In India, it is unthinkable that democracy can ever be replaced by a dynasty, a monarchy or a military dictatorship Even those who are convinced that Mrs Gandhi harbours dynastic ambitions cannot ignore the power, the resilience and the sagacity of the Indian electorate.

In this respect alone the intelligentsia suffers from a mental block It never bats an eyelid if a son takes over his father s legal or medical practice shop or factory No political party is ever criticised if it hands out the ticket for the seat of a deceased MLA to his son brother or widow Learned judges and well heeled lawyers—vicious critics of Mrs Gandhi among them—prostrate themselves with fervour before hereditary gurus and temple priests Belonging to an 'army family" or a family of Civil Servants is still something to boast about But the Prime Minister commits

sticks. By the same token, however, she should be given due credit for overruling Sanjay's advice and calling an election she lost. But she is not.

Likewise, the fact that Rajiv is very different from Sanjay is generally ignored. He is modest and courteous. He wants to restore the decencies of public life and make politics cleaner. Already, he is trying to turn the Congress (I) from a rabble of self-seekers into a cadre of trained, if not dedicated, activists. But his political education is still rudimentary and his exposure to the communal, regional or linguistic passions that move vast masses of our people minimal. He has yet to summon the will to grapple with the pervasive evil of corruption and steer clear of servile sycophants. In fact, he has responded to the growing misgivings in the country about the working of the so-called Kitchen Cabinet at 1 Safdarjong Road by assembling one of his own at 3 Motilal Nehru Marg

How Rajiv will shape his own destiny or how destiny will shape him must, therefore, remain in the limbo of conjecture. But it is clear that, at present, he is less an heir to Mrs Gandhi's charisma than a victim among the intelligentsia of the Sanjay-induced trauma. In future, his usefulness to the nation must depend on how quickly and completely he distances himself from the methods or the values that Sanjay came to symbolise.

In India, it is unthinkable that democracy can ever be replaced by a dynasty, a monarchy or a military dictatorship Even those who are convinced that Mrs Gandhi harbours dynastic ambitions cannot ignore the power, the resilience and the sagacity of the Indian electorate. That is why perhaps Romesh Thapar *(see Page 10)* calls it a "delusion". But, beleaguered as she is, it is at least equally possible that, in turning to Rajiv, Mrs Gandhi is thinking more of today than of the day after. ■

BENAZIR BHUTTO has now donned the mantle of martyrdom after her father's death.

AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI (left) with son Seyyed Ahmad.

in unforgivable crime if she persuades ier other son to join her in the political irena!

In fairness, it must be said that there ire good reasons for this gut feeling The way Sanjay conducted himself dur-ng his few years in politics was, to put it nildly, chilling He threw all canons of ublic morality to the winds, created a oterie of sycophants and hangers-on, ubverted the intelligence and other ervices to inspire fear in friend and foe ind reduced his own party to a sham-les He was an "extra-constitutional" uthority if ever there was one Mrs Sandhi had to pay a heavy price for her ailure to rein him in. Both had to spend hree years in political wilderness, en luring the scorn of old enemies and ecent apostates in consequence.

The way the collective wisdom of the lectorate asserted itself during the ateful elections of March 1977 might ave set the mind of the intelligentsia at est about the re-emergence of the anjay phenomenon in a differe:it incar-ation. It has not. For all thinking ndians know only too well that the hoice before the voter is seldom be-ween good and bad, it is usually etween bad and worse. In 1977, the anata had the benefit of a negative ote. In January 1980, Mrs Gandhi, anjay and his retainers cashed in on it. On the eve of that poll, Sanjay once told ne that "an unknown candidate is a trong candidate". His strategy of put-ing rootless nonentities against the vell-known wheeler-dealers of the Jana-a and the Lok Dal paid off.

The fear that it may be no different in 985 still haunts the Indian intelligent-ia. It sees no hope of a viable alterna-ive to the Congress (I) emerging in the ext two years. Nor is it persuaded that Mrs Gandhi has sufficiently changed ier style of functioning to restore "in-ier-party democracy", the autonomy of he Civil Services, the independence of he Judiciary and the role of Parliament is a watch-dog of public interest. So what is the answer?

The stark truth is that it is impossible o provide one. One has only to recall the days when *After Nehru, Who?* was the big question that bedevilled Indian politics and no one could predict what eventually happened. Lal Bahadur Shastri was a dark horse. The thought that Mrs Gandhi may occupy her father's post crossed no one's mind, least of all her own. Lena Jeger, a columnist of *The Guardian*, London, once told me a revealing anecdote after a chat with Mrs Gandhi on the sunny lawns of the British High Commission during a visit to New Delhi in the winter of 1966. Mrs Gandhi, then a Minister in the Shastri Cabinet, complained bitterly about how things were going wrong. "Why not an alternative—you, for example?" Lena suggested helpfully. "Whoever will think of poor me!" was the short reply.

In retrospect, it is incontrovertible that destiny would have taken a different turn if Mrs Gandhi had not grown in the job to which she was artlessly drafted by a bunch of calculating "kingmakers" And, during her first year in office, there was no sign that she would. She surrounded herself with a coterie of "learned advisers" who were too preoccupied with their own intellectual gymnastics to grapple with any of the country's horrendous problems meaningfully. She devalued the rupee and inflicted a grievous damage on the economy. She seemed uncertain and confused at press conferences. Her performance in Parliament was so appalling that the late Ram Manohar Lohia nicknamed her *Goongi Gudiya*—a dumb doll.

Today, the scenario is very different. Those who dub Mrs Gandhi an Empress or accuse her of nurturing dynastic ambitions have long forgotten that till about a decade ago, when both her sons were well past adolescence, neither had shown the slightest inclination to get into politics. One was settling down to a career as an airline pilot; the other had grandiose ideas about being a genius in the realm of automobile engineering. This does not by itself establish Mrs Gandhi's democratic credentials: the stigma of the Emergency still

Of Politicians, Sons And Perspectives

"Rising sons" are casting terrible shadows all over the global political horizon, says Romesh Thapar, Editor of *Seminar*. Indeed, they are positively proving to be environmental hazards "because in the shadows they breed the military-police complexes which politicise rapidly and consume the open society leaving humanity with no alternative but the rigid authoritarian/ideological State and its inevitable dynastic overtones. All this is very much a part of the reality we live with in this enlightened age".

R. B BEDI

"IT IS PATENTLY ABSURD to attempt to rule a complex subcontinent from a single point of power, let alone a dynasty." Picture shows Mrs Gandhi with her daughter-in-law and grandson.

THERE is a profound contradiction between democratic processes and dynasty-making. Why are dynasties sought in supposedly democratic environments? The question is most relevant in India, and it deals with a very real political situation.

Long before the Emergency took shape, we witnessed a studied effort to use the personality cult to dominate the levers of power. First, the Ruling Party was split, torn apart on mythical issues, socialist and not-so-socialist. Then, the carefully balanced inner-party elections were suspended. Independent political personalities were compromised and replaced by sycophants. The press and mass media were interfered with. The Judiciary was softened by compromising the accepted norms for the appointment of judges. And an atmosphere of conspiracy for vague progressive goals was promoted to dissolve genuine doubts and fears. The smashing of the Pakistani military in Bangladesh fed the personality cult. The leader became the party. And, then, the gates were wide open for dynasty-making.

It is only natural that this kind of political ethos nurtures the cult of family and of dynasty. There is too much privilege to be lost. The plebian becomes patriarch. Indira Gandhi, at the height of her power, pushes her boys. The nationalist Chiang Kai-shek leaves us his son in Taiwan. The Communist Kim Il-sung pledges to do the same in North Korea.

In Haiti, a father and his son perform with political voodoo, Mujib in Bangladesh is destroyed, together with his family, just in case—but, the daughter returns to revive his followers. In Pakistan, former President Bhutto is indicted for murder, but his party's vacant leadership is taken by his widow, and then his daughter. And so it goes on all over our world.

There are papa-docs, mama-docs and baba-docs casting terrible shadows over the political horizon. Indeed, they are becoming very much an environmental hazard because in the shadows they breed the military-police complexes which politicise rapidly and consume the open society leaving humanity with no alternative but the rigid authoritarian/ideological State and its inevitable dynastic overtones. All this is very much a part of the reality we live with in this enlightened age.

I am very deliberately generalising because this political environment is not merely a manifestation of under-development. It is global and has striking variations. Not so long ago, there was an easy erosion of democratic norms in a country like France on the plea of national will or interest *a la de Gaulle*. The calculated misuse of the levers of power and patronage around the presidency of the USA by "the military-industrial complex" was heavily underlined by General Eisenhower himself. Tribal tyranny and gangster control is inherent in so many of the African and Latin American regimes based on either ethnic dominance or *coup d'etat*.

Then, there is the acceptance of massive corruption by tiny elites in countries like Indonesia and the Philippines. And let us not forget the crude monopolisation of jobs and perks by small, cynical coteries linked by feudal loyalties as in the lands of Islam. These environments, dressed up in attractive slogans and catchwords, are the breeding grounds of authoritarianism and dynastic ambitions at all levels of political and economic power.

Basically, from what lessons the Indian experience holds, it is the psychology of illegality which ultimately overwhelms the open society. It is initially sparked by the politician's apparently innocent interference with the codes and norms of governance to obtain minor advantages for friends and supporters. Then, the system is politically penetrated at all levels. Very soon illegalities are condoned. They build up. They are then sought to be covered up or defended on various grounds by misusing government systems and even independent institutions. No fundamental corrections are sought.

A kind of continuing confrontation between a tattered authority and burgeoning anarchy develops. The growth of money-making mafias demands a protecting godfather, a godmother, a totem. And, then, in the context of future security and continuity, dynasty-making becomes imperative.

Small wonder, too, that these developments are accompanied by intense astrological speculation and tantric rituals, with the Prime Minister prostrating herself before temple deities.

It is very necessary to understand the inter-connections in the conduct of public life or else we imagine that some special charisma is at play to project a Sanjay or a Rajiv. There is a vicious system of profit and privilege which builds the concept of a leader and a dynasty. The mobs that howl their hallelujahs are also rented, and those who are not are persuaded either that the dynasty is relevant or that there is no other viable alternative. The stake is immense: some 20 million supported by the urban population and living off the rural hinterland where 320 million scrape an existence below the poverty line. Two nations in one, cemented hopefully by charisma or dynasty! May be, this is why all those who seek to replace Indira Gandhi search for charisma, to begin with.

What happens when corrupt, incoherent and totally ineffective governance drives the people to despair? The charismatic leader, the ruling family, the dynasty become irrelevant. The vote banks cannot be held. The political hangers-on become insecure. Factionalisms rock the party. The minimum disciplines crumble. This phase is punctuated by overpublicised efforts to revive the image of the party, the leader and the dynasty. They have become inseparable and, therefore, mutually destructive. We are well into this phase, and it will persist so long as a viable alternative does not form. If it is visible regionally, as in Andhra Pradesh, a sudden uprooting of the old party takes place. Continentally, the crystalisation is slower.

Charismatic leadership and dynasty-making are global phenomena, but in the Indian setting the scenario is more complex. We are an old civilisation, a sprawling, multi-cultural sub-continent, not an uncomplicated, single-nation State. Our mindless politicians, working within the framework of a small, inter-connected elite, tend to skirt this very stubborn fact in their short-cuts to total power. And they come a cropper, doing immense damage to the progress of our people. It is strange how a person as experienced as Indira Gandhi can so isolate herself from the new momentums visible in this sub-continent that she suffers from the delusion that her sons will rule after her. First, Sanjay. And, now, Rajiv. Can India be declared the private property of this family?

What is quietly forgotten is that this property is now seven hundred million people at various levels of affluence and deprivation—and becoming increasingly unmanageable under highly centralised rule. When we speak loosely about the breakdown of the system under which we have been living, we are in fact saying that power has to be effectively decentralised and ways have to be sought to encourage public participation in its exercise. Only then will we be able to make the democratic process relevant to the rising hopes and aspirations of our people.

The political and economic stirrings now visible are essentially around this problem and we are likely to see much experimentation in forms and movements. We certainly have the potential for pioneering many significant federal concepts and structures.

It is patently absurd to attempt to rule a complex sub-continent from a single point of power, let alone through a dynasty. In the early years of our freedom, this was possible and even necessary. Today, the aspirations which once motivated a tiny elite are shared by rising elites in the regions. They resent the endless visitations to Delhi to get the smallest things done. An admittedly vague but powerful urge exists to evolve a system which is responsive to India's new level of continental development. Naturally, the stupid ambitions of Indira Gandhi and her family to equate the stability of India with a centralised exercise of power have come under an increasing number of question-marks.

If there are still large numbers of people who tend to drift along with the present unsatisfactory state of affairs, it is because no purposeful continental alternative has formed. The rise of regionalism in various parts of the country, and with varying textures, will keep spreading as an act of self-preservation. Ultimately, these regionalisms will certainly coalesce into a continental formation which represents a careful, non-extremist consensus. But it is important to focus on this problem and to speed the transition. Dynastic rule, myth or reality escalates the damage to the democratic process the longer it lasts and must be removed. In a sense, this is the first step in salvaging our federal polity.

It is surprising how extensively dynastic aberrations pursue us. In politics, at so many levels, wives, sons and daughters imagine that it is their historic right to command the power that their husbands or fathers did. In the area of economic activity, in business the same passion rules although one family after another is torn with dissensions and really unable to throw up professional managers. In culture, so much of the scene is shadowed by the cultivation of family expertise and exclusivity. All this dynasty-making is making us very much a part of the human condition. It is a reflection of uncertainties and insecurities in our society. Unless professional systems and institutions develop deeper integral roots, and strengthen the necessary accountabilities, there is a stubborn reluctance to submit to genuine "democratisation".

Leaderships based on corrupt politics, practise, on gangster mafias and on dynastic tactics and strategies cannot lead today's social transformations which demand new value systems and totally different attitudes to development. We now know that in an old civilisation, where many centuries are telescoped into one, economic growth does not automatically bridge the gulfs between the rich and the poor. In fact, it accentuates them. The very compulsions of the situations prevailing in India and China will make them experiment in alternatives covering education, health, housing, transport, employment, science and technology, modernisation and what goes under security systems, national and international. So many of these vital areas of human development are the most neglected in our thinking and governance—indeed, the first to be axed when funds are short.

A structural transformation of our society to make it relevant to 1,000 million people requires sensitive organisations and institutions able to reflect the interests of these people at every level of governance. This means that collectively they should be able to insulate our society from the disruption of ambitious individuals and families. In other words, we have to seek a participative and just society with all its healthy responses and institutions.

Our local dynasty-makers, or supporters, are in direct opposition to these perspectives. I believe that they are a very real source of danger to the future of India and must be reduced to an ugly memory in the shortest time possible. Any compromise will dismember this land, and ultimately disintegrate it for the benefit of those who seek global influence and power. ■

→

Of Apostolic Succession

K.R. Sundar Rajan puts forth the view that it was Motilal Nehru who was the real originator of the Indian experiment in dynastic democracy, when he pleaded with Gandhiji to make his son, Jawaharlal, the Congress President after him.

WRITING in the *Weekly* more than a quarter century ago, Nirad Chaudhuri, that infuriating demolisher of myths, observed that "there is no greater risk in India today than the absence of outstanding politicians. To deliver the government of the country to the common man is to hand it to the lowest adventurers, men who have the predatory urges of the beasts of prey but not their strength or claws and fangs. It is to opt for anarchy, for in India the sole alternative to the hero is the faction."

Chaudhuri pointed out that the really dangerous prospect for the country was that there would be no person big enough to be the object of the personality cult. He considered the possibility of a continuation, as he put it, of "the present politico-spiritual dynasty by apostolic succession."

I am sure Chaudhuri does not like the idea of Indians handing over their problems to a dynastic leadership. What he meant in his article was that the Western-type democracy, with its emphasis on reasoned choice, is not good for India and that the people would instinctively opt for what he called "plebiscitary dictatorship" which, according to him, was the system under Nehru.

Mrs Gandhi did not invent dynastic rule. She has only tried to perfect it. The concept is not alien to the Indian psyche or ethos. At the same time, it would be an oversimplification to say that as a people we "crave" for the return of kings and queens. If it were so, we could as well wind up the present democratic system, revive the old monarchical order and begin to enjoy a sense of ever-lasting security. That would mean the undoing of whatever democratic advance we have made in a hundred years, a facile solution rooted in utter despair and cynicism.

Fortunately, things are not that bad. Indeed, while Mrs Gandhi's dynastic experiment is not a myth any more, it has run into some hopeful trouble.

A well-established dynasty fascinates many Indians mainly because it is regarded as a focus of stability and security. Gandhiji did not plan to foist Nehru on his countrymen in the dynastic sense but he did designate him as his successor. Thus, he subconsciously answered the question "After me, what?" It is also well known that Motilal Nehru insistently pleaded with Gandhiji to make Jawaharlal the Congress President when his (Motilal's) term expired. Some observers have argued that Motilal Nehru was, therefore, the real originator of the Indian experiment in dynastic democracy!

"A WELL-ESTABLISHED DYNASTY fascinates many Indians mainly because it is regarded as a focus of stability and security."

Did Nehru groom Indira for the prime ministership? Nehru was too much of a democrat to think in terms of a dynasty. Had he any such intention, nothing would have stood in his way since he was vastly popular and, in the last years of his life, most Indians were tormented by the question "After Nehru, what?"

But Nehru did visualise a leading political role for his daughter. In 1959, he agreed to the proposal to make Mrs Gandhi the Congress President. Whether he inspired the proposal or it originated from Kamaraj, Lal Bahadur Shastri and others close to Nehru is not known.

When the Chinese invaded India in 1962, Nehru set up a Citizens' Council in which Mrs Gandhi played a key role. Since the council included the Chief Ministers of States, Mrs Gandhi got an excellent opportunity to operate in the power structure at another intimate level.

But in fairness to Nehru it must be pointed out that he did not create a situation in which Mrs Gandhi could have found it possible to function as an extra-constitutional authority. No senior Cabinet Minister kowtowed to her and no Chief Minister journeyed to Delhi to take orders from her on behalf of her father. And no bureaucrat considered it worthwhile to "cultivate" her friendship.

At that point of time, it is doubtful whether Mrs Gandhi herself seriously toyed with the ambition to become Prime Minister some day. While the prospect might have been tempting, there were many stalwarts still around and the undermining of inner-party democracy was far from Nehru's mind. Thus, when Nehru died, it was Shastri who succeeded him. He took Mrs Gandhi into his cabinet and this is when her ambitions began to crystallise. The sudden death of Shastri in Tashkent paved the way for Mrs Gandhi to rise to real power.

Mrs Gandhi's dynastic experiment could not be compared to Motilal's desire to see Jawaharlal as the head of the Congress or to Gandhiji's preference for Jawaharlal or to the latter's desire to see his daughter as a politician in her own right. These were all entirely legitimate desires stemming from natural human impulses and political considerations.

But what Mrs Gandhi began to do around 1971 was to groom Sanjay as part of a systematic, deliberate succession plan. This has been written about so extensively and in such detail that it is astonishing that some people still want proof! Perhaps these well-intentioned people would like to clutch at something to assuage their fears about Mrs Gandhi's real intentions.

By the time the Emergency was clamped down Sanjay was operating as the unofficial Deputy Prime Minister and often as the Prime Minister. Mrs Gandhi often asked Ministers and senior officials to discuss important matters with her son before seeing her. Though he held no position in the party or the government—he was not even a Member of Parliament—he made key policy statements. It is common knowledge that Sanjay was also privy to the government's financial policies including tax proposals.

In the party, Sanjay enjoyed even greater powers than in the administration. Realising that their future fortunes depended on him, party stalwarts (if they could be so described) worshipped at his altar with the kind of abject servility not witnessed even in the court of the Mughals.

According to Mr T.A. Pai, who was a Central Minister, Mrs Gandhi declared the Emergency partly to facilitate the rise of Sanjay to unbridled power and to prevent press publicity for his costly misadventures, including the Maruti fiasco.

I wonder whether Mrs Gandhi herself believes that she did not deliberately groom Sanjay to be her eventual successor!

When Sanjay died, Mrs Gandhi could have made a clean break with her dynastic experiment and begun the process of restoring

party democracy. But she now turned to Rajiv to fill the vacuum. The more Rajiv was tormented by doubts about his political potential, the more Mrs Gandhi goaded him to give up his flying career.

In fairness to Rajiv, it must be said that he entered active politics with the utmost reluctance. In retrospect, he must be repenting the decision. The electoral debacle in the South in which he played the second leading role showed that it is *not* entirely in Mrs Gandhi's power to create a durable political dynasty. As they say, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip!

The defeats in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka provided yet another opportunity to Mrs Gandhi to abandon her dynastic exercise. But she made Rajiv one of the General Secretaries of the Congress (I). The next step will surely be the installation of Rajiv as the Congress President. But the journey from that point onwards is not going to be smooth. Mrs Gandhi may return to power again in 1985 but she will find that holding on to the prime ministership is going to be an increasingly difficult and uncertain job, not to speak of grooming Rajiv for it.

In a sense, Mrs Gandhi's dynastic experiment has already been doomed. The only thing clearly within her power is the grooming of Rajiv as the Leader of the Opposition within a decade, if not earlier.

One wonders whether Mrs Gandhi or Rajiv has drawn any inspiration from the dynastic experiment in Kashmir where, shortly before his death, Sheikh Abdullah managed to make his son Farooq his successor. The "Lion of Kashmir" had worked on the project for some three years in the course of which he even threw out of his party Mirza Afzal Beg, his life-long colleague and mentor, because of the suspicion that the latter was trying to sabotage the experiment. It is anybody's guess how long Dr Farooq Abdullah will be able to keep the ruling National Conference united under him. Intrigues against him are brewing and G.M. Shah, his brother-in-law, is busy organising his own clique. The first test for the Abdullah dynasty will come when elections to the State Assembly take place later this year.

Mrs Gandhi told a foreign journalist recently that no dynastic exercise is taking place or has ever taken place under her. She described the Nehrus as a political family. What she meant is that politics came to Sanjay and Rajiv naturally as it came to her when her father was the Prime Minister. In this connection, she referred to political families in the West like the Churchills and Kennedys.

But the important difference is that Winston Churchill and John Kennedy rose in politics the hard way. They did not become virtual Prime Ministers or Presidents even before they began their apprenticeship in politics. No sensible person would have objected if Sanjay had started public life as a member of the Delhi Municipal Corporation or Rajiv had contested a seat in the Delhi Metropolitan Council. But, thanks to their mother, they became instant national leaders.

Mrs Gandhi has tried to ridicule the debate on her dynastic experiment by repeatedly pointing out that in a democracy it is the people who decide who is to be their Prime Minister. But in her brand of democracy, a situation must be created in which the people have no choice.

Perhaps, Mrs Gandhi is right after all. The people may formally decide that there is no need for a dynasty and that the kings and queens should be confined to the history books and to fairy tales. ■

People's Choice Will Prevail

Having a political leader in your family tree is no disqualification so long as no undue favours are asked for, says Union Minister for Chemicals and Fertilisers Vasant Sathe.

THE crudest example of the infamous Goebbelsian technique of repeating a lie hundred times and fostering a myth is the genesis of this myth about dynastic rule. Strangely, even our newspapers sometimes create myths and fall prey to their own creatures, so much so that for them dynastic rule has become an issue to be hotly debated. It is just as well that the WEEKLY has taken up this topic for discussion, now once and for all the lies can be nailed.

We must first consider the meaning of dynastic rule. The simple meaning is that the rule must devolve on the heir as a right. In a monarchy, dynastic rule is taken for granted. In the case of owners of industry or a business or vocation, succession by an heir is not only presumed but acclaimed. It is only in democratically governed countries that the debate on dynastic rule becomes meaningful. The basic question to be asked on this issue is: Do we have faith in democracy? Because, if we do, then the concept of dynastic rule gets nipped in the bud. Once we say that we have faith in democracy and faith in the people that they are sagacious enough to choose not only their leaders but also the political parties to govern the country, then to question the people's choice is to question democracy itself.

NUSRAT BHUTTO accompanied by daughter Sanam before boarding an Airfrance flight to Paris where she was to undergo treatment for suspected cancer following the Pakistan Government permission to leave the country.

The people of India have amply demonstrated again and again their intelligence and capacity to take independent decisions without fear or favour. Very often even the vocal media, newspapers and magazines, has not been able to anticipate the mind of the common voter. The people of India have shown that they have imbibed both the letter and spirit of democracy. Under these circumstances, how can we postulate that the people will accept and elect a person as a leader even if they do not like or want him or her?

Now let us consider the context in which this bogy has been raised. No one, it is hoped, seriously contends that being a son or daughter of some important political leader is by itself a disqualification. What is objected to is the so-called *imposition* of such a person.

Take an example from one of the biggest democracies, the US: no one has questioned the selection of one Kennedy after another.

In Pakistan or Bangladesh if democracy were to be restored tomorrow and if members of Bhutto's or Sheikh Mujibur Rehman's families were elected by the people, no one in his senses would question or condemn it as dynastic rule. I am sure that even the most vociferous critics of Indira Gandhi would not raise their voice in protest if Nusrat Bhutto in Pakistan or Hasina Begum in Bangladesh were elected leaders.

In India, after Jawaharlal Nehru, the Congress Party elected Lal Bahadur Shastri as its leader and Prime Minister. Again, it was the Parliamentary Party of the Congress under eminent men like K.Kamaraj which elected Indira Gandhi leader. When people talk →

oosely on this subject they are unthinkingly casting aspertions on the intelligence and ntegrity of some of our renowned leaders.

But, apart from the fact that Indira Gandhi was elected leader by democratic parliamentary process, the point that the people of India endorsed the choice is being conveniently ignored by the breastbeaters obsessed with the dynastic cult-phobia. The very people, often dismissed as illiterate and gullible by these champions of democracy, did not hesitate, when they were dissatisfied, to reject the leader mercilessly through the ballot box. Having given a whole-hearted opportunity to others, when the people saw that their hopes and aspirations were betrayed, they had no qualms about punishing these self-seeking men and rejecting them at the first chance they got to register their votes. Has it not been sufficiently established that no political leader or party can take the people of India for granted? All theories of money, power, caste and communal combinations, etc, have proved false. If the politicians in their narrow self-interest betray the people and in the process discredit the whole political system, they can blame no one but themselves for the consequences.

Hence, as long as leaders are responsible enough to place proper choice before the people, we can rest assured that the people will play their part in preserving democracy in this country. But if the political leaders, blinded by narrow selfishness, fail, the democratic structure of the country may succumb to divisive and fissiparous forces and in the process the entire civilian authority will get discredited. If this happens, as has been witnessed in all other countries where democracies have failed, in India also the military may be tempted to step in. Fortunately, the military has the noble tradition of keeping away from party politics in India. Secondly, India is too big a country to be controlled by the military which has a heterogenous composition. In such an event, India will just get balkanised. But in that case the question of dynastic rule will also not remain relevant.

Thus under no circumstances has the fear of dynastic rule, where someone belonging to a family can be imposed on the people of India against their wishes, any foundation.

Let us consider the case of Rajiv Gandhi. True, like the son of a doctor or a lawyer or businessman, he has the advantage of being born and brought up in a family where both his parents were totally involved in politics: right from the freedom struggle to the period of national reconstruction as an independent nation. Such a background would naturally influence the mind and character of any person. As said earlier no sensible person will consider this to be a crime. To be fair to Rajiv, he has displayed a sober and balanced temperament, an intelligent understanding of the problems and capacity for dedicated work. He is a person with a modern scientific temper and understanding of technological needs, something highly essential for any developing country which wants to achieve a faster rate of growth. A leader with these qualities from any other political party would have surely been eulogised.

And yet, with all this, no one can say (other than fortune tellers!) that Rajiv will be accepted by the people of India as their leader. Much will no doubt depend on how he can mobilise the Congress Party and inspire confidence in its rank and file. But much more will depend on how he becomes a symbol of unity and hope for freedom from poverty for the people of India.

In the meantime, it would be better for the opposition parties, both in their own interest and in the interest of democracy, to set their own houses in order; to try, if they can, to rise above personal self-interest and provide a viable alternative at the national level.

All elections, including those of Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka and Delhi, have shown that politics of personal criticism and abuse hardly cut any ice or bring any dividends.

Think of something better, Mr Goebbels! Sorry, Mr Vajpayee! ■

The Dynastic Debate

Nachiketa interviews Lal Krishna Advani, Chaudhury Charan Singh and Kamlapati Tripathi in Delhi while Rina Kamath in Madras talks to M. Karunanidhi on the emotive subject.

"THE ROOT OF IT ALL lies in Mrs Gandhi's incapacity to trust her colleges," says Lal Krishna Advani (seen at an exhibition of advertising and visual publicity).

Lal Krishna Advani, General Secretary of Bharatiya Janata Party: I don't think there is any doubt now that Mrs Gandhi is grooming Rajiv as her successor.

I recall that during the Emergency a very perceptive article on the mental make-up of autocratic rulers appeared in *Quest* (November-December, 1975), a quarterly from Bombay. The censors perhaps missed the article or else the journal would have been banned (or was it?). In this article, author Ashish Nandi observed:

"The first characteristic of such a ruler (autocratic ruler) is an inability to trust deeply and wholly. Though his flamboyant style may hide it for a long time, he lives in an inner world peopled by untrustworthy men. Even when he trusts some, it is transient. A chain of lieutenants comes in and goes out of his favour in a manner reminiscent of people getting in and out of a railway compartment.

"The ruler suspends this suspiciousness only in the case of his family members, men recruited from outside politics to act as commissars and politicians who have no independent bases and are fully dependent on him..."

If today Mrs Gandhi is grooming her son Rajiv Gandhi to be her successor, it is not

"FOLLOW MY LEADER," SAYS KAMLAPATI TRIPATHI.

—N K SAREEN

"I WON'T!" SAYS CHARAN SINGH.

—PRAVEEN KUMAR

M. KARUNANIDHI

because she regards him as one most qualified for the job, but because he is the only person in her party whom she can trust, or rather, as Nandi put it, in whose case she is willing to suspend her suspiciousness.

Indeed, her incapacity to trust colleagues is Mrs Gandhi's biggest failing. It is, therefore, that she keeps imposing Chief Ministers on the States. It is this again that makes her unwilling to delegate authority. Decision-making, even in the matter of trivia has become concentrated at 1, Safdarjang Road. Mrs Gandhi's commitment to the concept of dynastic succession also has its roots in the same failing.

Whether this bid for dynastic rule will succeed or not is still an open question. Enlightened public opinion abhors the idea. It is repugnant to democratic values. But the Ruling Party has willy-nilly accepted it. This also must be acknowledged that in the masses at large there does exist a feudal streak which the Ruling Party hopes to exploit in favour of the dynastic concept. In fact this must have been an important consideration which, way back in 1966, weighed with the Congress bosses when they backed Mrs Gandhi as against Morarji Desai for premiership.

Pandit Kamlapati Tripathi, Working President of AICC (I), MP: I don't want to say anything on this subject. There is no such thing as dynastic rule. All this is a conspiracy to malign a very great person. Yes, Mrs Gandhi.

Mrs Gandhi is my leader, I am her follower, her strongest follower at the moment.

Don't ask me these questions. I have myself been a journalist for 25 years. I have interviewed all the big people. So I know all the tricks.

What about Rajiv? He is a General Secretary of the Party. I am the Working President. I appointed him as General Secretary. He is doing well. Everything is all right. There is no dynastic rule.

Chaudhury Charan Singh, MP, President of Lok Dal (C): Yes, Mrs Gandhi seriously believes that Rajiv Gandhi can be her successor. Because she believes she can fool all the people all the time. So the grooming of Rajiv is on.

To achieve her goal Mrs Gandhi might try to become the President herself and make Rajiv the Prime Minister through a constitutional amendment. This is one of the possibilities that I can see. What exactly her *modus operandi* will be I cannot say.

However I do not think she will succeed. (The country as a whole, the masses will never accept.) Though the sycophants in her party may try to do her bidding but all this will depend on the totality of circumstances.

Rajiv has no qualification for the job. His advantage lies in the fact that his mother is Prime Minister of the country. My feeling is that her sycophant party leaders may hail him at the moment but when it comes to an immediate choice between him as the Prime Minister or somebody else from among them, they would not opt for him. The Congressmen themselves would not allow this to happen.

There is no doubt that one of the reasons for her success has been the fact that she was Nehru's daughter. The surname Gandhi attached to her name has also been a factor.

This has been helped by the ignorance of our masses, two-thirds of whom are illiterate. That is why this concept of western democracy which is the most difficult form of government has not been assimilated by them. They have not been allowed to become enlightened and educated because their ignorance suits the Congress Party.

At one time in our history we had our own democracy. We had republics: kings were elected. Panchayats were the strongest units of government but hundreds of years of foreign domination have eaten away those traditions from our polity. We are now hero-worshippers. Monarchical traditions have taken roots. But still I believe people abhor it (Rajiv's succession), they dislike it.

His voice has a soft rasp after the punishing campaign for the Tiruchendur by-election, where the DMK suffered a stunning reversal after an encouraging lead. M. Karunanidhi, the firebrand DMK chief, proved to be a seasoned politician, pleasantly but deftly handling the sensitive question of dynastic succession with shrewd caution;

A leader cannot be forced from the outside; leadership qualities have to come from within. In Mrs Gandhi's case, no doubt the fact that she was Nehru's daughter appealed to the North, and because she was backed by Kamaraj her succession was accepted in the South as well. But she has proved herself and that is why we supported her in 1980.

I had occasion to move with Sanjay Gandhi a few days before his death. Yes, I was conscious that he was being well groomed but I felt that he would be capable. I don't know about Rajiv Gandhi. To my mind, it does not seem important if there is deliberate attempt to groom him. One may get an opportunity, but one has to prove oneself. If Jayaprakash Narayan had chosen Jagjivan Ram instead of Morarji Desai, who knows? Things may have been very different.

Our electorate is largely economically deprived and illiterate which is why they are unenlightened. This is why you cannot compare it to Western democracies. In the present Indian conditions, anything may happen. It is impossible to prophecy. ■

Nation's Destiny

Mrs Gandhi Must Think Big

In India, as in Nehru's case in his lifetime, there is no alternative to Mrs Gandhi—as yet But P Ramaswamy feels that her task has gone beyond merely holding power and responsibility She has to secure a new destiny for the country, in other words, she has to fulfil her duty to history

ONE of Mrs Gandhi's *obiter dicta* is victory or defeat in elections is irrelevant to an individual's or a political party's service to the country Jawaharlal Nehru used to say that, too Nevertheless, they won the elections all the time

But times have been changing Mrs Gandhi did see defeat and lose power though she won it all again Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka have shown that it can happen Everyone knows that the Delhi Metropolitan Council elections are not the complete answer

In India therefore, as in Nehru's case in his lifetime, there is no alternative to Mrs Gandhi—as yet Behind the facade of her image, however, a new picture is emerging One has only to take a look at the decade 1970 80 to see that Frightening shadows of a new power trinity are slowly spreading from one end of the country to another, threatening the constitutional government over which Mrs Gandhi today presides If one is inclined to rhetorics, one may say national polity is in the melting pot

The Indian Constitution projects a democratic society and a system of government which embodies the popular will It contains the framework for adequate checks and balances, with regard to both the people's rights and the limitations to these rights It has created institutions through well-structured devices like an elected Parliament and State legislatures, a multi level judiciary, autonomous authorities like the Auditor-General, the Union Public Services Commission (with similar bodies at the State level), the Vigilance Commission, and so on Rules and procedures have been laid down for the conduct of government departments and the public services If these are implemented in the letter and spirit in which they were created, the country should have a well-balanced and progressive society

Three decades after elections were first held under the Constitution, what is the picture this society presents? The old leaders have all gone, and the only noteworthy link we have with that school is Mrs Gandhi, who was nurtured in that tradition and today stands at the junction between the past and the future There has been, therefore, some

PR TISHNAIDY

continuity and, on the whole, the record of history has run smoothly There has been multi faced development, there has been growth, industrial and otherwise, and there have been mighty big efforts to achieve the social aims of the Constitution

But, if any student of history rests at this point, he will be making a grave mistake During the last few years, there have been trends and events which call for deeper analysis During the days of the British Raj, too, there were crimes, the police and the courts, and there were cases of corruption and offenders were tried and punished In recent years, while all this corrective machinery has existed and, in fact, been expanded to cover larger areas of public activity, social offences have been increasing and have alarmed thinking people They have not only increased in numbers and dimension, but are taking the shape of a malaise which threatens to thwart the task of government and, since government is the manifestation of the Constitution at work, the Constitution itself

Take the Judiciary for instance An eminent jurist (Mr V R Krishna Iyer, a former Judge of the Supreme Court) said recently that justice is administered in the public view (which is one of the ways by which the integrity of the Judiciary is ensured) when either party places its case before a judge, with supporting evidence subject to cross-examination of witnesses and so on The judge has to give his decision on the basis of facts presented in court When lawyers fight for individual clients, it is a battle of wits based on facts and the law But when it is a case between a citizen and the state, be it a case of culpable crime or a citizen's right, it acquires the significance of a constitutional issue, directly or indirectly, and the larger public is affected The fundamentals of jurisprudence come into question The judge, in such cases, is in a difficult situation He can make a judgement only on the basis of facts presented to him In spite of his being an able and independent judge, the fallibility of the Judiciary can be called into question if the administration (say the Prosecution) does not, deliberately or otherwise, place the full facts of a case before the court and the other party has no access to them Who curtails the independence of the Judiciary in this case? Obviously, the Executive, which, according to this great jurist, means that unless the Executive is independent (and impartial), the Judiciary cannot *ipso facto* be independent

The role of the Executive is indeed extremely important All the more so, since the Judiciary is helpless without its support If a presiding judge is threatened with physical danger, his defence lies with the police and other instruments of security

Why should the Executive not be independent? An administrator at any level has only to administer He has no axe to grind His obligations are defined in the Constitution and the rules framed thereunder Why, then, should he disclose some facts and conceal others before a court of justice? In recent years, investigating journalists have exposed deliberate distortions, suppression of facts, etc, by the Executive and even *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* to Parliament, to ensure that an Executive lapse does not come before a court of law Where is the independence of the Judiciary or the sovereignty of Parliament or the sanctity of the Constitution?

Let us take a more general case One of the objectives laid down in the Constitution is the gradual elimination of economic disparities between the rich and the poor, more popularly termed the prevention of the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer Every department of government is geared to this function They have been given powers, extraordinary powers, to which democratic-minded critics have often taken exception, as in the case of departments exercising powers of control to regulate and channelise economic growth or to collect revenue from sources like income tax, customs, excise, and so on Unless these departments function with rectitude, the legal or

constitutional machinery of the state is made ridiculous.

Cases of how funds are collected by politicians in practically every State, partly for the party, partly for urgent election expenses and partly to fill personal coffers, and the devices employed to mobilise funds (it is doubtful if any political party is untainted in this regard) make a mockery of the moral values the leaders of the freedom struggle fought for.

There are two views about such an assessment. One, believed to have been tacitly accepted by leaders like the late Sardar Vallabhai Patel and his friends is: What does it matter if a few clever people make some money so long as a city improvement scheme or multi-storey building project gets implemented? Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru did not subsribe to this view as far as we know. His "temples of tomorrow", at least to his knowledge, did not allow political intrusions. Nehru frowned on them Today, the politician does not collect money He "earns" it

The net result is that political power is won through nefariously earned money. An edifice is built up which sustains, and is sustained by, a framework of corruption. It is a continuous operation, a continuing game. If such a body of citizens come to wield power, any good they are able to do is incidental, and is due to the benignity of their leader Mrs Gandhi's objectives have still the weight and character of her father's philosophy But this is the only extent to which the Constitution is sustained by the party, for, in the process of accumulating political power, most of its objectives like socialism, fair play, equality and social justice are violated The politician who, on his election, vows to protect the Constitution, thus becomes an instrument which undermines it.

The result is that while the charismatic leader continues to save the Congress, the organisational mechanism, under the surface, has deteriorated so that politics has acquired an ugly connotation. The politician, as an institutional individual, has become largely suspect. However, there are still some, both in the ruling camp and in the Opposition, who have survived with their traditional values intact. But they have become effete in the operational arena.

The second of this emerging power group is an able but ruthless and unscrupulous bureaucracy.

It is logical that in this process the bureaucrat ceases to be a "public servant" (to give the right meaning to the term) and becoms a little *satrap* in his own empire or, if he is different, a nuisance to his conforming colleagues. Either way, he becomes a weak institution if not an accomplice and an accessory to the politicians. It must be mentioned that these comments are made in relation to bureaucracy as an institution as it works today and not to individual bureaucrats, some of whom are shining examples of integrity.

On the whole, however, a system is taking shape by which an official's talent is judged not by his ability and integrity but by his willingness and drive to accomplish projects which a politician in office has set his heart on.

Then there is a third core of authority which is developing a stake and share in this power game He is the muscleman, the criminal, the thug, the smuggler, the dacoit, who is at hand for any "tough" job for those who want his services. Politicians and their partners in the financial game draw their bodyguards from this cadre. If a police station is raided and even arms are stolen and if the culprits are not traced, you should know why. Wherever these cases occur, more often than not they are well shielded by authority. An honest official—we still have such people—who is deemed recalcitrant has often to make the supreme sacrifice to save his honour. His family has to go underground, at least figuratively.

In many cities, and even in some villages, there are such people who rule with the might of the muscle and are ready to offer their services to those who need it. Such "strong men" have developed ambitions of being the power behind authority and thus become another factor to nullify the Constitution.

This is the merging state of the nation over which Mrs Gandhi today presides. She wields enormous power, which implies a tremendous load of responsibility, and she represents an image on which the strength and unity of the country and the stability of the Government depend. Power and responsibility are not, however, the end of the road for Mrs Gandhi. For one thing, in the increasing complexity of the political power structure, a stage has been reached when it is extremely difficult to continue in power without being an accessory to the deteriorating crisis if not a factor in it. Her political acumen, which has been universally acclaimed as tantalisingly unique, has enabled her, to our perplexity, to overcome crisis after crisis. The recent setback in the south may have alarmed many hardened politicians, but she took it in her stride and kept her poise, attributing these developments to obstacles which could (and would, no doubt) be met. And when the Delhi Metropolitan Council results came, her equanimity was vindicated.

In the mean while, as political leader and head of the Government, she has announced remedies like toning up the administration as well as certain political adjustments. There may be two views about the Non-Aligned Summit, as there were about the Asiad, one as a distraction from national priorities and the other as an opportunity to strengthen the authority and image of her leadership. At the same time, it has a vital validity in the international context which is a matter of deep concern to the country, both short term and long term. Whatever it may be, these developments have little relation to the simmering political crisis except to sustain the image of the leader as one with imagination, vision and ability.

Two facts follow from the analysis of this situation. The first is Mrs Gandhi's own identity as the best available safeguard to national stability. The second is that the constitutional set-up, despite all the ravages it has suffered, still holds. But how much longer is the question.

The answer to this question can be given, perhaps, only by Mrs Gandhi. For she alone has the strength to keep her feet on the ground and look ahead. Her task has gone beyond holding power and responsibility; she has to secure a new direction for the country—in other words, her duty to history.

The instruments for this task are, of course, her power and responsibility, but the means as well as the goal have to change. Answers have to be found for the malaise.

Perhaps an answer is implicit in the manner in which the crisis developed. It grew when the perspective of politics changed from one of service to one of power. The gap between those who govern and those who are governed has widened. It is obvious that with the present instruments of authority, corrupted by various circumstances and causes, it is impossible to fill this gap, because the instruments have lost their use. The whole system has lost credibility.

The answer lies not in a political facade of a Kamaraj plan but in a genuine return to organisational work through the Congress which, fortunately, still has deep roots all over the country It is worth remembering that it was from 1969 onwards, that is, from the first split, that the social disruption of the great national organisation began. Most of the democratic forces now opposing Mrs Gandhi's Congress are composed of ex-Congressmen, a good majority of them (at least at the lower levels) different from the type which has given birth to the "power trinity" mentioned earlier.

A parallel mass movement—a courageous move which only Mrs Gandhi could attempt—has to be started without the slightest delay to reshape the Congress and overhaul the political machinery in order to bridge the gap between the masses and the leaders, restoring political credibility at every level—the panchayat, the taluka or farca, the district and the pradesh—so that the masses see their leaders not as wielders of power but as servants of the people. The men who have made money and flaunted authority have to give way to make wealth and muscle irrelevant. Centralism, to be stable, has to have the widest base possible and not a few spikes at vulnerable points.

Mrs Gandhi has to take a look, beyond the horizon of power and responsibility, at what she owes to history and the traditions and values for whose resurrection she is the sole hope today. Only those who have the strength can help the weak. Likewise, only those who have great power can make great sacrifices. ■

Where Every Drop Of Water Counts

by Girija Prabhakar

MADRAS: One week in Madras and I am both thankful for the blessings of running water and conscious, almost guilty, of the many litres I may waste in a single day, here in Bombay For three successive years the North-East monsoons, Madras city's major source of water, have failed and, now, its 4 5 million inhabitants are weathering the worst water crisis ever

Madras, even at the best of times, has never boasted of plentiful water supplies But, on no other occasion has the problem been especially as acute as it is today The city lies prostrate Of its three main reservoirs -Red Hills, Poondi and Cholavaram, Poondi and Cholavaram are practically dry Consequently the city's supplies have dwindled from a normal of 53 million gallons of water a day to 40 million gallons of water every alternate day The situation, is indeed desperate and dangerous

To combat this sad predicament, the Madras Metropolitan Water Supply and Sewerage Board, has sunk over 10,000 tube wells across the city Metrowater has also erected some 1,441 steel tanks, with capacities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 litres, in different parts of Madras And lorries (the Metrowater fleet comprises about 150 of them) are used to fill these tanks at least once a day A point to be noted, however, is that these tanks have largely been placed in the slums and other "vulnerable" areas Schools, with the exception of the + 2s, were closed on March 31 at the Government's insistence Hospitals have been requested to perform only the most pressing operations, those which hold a threat to human life And, by the middle of June, water supplies to industries, decribed as non-essential, may be shut off as well Already, Central Government undertakings like the Port Trust and the Railways have been told to make their own arrangements for water Interestingly, this move has coincided with the Railway Minister's announcement that Madras be supplied with water by rail, the first consignment of which—of ten tankers carrying 50,000 gallons—has just reached the city

Advertisements, sponsored by private companies, advocating the careful usage of water and cautioning against waste appear frequently in both the English and vernacular magazines and newspapers The popular *Indian Express* columnist Harry Miller, though, reserves his words of appreciation for the efforts of the Parrys and Murugappa groups

Still, the activities of private companies are not restricted to the printed word Many, especially those with land in the Tiruvanmiyur-Mahabalipuram belt, have sunk or leased wells and borewells and they fetch water in lorries to the city (Not surprisingly, even petrol tankers have switched to carrying water) Individuals, fortunate enough to own land in this same lucrative belt, have also turned to water for profit They run tankers to the city too But all such water is very dear—an entire tankerful can cost as much as Rs 200 to Rs 300 (transportation charges which are determined by distance) Yet, if prudently used, these supplies can last up to a week, for the capacity of a single tanker is about 8,000 litres Nevertheless, as Metrowater is confined to every alternate day, this private supply of water, by individuals and companies has become both vital and indispensable to the people of Madras

One off-shoot of this supply of water in lorries is the opportunity it affords the crew, of both private and Metrowater lorries, of some easy extra income And, they are really very quick to avail of it Some of them sell water at around 30 paise a pot Still others, with more daring, offer bucketfuls at Rs two each But lorry drivers and conductors are not the only ones to make a living off water Enterprising labourers and even urchins offer to fetch and carry water from the numerous pumps, around the city, to private houses One family in Mylapore which collects its water thus estimated its expenses at around Rs 450 per month (Rs 20 for the labourer and Rs 10 for cycle charges, for each day) But, of course, the most favoured ones are those, who, by sheer chance, have pumps just outside their homes

KEEPING VIGIL Rows and rows of people with their pots stacked beside them wait for water in various parts of the city

—SUBHA NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

SUBHA NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

AN UNUSUAL RIDE AT AN UNEARTHLY HOUR This picture was taken at West Mambalam, an area of Madras city where the problem is especially acute

In an effort to prevent trafficking in water, police protection has been provided to Metrowater lorries and a squad of officials, headed by an executive engineer, has been formed to oversee the movement of lorries in the city There is no doubt that the Government means business For, the driver, cleaner and timekeeper of a Metrowater tanker who were detected supplying water to a cattleshed in parched Nungambakkam were suspended forthwith Also, the public, at the Government s request, have been advised to cooperate and limit their use of the water from their taps and tankers for drinking and cooking alone, as far as possible

If the poor are guilty of malpractices, the rich are even more guilty Metrowater has discovered that water, in some houses, is drawn directly from the mains, by using electric pump sets Raids, naturally, have followed, and, in some cases, the water connections have been cut off But, the exigencies of daily living have led the irresistible temptation of drawing water, without any difficulty, from the mains to prevail over the fear of detection And, a distraught government is now contemplating making water theft a penal offence

All these measures, however, have in no way resolved the crisis The needs of the poor have, to a fair extent, been looked after, and, the affluent look after themselves But the middle class has borne and continues to bear the brunt of so little water

Rows and rows of men, women and children, with rows and rows of empty pots alongside, queueing up in front of public taps and water tanks is a common sight And, what is more, they have to contend with Metrowater's odd pumping schedule which

ensures high pressure in the pipes at around 4 am Worse, the pressure eases towards daybreak and in a majority of areas, the taps run dry as early as 7 am Sometimes the long vigil yields but a bucket of water It is almost a whole year, now, that the city has not been receiving any water supply in the evening The areas of the city that have been affected the most are Nungambakkam, West Mambalam, Ashok Nagar, Gopalapuram, Mahalingapuram, Chintadripet, etc The list is endless Greenways Road, the home of the elite, Triplicane and Mandavalli, a low-lying area whose level is now a boon, however, are faring considerably better than the rest of the city

Since December last when the services of violin maestro Kunnakudi Vaidyanathan were enlisted—he played special ragas at Red Hills—to invoke the favour of the rain God, prayers and mantras continued to be offered And confounded by the hopelessness of the situation, the Government has proved willing to try any means, if there is even a remote chance of its working It is to fund experiments to be conducted at the Poondi reservoir to minimise evaporation looses, by spreading a layer of a chemical like cetyl alcohol on the water's surface If this method is effective, it is estimated that it will save about five to six million litres of water a day There is also a greater emphasis on the conservation and recycling of water The alternative of evacuating Madras city is also out of the question For, drought conditions exist elsewhere in Tamil Nadu as well The districts that have been severely hit are Kanyakumari, Ramanathapuram, Madurai, North Arcot, Pudukottai and Chingleput Even Thanjavur, Tamil Nadu's "rice bowl", which normally escapes "the clutches of drought", according to the White Paper presented to the State's Assembly by the Revenue Minister, has not been spared

All said and done, Madras, for the present at any rate, will have to learn to live with less water Recriminations against the present and previous governments for having abandoned the Veeranam project, after having spent Rs 22 crores on it, and for having failed to implement the Kattalai project to tap the Cauvery waters, due to escalating costs, are futile and serve no purpose And, despite the agreement with Maharashtra, Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh, whereby each has agreed to yield 15 TMC ft, the Krishna waters are still a long way off The best hope, now, lies in Madras' "ample ground water potential", to which UN experts have testified, the Government's proposed Rs 90 lakh scheme for exploiting this water south of Tiruvanmiyur and, of course, a good monsoon this year And God forbid that it should fail, for failure would be an extraordinarily frightening prospect for the city's 4 5 million people! ■

The Quiz Mountain

Words, Words, Words

Hamlet, I think it was, or should have been Words hide and they expose They are convenient, clumsy, effective, exasperating Sometimes they mean a lot, at other times they mean nothing More often than not they don't look like how they sound George Bernard Shaw spent a lifetime trying to set this right Finally he gave up in pain With a capital P as in Psychology The Americans have fared somewhat better How much do words count with you? Try this Quiz and find out

Score 2 marks for each correct answer The Quiz is mostly Uphill, so don't worry overmuch if you fall off the Mountain

A Noun for all Seasons

What is the meaning of
Aglet, Berm, Cissing, Dottle, Kerf, Harp, Kick, Tang, Snath, Placebo? Do not be obvious on Harp and Kick, please

And Nouns, Collective

A what of owls? And crows? And rhinoceros?

The Commonest Error

Logophiles say that the commonest spelling error, amongst simple words, is "ah-kom odet" Spell it, without writing it down

And Common Fears

What is "triskaidekaphobia" the fear of? And "agarophobia"?

Acronyms

What do the following stand for CREEP, SNAFU, KGB, GATT, TWER

And Other Diversions

You remember Mississippi? Three twin-letter groups? Now spell a word which has three twin letter groups, but following each other with no letter intervening It's so easy, you ll feel like cutting your throat when you see the answers

Answers

A Noun For All Seasons

Aglet The little plastic tip on a shoelace
Berm When you dig a hole and pile up the mud on to one side, the space between the hole and the mud pile!
Cissing The spotting and the separating of wet varnish when you apply it
Dottle Sludge remaining at the bottom of your pipe-bowl after you have smoked it fully
Kerf The first small groove the carpenter makes before sawing
Harp The metal thing that holds a lampshade on a lamp
Kick Indentation in the bottom of a bottle Fast vanishing
Tang The end of the knife-blade which fits into the handle
Snath The handle of a scythe
Placebo Harmless pill administered more for psychological effect on the disease Now jargon for "to soothe"

And Nouns, Collective

A parliament of owls Coined, I'm told by Ben Jchnson.
A murder of crows You see now, do you not?
A crash of rhinoceros Closer to truth

The Commonest Error

It's spelt ACCOMMODATE I am prepared to bet that you will forget it by next week Everyone, except stenographers

And Common Fears

Triskaidekaphobia is the fear of the number thirteen
Agarophobia is the fear of open spaces No chance

Acronyms

CREEP Committee for the Re-Election of the President This was set up by Nixon's aides and had a direct involvement in the Watergate affair
SNAFU An expression coined by the American Army, but is very relevant to our condition It reads, Situation Normal All Fouled Up Except that the American Army used a far stronger and more descriptive word for Fouled
KGB Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnos ti KGB is somewhat easier In other words, the Committee for State Security President Yuri Andropov comes from the KGB
GATT General Agreement on Trade and Tariff Very much in the news these days
TWER Trade Weighted Exchange Rate Economic gimmick to demonstrate true exchange values Can mislead

And Other Diversions

Twin-letter-groups, three in succession? Very simple BOOKKEEPER How are you feeling?

—Partha Basu

Scoring

Our Score	32
Below 10	What did you say a CAT was?
Upto 25	A CAT is something which dogs chase up trees
Upto 35	A CAT means a small, domesticated feline
Above 35	A CAT means either Clear Air Turbulence or a Brain Scanner

"HAATHI AUR HOLI". An elephants festival was organised by Rajasthan Tourism on the occasion of Holi at Jaipur.

THE WORLD AROUND US

TASTING TEA DOWN UNDER The India Tea House Pavilion, put up by The Indian Tea Board, Sydney, in the city's Royal Easter show. March 25 to April 5 Visitors were offered the Darjeeling, Assam and Nilgiri varieties. At right is Dr N.P. Seshadri, Director, Tea Promotion, Sydney

PRESIDENT ZAIL SINGH receives a letter of credence from Vassily N. Rykov, USSR's Ambassador to India, at Rashtrapati Bhavan.

REVERING ST FRANCIS. Archbishop Angelo Fernandes releases a stamp to commemorate the 800th birth anniversary of St Francis of Assisi. Also present is the Union Minister of State for Communications, Mr V.N. Gadgil.

Sandeep Lost To Cricket?

ALL was over bar the clouting when it happened The Final Karachi Test between Pakistan and India had ceased to be a contest except for interest in whether Skipper Imran Khan would proceed to bag his 40th wicket in a series he had already wrapped up for Pakistan The Pak skipper was walking back to the top of his run when there came the chant in a chorus from the Women s Stand *Zeenat Aman ka ek hi bhai Imran Bhai Imran Bhai!*

This accord ng to *Dawn* of Karachi was the Pakistani women s sardonic way of referring to Zeenat s reported desire to marry Imran But Imran added *Dawn* had reportedly said he did not like fat women and hence would not marry the Indian film star Whereupon Zeenat is said to have gone on a crash diet

Which at least explains why her films have been crashing with such monotonous regularity at the box office As far as I known Debashree Roy s not so far gone on any such crash diet in an effort to make herself more presentable to Sandeep Patil hero of *Kabhi Ajnabi The* The media focus so far has been on Poonam Dhillon vis a vis Sandeep Patil But the key character in the film is Debashree Roy who enables Sandeep to rediscover himself as a cricketer after he has lost faith in himself and Poonam Dhillon

It is Debashree s big chance to make an impact and I pointedly asked Sandeep whether it had ever occurred to him that he was being merely *used* by certain people in the film industry to *build* themselves Sandeep the simpleton still said that if indeed they were using him they were welcome to do so for his part he remained as sincere in his approach to his role as to his game

This sincerity still comes through in Sandeep s talk there is no acting at least not up to now Nothing has hurt Sandeep more than my suggestion that he opted for films because it is easier to face Poonam Dhillon and Debashree Roy than Malcolm Marshall and Mike Holding—because there is more money in films (a couple of lakhs from a single movie) than the mere Rs 50 000 he would have got for the West Indies tour

Tell me have I ever gone after money during the brief period I ve been in Tests when my reputation s been good enough to cash in on the fact? he asks ' And I do definitely resent the suggestion that I ve shied away from confronting either Malcolm Marshall or Mike Holding No I ve never shied away from mere pace my Test record is testimony to that In fact what worries me is swing not pace Let someone bowl at 150 miles per hour I'll still stand up to him but swing it really puts me off I can t throw my bat at it like I can at pace!

'But what I asked "is the conclusion you expect followers of the game to draw when after having negotiated neither the pace nor the swing of Imran Khan too well you suddenly announce that you re unavailable for the West Indies tour?

I m sorry if the timing of my announcement led people to draw such a conclusion says Sandeep ' but what I ve found is that *no* time is the right time for me to draw away from the game and concentrate on my personal problem of seeking a speedy divorce As you know my divorce papers are pending in court and the next six months are crucial I wanted to finish with the whole thing earlier but they then said that England are touring India under Keith Fletcher and I mustn t miss the chance to take a crack at them Next when I tried to get the thing through they said I now had the opportunity of my first tour of England and was I going to be foolish enough to forgo the chance After that came the tour of Pakistan and again they said I was very definitely wanted to counter the pace of Imran Khan Therefore when in the process of countering Imran & Co I discovered that I had major fitness problems I said this was it—this was the time to attend to my shoulder injury and at the same time get the divorce proceedings off my chest

Once the divorce comes through I asked what are your plans?

I ll marry again the moment the divorce comes through! said Sandeep with an emphasis there was no mistaking

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask Marry whom? but better manners prevailed The grapevine has it that it is no one from films but a girl in Bangalore Match winner Chandrasekhar s marriage went on the rocks because he wanted to marry a Maharashtrian girl now we have Sandeep casting his eye at beauteous Bangalore So much for the Maharashtra Karnataka boundary dispute!

Boundaries they still flow in a thrilling cascade from Sandeep s bat Take his

WITH DEBASHREE ROY in producer music director Vijay Singh s Kabhi Ajnabi The Sandeep Patil here rebuts point by point the suggestion that he is now more concerned about the hour glass thin waist of Debashree Roy or Poonam Dhillon than the hour glass thin middle of India s batting!

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Punjab Small Industries & Export Corpn. Ltd., ever since its inception in March, 1962, has been like the legendary tiny plant growing into a giant tree, extending its numerous branches in different directions to bear multiple fruits. Distribution of raw materials, provision of infrastructural facilities, marketing and technical & export assistance are some of the services rendered to stimulate the growth of small scale industries in Punjab.

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A special Handicrafts cell has been created within the Corporation for the planned development and promotion of State handicrafts.

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batting in the recent Karnataka-Bombay Ranji Trophy Final, when the Sandeep Explosion rocked the Wankhede Stadium.There were 14 fours and 4 sixes in his 121 not out that time. And those 121 runs came off 96 balls—his second 50 being taken off 24 balls in 25 minutes.

It was the kind of controlled aggression which made Henry Blofeld predict on the tour of Australia, as Sandeep hacked Lillee and Pascoe, that Patil will go on to win Test matches for India. What was Patil then doing at the Wankhede Stadium when he should have been at the Queen's Park Oval, taking on the big guns of the West Indies rather than the light ammunition of Karnataka? The way Patil fired away that day, the idea of any shoulder injury seemed a myth.

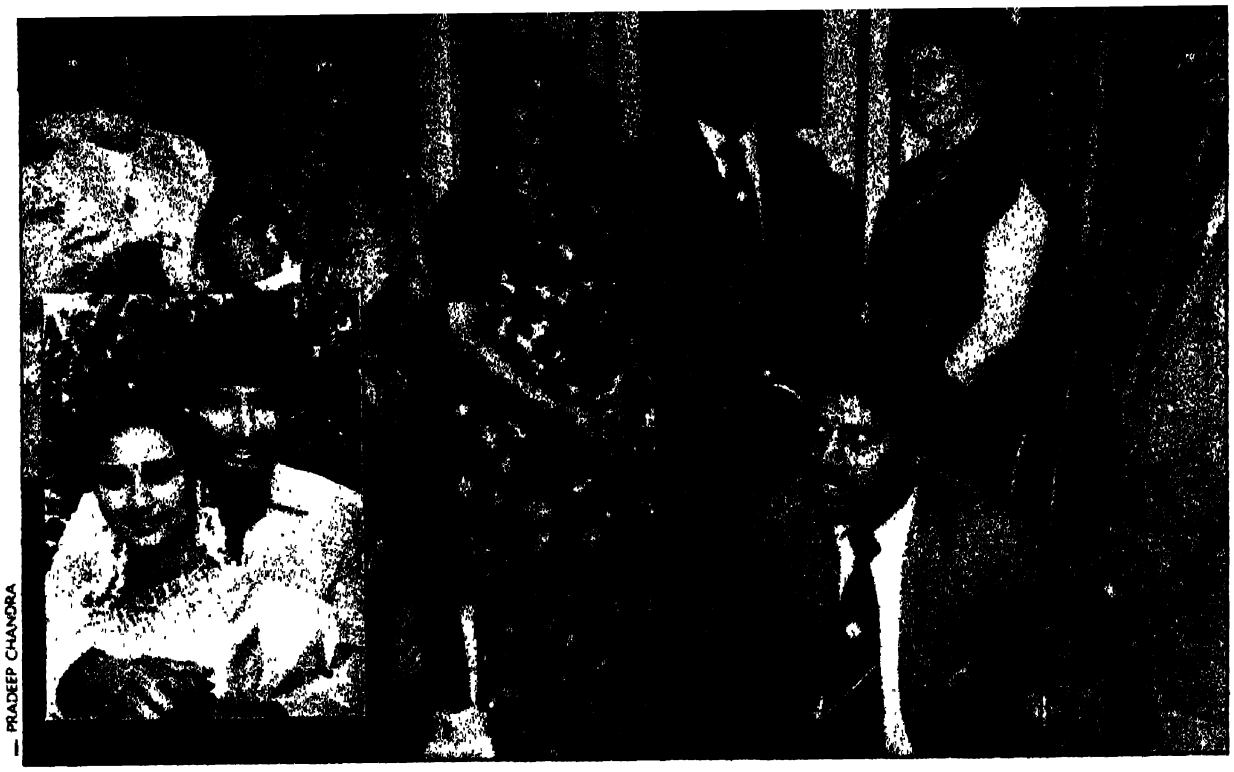
"No, I'm not fully fit," Patil says when you ask about his shoulder "What you need at *Test* level is peace of mind and this is just what I don't have at present I know you wrote that, when I go to the middle, I must be professional enough to leave all my personal worries at home, but I'm sorry, I'm not made *that* way I'm an instinctive cricketer, I never plan my game I've tried hard, but I can't be my normal self in the middle while there's this divorce case weighing on my mind And I *do* have fitness problems at the moment, whether you believe me or not I'm just not in a position to give of myself cent per cent, mentally and physically Once I feel up to it, I'll be back "

"But what makes you think they'll want you back at the time?" I asked. "India's middle order is already overcrowded Now that you've made room, naturally there are others to occupy your place."

"Such thoughts never bother me," says Sandeep. "Once I feel I'm ready for it again, I'll strike out for my place. If they want me they'll pick me—otherwise no regrets. It's a great honour to play for India, but I'm happy playing *anywhere*. Even today, as I come out of my home, when I see the boys in my neighbourhood playing tennis-ball cricket, I join them in the game—you can check on that if you like And I enjoy tennis-ball cricket as much as I do Test Cricket For my principle is the same whether it be tennis-ball cricket or Test Cricket: *Go and have a whack!* Why, I even considered taking part in the Himalayan Rally as a driver. For me, it's the thrill of adventure that matters."

"But, no matter at *which* level you play, this is a game that demands a certain fitness," I said. "Now that you're in films, can you expect to maintain this fitness? Remember, late-night parties are a must on the film beat."

"I like to enjoy my evenings," says Sandeep. "Even on the cricket beat, there *are* parties. And I've invariably stayed late into the night at such parties. After doing that, I've played well enough next day. I want to enjoy life. That's why I plan to give up the idea of Test Cricket after three or four years at the job. For, tell me, which player's stayed at the *absolute* top for longer than that? But why talk of others—for myself, I don't think I can be at my Test peak for more than three-four years more That's if I get back to Test Cricket at all"



PRADEEP CHANDRA

CRICKETERS' WIVES ARE SHOWPIECES TODAY· seen with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (from left) *are Ramani (Mrs Kapil Dev), Kavita (Mrs Vi.wanath) and Marshneill (Mrs Gavaskar) with their husbands Sandeep Patil here talks of his marriage, movies and Malcolm Marshall*

"You may or may not get back to Test Cricket, but the target now is the World Cup, something for which they are bound to want you back," I said. "Only, the World Cup style of cricket demands, in a sense, even greater physical fitness than Test Cricket Can you hope to maintain *that* level of fitness, now that you've strayed into films where the lifestyle is the reverse of that required for cricket?"

"But what makes you think I'm in films for keeps!" Sandeep comes back. "Do you know that I've had seven to eight offers since I signed on for *Kabhi Ajnabi The*, but I've rejected each one of them. In *Kabhi Ajnabi The*, I play a cricketer—I'm therefore acting Sandeep Patil, no one else. I've just to be myself in the film."

"But if the film succeeds," I said, "do you mean to say you won't be tempted to sign on more movies?"

"Even today, as I come out of my home, when I see the boys in my neighbourhood playing tennis-ball cricket, I join them in the game. And I enjoy tennis-ball cricket as much as I do Test Cricket."

"I can't say what'll happen tomorrow!" said Sandeep. "It's my policy never to think of the morrow, whether it be cricket or films! Whatever the field, I just go out and do my best. All I can, therefore, say is that, as of now, there are no plans to continue in films, otherwise I wouldn't be playing this Ranji Trophy Final just now, would I? As for the lifestyle in films, my lifestyle is what it is—it is never to think of my cricket after the day's play. Similar is my approach to movies. The shooting for my film will be over by September. In between, I've kept myself free for the World Cup—if they want me. As to what'll happen after September, as I told you, I'll be available to play for India again. But, if they don't want me for India, I'll still be available to play for Bombay If they don't want me for Bombay, I'll still be playing for my club! If they don't want me for my club, there's still tennis-ball cricket in my neighbourhood! Please don't get me wrong, but *this* is my outlook on the game—on life. So many people have told me I can achieve so much more if I applied myself to the job. But it's not in my nature to summon *that* kind of application I never *plan* an innings, an innings by me just *happens*. The assault on Dennis Lillee, on Bob Willis, it was never planned, I just went there and played my natural game Sometimes it comes off, if it's my day. Sometimes it doesn't come off, then it's not my day, that's all. So much, for instance, is made of the fact that I failed to hit Imran off his length. But it was Imran's length that was his strength! He wasn't as fast as some others I've played, but he bowled a superb line and length—and that's what proved my undoing."

"Who's the fastest bowler you've faced?"

"It's not Imran, nor Willis, nor Hadlee, it's Jeff Thomson!" said Sandeep. "But, as I told you, sheer speed never did worry me: for, the faster they come, the quicker they go off the bat! The man who's really worried me is Ian Botham. Playing swing is much more difficult than playing speed. I'd therefore any day prefer to face Thomson and Willis than Botham and Lillee! If Imran worried me in Pakistan, it was because he now moved the ball much more than he did when he toured India. Ask a player of even Viswanath's calibre: he'll tell you that swing is any day more difficult to negotiate than speed."

But Viswanath cannot tell us how to negotiate a 'swinger' like Debashree Roy That only Sandeep Patil can do. The first reports of Sandeep's shooting are very favourable· he is supposed to have come off on the screen incredibly handsomely

Handsome Sandeep is in whatever he does. He insists that he is by no means lost to cricket "Cricket is in my blood," he says. "My father was a cricketer, my mother, as a sportswoman, encouraged me no end. You say the two, cricket and films, don't mix I say they do, if only because my approach to *both* is the *same*. But of one thing be certain: that the day I cease to enjoy doing something, I'll give it up."

That is Sandeep all over. He *must* enjoy what he is doing and the onlooker must *equally* enjoy it One theory is that Sandeep drifted into films because he found that, where other Indian Test cricketers had 'glamorous' wives, he was handicapped in this regard.

But all this will remain mere theory in the case of Sandeep Patil. You may be very angry with him for having virtually renounced cricket in favour of films. But the moment you meet him and talk to him, all anger evaporates. You realise that here is a man whose instinct dictates his action.

Sandeep to this day remains the Simple Simon he was when I encountered him in the reserves of the India team. That is to say, there is not a trace of put-on. Humility is his hallmark. And one hopes Sandeep remains that way, whether or not he returns to big cricket. For one can never imagine any actress saying of Sandeep Patil what Suraiya said of Dilip Kumar: that "he continued to act even after the director said 'Cut!'"

Raju Bharatan

In Colourful Jhabua

Where Eloping Is A Way Of Life

Chakresh Jain travels to the interiors of Madhya Pradesh to share the Holi festivities with the Bhils.

LONG ago the Labanas were the rulers of Bhagor village, which produced the most delicious watermelons, greatly favoured by the neighbouring rajas.

One of these rajas once made an unseasonal demand for the mouth-watering fruit. Enraged, the Labana sardar hollowed out the few available melons, stuffed them with earth and sent them to the raja. When they were cut, the raja flew into a rage at the sardar's insolence. His mother calmed him: "Beta, the earth has come to you, do not dishonour her. Get ready at once to attack Bhagor." The The raja assembled his Bhil army and set forth to conquer the Labana village. He was victorious, of course, and in celebration he ordered his men to select a maiden for him from Bhagor.

Bhagoria is derived from *bhagana* which means to run away with or to elope. And even to this day marriage by eloping is common in the Jhabua district of Madhya Pradesh. The Bhagoria *haats* (bazars held a week prior to Holi) serve as a meeting place for young Adivasi boys and girls. It is an eagerly-awaited event for them and many a match is finalised here. When the parents of the boy or girl oppose the marriage for some reason, they meet at the *haat* and spend the entire day singing, dancing, partaking of *paans* and *sherbets,* enjoying a ride on the ferris wheel. Towards dusk they quietly elope to the jungles to start their "live-in" life. Later, a search is made, the bride price fixed by the tribal *Panch* and the marriage performed. But this practice is on the wane now.

I journey to Jhabua to visit the Bhagoria *haats* and to celebrate Holi with the Bhils. This is their most important festival. Eighty-seven per cent of Jhabua's population comprises Bhils, Bhilalas (offspring of an alliance between immigrant Rajputs and Bhils from MP) and Pateliyas, a sub-tribe of Bhils. I am told Valput Bhagoria is most colourful, untouched by civilisation. The area is predominated by Bhilalas. Driving through the hilly region from Alirajpur to Valpur (about 35 km), I am struck at the quiet beauty of the green forests and hills.

Women in gaily-printed *ghaghoras, kanchalis* (blouses) and *odhnis,* rows of bead necklaces hanging from their necks, silver ornaments glistening against their swarthy bodies in the noonday sun, their faces tattooed, present a wonderful sight.

Men in bright shirts and dhoties, *safaas* (turbans) in rainbow hues, wearing *kundals* and *kadas;* young boys with red kerchiefs tied around their necks, silver chains dangling from their ears, sporting pompoms in their ears and shirt collars, are a dazzling sight.

Some are tipsy. It is customary to drink on the journey to the *haat*—men, women, children, all partake of liquor. The Bhils are addicted to liquor distilled from the *mahua* flowers. It is an essential part of their rituals and ceremonies as they believe that the deities are appeased by an offering of this drink.

I spot a group of Adivasis resting under a shady tree after a long journey by foot. I approach them and strike up a conversation. They offer me the *daru*. Rupa informs me that he and his family have been walking for two days from their village to reach the Bhagoria.

I do not see any Adivasis carrying bows and arrows. These are prohibited at the *haats* lest quarrels break out among them under the influence of liquor. A serious problem of the area is the high incidence of crime, particularly around the town of Alirajpur. It is highest after the month of March when *daru* is available in plenty. The quarrels are usually over petty disputes, at times due to superstitions, illiteracy and easy access to bows and arrows.

I approach Valpur. Bullock carts, sleek imported cars and jolting jeeps disgorge their load. Most of them are government officials and some camera toting French tourists. The obscure, sleepy village suddenly comes alive with hectic activity. An incredible kaleidoscopic array of colours, song and dance.

The *haat* fulfils certain social and economic functions. Like most Indian village fairs, it serves as a meeting place where friendships are forged, enmities dissolved. It offers amusement and diversion in the monotonous life of the Adivasis. Here is an occasion to meet relatives, to indulge in gossip to gaze at aliens like myself. In the absence of shops for procurring ones requirements the villagers rely on *haats* for most of their buying and selling.

I weave my way through the bustling *haat.* These open-air bazars have an old-world charm where traders from nearby villages assemble to sell their merchandise. Rows and rows of men and women squat on the ground, their wares spread out in front of them. I wander around losing myself in the melee. I eye the fresh-from-the-fields papayas and assorted vegetables, orange temry fruits. On sale are roasted grams and puffed rice, lumps of jaggery, piles of red chillies which the Adivasis consume in large quantities, baskets, ropes, crude iron implements and what have you. Poultry is also occasionally offered for sale as also livestock.

Side by side ugly plastic toys, chappals and other items shine with a commercial vengence. These glossy, synthetic curios from the city are as much a novelty to them as their handicrafts are to us. A young girl is delighted with her buy of a gaudy plastic bag—a symbol of modernisation.

Several stalls display candy in the shape of large discs in bright red and yellow.

The *sherbet* and *paan* stalls brim with bustling crowds. The Bhils and the Bhilalas eat *paan* by the dozen at the *haats*—this is considered auspicious. Both men and women like to redden their lips with the betel.

Further away are *haldi* powder and *gulal* in heaps. Coconuts are in great demand and everyone buys them, generally as offerings to the deities.

Attired in all their finery, flaunting their lovely handmade accessories, young Adivasi boys and girls strut about, vying with each other to invite attention.

I spot the most beautiful tribal ornaments spread out on a red cloth gleaming in the sun A few yards away is a bangle-seller surrounded by hoardes of women.Business is brisk. I am fascinated by the Bhil bangles fashioned from coconut shells and covered with thin aluminium or silver strips. I too squat among them, waiting for my turn. I am the cynosure of all eyes. The admiration is mutual.

Reluctant to leave, I linger on and make myself comfortable under the bangle-tent watching the enchanting world of the Adivasis pass by

A newly-married couple came here looking for bangles The girl is tall, graceful, fair-complexioned with well-chiselled features I am struck by her beauty She is loaded with silver from top to toe I make enquiries about her with the bangle-seller.

"She is a Bhilala some of the women are extremely good-looking," he informs me "And the weight of her silver is nothing less than 10 to 12 kg"

Another gossip at the *haat* is the tattoo artist The men too have the crescent moon design tattooed on the outer corner of their eyes In olden days, the designs were pricked with babul thorns and coloured with indigenous dyes

I encounter another handsome pair I focus my camera on them but they are swifter than I and instantly melt into the crowd I am told that they are wary I might capture them in my camera and perform some kind of magic on them!

Sartorial fashions are in evidence at the remote Valpur *haat*. A few Bhils have given up their traditional loincloth and jacket in favour of polyester shirts and trousers. The younger ones also sport cheap plastic sunglasses, dingy tennis shoes and carry briefcases. The forces of urbanisation are at work...slowly but inexorably.

The sun shines brightly, the *haat* is at its peak. Sounds of the *nagada* waft across Groups of men and women have assembled under a tall neem tree. The drummer strikes the *nagada*, momentum gathers, feet begin to move unbidden They dance vigorously to the pounding beats of the drum, the jingle of brass bells interspersed with the limpid melody of the flute. Old men with grey beards,women with babes in their arms, some in *ghunghat*, happy children (one of them is perched high on his grandfather's shoulder who sways to the *nagada* beats)—the mass of moving figures sway gracefully around the drummer. More join in, the circle expands Music and dance are the very life breath of the Adivasis—a recreation shared by all

From among the silent spectators emerges the village *sarpanch* clad in spotless white *dhoti-kurta* and *safa*. Tipsy, dancing gently to the rhythmic beats of the drum, he comes towards me and smears my forehead with *gulal*, and vanishes immediately In a while he reappears and again smears me with *gulal*

I look at the revellers dancing non-stop for hours at a stretch, as if in a trance Sitting on the parapet, the minutes seem timeless, and the hours speed by. The *haat* soon comes to a close towards the end of the day. Gradually a silent calm descends. The Adivasis are homeward bound—along roads, along jungle paths. The sights, smells and vibrant colours of the spectacle linger on.

At the fixed *muhurat*—9 pm—the *tadvi* or village headman arrives. He performs puja in front of the pole and makes an offering of cooked rice and coconut to Holi Mata. Others too make similar offerings I too follow suit and squat beside them.

The *puja* over, the *tadvi* lights the bonfire. The assembled crowd bows down in reverence to Holika with folded hands. There is an unprecedented joy as the flames leap up. Pindrop silence prevails for a while.

A few steps away from the bonfire the drummer strikes his *dhol* A small group of men, women and children form a circle and start dancing and singing *Holi* songs in monotonous strains, in their untrained, rustic voices. Some men dance in a frenzy with bows and arrows in their hands—a truly memorable sight At their request, I too join them. Incongruous though, sari-clad as I am

The *Holika* is never left alone, the singing, dancing and drinking continues throughout the night Next morning water is poured over the smouldering fire The festivities continue for five days after *Holi* But the Bhils do not play *Holi* by splashing coloured water on each other. This custom is prevalent only among the non-Adivasis

Sensitive, lively, a vibrant colourful people, the Bhils live in an isolated world of their own. And in their own way, have nurtured and preserved their distinctive tradition and culture, inextricably woven into the rich tapestry of life in Madhya Pradesh. ■

The Punjab Tangle

Hindus Hold The Key

P.K. Nijhawan, looking at the Punjab problem from a fresh angle, says that, if the Akali position today looks desperate, it is the Akalis themselves who are to blame for it.

THE apparent failure of the long and protracted Akali-Centre talks, the resignation of the Akali legislators from the Punjab Assembly as well as Parliament, the near unanimity in Punjab today about the economic and even the political demands of the Akalis (barring, of course, the Anandpur Sahib Resolution); the Union Government's decision to involve the States of Haryana, Rajasthan and Himachal Pradesh in resolving the whole question which is seen by many as putting a premium on an indirect veto; the Akali decision to exercise the collective social pressure of the community on the non-Akali Sikhs holding various elective positions—all these factors go to indicate how very complicated the Punjab tangle today is. The men of goodwill (including well-placed politicians, ex-Generals and journalists) are sounding warning after warning that, in order to serve Punjab and thereby India, no party or individual should stand on mere prestige. But no one exactly knows where the solution lies and what it would achieve even if the main political and economic demands of the Akalis were conceded!

The atmosphere is such that each move, howsoever well-meaning, generates distrust. For example, when the Prime Minister unilaterally announced before a huge Sikh congregation in the Gurdwara Bangla Sahib in New Delhi the acceptance of some of the religious demands of the Sikhs, it was described as a calculated move to drive a wedge between the so-called moderate and extremist Akali factions A clean-shaven senior Sikh Civilian, who apparently has nothing to do with the Akali politics, described it as wrong tactics His point was that, even when you are seeking a solution to a labour dispute, it is wise to reinforce the credibility of the labour leaders.

What he meant was that the Government's effort to weaken the Akali leadership would not be conducive to producing the desired results. And lo and behold, only the following day, Sant Longowal, dictator of the Akali agitation, termed the Prime Minister's pronouncement as a fraud on the Sikhs.

Another view was that the unilateral announcement by the Prime Minister was calculated to strengthen the non-Akali Sikh leadership to resist the Akali demands. It came only some days before the Akalis were to wait in deputation upon President Giani Zail Singh. But, if the non-Akali Sikhs are as numerous as 40 per cent of the Sikh population (a figure seldom contested), then how is it that the Akali Dal invariably emerges as the sole champion of the Sikhs and yet Congress Sikhs continue to rule the State?

A discerning Sikh scholar, a thorough pagan at heart, observed that no Congress Sikh ever wants that the Akalis should lick the dust! His thesis is that, through this bipolar leadership, the Sikh community has got what it would never have got—the best of both worlds! According to this theory, the Congress Sikhs themselves want the Akalis should continue to agitate and escalate their demands so that the Hindus in Punjab continue to look to the farmers for production and succour. Be that as it may, the Akali leadership views with concern the ability and the tactics of Indira Gandhi to diffuse the situation by prolonging the talks, trying all the time to look as reasonable as possible but, in fact, letting all kinds of issues be raised. Chandigarh and the River Waters question are even now as complicated as they ever were, if not really more complicated, particularly after all the views have been voiced. The Haryana Chief Minister is back at the starting-point, demanding a division of Chandigarh in the ratio of 60:40 between Punjab and Haryana. The local Hindu population (including all the Hindu employees of the Punjab Government) unreservedly declare that 80 per cent of the Chandigarh population is Hindi-speaking! Everyone knows that this is a white lie. But, then, the Punjab problem is a compound of such lies The type of political arrangement under which Chandigarh is ruled by the Centre makes it an ideal city for blackmailing by every trick in the book.

However, now the Akali position looks really desperate. For this, the Akalis are themselves to blame. When, in 1966, the demand of Punjabi Suba was conceded, no Akali leader worth the name bothered about how the boundaries of the new State were to be fixed. It was left almost entirely to the Union Home Ministry to decide this most vital issue. At that time, the victorious Sant Fateh Singh could have really got a much better deal for Punjab had he thought of visiting Delhi. But, then, victory was too heady a wine to think of anything else. At that time, it was enough that the Sikhs formed 62 per cent of the population of the new State and that the Akalis could hope to rule there indefinitely. At last, the long-cherished dream of the Sikhs to have a State of their own, after the eclipse of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's kingdom, had been realised!

But it was not to be. Indeed, except for two brief periods when the Jana Sangh and the Akalis got together (first under Justice Gurnam Singh and later on in the Janata Government), they have not been able to see eye to eye with each other. And their failure has been the Congress's opportunity. Thus Akali frustrations have been mounting, so much so that now they are thinking of asking for a "nationhood" for the Sikhs or special rights for the Sikhs in Punjab.

The Akali dilemma, it must be said in fairness, is compounded by the fact that, in the State of Punjab, the Sikhs are fast losing their majority. From the overall figure of 62 per cent in 1966, the Sikh population has declined already to 52 per cent—a very nebulous situation indeed! It is not the Congress that has beaten them at the hustings; nor has the wily Hindu played foul. The truth is that the Sikhs themselves have been turning their back on Punjab.

How? The Sikhs have an all-India—nay, an all-world—view. They are ever in search of greener pastures and, therefore, are ready to migrate or emigrate (as the case may be) at the first opportunity, whether to other parts of India or to the vast world outside. Those who go away send a lot of money back home, which gives Punjab the appearance of an exceedingly rich State. It often causes indolence, if not also drug addiction. The vacuum in the labour force thus caused is filled by the cheap seasonal labour from Eastern UP and Bihar. Many of these workers stay on in Punjab. Besides many Sikhs, who got disgusted by the two spells of Akali rule, have migrated from Punjab for political reasons and those who were left behind have been voting against the Akalis. In fact, the Akalis can never hope to come to power in the given circumstances through elections.

Then what is the strength of the Akalis? During the past two years, their agitation has progressively been gaining momentum and their demands have escalated. The reason is that the Akalis have, over the past 60 years, developed a very special technique of keeping the community in a state of perpetual unrest. Whether the issues are imaginary or real, they so pose the challenge that, to the common Sikh, the Panth appears to be always in danger. The success or the failure of the movement is commensurate with the challenge and how it is concretised. The greater the perception of challenge, the greater are the sacrifices the people are prepared to make in the cause of the Panth. This theocratic approach to issues has a built-in mechanism for exciting the Sikh masses to great acts of heroism and martyrdom.

The present agitation has some very complex causes. A common Punjabi, whether a Sikh or a Hindu, does feel economically deprived as a Punjabi even though he is the most affluent citizen of India. The River

Waters issue is quite a real issue over which the Punjab peasant feels greatly concerned and agitated. Then there is the issue of Chandigarh. A common Sikh in Punjab does feel that the Prime Minister's arbitration award over the issue of Chandigarh was motivated. That a common Hindu does not feel so is, to him, a grave provocation. That the Hindus in Punjab are not Punjabi chauvinists is another factor which makes him feel insecure culturally, economically and politically. When the Hindu still records his mother tongue as Hindi and 45 per cent of the people living in Amritsar are said to be Hindi-speaking, what would happen if the present Hindu minority turns into a majority? Would the Sikhs then become second-rate citizens in their own home? If this were to happen, why was the bigger East Punjab vivisected in the first place?

A common Sikh does not bear religious or political persecution. But, culturally, he is mighty afraid. He does not want to lose his identity in the oceanic Hinduism!

It is this instinct for cultural survival, above everything else, which gives strength to the present Punjab agitation. The issues of Khalistan and the Anandpur Sahib Resolution gain significance from this basic fugitiveness. A senior Punjabi writer told me that, during the last five years or so, the question of identity has become very acute. He explained: "Before, there used to be only one *Shivala* (Shiva's temple) or gurdwara in the village and it served both the communities equally well. But, now, almost every village has a *Shivala* and a gurdwara; and they seem to be vying with each other as respective religious symbols of two exclusive communities."

"The crux of the Khalistan problem," a very senior Jat Sikh litterateur says, "is that the Sikhs know the futility of this demand. But, supposing somehow... the issue is internationalised, then Khalistan would be a reality sooner or later.

Well, the extremists in the movement seem to be working just for that. Murders, bomb attacks, hijackings, desecration of religious symbols—all fall in line once this is understood. The Hindu retaliation, in whatever form, just amounts to playing into their hands!"

What is the solution? Apparently, there does not appear to be any. The Government perhaps hopes that some day, sooner or later, a bloody showdown would take place between the extremists and moderate Sikhs. But it is a cynical approach. Punjab is a sensitive border State. Nothing should be done to undermine the patriotism of the Sikh community and its devotion to Mother India.

Then how to break the present impasse? My recent trip to the North has more than confirmed me in the view that the solution to the Punjab problem lies neither with the Akalis nor with the Central Government but with the Punjabi Hindus. There are already some signs—very feeble as yet—that the Punjabi Hindu has started thinking in terms of being a Punjabi first and last. Perhaps the example of Telugu Desam has shaken him out of his slumber. But the Punjabi Hindu has yet to assert his Punjabi identity in full measure. If he finds his roots again in Punjab and himself owns the cultural, linguistic and territorial heritage of Punjab, the Sikh fears can be allayed in no time.

No one is perhaps more conscious than I am that strong vested interests among the Punjabi Hindus would try to thwart such a movement. But it is time the Punjabi Hindu came out of his shell to save Sikhism, Punjab and even India.

Has the Punjabi Hindu become culturally anchorless? No, I do not believe that anything of the kind has happened. But it is true that, by denying Punjabi and owning up Hindi, he has lost his natural medium of expression. He is mute, no doubt, but extremely restless within, more so due to his sense of loss of history. If you ask a Punjabi Hindu to name a hero he (the Punjabi Hindu) has produced, the man he may name is Porus who fought Alexander the Great—some 2,200 years ago. In the centuries since, whoever attained fame in Punjab does not belong to him! Not a single saint, not a single poet, not even a great martyr, not one man of destiny did the Punjabi Hindus wedded to Hindi produce! "We're no more than an abstraction named *Namasteji*!" said a psychologist who was a good student of Sanskrit in his day.

In sum, the Punjabi Hindu today feels physically uprooted, culturally and emotionally voiceless and historically bankrupt. But, surely, all is not lost; he can still redeem himself, as he has before.

There are three Kshatriya movements in India's history. They embodied a revolt against a very complex dehumanising ritual, they signified the rise of the spirit of man after his crucifixion, so to say. These movements are: Buddhism, Jainism and Sikhism.

Now it is the Punjabi Kshatriyas who gave rise to Sikhism as the finest expression of their own spiritual yearnings. Whereas Buddhism and Jainism constituted a revolt against Brahmanism in search of a simple but profound way of restoring man to his spiritual destiny, Sikhism was the response of a virile but spiritual community to two opposing challenges with no possible meeting point between them. It had not only to free the spirit of man from the Brahmanical tyranny of the lifeless ritual and superstition but had also to steel it against the overpowering onslaught of Islam. And it was wholly a Punjabi resurgence of faith—a total resurgence of the spirit of the Punjabi Hindu.

Naturally, therefore, this religion of Nanak, one of the greatest redeemers of mankind, spread in no time to NWFP, Sind and all the four corners of Punjab. Guru Nanak's poetry is so exalted and his metaphor is so new that he comes close to the singers of Rig Ved. His message rejected the strait-jacket of both Sanskrit and Arabic and used only Punjabi as the vehicle. That the Punjabi *Monas* (those who shave their hair) are not Sikhs is, therefore, a wrong interpretation of history!

Even when the 10th Guru gave birth to the Khalsa, it was not at all the birth of a new community or a faith. Certainly those who chose to enter the new order—the Guru himself called it the "Khalsa Panth"—had to go through a simple baptismal. But so what? My old Sikh (Khalsa) uncle, who was quite a Hindu in that he saw to it that he completed the pilgrimage of all the four *Dhams* of the Hindus before his death, told me once: "All that Guruji did was that he made the brave among the Sikhs into professed revolutionaries, which means that they now had to die for the defence of *Dharma*—the Hindu *Dharma*—in any onslaught on it."

It was like the Rajputs in their desperate last struggle donning saffron robes in a do-or-die resolve. And the Guru gave the Sikhs the protection of *Bhawani* Herself—the Goddess Durga: the name given to the sword.

One can understand what kind of psychological advantage it must have given to the Khalsa in the battlefield! Guruji's call for the defence of *Dharma* was such that each Mona Sikh family for generations would baptise the first-born into the Khalsa.

I also discussed the question of the Devanagari and Gurmukhi scripts with a Professor of Linguistics. He said that both these scripts—as most other Indian scripts—developed from a common source: the Brahmi script. Now, supposing the Devanagari script is better, why can't the Hindus establish its superiority by bringing out books, magazines and newspapers in Punjabi but in the Devanagari script? The irony of the situation is that the entire Hindi-Punjabi controversy has been raging in Urdu!

The mass of the Punjabi Hindus now know all this to their own cost. They are prepared to make amends. "We want to save Punjab at all costs," a young graduate told me in Chandigarh and asked: "What would happen if all the Hindus say they are Sikhs?

I said: "To be a Sikh (Khalsa) is a very hard drill."

He said: "So what? Shall I thereby remain a Hindu?"

The answer is certainly in the affirmative. All Hindus are Sikhs to the same extent as all Sikhs are Hindus.

It is good that a man like Dr Karan Singh was in Amritsar the other day. He can certainly do much to heal the wounds. Punjabi Hindus need a strong new leader who must emerge from within them and make a bid to resolve this tangle on a cultural and religious basis. And this leader should *not* be a politician.

Is there such a hope? Yes, when such a ferment obtains among the mass of the people, a leader is not long in coming. ■

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Afghan Refugees:

They Wait With God

Anees Jung, who visited an Afghan refugee camp, discovered that the atmosphere there is quietly charged with the presence of God; the men who bear their wounds and privations silently are "icons of determination and self-confidence".

"It is cold. The sun has gone down. The mullahs have gone in and their pupils with them. The lustre has gone from the blue towers and the green corn. Their shadows have gone. The magic scent has gone, and the twilight brings back the spring, cold and uncertain. Goodbye Herat..."

—Robert Byron

NO soaring minarets. No shining domes. No arched *mihrabs*. Just the sound of the *azan*, at dawn and at dusk—loud, resonant, steadfast. It rises out of a low concrete building that now serves as a mosque in Kacha Garhi, one of the 250 camps that house 2.2 million Afghan refugees in Pakistan's North-West Frontier. All along the dusty road to Khyber are sprawled miles of desolate habitations — tentage villages, clusters of mud huts; in each a rope bed, a blanket, some utensils, a lonely goat, some chickens, bare essentials to sustain life. And yet, even in such a wilderness, signs of normal human activity — shops of meat and vegetables, small provision stores, a barber at work with a wobbly table, a chair and a broken mirror, a vendor with a tired pile of oranges and pink sweetmeats—proclaim the fragile presence of man's heroic efforts to provide himself with things that give him a sense of physical togetherness. Visiting the camp I get a strong feeling that there is a level beyond the physical which is integral to the life of this refugee community. Yes all has been lost here except God, the one single force that keeps the uprooted spirit from disintegrating.

Each camp has a central mosque, usually a nondescript building with walls of mud or brick. Inside, on frayed cotton carpets, crowd men at prayer with a fervour that is undiminished. And in the benign precincts of the mosque that casts no shadows, there is often a school under the open sky and sun, vibrant with wide-eyed children squatting on the ground with tattered books and slates lined in front of them. In the school yard stand two black boards on which are written lines in Urdu. One reads: *Hum musalman hein, hum patange hein Islam ki rah mein.* The other: *Chuna na ab phut jayenge, Bulbule chote badey.* Violence is like bubbles. It will disappear explains the Urdu teacher, a Pakistani. Except for those who teach Urdu, every other teacher is an Afghan. Usually bearded, turbaned, dressed in dirty white stands one, rugged in looks, gentle in demeanour. He teaches the children to sing Islami *taranas*, recite verses from the Quran and quietly tells them that they are little men who will grow up to be big soldiers, to carry on the *jehad*, the crusade against the *kafirs*. "Why have you come here a boy of seven?" Someone once asked in a camp. "We have come to escape from *kufr* and we have taken *hijra*, the little boy said. "When your identity, your values, your moral being, your vision of life is in danger, a Muslim is compelled to leave, to take *hijra*. It becomes his moral compulsion," explains the bearded scribe. "When the Prophet found it difficult to preserve the basic independence of the Muslim community, he left Mecca."

This is no ordinary camp, I tell myself. Though scenes of human deprivation abound, the atmosphere is quietly charged with a presence, no less than that of God. There are chantings, *naras*, a spiritual resurgence, spontaneous, unhindered. The philosophy of the ritual, I am told, is to inculcate a special aura in the environmental distress that the children find themselves in, help keep them in the mainstream and see that their psychological links with their land and their faith are not weakened. "Refugee camps do not generally make a good scenario," says Abdullah the highly articulate, fiercely committed Commissioner in charge of the Afghan Refugee operations. "Here you see men carrying on without even talking about their misery or displaying their wounds. They are icons of determination and self-confidence. They are men of honour involved in a very difficult mental exercise — to balance their misery with their honour."

Continued On Page 31

Letter From Calcutta

Wind Of Change

THE story used to be told that the British engineers who built the white marble edifice of the Victoria Memorial were at their wits' end as how to instal the 16-ft bronze figure of Victory above the dome. The angel weighed more than three tonnes and had to be perched at a height of 184 ft. So the experts decided to mull things over during a leisurely lunch at the Bengal Club or, perhaps, it was Firpo's, when they tottered out after claret, port and coffee, it was to find that the workmen had done their job for them. Blowing her trumpet, clasping a laurel wreath, the winged angel stood against the skies.

It is a pity those workmen are not still around, for they might have solved a problem that so baffles the Memorial's secretary and curator that he recently inserted an anguished announcement in all Calcutta dailies Set on ball bearings in a bowl of mercury, the figure used to turn with the wind; it suddenly stopped doing so in 1978 when, it was discovered that mercury and grease had both disappeared. Queen Victoria would not have been amused. But anyone who can make Victory revolve again is promised a reward of Rs 10,000.

Whatever ingenious idea is now tried out, the angel really stopped turning because the wind in West Bengal blows in only one direction. It would be best really to wait until the State's next elections when Victory might change direction of her own volition.

Birds Of A Feather

WILDLIFE enthusiasts were not the only people to be relieved when the zoo recently announced that life had returned to normal. Despondent beyond belief in December and January when only a sad trickle of the customary annual flight of birds from Siberia, the Caspian Sea region and the Himalayan foothills arrived in our city, spirits soared in the zoological gardens in February and March when at least 10,000 migratory birds swarmed belatedly into the lake there. The news brought cheer to all those who have reason to fear that Calcutta is nowadays inhabited only by folks who have nowhere else to go. Derelict and declining this city might be, but it has not yet been forsaken by our feathered friends from abroad.

On The Road

THOUGH Mr Rabin Mukherjee, the Transport Minister, assures us that Calcutta commuters pay only 40 paise for the first 10 kilometres of bus travel against 70 and 75 paise respectively in Madras and Bombay, the month of March was disturbed by a series of fierce protests against the fare increase. Roads were blocked, buses burned, an irate Mr Jyoti Basu rudely barred from entering Writers' Building and a particularly rowdy member of the Assembly suspended.

Mr Mukherjee pleads that the higher charge is inevitable: fuel costs 152 per cent more, spares and tyre prices have gone up by 78 per cent and wages by 85 per cent, while revenues have increased by only 60 per cent. This may sound plausible enough. But even if it is accepted that it takes no less than 14,226 men to keep 700 buses on the road every day (as the Minister claims, though there seems to be far fewer vehicles) it is incredible that the State Transport Corporation should pay Rs 2.18 crores in incentives and another Rs 70.22 lakhs for overtime in addition to an already inflated salary bill.

Little wonder that mini buses, those daredevil pirates of the highway, are clamouring to raise the minimum fare from 65 paise to Rs 1.30. Taxis will follow suit, and no one can blame Mr Ghani Khan Chowdhury if he decides to cancel his magnanimous 25 per cent cut in the increased cost of second class railway commuter tickets.

Spare The Rod

WHO ever said that corporal punishment is officially frowned on in this country though it is the norm in Pakistan and may become so in General Ershad's Bangladesh? Two learned judges of Calcutta High Court, Mr P.C. Borooah and Mr Ashamukul Pal, have decided in their wisdom that the police have no business beating up undertrial prisoners since the mere fact of being arrested and charged does not deny them of their constitutional rights Which would seem to indicate that the law will not bat an eyelid if prisoners who have been tried and convicted are thrashed within an inch of their lives.

The justices meant well of course, and it might be unfair to pick holes in their statements. But comes a point when stating the obvious seems almost to condone aberrations. Such rulings are, in any case, utterly futile The Bench might as well decree that women should not be raped, banks should not be looted and Harijans should not be tortured. The need is for firm deterrent punishment rather than pious homilies.

Struggle For Power

HAVING questioned one piece of the judiciary's handiwork, I must hasten to make amends by complimenting another. However important or sensational they might be, newspaper exposures do not usually persuade the authorities, grown callous over the years, to bestir themselves. Not so, however, with a series of complaints against the Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation published in the *Telegraph* under the heading "What is the CESC up to?"

After hearing a petition challenging the right to subject people to long hours without electricity, Mr Justice B.C. Basak, also of the Calcutta High Court, ordered the CESC to inquire into charges and submit answers. And for good measure, he invited other consumers—domestic as well as industrial—to approach the court with their own complaints.

Unfortunately, the judiciary cannot generate power. But investigations by it, strictures and orders might yet induce criminally negligent officialdom to make some effort to discharge its responsibilities. As has been said many times before, the courts remain the last and only protector of public rights in India—for those who can afford them.

Wise Owls

ALL Indians are of an inquiring bent—Shaw and Evelyn Waugh had something to say, albeit not very flattering, on the number of letters they received from the sub-continent—but Bengalis are, perhaps, among the most persevering in their quest for often quite useless knowledge. The latest edition of *Fodor's Guide* makes an oblique reference to the trait when it talks of the heady intoxication of heated conversation over cups of tea in Calcutta's eating houses.

The Oxford Word and Language Service, appropriately enough OWLS for short, will cater to that taste. Run by 30 members of the Oxford University Press, OWLS promises anyone who invests in an Oxford dictionary, authoritative answers to questions on all aspects of the origin, meaning and use of English words. There are bound to be many takers among young and old, hungry to widen the dimensions of their learning.

Dhobi's Itch

TIME was when a Bengali who had the misfortune of inviting society's ire was deprived of the services of the washerman and barber. The ban might not make much difference to today's upper echelons whose drip-dry clothes are no longer sent to the *bhatti* while hair stylists long ago took over from barbers. But the middle class cannot do without the *dhobi*, and the West Bengal Sabha Sunder Samiti is up in arms over the latter's neglected plight.

Problems have arisen not only because water has suddenly become such a precious

Continued On Page 31

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Page 28 Continued

I see the truth of his statement as I go around the camp and talk to some of the young men who have stayed back. Most of them are away on the front fighting. The camp population consists of 48 per cent children, 28 per cent women and 24 per cent males, most of them aged and infirm. In a tea shop in Peshawar's Kissakhani bazar, I find a young man on crutches with a round green brocade cap sitting squarely on his head. He is a refugee from Kabul, I am told. His one leg was blown off when a bomb burst over his field, shattering his limbs. The boy talks little, as if he has been stunned into silence. Are you afraid to talk I ask him. Why should I be afraid of you if I was not afraid of guns and tanks, he mutters, lapsing back into silence. He is one of five brothers. Two of them work in the tea shop while two stay and fight with the Mujahedeens. They take turns to work and fight. This is the general pattern in most families where there are young men, I am told.

They have not come here to find jobs, make money or settle down. Those who work—in bazars selling blankets or rugs, working in shops or driving trucks—do so only to keep the families sustained while they equip themselves to fight. "They are self-respecting people," says the Commissioner. "If anyone suggests that they be given job opportunities and helped in settling down they resent it. We can't stop them from coming or from going. The moment the conditions are right they will go back."

Does he see that moment in the forseeable future? "The refugees seem to be very confident that they will go back to their country. What they base their hopes on they only know. Perhaps their spirit, their efforts, their truthfulness, their cause, their history. I have met thousands of refugees, individually, collectively. I have yet to meet one who nurses despondency or who is not hopeful. Despite differences among themselves (they come from different regions, speak different languages), they voice one sentiment. Every single Afghan is a Muslim. Our rationale has been that we are a country of Muslims. If any Muslim anywhere feels a threat to his identity, he is welcome here."

According to Abdullah, who speaks more as an ideologue than a civil servant, this is a very special identity. It is not an identity in terms of economic freedom, nor an identity of the house you occupy or the land you till and live on. "Our identity transcends all this. It is an identity based on one's relationship with God, what you owe to him and what he has ordained you to do. When that basic contract is not respected everything is irrelevant. This sentiment has been the life force in the making of this country. In Urdu there are two definitions for the word refugee — *pannahguzeen* are those who seek shelter and *mojahirs* are those who take *hijra*. Afghans are *mojahirs*. They have come to a Muslim country with their aged, their women, their children, fleeing from extreme distress and brutalisation. They are our guests whether they come in hundreds or millions, whether they stay for two years or twenty years. Our people have welcomed them, deeming it their moral duty. Moreover they share the same ethnic roots, the same language and culture, the same faith. The line that divides our frontiers is only a political boundary. It has no relevance to our social and ethnic realities. The people's response has been an inspiration to the government, strengthened our hands in handling a very sensitive and volatile problem, its ideological content being the primal force...

"We are receiving the refugees as they come. The sites of the camps are selected by the refugees themselves. Wherever they found some land and water they settled down. The organisation came much later. We are following the logic of events. We are not authors of that logic. We did not construct camps and reception centres as was done some ten years ago in another part of the same subcontinent. We have not contributed to the phenomenon. We are only the recipients. Our hope is that the interest of people in Afghanistan is kept alive and that there is no fatigue in compassion. The wait perhaps will be long but it is heroic, the stuff that creates history. And the Afghan has decided to make history." ■

Page 29 Continued

commodity here but also because of the new-fangled notions of organisations like the Calcutta Metropolitan Development Authority and the Calcutta Improvement Trust which are trying to change the way of life. They have not only forbidden washermen access to the usual lakes and tanks which used to abound with *dhobi ghats*, but also not provided them with alternative sources of water.

The Samiti wants the injustice remedied at once. It is also demanding family quarters for 1,700 washermen in the Tiljala suburb, extension of the Minimum Wages Act to cover 55,000 laundry workers and security of contract and fixed wages for the *dhobi* round the corner who washes, starches and irons your shirt and brings it back the next day.

Heart Of The Matter

HIGH-POWERED executives who boast of their cardiac ailments as evidence of the stress and strain of having constantly to take crucial business decisions will not thank Dr Manash Bhuniya, a Congress (I) MLA, for lumping them with the common herd. For Dr Bhuniya blames the recent spurt of heart problems on something as mundane as the rice and mustard oil supplied by ration shops.

In its early days rationing was blamed for a number of illnesses including beri-beri and potential third generation blindness. Now Dr Bhuniya cites a survey carried out by Professor C.C. Kar, head of the Cardiology department at the SSKM Hospital, to claim that poor storage of rice and mustard oil breeds a fungus which, when consumed, forms uricic acid leading to cardiac blockage. What he overlooks is that the high and low must be separated even in matters of disease. After all, only the poor steal. The rich suffer from kleptomania.

Clio Restored

THERE must have been something wrong after all with the Left Front Government's Class VIII history syllabus. When the West Bengal Headmasters' Association first protested that prescribed books played down the Freedom Movement and national leaders to exalt the Soviet and Chinese revolutions and their heroes, it was said to be Congress (I) propaganda. The CPI (M) was cock-a-hoop when Mr Justice Monoj Kumar Mukherjee dismissed the association's petition under Article 226.

But two other judges, Mr M.M. Dutt and Mr C.K. Banerjee, have now upheld the headmasters' appeal, struck down the new course, and decreed that the earlier syllabus should be restored. They have also ruled against the Education Board's circular allowing books that are not prescribed, and which was said to permit committed teachers to preach their own ideology.

Welcome though the decisions may be these swings only underline the true dilemma of education in West Bengal. It is not so much a question of what kind of history should be taught as to whether history—or any other subject for that matter—can at all be taught by the crowded confusion of our schools.

Area Of Darkness

WHEN illness forced Mr Jyoti Basu to leave his paternal house and take refuge in Raj Bhavan, where a lift that is never disrupted by power cuts spares him the effort of climbing stairs, his former neighbours in Hindustan Park apparently promised bodily to carry the Chief Minister up and down as many times a day as he liked, if only he would return to their midst. Let it not be supposed that this touching offer was inspired by affection for Mr Basu or fervour for his politics: it is just that his abode in the area spared it the gruelling power cuts that inflict such agony on the rest of the city. An embarrassed CESC, perhaps acting under orders from above, quickly saw to it that even though the Chief Minister had abandoned Hindustan Park, the neighbourhood's relative immunity to the laws of load-shedding was quickly restored.

Sumita Sandilya

In The States

Varsity In The Red

BOMBAY: A fee hike (amount yet undefined) in post-graduate studies in the Bombay University is imminent in view of the financial crisis that the University is facing this year, according to its Vice Chancellor, Prof Ram Joshi. The prestigious 125-year-old University, comprising 32 depts and 136 affiliated colleges is saddled with a staggering deficit of Rs 45.8 lakhs, of which Rs 28.8 lakhs is on the recurring amount and Rs 17 lakhs on the non-recurring account. Furthermore the University's budget estimates for 1983-84 reveal that the cash balance in the general fund is Rs 58 lakhs which is a meagre 7.6 per cent of the annual outlay of Rs 759 lakhs.

According to Mr S.V. Ghatalia, a member of the Senate who has been in charge of the University budget for several years, the general fund is a significant index of resources available for financing and coping with the day-to-day operations of the university and as such there *has* to be some co-relation between the proposed cash outlay and the cash balance in the general fund. Instead, the ratio of this balance to the total expenditure has declined from 20 per cent to 8 per cent in the last ten years, despite a 58.1 per cent increase in the number of affiliated colleges, a 45.5 per cent increase in the number of University departments and a 203.3 per cent increase in the number of students of the University depts during the same period.

Moreover the higher education depts also show huge deficits. For example, the J. Bajaj Institute of Management (there are only 5 such institutes in India) has a deficit of Rs 10 lakh, the Computer Science dept—Rs 10 lakhs. The reasons for this depressing state of affairs are not hard to find. Though the Vice Chancellor is not unduly pessimistic, both he and Prof Ghatalia admit that the situation could become serious. Both also concur that the University resource structure is extremely inelastic.

There is an extreme paucity of government grants which do not and never have taken into account the rising costs (due to inflation), over the years, of equipment and materials—the prices of books, stationery, chemicals, etc, have risen threefold over the last 6-7 years. The situation is unusually grave this year due to the introduction by the state government of the salary payment scheme in 1981-82 to replace the earlier 9 assorted grants given to the University.

Though under this scheme the State government undertakes the entire responsibility with respect to salary, of teaching and non-teaching staff *approved* by government, its salary expenditure is to the extent of Rs 35.5 lakhs, while it has discontinued several items of grants to the tune of Rs 51 lakhs, thereby necessitating a further Rs 15 lakh loss for the University. Prof Ram Joshi reiterates that this scheme has definitely accentuated the University's financial problems due to certain inherent and glaring shortcomings:

1. The scheme provides for "approved" staff only and so as per the Bombay University Act, persons appointed after 11.8.1978 will have to be the sole responsibility of the University. It is illogical to ignore the teaching and non-teaching staff that the University may have recruited since 1978. The rub is mainly felt for the clerical staff—on an average 400-500 recruits are taken in each year, according to Mr N.N. Naik, a member of the University Senate.

2. The team salary excludes gratuity, and abolishes the depreciation grant—the latter being an absolute "must" for the adequate maintenance of the University. Upholding of traditions apart, the older the building, naturally the larger the cost of its upkeep.

3. The scheme further excludes the salaries of six so-called self-supporting schemes—University hostels, University press, Computer Centres, Dept of Computer Science, Directorate of Correspondence Courses and J.B. Institute of Management Studies. Five of these 6 units, however, show deficits, according to Mr Ghatalia. Prof Joshi also wonders how a students' hostel, which is basically an amenity, can be termed a self-supporting scheme.

Furthermore, since the Bombay University has steadfastly refused to rely on overdrafts, the only options left to it, with respect to this year's crisis are to a) curtail expenditure as far as possible—this would mean the discontinuation of certain new projects which were earlier funded till the plan stage by the UGC and later relegated to the State government, but which now lie in the University's domain—unless additional compensatory grants are given, says Mr Naik, and b) to generate resources through fee hikes (the last one was as far back as in 1964), or to request the State government for additional untied grants, more in the nature of an endowment.

A suggestion made by Prof Ghatalia to introduce an income-index based fee schedule so that wealthier students pay higher fees was shrugged aside by the Vice Chancellor who feels that differential fees cannot be charged for the same education. He cited the similar experiment carried out by Poona University some time ago which failed.

The Vice Chancellor in turn suggested the following measures to earn additional revenue:

1. Commercialisation of the University printing press, and Computer Centre, on an administrative and salary scale comparable to the market outside.

2. Formation of a State University development finance corporation which could subsist on contributions from colleges, universities, State govts, etc, from which needy institutions could draw finances at lower rates of interest.

3. A five-yearly review of the free structure (both under-graduate and post-graduate), to fix fee rates which are more realistic in terms of unit cost of higher education. For instance, why should science and art students pay the same fees, if their cost of equipment, material, etc, varies?

4. Encouraging of private munificence and private donations *a la* those given to foreign universities which thus render private donors eligible for certain tax exemptions. Such trusts could form a "cushion" for the University's needs.

5. Better use of investible funds which should be allowed to be transferred from the government's low interest bearing securities to fixed deposits in banks or even to high interest paying public sector enterprises.

These are all valid and beneficial proposals that should be considered, but their acceptance or outcome will obviously take an appreciable amount of time.

The immediate course before the Bombay University is admittedly to press the State Government into revising some of the objectionable clauses of the salary payment scheme, and to allocate additional grants to meet the burgeoning demands of a premier university, which, in the words of Prof Naik is being meted "step-motherly treatment".

In fact, Prof Ghatalia is quite justified in saying that since education is basic to the progress of the economy, there can be no talk of productivity or technical skills, if low priority is given to it.

Prof Ram Joshi has since resigned as Vice Chancellor to take up visiting professorships at the University of Texas, Austin and the University of Pennsylvania. His resignation comes into effect from June 1, 1983. At the time of going to press he was not available for comment.

Minnie Vaid

Bunglings At Coal-Fields

HAZARIBAGH: With a view to ensure development, the Central Government nationalised the coal industry assuming full right, title and interest. Seven hundred and eleven coal mines were taken over under the Coal Mines (Nationalisation) Act 1973, while 464 more mines were acquired under the Coal Mines (Taking Over of Management) Act 1973, to prevent the ruthless exploitation and destruction of the coal wealth of the country by vested interests which were minting money at the nation's cost.

However, with loot and bungling by the coal-fields' managements becoming the order of the day, the workers' lot was hardly ameliorated. Now with unexpected radical changes brought about at the top echelons of Coal India Limited, workers, staff and officers are hoping for an improvement in the financial and personnel managements of Central Coalfields Limited, a subsidiary of Coal India Limited controlling the coal mines of this region.

The CCL authorities are claiming a "pure profit" of Rs 121.49 crores during 1981-82 and are boasting of a record production of 25.56 m tonnes of raw coal and 3.40 m tonnes of washed coal (from April 1982 to January 1983) as against 23.82 m tonnes and 3.33 m tonnes in the previous year, showing an increase in production by 7.3 per cent and 1.8 per cent respectively. However, according to a highly reliable source, the production figures are inflated and allegedly manipulated with the connivance of General Managers and Project Officers of different areas.

The false propaganda apparently is a ploy to gain cheap popularity and hide the loot and bunglings prevalent in the coal industry. On 27th August, Parliament was rocked with the alleged report of pilferage of three lakh tonnes of coal worth Rs six crores from Kedla Open Cast 4 TB Quarry in Hazaribagh Area, subsequently an announcement was made on the floor of the House that experts would verify the coal stock of Kedla mine. No action at all has as yet been taken against the authorities involved in this major bungling.

Likewise, the vigilance cell of the CCL itself nearly a year ago detected a bungling of Rs 3.50 lakhs in the handling of stack coal at its Giddi Washery in Hazaribagh district. According to the report, stack coal from the washery site is shifted to the washery dump site with the help of CCL pay loaders but the Superintending Engineer allegedly passed a bogus bill of Rs 3.50 lakhs submitted by a coal transport contractor for the alleged rehandling of stack coal from the site to the washery dump. However, following the expose, the matter is being hushed up—the lower staff is being victimised even when involvement of senior officers is apparent.

It is alleged that the management of CCL itself has created "Mafia" gangs which are vigorously operating in most of the collieries. Black Diamond Carriers and Red Ball Carriers, two leading transport agencies, were started two years back with an advance of Rs 3⅓ crores without any security merely to provide jobs for the ex-servicemen from Punjab. This has caused great resentment among the 300 drivers and cleaners who had no work but were still drawing wages to the tune of Rs 4 lakhs every month.

A year ago the tribal and rural populations revolted in unison against the allegedly oppressive measures adopted by the CCL management to acquire a large portion of their ancestral lands without compensation or employment.

The Topa mine disaster on July 16, 1982 in which 16 mine workers, including one mining Sardar, were killed has exposed the CCL propaganda that safety measures are being implemented. Although the Mines Safety Inspectors Office is located at Naisarai, 10 kms from Topa underground mines, no staff ever visit the mines.

The "Mafia" gangs have virtually taken control of coal sale and contract works, this has caused a spurt in inflated and bogus bills. Thousands of trucks pass daily from these areas and these gangs realise Rs 150 to 200 from each truck owner as "Babugiri" tax—shared with CCL officers.

A £ 60 million (Rs 100 crore) deal of purchase of junk machinery from the United Kingdom for Amroli project in Singharauli area in the recent past by the then acting Chairman of CIL has demoralised our talented engineers who are competent enough to manufacture the same here. This purchase was made, the rumour goes, only for the sake of the huge commission money

Rajendra Pratap Rana

DMK–Cong-I Honeymoon Over

PONDICHERRY: When the DMK party, a consistent proponent of the Congress-I Government at the Centre, walked out of the Lok Sabha on March 17, the first signs of a split in the Congress-I—DMK ministry of Pondicherry, became all too evident. Though the walkout was staged to protest against the Speaker's ruling, which refused to allow any discussion on the acute water scarcity in Tamil Nadu, the act strengthened the impression that the rift among the ruling partners of this Union territory is total.

For some time, the ruling partners—the DMK and the Congress-I—have been crossing swords on various issues. The latest issue to spark off the split is the decision of the Congress-I to go ahead with departmental or penal action against government employees who participated in the all-India strike on January 19, 1982. So far, 10 government employees have been convicted with a month's simple imprisonment, besides a fine of Rs 150 each. Another 300 employees have had to suffer break of service. Reacting strongly to this victimisation, the DMK president Mr M. Karunanidhi has warned that his party would be constrained to reconsider its alliance.

Writing in a recent issue of 'Murasoli', the official party organ of DMK, Karunanidhi blamed the Congress-I for the split in the ruling front. He recalled that the Congress-I has been repeatedly saying that it will go it alone in future elections, delinking itself from the DMK. Ridiculing the statement of TNCC-president Margatham Chandrasekhar, who attributed her party's defeat to the DMK in the recent Tiruchendur bye-election, the DMK president said that his Party, which polled 30,000 votes, suffered because of the Congress-I's presence in the contest. In fact, Karunanidhi has publicly criticised the Congress-I for not supporting his Party in the Periakulam and Tiruchendur bye-elections. With such hard feelings, the split in the Union territory's ruling front has not come as a surprise.

On the advice of the Party president, the Pondicherry unit of DMK wrote a letter to the PCC-I president P. Shanmugham MP, wherein the DMK Party requested that Congress-I legislators pass a resolution opposing the anti-labour and anti-government employees measures. As expected, the Congress-I decided to ignore the letter.

Pondicherry is plagued with several problems on various fronts. Power failures have become the order of the day, vexed with frequent breakdowns, many business establishments have installed generators. The transport industry, totally owned by private operators, is having a field day. Recently, the government allowed the transport operators to increase fares; the move brought forth a strong public protest backed by all six opposition parties.

Given the deep seated suspicions and rift among the ruling front partners, the budget session of the assembly is poised to throw up quite a few challenges to the survival of the ruling coalition in this Union territory.

G. S. Reddy

The States Do Have A Case

G.S. Reddy says that the recent conference of Southern Chief Ministers at Bangalore has served its purpose in that it stirred the conscience of New Delhi into announcing the setting up of a commission to review Centre-State relations.

IF the *entente cordiale*, so splendidly demonstrated by the Southern Ramas at Bangalore on March 20, 1982, does not fizzle out in course of time, the day will go down in history as the day that ushered in genuine federalism in India.

This, of course, is not the first time that an attempt was made at restructuring Centre-State relations. Owing to some historic compulsions, India has almost become a unitary state, in spite of the pious declarations on federalism

An opportunity to strengthen the federal structure was provided on a platter in 1967 when the Congress lost power in Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal, Orissa, Punjab, Rajasthan and Kerala But the Governments in these States were so preoccupied with their struggle for survival that they hardly had time to take a fresh look at the Centre-State ties.

Another chance was lost in 1977, when the Janata Government dethroned the Congress (I) at the Centre. But, again, the Janata Government, like its predecessor, expressed its reluctance to concede regional demands. In fact, Morarji Desai flatly refused to discuss the question of granting more powers to the States.

The conference of the Southern Chief Ministers at Bangalore recently succeeded in stirring the conscience of the Central Government. Hardly three days after this meet, the Prime Minister announced that the Centre will set up a commission to review Centre-State relations. In a way, this move by the Centre has nullified the demand of the Southern Chief Ministers, who have made a strong plea for the appointment of a Fiscal Commission: with adequate representation for the States and statutory powers to review Centre-State fiscal relations. The participating Chief Ministers felt that the commission should recommend amendments to the Constitution and enactments for a more equitable distribution of resources between the Centre and the States.

Basically, the Bangalore meet was held to evolve a common approach to the Eighth Finance Commission, which will be visiting the Southern States soon The Ruling Ramas have made many promises to the people and are not unaware of the fact that their power will be ensured only if they are as good as their word. But this will be possible only when these States are in a strong financial position. They feel that the existing dispensation has placed funds at the disposal of the Centre and the functions with the States. So the Southern Chief Ministers, barring Kerala, had no choice but to impress upon the Centre the need for a review of the present fiscal relations.

The Bangalore conference demanded transfer of resources to the States more on a statutory than on a discretionary basis. The demand reflects the widespread assumption that grants under Article 272 are politically determined. The conference called for an objective appraisal of the needs of the States, according to criteria to be evolved by the Council of Chief Ministers. (The Council of Chief Ministers of Southern States is intended to be converted into a Council of all the Chief Ministers.)

The Chief Ministers of Andhra, Karnataka, Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry have also stressed the need for modifying the Gadgil Formula for the distribution of Plan Assistance by the Centre to the States. According to this Formula: *(1)* The needs of Assam, Jammu & Kashmir and Nagaland are to be met through *ad-hoc* assignment out of the total Central assistance; *(2)* the balance is to be distributed among the other States as follows: *(a)* 60 per cent on the basis of population, *(b)* 10 per cent on the basis of per-capita income only to those States whose per-capita income is below the national average (the lower the per-capita income the higher the allocation); *(c)* 10 per cent on the basis of per-capita tax effort in relation to per-capita income; *(d)* 10 per cent on account of continuing major irrigation and power schemes; and *(e)* 10 per cent on consideration of special problems of States (chronically drought-affected areas, desert areas, tribal areas). As the per-capita income has a significant bearing on the Central Plan assistance, the Bangalore meet pleaded for a five-year average while calculating the per-capita income.

While allocating resources, the Centre metes out preferential treatment to the less-developed areas in the country. This is in consonance with the objectives of the National Development Council (NDC), constituted in August 1952. One of the objectives of the NDC was to recommend measures for achieving the aims and the targets set out in the National Plan, including measures to secure the active participation and cooperation of the people, and ensure the full development of the less-advanced regions.

In a way, this objective of the NDC, though a laudable one, puts a premium on backwardness: a rapid note of economic progress deprives the progressive States of their due share. The Bangalore conference, pointing to this paradox, said that the formula should be evolved in such a way that the resources' transfer should not only help the backward States but also provide adequate resources to the more developed States, if only to sustain their growth.

About the revised overdraft regulations, the Chief Ministers felt that the new rules perpetuated injustice in respect of States which had managed their finances satisfactorily earlier. To meet the increased credit requirements, they suggested that the limits on ways-and-means advances to all States might be raised by 50 per cent over the quantum fixed for States in July 1982. Further, they added that those States which had an overdraft on June 30, 1982, might be afforded term loans, as was done for the States which had overdrafts on March 31, 1982.

The States, however, are perhaps protesting too much. Under the Constitution, they have the power to levy many more taxes than the Centre. They complain that they are saddled with inelastic sources of income and that the money-spinners—like income tax, corporation tax, excise duty and customs—are controlled by the Centre. But they have, by and large, absymally failed to exploit their own tax potential. In fact, there is much greater scope for increasing the revenue from irrigation and power tariffs but, in order to curry favour with the rural voter, they deliberately turn a blind eye to it.

At the moment, the gripes of some of the Southern States—M.G. Ramachandran of Tamil Nadu, for instance, was reportedly a reluctant participant at the Bangalore meet—are mainly directed at the dominance of the Planning Commission. And, ostensibly, they have a case of sorts. The Chairman of the Fourth Finance Commission had spared no words in taking the Planning Commission to task. In a supplementary note to the Finance Commission's Report,he said·

There is no provision in the Constitution for a body like the Planning Commission. It was established by a resolution of the Government of India. Neither the strength of the Commission nor the qualifications of its members was prescribed. The Government retained complete freedom to vary its strength at will and to appoint anyone as a member. There was no limit to the duration

of the Commission when it was constituted, possibly it was meant to be a temporary body and, in a sense, it continues to be so, though obviously it has come to stay The composition of the Commission is unusual It has as its Chairman the Prime Minister, and, among its members, there are Cabine' Ministers When compared to a statutory body like the Finance Commission, which is quite independent of the Government, the Planning Commission may be described as a quasi political body There has been, from time to time, variation in the strength of the Commission and in the appointment of its members Though its role is advisory, it has come to occupy a very significant and important place in the economic development of the country and vis-a-vis the Government, it is not easy to describe its status In spite of its importance, it remains, to this day, a body without any constitutional or legislative sanction

Be that as it may, at the suggestion of the Planning Commission, the National Development Council was set up in 1952 Following the recommendations of the Administrative Reforms Commission the Government reconstituted the NDC to include as members Union Cabinet Ministers (in addition to the Prime Minister), Chief Ministers of the States and members of the Planning Commission Karnataka Chief Minister Ramakrishna Hegde feels that the NDC is predominantly a Central forum where States do not get adequate opportunities to put forth their views

Now, with the entire South (barring Kerala) going out of the Congress (I) fold, a review of Centre-State relations has become imperative The ground for the Bangalore meet was prepared by the Karnataka Chief Minister when he visited Andhra Pradesh in February N T Rama Rao okayed the idea immediately The Tamil Nadu Chief Minister, M G Ramachandran, though not very keen in the beginning, joined the fraternity in a show of solidarity Not to be left out of the Club of Ramas, the Pondicherry Chief Minister, D Ramachandran of the DMK, also fell in line K Karunakaran of Kerala, apparently on instructions from fear-struck Delhi, decided to stay away from the historic event

Even before the meet, however, the Southern Chief Ministers made it clear that the Bangalore forum will ultimately strengthen the federal structure of the country There is no reason why anyone should doubt the intentions of the non Congress (I) Chief Ministers With the changing political complexion, an event of this nature is a natural fallout Even New Delhi cannot deny the fact that it took the States for granted all these years In fact, Mrs Gandhi implicitly acknowledged as much when she announced the institution of the Sarkaria Commission to review the Centre-State ties

Though the terms of the Sarkaria Commission had to be finalised at the time of writing, it will serve its purpose only when it takes a realistic view of the existing political realities There are several powers vested with the Centre as of now which defeat the very concept of federalism In view of the past experience, the Constitution should be suitably amended At present, Parliament can legislate on any matter in the State List, if authorised by a two thirds majority of the Rajya Sabha The Constitution also provides for President's Rule in a State and this power is said to have been misused several times

Again, there are emergency powers which have been invoked when there was no emergency in the true sense of the word.

While the Sarkaria Commission is expected to take a comprehensive look at the entire gamut of Centre State relations, it should also heed the views expressed at the Southern Council of Chief Ministers They have triggered off fresh thinking among other States also The Jammu and Kashmir Chief Minister Farooq Abdullah, is keen on holding a similar conference of Northern States as soon as possible Maybe Jyoti Basu, a vociferous proponent of State autonomy, is also thinking on similar lines

If these councils materialise, then the All India Council of Chief Ministers, as envisaged by the Southern Chief Ministers, will soon become a reality ■

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The First Bharat Darshan: In Paint

Sarosh Demavent on the Daniells

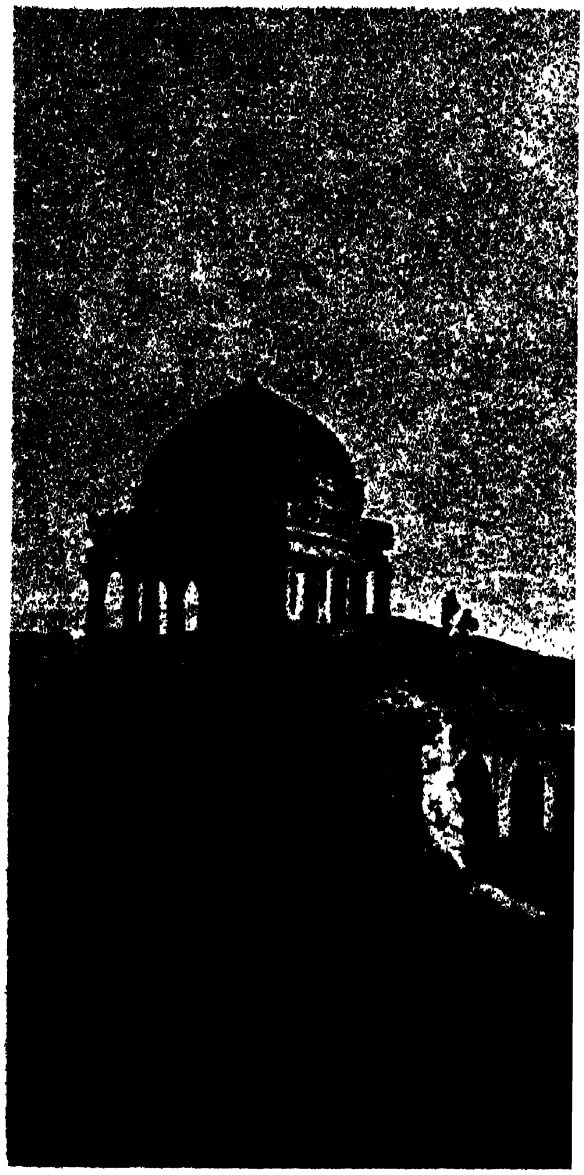
IT was the British who first painted our landscape. Indian painting is notably deficient in representation of architecture and nature and, in consequence, there had been virtually no visual record of the country till the late 18th century.

Landscape painters were not doing particularly well in Britain at the time. For most of the 18th century it was to Europe that most patrons turned when they desired a landscape: the picturesque scenes of Poussin, Lorraine, Panninni and Canaletto were the high watermark of contemporary English taste.

So the British painters came to India. It was not an easy passage by any means. A painter who wished to go to India had to first submit an application to the directors of the Company, backed by acceptable securities in England. The permission granted, the painter then had to secure a passage on one of the infrequent East Indiamen and priority was naturally given to the Company employees. But the lure of a fortune to be made in the land of the Great Moghul was not inconsiderable. Hodges in 1780 was the first landscape painter to travel to India and for the next fifty years several dozen came here; but the Daniells were undoubtedly the most successful. Perhaps the most energetic, too.

Thomas Daniell and his nephew William spent seven years in India, from 1786 to 1793, they invested their stay with an effort that was unparalleled. On their arrival at Calcutta in 1786, the two immediately began work, making sketches of the city. Two years later they had published their *Views of Calcutta*, as a series of twelve views of Calcutta, priced at twelve gold mohars a set. The aquatints were the first published views of the principal public buildings of Calcutta. They were an instant success and, with the money they received, the Daniells began their first Grand Tour of the interior.

The two left Kidderpore on 29 August 1788. They took a boat up the Ganga. They reached Rajmahal on October 9, Bhagalpur on October 18, Ghazipur on November 25 and Benares by early December. Allahabad, Kanpur, Fatehgarh, Agra. They spent three days there, marvelling at the Taj. Sikandra,



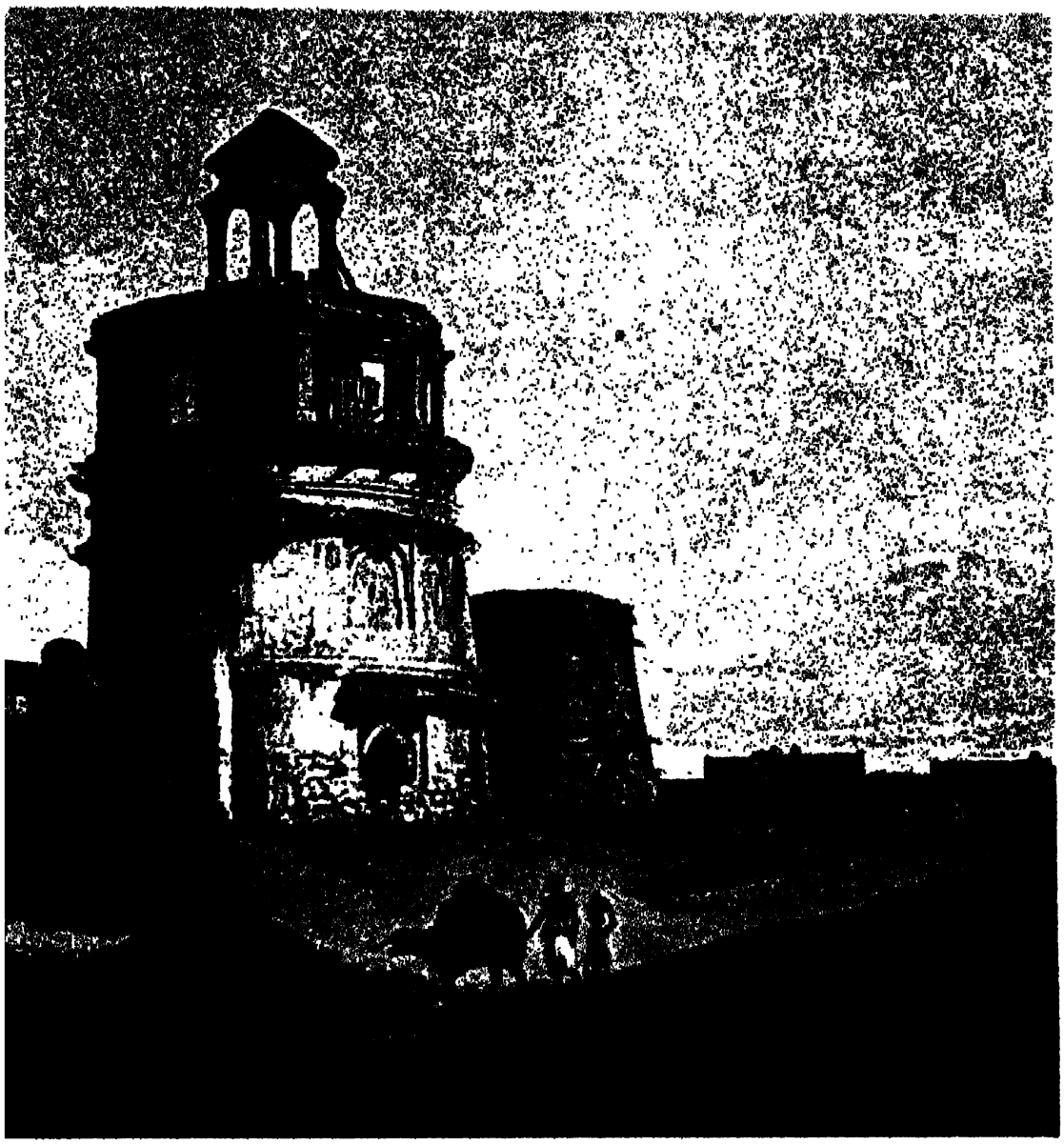
View on the Chitpore Road, Calcutta.

Fatehpur Sikri, Mathura, Delhi. On March 6, they left Delhi for the North, Hardwar, Anupshahr. They waited around for permission to visit the Gharwal Himalayas and finally obtained it.

On April 22, 1789 they entered the Gharwal Himalayas, the first Europeans ever to do so.

They returned to Calcutta in 1791, three years after they had set out from the city that had enabled them to make the journey. Rampur, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, Bhagalpur (they spent an year here), Jaunpur, Rohtasgarh, Gaya; down-stream they spent more time at each place, as ever recording a wealth of visual impressions in their sketches.

In March 1792, the uncle and nephew team sailed for Madras. With an entourage of 47 people (11 bearers each for two palanquins, a syce each for their two horses, four drivers for a bullock cart, etc) they left Madras on April 9. They sketched briefly at Kanchipuram, Arcot and Vellore and moved on to Bangalore. In and around the Baramahal Hills: Sankaridrug, Rayaakottai, Verapadrug. The artists then moved to Trichinopoly, where they drew the famous rock fort which by now had become a symbol of British military power in India, after Clive's victory over the French here in 1752.



Remains of an Ancient Building near Firoz Shah's Cotilla, Delhi.

The temples of Madurai fascinated the Daniells, as did the palace built there by Tirumala Nayak. But it was the waterfall at Papanasam that really caught their imagination—altogether they produced fifteen versions of it. "Nothing" they wrote, "can be more grand and impressive than when, on first throwing open the gate, this extraordinary scene burst upon the sight."

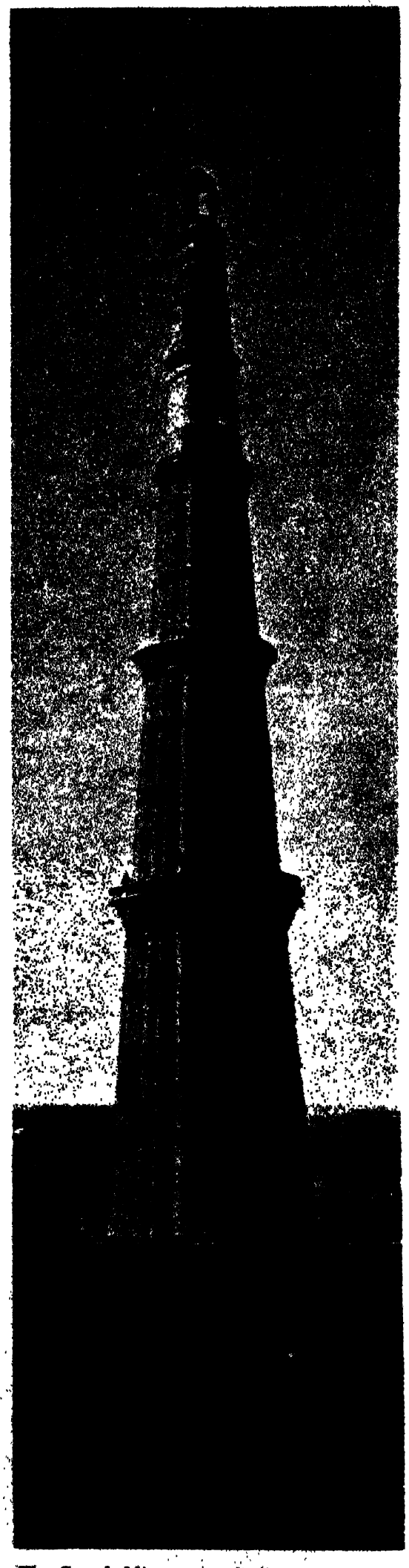
From Papanasam to Kanyakumari. Here too they made history for before them no foreign traveller had visited both the Himalayas and Kanyakumari. Then Mahabalipuram, Tanjore and finally, Madras. In Madras the two made several sketches of the town and its monuments and along with these sketches sold a number of oil paintings of the South.

They were now at the end of their journey. In February 1793 they left Madras for Bombay in a country boat. In March they reached Bombay. Here they made several sketches of the cave temples at Salsette and Elephanta. After one false start, they finally left Bombay for Canton late that year.

In 1795 they produced the first series of their aquatints entitled *'Oriental Scenery: Twenty Four Views in Hindustan.'* The success of this enterprise was followed up by five other series, making a total of 144 aquatints. The first series included the first ever views of Delhi made by any artist. (Their print of the Qutub Minar is doubly precious: not only is it the first view of the Minar made by any artist, it is also the only original print to show the Qutub in its entirety: in 1803 an earthquake destroyed the topmost portion.) The complete set sold for £210, a fortune at the time.

Interest in the Daniells' work is rapidly increasing. In 1979 their oil paintings were listed and reproduced by Maurice Shellim in *'India and the Daniells'* and in 1980 their aquatints were catalogued and reproduced by Mildred Archer in *'Early Views of India'*. Jagmohan Mahajan's *'Picturesque India'* is an important addition to the field valuable chiefly for its 81 colour plates of the Daniells' oils and aquatints and for its relaxed text, which relates the circumstances and conditions of this interesting Bharat Darshan.

Picturesque India: Sketches and Travels of Thomas and William Daniell: by Jagmohan Mahajan, Lustre Press & Rupa, 1983, Rs 295



The Cuttub Minar, near Delhi.

Rs 500 Crores Go Up In Smoke Every Year

Aruna Sood outlines the measures that need urgently to be taken to fight off recurring fire hazards

COME summer and hundreds of thatched huts are destroyed by accidental fires every year Fanned by strong winds, even a spark can play havoc in villages where people can hardly afford tin and asbestos sheets for roofing The losses caused by such blazes run into staggering amounts year after year It has been estimated that dam ages due to fire in India would be over Rs 100 crore a year but, when indirect losses are added, the total would come to Rs 500 crore a year—a hefty amount by any standard

What are the causes that account for such a colossal but avoidable loss in men and materials? The reason is not far to seek Thanks to the advancement of civilisation and the resultant industrialisation, the use of electricity has become indispensable Today, the demand has far outstripped supply But the increased use of electricity has not proved to to be an unmixed blessing Like the proverbial curate's egg it is good in parts only The biggest and the most dangerous inbuilt hazard is the fire due to a short circuit or leakage

Imagine those living in *kutcha* or makeshift huts with a lot of inflammable material lying near by or stored in and around their dwellings—hay for the cattle, firewood and dried cow-dung cakes for cooking purposes A small electric fault could let loose hell for their lives and limbs

The fire hazard is not confined to rural areas, it is equally devastating and even more acute in urban areas and large metro politan cities like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and Delhi Dotted with multi-storeyed build-ings, skyscrapers and large hotels, fire hazard is the common denominator

Take the case of Delhi where, during the last five years, there have been about six serious fires Of these, the fire that raged in the high-rise Hindustan Times House for two hours, a few years ago, left behind the entire eighth floor gutted and its facade smoke-smeared But this tragedy pales into insignifi-cance when compared with the Bangalore fire in which scores of people were roasted alive while enjoying a circus show two years back

Recently, a major fire broke out in the Universal Insurance Building in South Bom-bay Not only were five storeys completely gutted, the whole area at the junction of Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road-Cowasji Patel Street was engulfed in black smoke, as the strong winds fanned the flames on the ground floor

However, it is the modern industries which have to face considerable fire hazards at various stages of production The overall fire risk will depend on the size of the industry and the processes in which it is engaged

Fire statistics show that a great majority of fires in such industries are of electrical origin Electricity in large quantity is extensively used in all the sections of such industries The main power station, sub-stations, trans-formers (generally oil-cooled), generators and large sized cables running over long distances through pits, tunnels, galleries basements, etc, present considerable risks But the main causes of fire are overloading of circuits, overheating of electrical motors or switchgear, physical damage to temporary wiring and flexible connectors, old and faulty wiring, and the use of wrong-size fuses These causes are in turn, the result of defective installations, poor maintenance, an uneducated staff and neglect by the man agement in carrying out proper checks periodically Any breakdown in the system gives us a clear warning that something is wrong with the installation But, instead of proper investigation and permanent remedial action generally, only imakeshift arrange-ments are made

Besides, in the case of fast-moving machines, there is always a danger of fires caused by frictional heat This is due to insufficient lubrication, faulty bearings, mechanical overloading, wrong alignment and the like So are welding and cutting operations a major cause of fires in such industries On many occasions, such opera-tions are carried out in various locations all over the industry by contractors At times, it is done close to combustible materials like sawdust, wood-shavings and shingles, which are very easily ignitable by sparks emanating from such machinery Even a carelessly discarded burning cigarette-stub can start a small smouldering fire which may remain unnoticed for a long period but could sud-denly flare up

Mercifully, things are a far cry since the →

days when London was ravaged by a fiery deluge called "The Great Fire", which began in a small house on September 2, 1669, and kept smouldering for as many as three days, consuming myriads of houses, hospitals and churches, including the famous St Paul's Church. In the far past, Oslo had also been razed (in 1491) and, still earlier, the German city of Dresden had suffered a similar fate (in 1419). That a modern fire can do immense damage to a large section of its citizens—and that, too, in a matter of minutes—has been made amply clear in a recent movie *The Towering Inferno.*

However, one can take comfort in the thought that greater risks have brought out greater ingenuity and inventiveness in man. In pursuance of this, modern buildings are being designed with an eye to their utility and ability to prevent the risk of sudden outbreak of fires, while the use of fire-retardant coatings and paints, as well as equipment such as automatic sprinklers and portable fire-extinguishers, are an integral part of such plans. Some buildings are now provided with a hydrant system running along all floors to help fire-fighting. Besides, it is now possible for the firemen to reach the highest building in a few minutes with the help of snorkels. In Sears Towers, Chicago, the firemen reached the 110th floor in less than two minutes.

At the same time, fire-resistant fabrics have been invented which are highly insulated and resistant in melting. One such fabric is the Zirpo-treated wool that gives better protection against convective heat from flames and a longer warming time between the onset of pain and the receipt of a second-degree burn or blister, thus allowing the wearer to move away from the heat source before serious burns could occur.

A demonstration of this took place recently in Dusseldorf in Germany. Flame from a burner was directed onto a wool-glove made of the same fabric as the sleeve. It took many minutes before the wearer of the glove began to feel any heat: although the fabric eventually got charred and smouldered, it refused to support the flame. Further, the wool-protective clothing cools off more quickly after exposure to flames than similar garments made of most other fibres. This is all the more important because enough heat can be transferred to the skin to cause a second-degree burn even after the wearer of protective clothing moves away from the flame or the heat source.

Meanwhile, the greatest need of the hour is to train and educate the public on its specific role in the entire scheme of things and to create an awareness among them for mitigating, if not eliminating, the fire hazards. But, more than anything else, there is the importance of making the worker fire-conscious. Without this, even the best fire-protection measures will be incomplete and ineffective. Good housekeeping, closing-time checks and fire-watching can go a long way in minimising the losses and making our industries safer. These important safety measures are generally neglected and need our immediate attention.

The choice of April 14 in India as Fire Services Day is one such effort towards this coveted end. More important, the Day is associated with that fateful day in 1944 when an explosion on a ship, berthed in Bombay Port, led to a fire which spread with lightning speed to the neighbouring docks and warehouses and then fanned out to vast residential areas near by, killing nearly 1,000 persons and injuring many more, before it could be brought under control. But the real significance of the day lies in its personnel, who dedicate themselves anew to their very exacting tasks; and the public, remembering their debt to that daredevil brand of men, cooperate in all such measures which aim at preventing, or at least in curbing, the accidental fires.

Ironically enough, many people are still blissfully unaware, nay ignorant, of the fact that the fire services provided by the civic authorities are there not merely to put out the fires but also to advise on preventive measures. All that one has to do is to visit the nearest fire station and approach the fire-brigade representative for that purpose. ■

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A Company Called Shakespeareana

Among the numerous theatre groups that our generation has known in India, many will long remember a company called Shakespeareana. Started by an Englishman called Geoffrey Kendal, and his wife Laura Lidell, Shakespeareana brought together a talented team of actors who toured all over India for 17 years, performing wherever they were asked to. Asha Suri provides some interesting glimpses of their years in India.

JOHN DAY AND JENNIFER KENDAL in The Tempest.

...All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
Any one man in his time plays many parts...

THE living theatre provides entertainment for royalty and *hoi polloi* alike, and India has always had her fair share of thespian talent. Like ephemeral comets, they soar to a few moments of glory, and then fade away to nothingness. The era of motion pictures and television has brought the stage to the very homes of the audience, but nothing can quite replace the glamour and glitter of a live show on the stage.

Among the numerous theatre groups that our generation has known in India, many will long remember a company called Shakespeareana. In its heydey in the fifties and early sixties, this troupe performed all over India with a repertoire that ranged from a macabre *Macbeth* to a side-splitting *She Stoops to Conquer*. Thousands of children have sat shocked by Shylock's avarice, moved by the poignancy of Portia's "quality of mercy", and rocked to laughter by the antics of Charley's aunt.

The progenitor of Shakespeareana is an Englishman called Geoffrey Kendal. Being hopeless (as he now claims) at everything else, he graduated from an office boy and engineering apprentice, via the amateur theatre, to the lowest rung of the British theatre as an assistant stage manager in a provincial company. He was, at this time, 19 years old, and had finally found his true metier. Any forays into the field of engineering were totally forgotten.

This led to bit parts with a number of repertory companies, including a tour of *Dracula* when it was running at three theatres consecutively. He was barely 21 when he got his first taste of Shakespeare, in a touring company playing not only Shakespeare but other old English plays as well. It was in this company that he met his future wife, Laura Liddell, a person who had been particularly good at dance and elocution even as a schoolgirl in the Lake District. They were doing well, and with a little experience were promoted to playing juvenile leads such as Romeo and Juliet.

Unfortunately, the years of depression not only hit the industrial life of Britain; many of the arts suffered a setback as well. The company Geoffrey was with had to wind up. Geoffrey, whose real surname was Bragg, changed it to Kendal, taking the name of the little English town from where he came; quite undaunted, he and his wife Laura went ahead and started their own company.

They restricted their performances to the British Isles. It was at this time that their daughter Jennifer was born—"between the matinee and evening performance"—no doubt holding a portfolio of Shakespeare in one hand and a volume of Shaw or Sheridan in the other! Jennifer thrived backstage, nourished on the smell of greasepaint, and could quote reams of Shakespeare when other children could barely spell their name. Her daily contact with the works of famous English playwrights more than made up for a lack of any formal education.

However, the war years spared nobody, and Geoffrey Kendal soon found himself a sailor on the high seas, doing his bit for his country. A twist of fate enabled him to join ENSA, and both husband and wife visited India. For them it was the turning point in their lives. Their visit to India seemed to have been a spiritual homecoming, and they found themselves mentally attuned to the warm and receptive audiences of India.

It was therefore only natural that the moment the War was over they should make a beeline for India—this time having formed a company called Shakespeareana, the founder members being the three members of the Kendal family, along with Peter Meriton, Eileen Garner and Geoffrey Unsworth. The pre-Independence years were spent mostly in touring the Princely States and giving many private performances. The group stayed together for a year and then returned to the UK, enriched by their experience in India.

Geoffrey Kendal was offered a managership with a new touring company, but unfortunately it did not materialise. However, the Kendals had sufficient experience and confidence to take on this venture themselves, again under the auspices of Shakespeareana. Once more they gave themselves a year's experience in the UK, and then a venture abroad as far as Malta, hoping to

make it a stepping stone to India.

The company roll-call now included John Day, Brian Kellet, Wendy Beavis, Conor Farrington and Peter Bromilow. Many must recall the tall and lanky John Day. He joined Shakespeareana as a stripling of 17 and was to remain with them for nine years.

Conor Farrington had plunged, almost literally, into the activities of this group; they were at that time calling themselves the International Theatre Group and were playing a season in a temporarily converted swimming pool complete with tiles and a 6-ft deep end! Geoffrey Kendal did not even audition the enterprising young Irishman who, in addition to his good looks and histrionic talents, had a bit of spare cash he was willing to invest in the company.

Brian Kellet, who first joined the company in 1952, had had a little theatrical experience already, with his first speaking role in *She Stoops to Conquer* with Paul Scofield; he was to be quite an asset to the company, not only in the roles of Major Petkoff, Mr Hardcastle, Mr Spettigue, but in many ways off-stage as well.

Geoffrey Kendal was at this time trying to raise money in order to tour India once again. In 1952, they got as far as Malta where they did a season—a series of 16 plays in four weeks—quite successfully, considering the scanty rehearsal. But the attempt to reach India proved abortive, and it was only two years later, by dint of performing in the Midlands, that enough money was finally raised for nine of them to once again set out for India, from Tilbury, abroad the *Jaljawahar*.

UTPAL DUTT AND LAURA LIDELL in Hamlet.

But this was no mere pleasure cruise. The passengers were entertained to *Arms and the Man* on the poop deck in the middle of the Red Sea, and *Macbeth* in the first class lounge when they reached the Indian Ocean, managing to bring down not the house but many of the light fixtures with their sword play!

Arrival at Bombay was dramatic. Not only were they held up for hours at customs, convincing them that the arms they carried were mere props, but they discovered to their horror that the total money they had between them was the princely sum of £14. Fortunately, their frantic contacts with the schools in Bombay brought an immediate and enthusiastic response, and within an hour they were fully booked, mostly for performances of Shakespeare's plays.

The impact of India on the travelling players was an experience in itself for many of them. To them, Bombay wasn't inhabited—it was infested. Bombay's honeycomb of overcrowded, shabby buildings was overwhelming, as was the heat, the dirt, the humidity and the poverty. But the players coped with it all with remarkable adaptability. The success of their performances with the school audiences made them realise something that Geoffrey Kendal had himself already learnt from previous experience; that here was a land where the people formed a lovely contrast to the blasé audiences of London. The group in turn recall witnessing a performance of Othello in Marathi in a suburban Bombay theatre whose cheerfully noisy ambience was remarkably reminiscent of the Globe Theatre of Elizabethan England.

Then followed their tours across the length and breadth of India, covering thousands of miles and performances as they criss-crossed from east to west, north to south, wherever a booking beckoned. Geoffrey Kendal and Laura Liddell played the lead roles, while the secondary roles fell to Jennifer, who initially used the family name Bragg, and only later switched to Kendal. To add to the fun, her little sister Felicity was only eight years old at the time, and the entourage included her ayah, and two bearers, including the faithful Mangat Ram who, in addition to his duties of packing and hustling coolies, had many walk-on parts.

They were a self-sufficient group and were their own stage-hands, carpenters, set-designers and costumers. Every ounce of time and talent was fully utilised. Laura Liddell herself, with Brian Kellet, painted many of the backdrops, and on one occasion they even roped in their local tailor to play a similar role in *The Taming of the Shrew*, but

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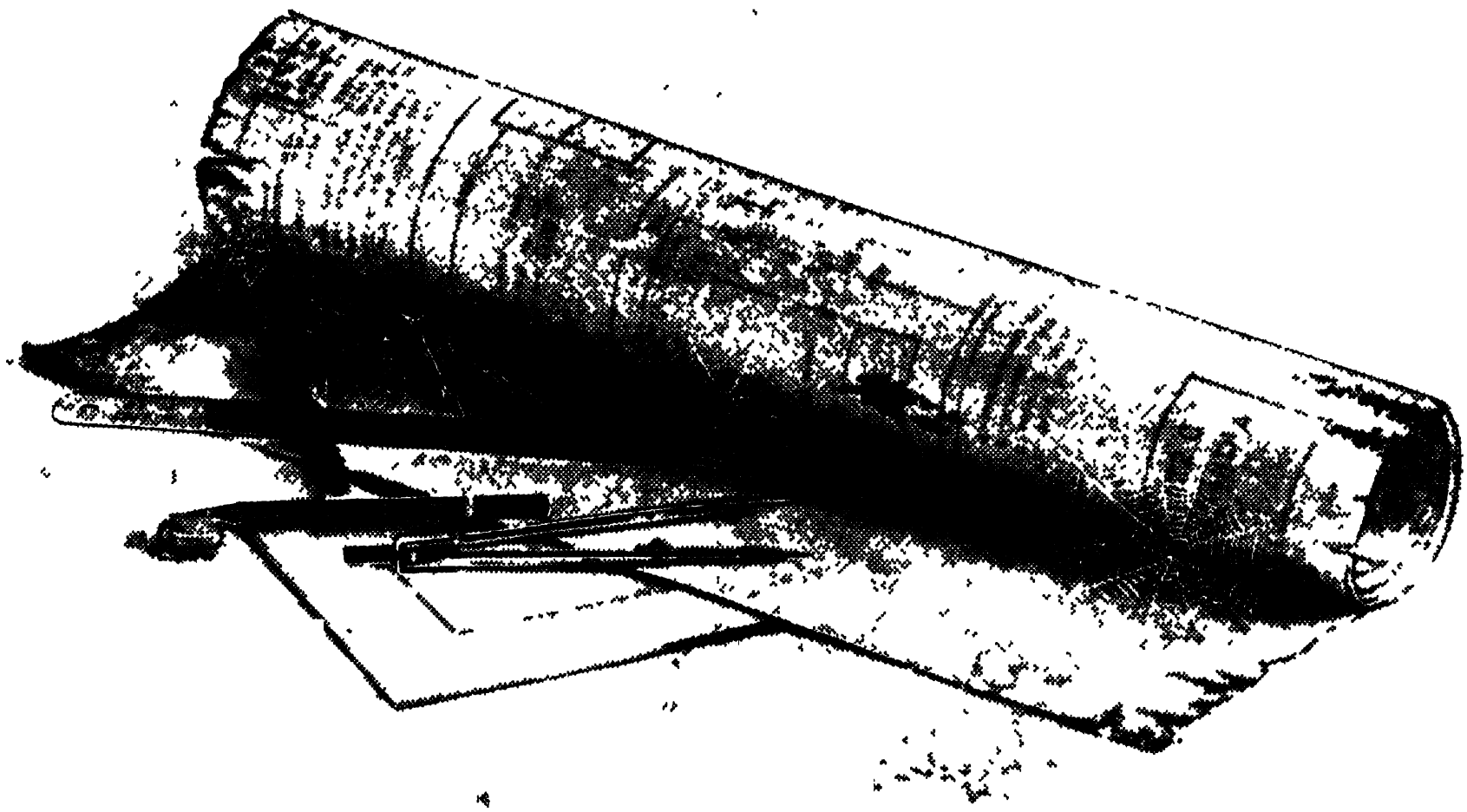

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the poor fellow's nerve failed him completely when the time came! They used the most economical materials possible, and were delighted with the craftsmanship in India. In fact, to this day, the Kendals find India the best place to come to order costumes to their specifications.

It was only natural that a company that toured so long in India should absorb local talent. Long before Shashi Kapoor made his debut with Shakespeareana, in order to replace Peter Bromilow in 1957, another talented young man had joined them—Utpal Dutt, his booming Gratiano was enthusiastically received, and his rich voice lent itself well to Shakespearean plays. With him came another versatile young man—Marcus Murch, who joined as a student straight from Sherwood College, and like Flute he must have protested in vain, 'Faith let me not play a woman. I have a beard coming.' But play a woman he did, and most convincingly as the governess in *The Importance of Being Ernest*.

Among their most memorable seasons were the ones in Simla, whither they went to escape the murderous heat of the plains. There they not only performed for the schools time and again, but also gave many public performances at the little Gaiety Theatre, their audience on one occasion including Pandit Nehru and Mrs Gandhi.

By now, Frank Wheatley, who had been touring India with a one man show, also joined them. His 70 years did not deter him in taking an active part in the proceedings both on and off the stage. Another new entrant at this time was Anwar Mirza (as Antonio in *Twelfth Night* and Alonzo in *The Tempest*).

They managed remarkably well, considering they had no backers, no centre, no home to which they could retreat when things were not going smoothly. Though their life was not a bed of roses, it undoubtedly had its hilarious moments.

There was the occasion in Navsari when one of the cast ordered a bottle of lemonade during the interval. The lemonade did turn up—but after the performance of Othello was well under way, with the bearer walking right on to the stage with the lemonade on a tray!

Among other memorable performances was one for the Maharajah of Mysore—*The Merchant of Venice*—in his private theatre. Not only was the female section of the audience in strict purdah, but no applause was forthcoming, making the cast feel they were performing for rows of effigies—big turbans in front and small ones behind. However, the Maharajah most graciously asked to meet them at the end of the show before being wafted off in his pink Rolls Royce.

Improvising props had its drawbacks. There was the occasion when, during a performance of Macbeth, a school table with an attached bench was being used for the feast. Of course it tipped over backwards, until Geoffrey Kendal quite literally put his foot down, exhorting the company repeatedly to be seated!

Among other unintentionally amusing performances was one in the East. The theatre usually housed Chinese opera and the auditorium was timbered only halfway. This was ideal for the clashing of cymbals and gongs, but a little hard on the subtleties of Shakespeare. Portia would request "Let there be music" and Elvis Presley, from some nearby loudspeaker, would respond with *Jailhouse Rock*. Lorenzo would declaim "Come ho! Wake Diana with a hymn!", hardly expecting Bing Crosby to oblige with a rendering of *Silent Night*.

They were a self-sufficient group and were their own stage-hands, carpenters, set designers and costumers. Every ounce of time and talent was fully utilised.

On another occasion, in Delhi, Othello had just announced that "the affrighted globe should yawn at alteration" when violent tremors promptly shook the hall. Naturally, there was a rush towards the exits, and Desdemona already "dead", resurrected to join them. However, the moment the shockwaves had passed, audience and players alike resumed their places, and Othello continued uninterrupted.

The competition in India at that time was from the great Prithviraj Kapoor himself. Of course, his shows were of a completely different genre, and Conor Farrington recalls seeing one of them with its full complement of dancers, musicians and singers, during the course of which an entire wall was erected across the stage bit by bit because the story called for it. Quite a contrast to the limited props of the Shakespeareana group and the equally limited cast where each member frequently played more than one role in the course of a play.

It was only natural that two people coming from families totally steeped in theatrical tradition should find a great deal in common, and no one was a bit surprised when Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer set the seal by announcing their marriage. Shashi's gain was Shakespeareana's loss for the stage was deprived of Jennifer's tremendous potential while she stayed at home to raise a family. Fortunately, during the last few years she has again given the world the benefit of her talents by her superb performances in *Junoon* and *36 Chowringhee Lane*. The years of rigorous training under her parents are finally being well utilised.

For the 'Shakespearewallahs' it was one long frantic rush from the crack of dawn till late at night, rehearsing, shifting, packing, travelling. In the heat and in the cold, in luxurious private theatres, in broken down buildings, in well equipped halls and under shabby shamianas, and once even in a laboratory.

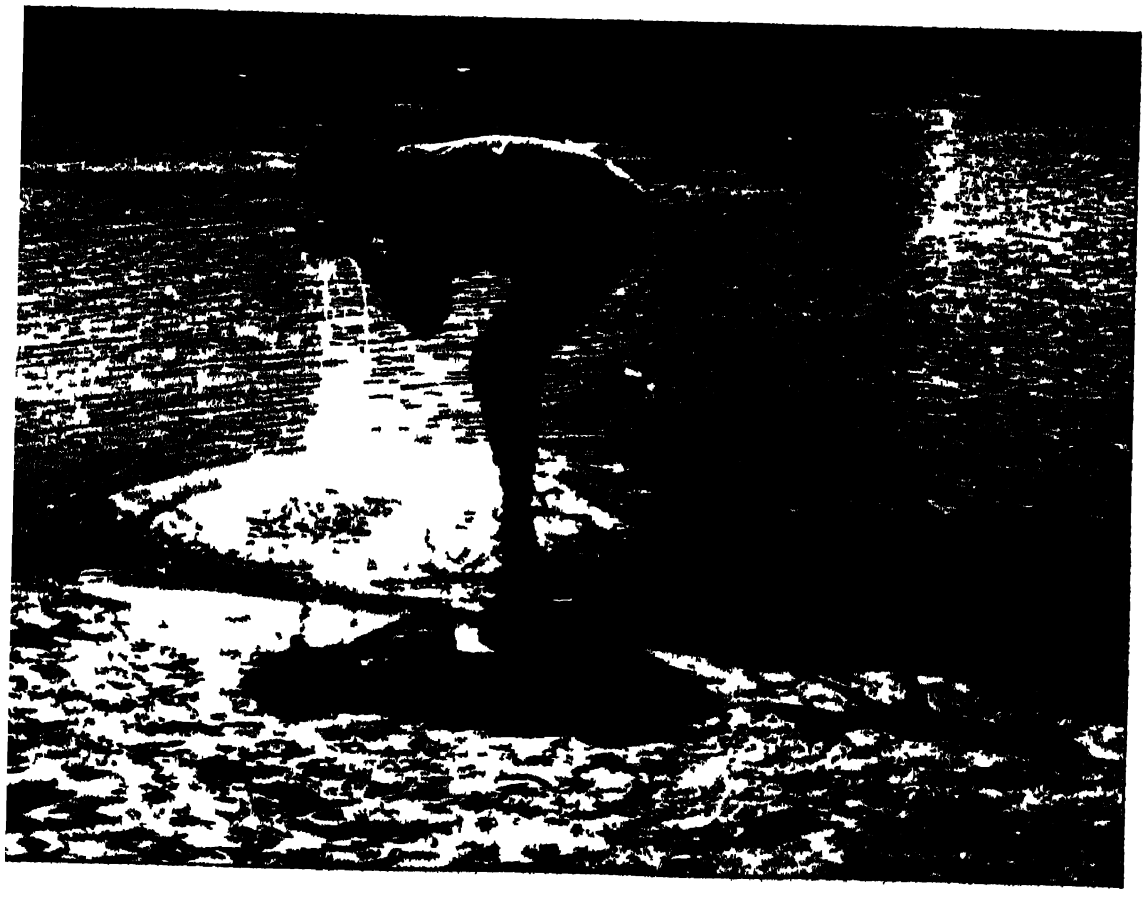
After 17 years of touring, they decided to call it a day as far as this country was concerned. The Kendals began to feel rightly, that the financial gain as a touring company was not commensurate with the time and effort put in. Travelling was becoming increasingly costly, and living in hotels an expensive proposition. For years their charges for both schools and public performances had remained static, and there was very little to show for it in spite of the fact that not an extra rupee was spent on paying hired hands to help with stage or settings or packing. They made their way to the Far East, finding things far more comfortable in Malaysia, Hong Kong and Japan.

And whither are all these players fled?

Conor Farrington's talents are being utilised by Radio Eiran in Dublin, and John Day is as much at home as an antique dealer as he was as Launcelot Gobbo or Sergius. Brian Kellet is still very much involved in the London stage, though over the years has graduated from a romantic Bassanio to a dramatic Shylock. Peter Bromilow, who had joined in 1955 for a couple of years, has made quite a mark for himself in Hollywood having won an Emmy for his performance as St Thomas Aquinas in *Meeting of the Minds*. Apart from a number of appearances on TV his latest display of talent has been with Faye Dunaway in *Evita*.

Felicity Kendal, now a mature woman, has made a niche for herself in Shaftesbury Avenue. Jennifer, as we know, keeps herself busy with the management of the Prithvi Theatre. Utpal's career is too well known to need any chronicling here.

The Kendals are now settled in London and the Shakespeareana [illegible] still very much alive. They still come back to India frequently, not only to visit their daughter Jennifer, but to the country they still consider their spiritual home. They give recitals and readings to small select gatherings, and Geoffrey Kendal has shown that he has lost none of his talents with the passing years by his performance in *36*. The Kendals have learnt to travel light, carrying no more than "two suitcases and a folding chair". Like Hamlet, all we can do is see that they are "well used", for they are the abstracts and the brief chronicles of our times. ■

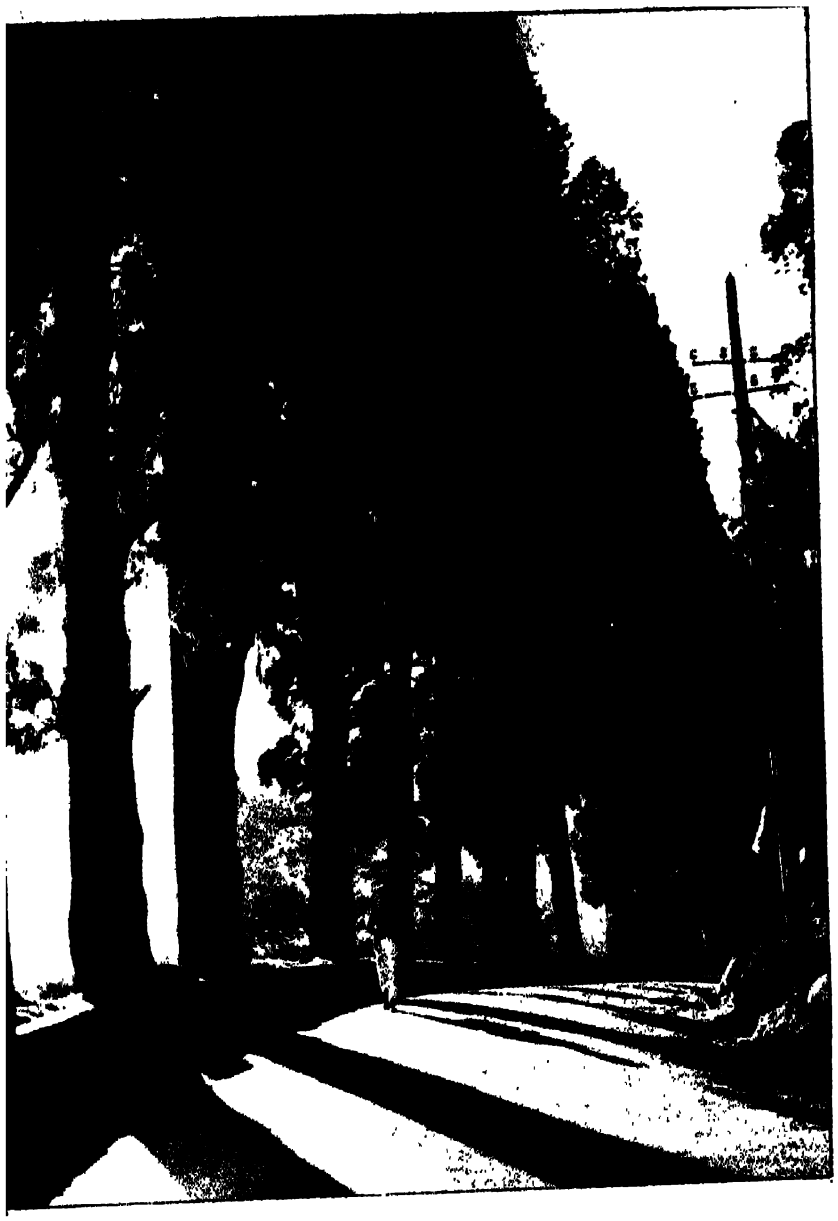


Photographs and Text by Kovai Sitharam

IT happened thirty years ago My very first photographs, taken with a Kodak Brownie Crest camera, were appreciated immensely not only by the studio owner but also by a gentleman who was sitting beside me A few minutes later, I learnt that he was a senior member of the Coimbatore Amateur Photographic Society and also my neighbour!

When I am very perturbed about some problem, photography offers me an escape and gives me renewed strength to face life I become one with the subject

My photographs have been published in about 78 magazines.



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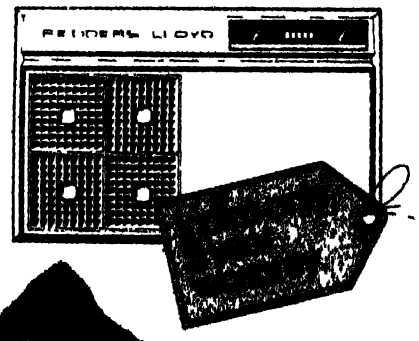

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That's Business

From Our Special Correspondents

DURING the run up to the Finance Bill, businessmen cried themselves hoarse over the jettisoning of section 35B from the Income Tax Act but Mr Pranab Mukherjee refused to budge pouring salt over their wounds by describing the step as a rudimentary expenditure tax in disguise Section 35B enabled businessmen to deduct from their income Rs 330 spent on export promotion for the purpose of tax assessment Hence the long wail of anguish

The view of Mr Manmohan Singh Chairman Frick India Ltd, is typical At a time when exporters are up against world recession they need more incentives, not less of them But otherwise his condour is atypical Says Mr Singh "A more fundamental problem is India s poor image in terms of quality products and delivery defaults Further businessmen only want to play to the tune of vested interests It is high time they summoned up the courage to be more ethical in their businesses"

The Faridabad based Frick India, having 40 per cent American equity, is a major exporter of industrial air-conditioning and refrigeration equipment to West Asian countries, Sri Lanka and Bangladesh But Mr Singh is diversifying Trion India Ltd, a new company also started with American technical collaboration has started production of "electronic filters' which remove dust, smoke and pollen from sensitive places like computer installations and telephone exchanges The gadget has already been supplied to 80 telephone exchanges Another new company Walco Ltd, will make pre fabricated structures for high altitude housing Mr Singh is evidently aiming at the Army

Section 35B

Mr B D Kapur, Chairman Atlas Cycle Industries Ltd, also does not relish an export scenario minus Section 35B If there was misuse, the Government should have checked it not taken away the incentive itself

However, it should not materially impair his ability to push (or pedal) his Atlas cycle abroad as the market for it seems to be well established Every month over 10,000 cycles coming out of the Sonepat factory find their way to East Africa, West Asia, Britain and Denmark And when I met him, he was considering how to make a colourful children's bicycle with red tyres for Canadian $30 a piece A Canadian party has promised to buy 3 lakh bicycles if he can do that

But if Mr Kapur can consider making an export quality cycle, albeit one less than the adult size, for Cnd $30 (Rs 240), can he not consider reducing the domestic price of Atlas (Rs 400) and Eastern Star (Rs 350)? If he were to do so, lakhs of Indians who hire cycles because they canot afford to buy them will have reason to thank him After all, Atlas Cycle Industries is making large profits

While securing Government approval for increasing his factory's capacity from 12 lakh to 18 lakh cycles per annum, Mr Kapur has simultaneously launched into mopeds Will this not cut into his own cycle market? He thinks not, for Indians will remain sufficiently poor for the next several decades

The scramble for scooters has virtually become a scrimmage, resulting in a bonanza for the few companies in the field Sources in the Industry Ministry disclose that Rs 160 3 crore have been collected as advance against bookings The break-up is Lohia Machines, Kanpur, Rs 96 crore, Bajaj Auto, Pune, Rs 57 crore, Scooters India, Lucknow Rs 5 crore, and Andhra Pradesh Scooters, Medak, Rs 2 3 crore

Although both have secured approval for collaboration with the well reputed Piaggio of Italy, Lohia Machines' obtrusiveness has appeared somewhat jarring against the low profile of Andhra Pradesh Scooters The former's frenetic bid to mop up the potential market has raised eyebrows And, as a simple arithmetical exercise shows, not without reason Since the advance for a scooter booking is Rs 500, it means that Lohia Machines have booked orders for over 19 lakh scooters Considering that the company is unlikely to start production before next year, and its licensed capacity is only 10,000 scooters, it will take Lohia Machines at least two decades to meet their present obligation The Rs 57 crore collected by Bajaj Auto is only for its proposed 50 cc moped However, Bajaj and Maharashtra Scooters, a joint venture of the Maharashtra Government and Bajaj Auto, have started accepting advances for scooters for which figures are not available

MR B D KAPUR Chairman Atlas Cycle Industries Ltd

Faced with a furore in Parliament, the Government reacted with a Pavlovian reflex It promised an inquiry Instead it should issue some more licences for the manufacture of scooters The supply and demand figures are tell tale Whereas the present annual production of scooters is approximately 25,000, the demand officially 325,000—an estimate which is evidently erroneous in view of the huge number of bookings

Bajaj Auto, Lohia Machines and Piaggio compromise a piquant triangle Piaggio, which used to collaborate with Bajaj Auto is now locked in litigation with it in the USA, West Germany and Britain and has simultaneously re entered the Indian market as collaborator with another Indian company Is there politics involved? Is the Bajaj family being made to live down its once vociferous occupancy of the Janata bandwagon? Understandably, little love is lost between Bajaj Auto and Lohia Machines

'Government Touch'

In our country the "Government touch" would seem to be the reverse of the "Midas touch", for most things the Government of India touches turn into a losing proposition The public sector Scooters India Limited is the only loser in the field, having accumulated losses above Rs 32 crore over the last seven years Here is a clue to the company's red record SIL pays nearly Rs 20 lakh as salary to 37 senior executives!

From Rs 2 a day with the Tatas to simultaneous Chairmanship of two major organisations, Indian Airlines and the Public

Enterprises Selection Board, is a rise that would find a parallel only in the world of rocketry. Whatever his other qualities, Mr R.P. Billimoria is a disarmingly charming man with a prosperous double chin that brings to mind Sir Robert Morley. Insisting that he is not overburdened, Mr Billimoria clarifies that for IAC and PESB he is part-time Chairman, taking only "sitting fees" and the perks. In fact, he continues to run his Billimoria Consultants Pvt Ltd. "The arrangement has the advantage that I am not subject to pressures and also better placed to receive the feedback." This may be debatable, but the unusual nature of the arrangement is not.

As to the inordinate delays that are known to occur in filling the posts of chief executives of public enterprises, it would seem, from the procedure, that the blame cannot be laid entirely at the door of the PESB. First, it is for the Ministry concerned to notify a vacancy to the PSEB, which then prepares a list of names with the help of its data bank. Then the Ministry and the PSEB jointly prune it to a short list. After this the PESB holds interviews and sends a panel of names to the Ministry, which in turn forwards it to the appointments committee of the Cabinet for the final selection. At his end, Mr Billimoria is trying to speed things up, and interviews are being held on most Fridays and Saturdays. The backlog of senior-level vacancies, which had assumed scandalous proportions about a year ago, is now more manageable, being 45. Of these, 16 are Level I posts of chairmen and managing directors, and 29 are Level II posts of directors. The number of posts pending for processing at the PSEB is, however, 15, which means that the remaining posts are stuck in the governmental pipeline.

Persistent criticism that public enterprises should be freed from the stranglehold of bureaucracts because they are essentially birds of passage, has had some effect. An important decision which was taken recently but remains little-known is that after an IAS officer joins a public enterprise he must, within two years, exercise the option of either returning to his cadre or resigning and joining the public enterprises management pool.

Dealership Imbroglio

Hyper-technicality is often used as a figleaf. And so it was in the Lok Sabha when the Minister of Industry, Mr N.D. Tiwari, was asked whether the ten-year-old imbroglio over dealerships for the Maruti project had been resolved. With a deadpan expression that bespoke his adeptness in the art of dissimulation, Mr Tiwari said: "Maruti Udyog Ltd, was established in February 1981 and hence the question of granting dealerships about ten years ago does not arise." The questioner evidently did not know that the word "Udyog" was interposed after the company was nationalised, and this provided the Minister with an escape route.

The fact of the matter is that huge sums were taken from a large number of dealers by the late Sanjay Gandhi's Maruti and that most of them lost their money when the company went into liquidation. Interestingly, MAN of Germany still has in its dossier a ten-year agreement signed with the original Maruti. Says a representative of the company: "We could have gone to court but thought the better of it because we have to do business in this country."

Maruti Udyog's commercial production, in collaboration with Suzuki of Japan, is expected to begin in April 1984. Some cleverly camouflaged tax concessions have enabled the company to announce that the car will cost Rs 45,000, exclusive of transportation costs and local taxes. As 20,000 vehicles are prepared to be manufactured in the first quarter, other car manufacturers are getting goose pimples. Anyhow, a breeze of competition is what the inefficient car industry needs.

Over a dozen Suzuki models, already shipped from Japan, are due to arrive at the Calcutta port and will be displayed in various cities under the Maruti name. But dealerships for the company in its new incarnation have yet to be granted. Once bitten, twice shy. ■

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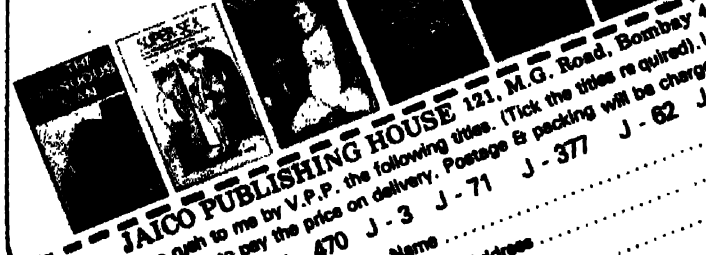

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let us pledge to build our Nation stronger and more prosperous, take stock of the rapid strides taken by our State in this direction, under the progressive and inspired leadership of S. Darbara Singh, Chief Minister of Punjab.

20-Point Programme & State Plan:

Rs. 443.24 crores were earmarked during 1982-83 for implementing 20-Point Socio-Economic Programme given by our Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

Plan outlay has been raised from Rs. 260 in 1979-80 to Rs. 385 crores in 1982-83. For 1983-84 it is planned at Rs. 437 crores.

Record Agricultural Output and assured prices to the Farmers

Wheat production rose from 76.77 lakh tonnes in Rabi 1980 to an all time record of 85.53 lakh tonnes in Rabi 1982. Paddy production increased from 42.9 lakh tonnes in Kharif 1979 to 55 lakh tonnes in Kharif 1982, despite draught conditions this year.

Farmers were paid a price of Rs. 142/- per quintal for wheat during Rabi 1982.

Modernisation of Irrigation facilities

One lakh hectares additional area brought under irrigation. The work of lining 4060 Kms. canal distributories and minors costing Rs. 100 crores under World Bank Scheme is nearing completion.

Priority for Power generation

1. Total installation generation capacity of power in the State is being increased from 1537 MW to 2548 MW by 1984-85.
2. The work on Mukerian and Anandpur Sahib Hydel projects and first unit of 210 MW capacity of Ropar Thermal Plant is going on war footing and 350 MW of additional power would be available during 1983.

Industrialisation of State

1. Light Commercial vehicle project with Japanese collaboration is being set-up in Hoshiarpur district.
2. 93 letter of intents, 43 Industrial licences and 468 letters of registration have been obtained since June 1980.
3. 53 new large and medium units were pressed into production with an investment of Rs. 69.17 crores.
4. An all time larger number of 25728 small scale units with an investment of Rs. 102.89 crores set up as against 7871 during 1978-79.

* Total employment directly and indirectly generated to 1,75,000 persons.

Modern amenities to towns and villages

1. Rural Development Agency set up to accelerate the rural development works.
2. Massive amount of over Rs. 40 crores spent for pavement streets, drains and construction of Panchayat Ghars.
3. Piped water supply to 176 more scarcity villages has been provided.
4. 66.70 crore projects for water and sewerage in 8 towns are going on top speed.
5. Projects for drinking water supply in 9 towns are under completion. 27 more towns under water supply and 11 under sewerage scheme have been taken up.

Uplift of the Weaker Sections

Rs. 65 crores disbursed as interest free loans and subsidy to over 2 lakh families out of 8.24 lakh household identified for the first time as living below poverty line, having income less than Rs. 3600 per annum.

22,000 houses constructed for landless agricultural workers and a total of 54,000 houses to be constructed by March, 1985.

Roads and Bridges

20 bridges have been completed and work on another 30 is in progress. Work on Rs. 5 crore bridge on Satluj near Anandpur Sahib is going on round the clock.

Improved Health Facilities

1. 450 subsidiary Health Centres, 500 Ayurvedic, Unani and Homeopathic dispensaries, fifty 25-beded hospitals, 30 dental clinics and large number of drug distribution centres have been opened.
2. Dilaysis service has been provided at Amritsar. Similar service at Patiala is being added.

Let us all join to make concerted efforts for development of Punjab which is synonymous for Peace, Prosperity and Plenty

Inserted by
PRD Punjab

April 14, 1944, was the day the 9000-ton cargo ship *Fort Stikene,* loaded with an ill-assorted cargo of 1500 tons of TNT, 3000 tons of full pressed cotton bales and 130 gold ingots, was blown to smithereens in the Princess and Victoria Dock, shaking Bombay to its foundations and raining gold and fire over the city. The blast killed thousands of people and devastated the entire harbour area of Bombay with its docks and transit sheds, cotton and grain godowns, petrol and diesel installations. A good part of the city burned for weeks and nothing could be done to effectively control the raging fire as all the fire-engines in Bombay and the suburbs, and even from distant Poona, were concentrated at the pier to pump water into the holds of the burning *Stikene,* and had vanished with the crew as the ship exploded.

No publicly known efforts were ever made to assess the loss of lives and property and if any information was collected for some sort of rough estimate, the results were never published as all details of the disaster were suppressed for security reasons What is offered to our readers here is an imaginative reconstruction (erected painstakingly on the available data) of what happened during that fateful week in April, 39 years ago

AT the time of the explosion in which I nearly lost my life, I was staying in Port Trust Quarters inside the Princess and Victoria Dock, hardly 100 metres from the wrecked ship The building collapsed as if by an earthquake and I was caught in the debris By a miracle I was able to struggle out and crawl to a hospital with a broken heel

The house I was staying in was an old wooden structure, originally the railway office of the P & V Dock, later improvised into staff quarters for officers of the Senior Subordinate Cadre It was a double-storeyed building with four flats, two on the ground floor and two on the first But to begin at the beginning I joined the Bombay Port Trust in 1941, when the tempo of the Second World War was gaining momentum, and all over India there was a shortage of skilled, trained staff, particularly in the railways and the ports I was appointed a Special Duty Officer for the expeditious turn round of rolling stock It was a newly created post intended to cope with the increased volume of traffic the Port Railway had to handle I was given to understand that the post was to last for the duration of the war, with some possibility of permanency

The Bombay Port Trust Railway was, in linear dimensions, about eleven kilometres starting from Ballard Pier the Bombay Terminal for seaborne passenger traffic, and the ending at Wadala, the junction where trains were received from made over to the GIP and BB & CI Railways Though the main track between Wadala and Ballard Pier was short the Port Trust Railway had, in sidings, feeder lines and marshalling yards about two thousand kilometres of rail length

With the fall of Singapore and Burma to the Japanese, the little Bombay Port Trust Railway became the main hub of the rolling

stock in India. The ports on the Bay of Bengal were unsafe for military concentrations due to the easy accessibility of enemy planes from bases in Burma and Malaya, and from aircraft carriers, as the Japanese had practical control of the Bay.

1944 was a momentous year for the Bombay Port. An all-out effort was made to launch a massive attack on Japanese positions in Burma and Malaya under the supreme command of Mountbatten. By the beginning of the year Bombay Port was literally swarming with officers and men of the fighting wings of the Allied Forces detailed to supervise and expedite the loading of ships with arms, ammunition, food, clothing and medicines, which were to leave in convoys to unknown destinations. Wagons started flooding the docks from all over India, while troop trains daily brought in fighting personnel in their thousands. We learnt from military personnel, unofficially though, that hundreds of ships were scheduled to sail to the Bay of Bengal by April, well before the onset of the South West Monsoon

Wagons carrying arms and ammunition usually came in block loads escorted by military personnel and were not difficult for the railway staff to handle But odd wagons of supplies were different Though army squads chased wagons almost from the starting points to the destination and there were tracers at every important marshalling years, missing wagons were many—not only because of misdespatch but also because of mutilation of wagon numbers in telegrams.

THE four flats, in our building were allotted to Special Duty Officers who were in charge of clearing bottlenecks and attending to urgent requirements of the militia, and each officer had to supervise the work of a particular area

Of the flats on the ground floor, one was occupied by a Franco-Burman refugee from Rangoon who was taken into the service of the Bombay Port Trust Railway. He was a hefty, broad-shouldered, square-faced individual who worked like a horse, ate like a wolf, drank like a fish, swore like a trooper and indulged in sex like a stud bull. With all this he was a staunch Catholic who went to church on Sundays and abstained from meat on Fridays. His name was Jean Bourbon; his friends and colleagues called him Jim, the staff who worked under him, *Jin Sahib* after the Jinns of the Arabian Nights. Jim had a working knowledge of the filthy vocabulary in Hindustani, could be positively fierce when roused and often corrected his erring staff by blows He was a man with tremendous drive and the military officers in general, and our General Manager in particular, liked him immensely as he could be depended upon to handle any situation without the least show of reluctance or hesitation.

Jim's flat was a veritable storehouse of Scotch, Cognac, gin, rum, beer and tinned foodstuffs, and every other night there was a cocktail party in his flat. His guests were mostly army officers and their women friends. The parties often continued till the small hours of the night, but the one peculiarity of Jim and his friends was that the harder they drank, the more sober they became. The revelries were never boisterous and did not disturb the neighbours. Jim had no cook or servant, and a restaurant just outside the dock gate catered to his culinary needs. His peon lived between the restaurant and his flat, always bringing in something and taking back something else, the watchmen and customs staff at the gate being indulgent towards him because of their respect for his master. Jim had no wife. It seems he had had one in Burma but she left him before he left Rangoon and he did not miss her in Bombay.

The other flat on the ground floor was occupied by a Parsi by the name of Pestonji Daruvala. Unlike the generality of Parsis, he had an aversion to liquor. His father Byramji died of drinking and the son's reaction was a hatred of alcohol. Pestonji, at home, wore a thin muslin shirt with the *kusti* or sacred thread round his waist and a black cap too small for his large head. Pestonji's wife Shirin did not hate intoxicants; though not addicted to strong drinks, she was fond of home-made wine which her cook, an elderly Mahar woman, prepared for her to near perfection. Shirin was a shapely woman with an olive complexion, bobbed hair and a stately swing to her gait. She had pleasing manners, too.

PESTONJI was something of a scholar well versed in Zoroastrian lore. I was interested in comparative religion and when both of us were free I used to spend some time in his flat, Shirin and myself sipping wine, Pestonji coffee, from a double cup. He knew Persian history from the time of Cyrus and Zarthustra till the conquests of the Sassanids by the Arabs. He could also speak with authority on the Parsis, their exodus from Iran to Western India, their fortunes in Gujarat and in Bombay under the British. He belonged to the Shahinshahi persuasion, and held that the other sects of Parsis particularly the Kadimis and the Fazlis, were heretics fallen from grace, and could say exactly when and where they had gone wrong.

Pestonji's one weakness was betting on cotton figures, Bombay's favourite form of gambling called *sutta*. No one knew, not even his wife, how much he lost or gained in *sutta*. Shirin was not, however, much concerned about his gambling as her father had left her a tidy sum which she was free to spend on herself. Nor was she very strong on religion. She did not mind living a Parsi, she would say, but did not like to die a Parsi because of her dread of the fate that awaited her body in the Tower of Silence. She was educated in a Convent school and Christian influence was possibly responsible for this dread. She was not in favour of burial either, but preferred cremation. She did not, however, like the way the Hindus cremated their dead and hoped that before her death Bombay would have an electric crematorium, in which case she intended to bequeath her dead body and half her fortune to the trustees of the crematorium.

In spite of their differences of opinion in many matters, Pestonji and Shirin were reasonably happy in married life. Like intelligent people they believed that married happiness was dependent upon the willingness of each partner to suffer, without complaint, the idiosyncracies of the other. They had no children, but took a philosophic view of their sterility and were happy in the thought that to have wicked progeny was worse than having none.

I lived in the flat above Jim's and my next-door neighbour was Samson Judah, a Beni-Israeli, whose grandfather had come from Poona and settled in Bombay. Samson was a well-built individual of light brown complexion with bushy side-locks, a walrus moustache and a slightly hooked nose. He spoke English with a Marathi accent. When I first went to have a look at my flat, allotted to me on appointment, it was Samson who showed me the place as the key was with him. Samson's wife and daughter were in the house and he introduced them to me.

His wife Raechel was a sour-faced, middle-aged woman. She said a few words to me in Marathi, which I did not understand and disappeared into her bedroom. Samson's daughter Esther, a pretty teenager, on the other hand, was a friendly girl; she spoke English fluently, came along with Samson and showed me the whole place, even the kitchen and the servant's room in the annexe.

I ORDERED some furniture, moved into my flat and bought a second hand car. There was no need for me to have a car to go to my place of work, the Wadala marshalling yard which was about ten kilometres from P & V Docks with a shuttle rail coach service running between Wadala and Alexandra Dock for the convenience of the staff. My main purpose in buying a car was to go to the Juhu beach on weekends for a dip in the sea, my favourite relaxation.

As I got better acquainted with my neighbours I came to know more about Samson's domestic affairs. Samson's first wife had died when Esther, their only child, was ten years of age. As he found it difficult to manage the affairs of the house he had married his present wife, Raechel. From then on his misery started.

Raechel was a garrulous, irritable woman with fixed notions about propriety and the ideal behaviour for Hebrews in general and Beni-Israel's in particular. She strongly disapproved of everything in Samson's flat including himself. The way he dressed, his food habits. She disapproved of Esther and the way she had been brought up. She thoroughly disapproved of her education in an English medium school and maintained

that she ought to have been taught Hebrew and Marathi.

Raechel's feelings towards Esther were more than amply reciprocated by the girl. She thoroughly hated her stepmother and felt that her father was neglecting her and doting on his new wife. Between the two, Samson found his work, strenuous as it was, a relief from his domestic problems. He started drinking, too. He was scared to come home lest he should, as he once confided in me, beat his wife to death and be convicted for culpable homicide.

Esther was studying in High School. As she could not do her work at home because of the nagging by her stepmother, she came to my flat frequently to study in peace. Often it happened that she had to skip a meal at home, as Raechel told her that she was not her servant to cook for her and serve her, and a woman who did not cook did not deserve to eat. I left instructions with my cook, Madhavan, a quiet, intelligent young man from Cannanore who also had a driving licence, to serve Esther food at mealtimes if she was in the house, and to drive her to the school if, at any time she found it difficult to get conveyance. Madhavan too, seemed to dislike Raechel and was quite happy to be of service to Esther. "Sir, if I may say this, I know what it is to live with a stepmother My mother died when I was eleven years of age and my father married again after six months. My elder brother and I both ran away from home." I could not help smiling, as Madhavan said this with intense emotion.

Esther almost lived in my falt, especially when Solomon was not at home, and went to her house only to sleep. This made Raechel hate me as much as she hated Esther. And when Jim occupied his flat on the ground floor and started his gay life, Raechel felt that the Port Trust quarters were not fit Hebrew habitation. As a community, Christians, she felt, were immoral and bad company for Hebrews, and the nocturnal activities of Jim and his friends did nothing to change her opinion. And she would censure ballroom dancing in which men pranced about hugging other people's wives, as further proof of Christian levity. The Parsis, according to Raechel, were little better. Shirin used to attend the Port Trust Recreation Club, especially when there was a dance. Pestonji seldom went to the Club but Shrin's brother Feroze was a good dancer and a lover of Western music and he used to take her to the Club when there was a dance.

Apart from Raechel and her tirades against humanity, which were fortunately confined to her own flat, the four of us, men, who occupied the quarters were quite friendly in spite of our differing ways of life. Jim was the Special Duty Officer in Ballard Pier and Alexandra Dock, Samson at P & V Dock, Pestonji at the Depots (Oil Depot, Grain Depot, Manganese Depot, Stores Depot and Cotton Depot) and myself at Wadala. We were so friendly and cooperative that if any of us could not because of illness or any other reason, attend duty, those of us who were able to would volunteer to do his job. Because of Jim's peculiar habits, Samson and the Daruvalas seldom visited his flat but I, being a bachelor attended his parties when pressed by him.

After he had taken a few drinks, Jim would affectionately call me "Padre", and warn me that reading and writing were not the only things, that mattered, that I was missing life by a mile. I would retort, pretending to be drunk on beer, that wine and women were not the end of life, either. Anyway, I could not convert Jim and he couldn't convert me, and we agreed to differ on our views on life. Jim, however, could appreciate the value of reading and writing as he would pass on to me his draft reports of accidents and other important matters for brushing up the language before submission to the head office.

Apart from the domestic quarrels in Samson's house which had their repercussions on mine, too, things went fairly well in the Port Trust quarters. The allotments conformed to the general staff pattern in Senior Subordinate Service of Indian Railways and Ports, which was dominated, during the British period, by communities other than Hindus and Muslims; incumbents in this cadre of service lived in a permissive society of their own and were not harshly critical of social or moral deviation in the behaviour of its members.

ESTHER passed out of high school and started attending stenography classes in a commercial college near Flora Fountain, which gave Raechel an additional cause, if one was needed, for complaint against her husband and his daughter. Raechel wanted Esther to stay at home and assist her in cooking and housekeeping, especially as she had no regular servant, and train herself for the married state But Esther was determined to study stenography and land a secretarial job. Samson, who knew very well what to expect if Raechel and her step daughter worked together at home, decided in favour of stenography. I was, at the time, working on the manuscript of a book a Bombay publisher had commissioned me to write for him, and Esther used to help me with the typing. She was out of her home practically the whole day either in the commercial college or in my house. And then one day something happened which settled, once for all, the incessant quarrel between Raechel and Esther and brought peace to Samson's household.

It happened in January, 1943. All four of us, men, were out on duty and Shirin had gone to visit her brother. Esther had no class and was at home reading a book. Raechel who was slogging in the kitchen, cooking lunch, came into the living room to fetch something and found her indolent stepdaughter reclining on a sofa, indulging in the futile occupation of reading. Raechel started her routine exercise in nagging. Esther closed her book and began to talk back. Tempers rose high on either side, Raechel said something nasty about Esther and me,and the girl thoroughly roused, dealt her stepmother a blow on her mouth, which loosened three front teeth. Esther then rushed to my flat and closed and bolted the door.

Raechel, furious as a wounded tigress, chased after her. Finding the door bolted she ran to her kitchen for some sizeable weapon with which to batter the door. Not finding one, she rushed by the back door to my kitchen where Madhavan was cutting bones for soup, snatched the chopper from his hand and started hacking the living-room door with it. Madhavan, who had by now collected his wits, followed her and asked her to behave herself and give back his chopper. On this Raechel turned on him with the chopper raised and the young man who hailed from Cannanore, the home of *Kalari Payattu*, by a stroke of his palm on her elbow made Raechel drop the chopper and she stood there writhing in pain. He then led her to her flat closed and bolted the door and went down to wait for my arrival as it was almost lunch time.

I came shortly and Madhavan quite worried, narrated to me the whole incident. Shirin's servant was peering at us; fortunately there was no one else about. I asked Esther to open the door and told Madhavan to go to the P and V Dock railway office and call Samson. As I entered the flat, Esther started sobbing. I consoled her as best I could and assured her that some arrangement would be made to avoid a repetition of the day's incident, I made her lie down and waited for Samson. I was quite worried over what had happened, especially if Samson took a serious view of what Madhavan had done. If he made a complaint to the head office, I would be asked to get rid of my servant immediately, as discipline was strict in those days and if an officer made a complaint that the servant of his neighbour had assaulted his wife, the servant would have to leave without any further enquiry into the case. And I did not want to send away Madhavan. He was an honest, loyal lad who worked very hard and was quite attached to me. He was never absent. The only day in the month he took a couple of hours' off was on pay day when he went to give his wages to his brother who worked as a mechanic in a garage in Kurla. Madhavan was a fairly good cook and knew the dishes I relished. Like the generality of Thiyyas of North Kerala, he was handsome and looked quite smart when he drove my car.

WHEN Samson arrived, I told him in detail all that had happened and stressed the fact that it was in self-defence that Madhavan had stayed the blow, as otherwise Raechel, could have struck him with the chopper and killed him. Samson could see my point. Anyway, what needed immediate attention was not Raechel's elbow but her teeth and I

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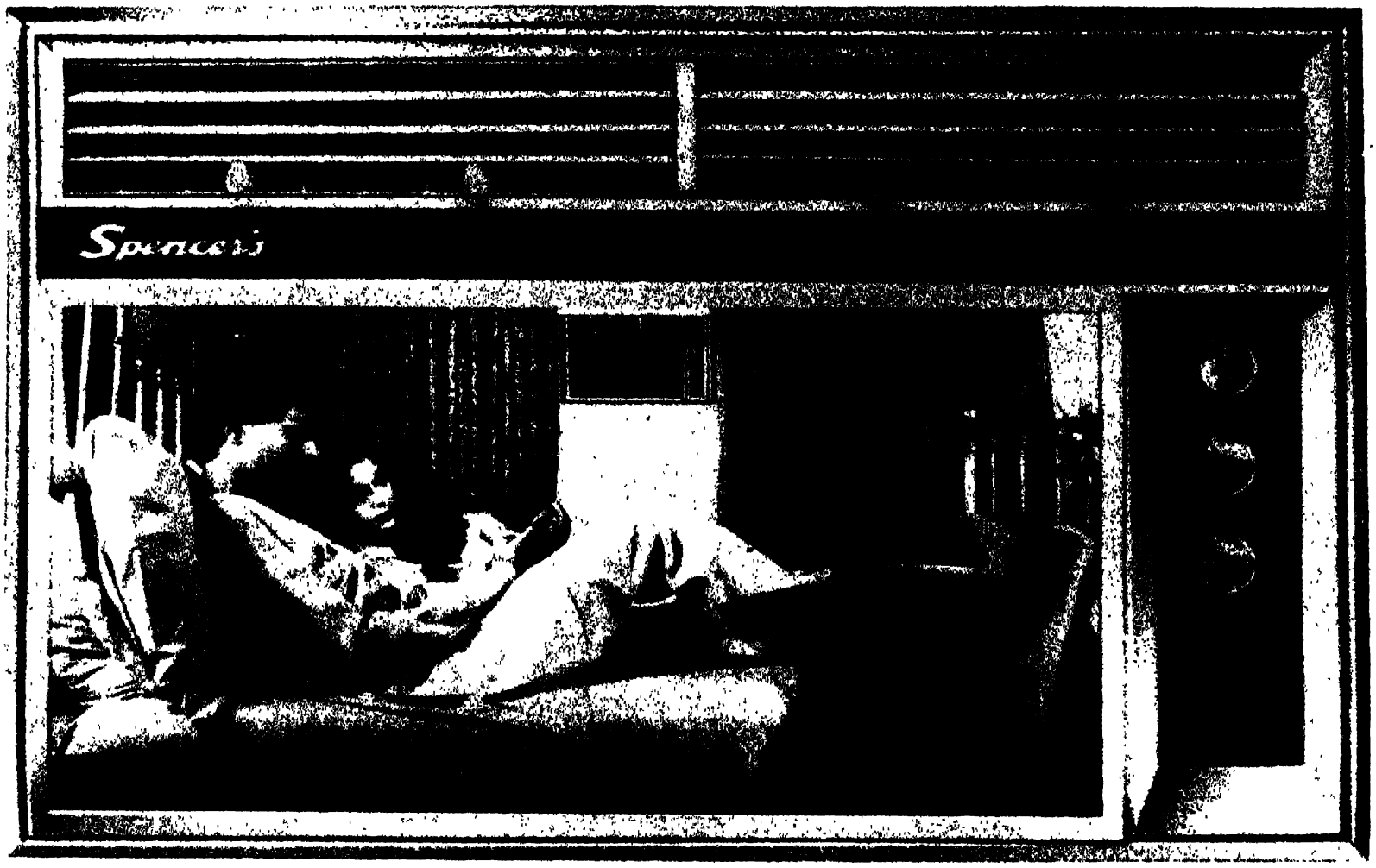

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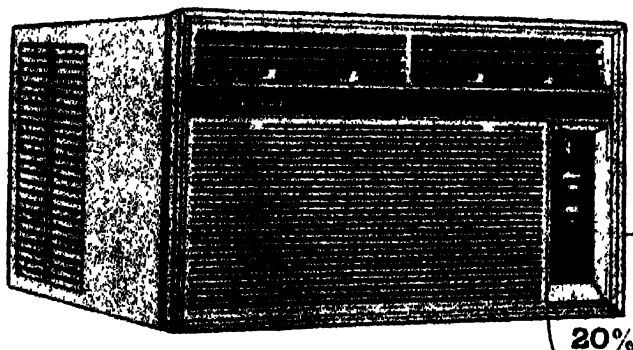

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asked Samson to take her to a dentist. Samson now opened his flat and got in and I asked Madhavan to go downstairs. Presently Samson came leading Raechel, who was bleeding from the mouth. She looked quite exhausted and I offered to drive her and Samson to the dentist. Raechel, showering abuses on me, stuttered through her broken teeth that she would rather die than board my cursed car. On this Samson got a taxi and took Raechel to the dentist.

I now turned to Esther, who was lying on a sofa in my flat and crying bitterly. She had cried herself hoarse and said in a hushed voice that she wanted to kill herself. With no mother, brother or sister and no place to go to, and with a father who was helpless against her stepmother who thirsted for her blood, the only thing she could do was to commit suicide. I told her that things were not as bad as she was imagining, that she could easily get a job if she wanted, and if she found it impossible to live with her stepmother she could live in some hostel. It was lunch time. I asked Madhavan to lay the table for our lunch. Esther ate very little, and I asked her to lie down again.

Samson came back in a couple of hours' time, but Raechel was not with him. From the dentist's they had gone to Raechel's brother who was staying at Jacob Circle. Samson and I now discussed what was to be done next. We agreed that it would not be advisable to let Raechel and Esther live together, at least for some time, and I suggested that Esther should be sent to the YWCA and I could arrange for her accommodation as I knew the secretary. Samson agreed, but said he must ask Raechel about it as she was swearing that she would not come back to the Port Trust quarters. So after lunch, Samson left for Jacob Circle to find out what Raechel thought of the proposal.

When Samson came back late at night, he told me that Raechel would not return to the flat but would stay with her brother. Raechel's brother was prepared to let her stay with him, provided Samson gave her a third of his salary. The arrangement was welcomed by all, including Esther, who undertook to keep house for both of us, with Madhavan as the common cook. This seemed to work well. Raechel, on her part, appeared regularly at the head office on pay day and collected her alimony, as she knew very well that money which came into Samson's hands was as good as lost what with his drinking habit and the debts he had accumulated.

ESTHER was now the virtual mistress of both the flats. When all three were at home, we often had our meals together. As his domestic tension eased, Samson, under the influence of Esther steadily reduced his drinking which was now restricted to a small appetiser before the principal meals. With all this, Samson and I felt that the arrangement could not last long, as Esther would get married in the not very distant future and Samson would be compelled to fall back on his wife, shrew as she was. Hence Samson and I put our heads together and decided to find a suitable husband for Esther. I asked Samson to suggest the matter to her when the two of them were alone together; but Samson thought that it would be better if I broached the subject, as otherwise she might think it was his ruse to get rid of her and bring Raechel back. I agreed and an opportunity soon offered itself.

It was, if I remember right, in January 1944, that Esther and I had a chat about marriage and morals in general and Esther's marriage in particular. It was about 3 pm when Esther walked into my library-cum-study where I was correcting my manuscript. She wanted to help me with the typing. She was looking exceptionally charming that day in a new dress.

"You look wonderful, Esther," I said.

Esther smiled her thanks as she sat down before the typewriter, opened the cover and ran her fingers over the keyboard. The last sheet she had typed was still on the roller and she read out the last line for me to dictate the next. Just then the door bell rang.

Jim barged in. "Hello, ol' chap," he said affectionately, flourishing a couple of sheets of paper in his hand, "This is the report of the last week's derailment I told you about. Go through it like a good pal, won't you?"

"Won't you come in, Jim?"

"Not now, ol' chap," he said, "I am in a hurry." I closed the door behind him, placed the report on a teapoy to be handled at leisure, and went back to Esther. I began to dictate, but she did not start typing. Instead, she asked, "Why do you befriend him, Uncle?" and added, with intense conviction, "He is a bad man."

I was amused. "Why, my Guardian Angel," I said half in jest, half in earnest, "who told you that?"

"Why do you attend his parties?" she asked, and added after a moment's hesitation, "A man is known by the company he keeps... I am sorry if I have offended you."

Well, having weaned her father from the bottle, Esther possibly thought that she had a duty towards her uncle, too. I did not want her to feel that she had offended me and said, "You are right, in a way, Esther. But I do not keep the company he keeps. Though I have at times attended his parties, I always leave his flat before the undressing starts. That's why he calls me "Padre". I talk like this, Esther, because I feel that you are no more a girl but a young woman who ought to know something about the ways of the world... Also it is easy for a man to be good in the company of the good; the real test of character is his ability to remain good in the company of the bad."

"You are a philosopher, Uncle," she said, "and I am no match for you."

She started typing, but after a couple of minutes she paused. It was clear she was in no mood to type. "Why don't you get married, Uncle?"

"Well, Esther, you said just now that I am a philosopher, and you know philosophers do not marry—Plato, Sankara, Spinoza, Kant and Schopenhauer, for instance. And those who married were no good as husbands—Socrates, Confucius, Ramanuja and Tolstoy, for example. Anyway, I am not so great a philosopher as to be a misogynist and I may possibly get married."

"That's great," she said, laughing "And I would have married you if you were ten years younger."

The conversation seemed to drift into the subject I wished to broach. "And I would have married you, Esther, if you were ten years older." Esther closed the typewriter and I asked, "How old are you now?"

"I will be eighteen next May" she replied.

"The age you become legally competent to exercise your will I replied, I shall by then, be thirty five, which would work out to a disparity of about seventeen years between us. That's about right according to our great law-giver Manu, who has ordained that a man of thirty must marry a girl of twelve... The Greek philosopher Aristotle was even more liberal. According to him the disparity in age between a man and his wife ought to be about thirty. He has sound scientific grounds for his theory. A woman's fertility, he says, ends at about forty, whereas a man's potency extends to seventy.... So I am hardly over-age for marriage to teenagers." Here both of us had a hearty laugh.

"Jokes apart, Esther," I said in a serious tone, "I want to tell you something very serious. You are now just the right age to get married. I know a handsome young Baghdadi Jew in Bombay, well settled in life, and I think you two would make an ideal pair. I spoke to your Dad about it. What do you say to this? If you have no one else in view, I shall arrange a meeting, here in my house. He is an acquaintance of mine, interested in literature. I shall invite him to see my library and you can join us for tea as if by accident and not by design. In case you do not approve of him, there would be no embarrassment. Shall I go ahead?"

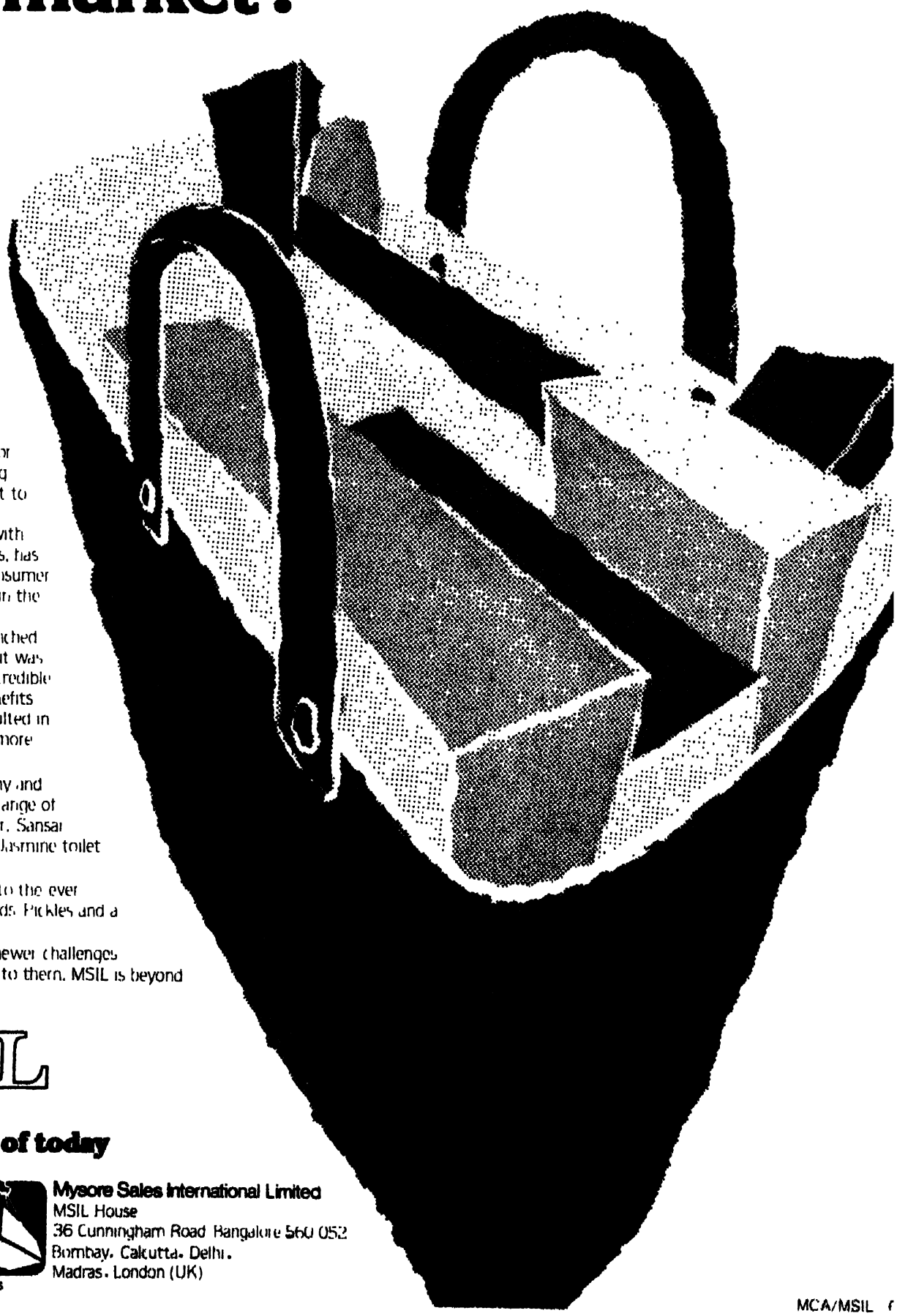
Esther thought for a moment. "Thank you, Uncle, but not just now. For one thing, I am not particular about Jews. For another, I do not wish to get married as long as the war lasts. I want to contribute my mite towards the war effort. I hate Hitler. I want to join the WAC(I) (Women's Auxillary Corps, India) as soon as I am eighteen."

At this point Madhavan announced tea. I asked Esther to stay back and have tea with me, but she said she was expecting Samson to come home in a few minutes' time and left for her flat.

When I met Samson the next day I told him about my conversation with Esther, and we decided that the best thing we could do was to wait till she was eighteen.

(Continued Next Week)

How do you honour commitments - and make a mark in the market?



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Those Painful Joints

THE precision of a concert pianist, the success of a surgeon who has to trust his ngers in the maze of blood vessels, intricate ternal organs and layers of blinding subutaneous fat, when he performs an operaon, the grace of a perfect pose caught for a eeting moment by a bharatanatyam dan-r, that last burst and leap which takes the inner in the hundred metres, past the inning post, all this is made possible only ecause the muscles and bones work in armony together. And at the crux of this uccessful arrangement are the joints which ork almost miraculously, in their endeavour help you make possible physically, what our brain wants you to do by way of iovement.

Usually these biological machines, degned for movement, rotate, slide, hinge and iove with the help of cartilage and ligaients and remain innocuous, quietly doing eir bit to make it possible for you to be obile. But there are times when these joints, ue to exposure to intense cold, congenital easons or bruising or most commonly due to eumatic disease, become sore, tender and ainful, often so unbearable that the person ttacked, suffers intense discomfort I have itnessed a patient who had to have her ears wiped by her husband as she could not ake the slightest movement. Of course that as an acute stage, and was corrected after rolonged treatment and patient deliberaon.

Arthritis is a very broad term used to escribe the condition where the joints be ome the major sites of a rheumatic attack Inder this head comes *rheumatic fever, out, osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis.*

Arthritis is often believed to be a constituonal disease. Luckily for us it is not as ampant in our country, as it is for example, in Britain, where it is rated to be one of the highest crippling diseases. Osteoarthritis is a common disease with the approaching later years and is the result of the erosion of the cartilage from the joints which in turn brings about restricted movement. This situation is further aggravated by accompanying bony outgrowths. This often causes pain and a marked stiffness in the wrists, knees, hips, and of course every part of the spine, as it is a tapestry of joints.

The other fairly common type of the disease is Rheumatoid Arthritis which often finds children as victims. Rheumatoid arthritis could easily begin with a chill and you could be fooled into thinking you've caught "what's in the air", and that feeling could be further established with the fever and the characteristic stiffness in the joints that will follow in due course. Unlike osteoarthritis, which does not cause any real harm in the long run, rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disease causing irreversible damage by crippling. The joints and joint linings are inflamed and eventually the joint cartilage may be destroyed Any movement might be difficult and there may be gross deformity and limitation of movement gradually Worse still, the other organs of the body may be affected. nerves, organs and other muscles. In the case of children, an unfamiliar complication for the non-medical parent arises, the heart is affected more often than not, as the disease courses through the body and finds a lodging in the vital organs. Few parents are aware of the far-reaching consequences of the symptoms of this seemingly influenza-like disease

A disease of the same family, familiar to us through history and literature, is gout, the most discussed disease in Britain, perhaps, in fact the greatest ice-breaker after the weather! The origin of this disease lies in the upset chemical system of the body. The unusual amounts of uric acid manufactured by the body, reach the cartilage and find a comfortable niche to lodge itself in the form of ever-increasing crystals. Uric acid is really nothing more than the breakdown product of protein, and those who suffer from gout produce more uric acid than their "goutless" friends, though the reasons for this peculiar partiality in nature has not been confirmed by modern medicine. However, what has been established by way of statistics is the fact that there *is* a hereditary factor involved, and it is known to run in families

Years ago, in the 17th and 18th centuries, particularly, gout meant a swollen, tender, excruciatingly painful, big, red, toe There is some truth in this however and the big toe when attacked by gout is no longer a laughing matter This acute situation usually results from anything which might have caused a change in the level of uric acid in the blood Because deposits of the uric acid crystals, known as tophi, form a layer around the joints and even in the cartilage of the ears! The kidneys fall easy prey as well and the final stage could be renal failure, if the attacks are not checked in the earlier stages Gout has been infamously related to the rich and greedy, in most early works of medicine Greek, Indian, Chinese and early British, and not without reason, amazing though it may seem. The acute form is often suddenly brought upon by a sudden increase of protein in the diet, like liver or kidney

Technically speaking, joints are literally the pivots on which the bones and muscles coordinate. The movable joints which are cartilaginous are the ones which are usually the field for attack by the family of arthritic diseases. That is why it is the knee, wrist and back that are easily attacked.

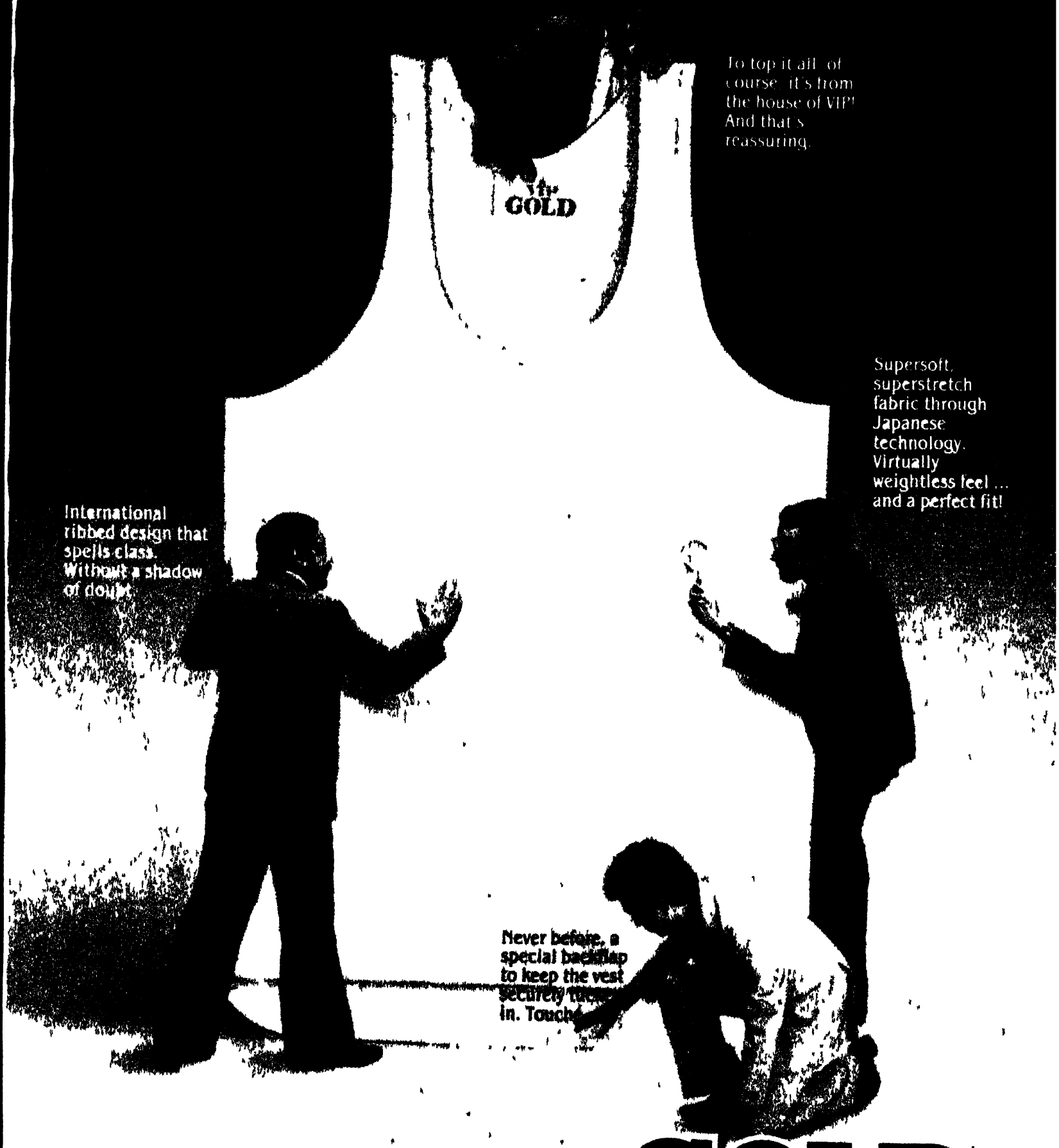
In the realm of modern medicine, specialists prefer to use anti-inflammatory drugs like phenylbutazone, aspirin and cortisone. All rather strong, undoubtedly effective and mostly ensuring quick relief But not without side-effects. Those who depend on aspirin for example, enjoy temporary relief, and experience severe stomach upsets and nausea as continued doses of the drug are bound to cause an irritation to the stomach lining, sometimes very serious. Cortisones, any physician will tell you, have to be taken after much thought and tests. Some of the really severe side-effects of cortisones is the retention of water and swelling of tissues, diabetes, hair-growth and high blood pressure. Not a very happy frame of affairs, would you say? But then which disease persists without its string of maladies, aches and pains!

A brighter side however, does emerge, with the increasing number of the afflicted turning to "Home Remedies," some of which are certainly worth trying.

Julie Bijalpita Chatterjee

RIPPLED FINGERS...UNBEARABLE PAIN—an acute case of arthritis.

At long last...it's time you took a serious look at something you call a banian.



GOLD

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Out Of The Woods

Vijay Kumar presents a column based on the relentless principle of "give-and-talk".

GIVING a city a face-lift is like undergoing a course of homoeopathic treatment You are told it aggravates before it works To have a place beautified, therefore, you must first fill it with pot holes and ditches and pour into them your witches' brew, a little bit of mud and concrete and a couple of hapless rodents that get in the way

Giving a city a face-lift also means putting people out of the way, not the convenient people but the inconvenient ones Overnight the economically weaker sections who provide the Government with its sole justification for existence are dispossessed of all they have acquired over the months Not, mind you, over the years, for it is only some months since they had been thrown out of their last habitat

It is the contention of the very rich that the very poor multiply too fast and too soon It is the boon of the very poor that the very rich don't multiply all that quickly—and when they do they get divided

The best thing about handing a city a face-lift is that it gives the conservancy staff something to do Not that they have nothing to do otherwise, it is only that they get to do what they have to do and that is a great thing in a democracy Shows you the power of the people otherwise thought entirely powerless

I spoke the other day with a true representative of the people He should have been fat but he was lean, should have been unintelligent but was frightfully clever, and of course he should have been very well-off and he was

"Many great civilisations," he told me, "perished the very moment they were giving themselves a face-lift"

"Would that be true of cities as well?" I asked, like the country bumpkin that I am

"There are cities and cities It all depends on what city you are thinking of"

"Delhi It had a face-lift at the time of ASIAD It was given another for the Non-Aligned Summit Two beauty treatments in the course of a few months There is no containing its immodest ambition"

"Oh, Delhi is safe enough It isn't a city yet It is a village"

"And villages are safe from harm?"

"They are that," he beamed "A village is built to last It is made not of people but of their thinking Since the Delhi man will always be a villager at heart—that tall glass of *lassi*, you know—Delhi will never change It cannot"

And there and then I made up my mind that come what may—storm or cyclone or the flood of Yamuna waters, or the face-lift of the Central Secretariat—I should remain in Delhi, always true to its salt

And there is much salt in its very atmosphere Salt, adulterated with the sands of the Rajasthan desert

Quite the wrong time to be thinking of SALT, in the same breath as the Non-Aligned Summit and all that, but whatever happened to SALT which was adulterated by and with the Americans and Soviets "Alive and well," say some "No comment," say others "One two, three," says a bright boy, wanting to tell no more than that he can count up to a certain number

It is my earnest hope that some day in the not too distant future all SALT summits will be held in New Delhi Then the city being no more than a village and we being what we are, the Americans will beautify the Soviets, and *vice versa* There is no escape

"When the weather goes from bad to worse, and then from worse back to bad, professional hacks write about animal and bird behaviour, and all of it makes good copy Flowers, too, bloom or wilt as the season changes and, by God, there is also that vexing problem of drinking water supply Either it is there, a bit short, or it isn't altogether

Even today, so long ago after Independence that few can give you the actual date of Mr Nehru's tryst with destiny speech, water is an attention—getter One would have thought that it would have been taken for granted

"Wrong," cries a busybody looking over my shoulder as I type this "It has been taken for granted That's why the pretty pass we are in!"

He may be right When Chief Ministers discussed the waters of the rivers they had in mind the elections in their States They could not be bothered by any other considerations And at some time soon after their talks began they moved on to more exalted topics The elevation began with references to the monsoon and the rains it would bring

Their officials joined in The computation was always as if the monsoon was a sure-fire thing though there might be no sparks in it They took the monsoon for granted

"Night," says the busybody at my elbow and I have a hard time silencing him I pour down his throat water of a certain kind hoping that he will choke Perhaps he will too when this column is done entirely

"Why", asks a correspondent, 'is there no mention of sports in your column?"

I would like to assure this gentleman that there is no particular reason It is not as if sports have been blacklisted But they get dated easily and it is not the done thing now to recall the splendid trouncing we got at the hands of the Pakistani cricketers A bit of information like three for 42 becomes meaningless when others are talking about five for 88 It belongs in history books— and today's history books are, indeed, more sporting than any other kind Including *Sunny Days*

But we can always talk of *Gandhi* A hardy perennial that, and a great credit to *British* cinema and an *Indian* entry at some international film festival Ultimately it will be those Hollywood Oscars that count ■

THE lights in the apartment were low and so was the music "You say you can read my mind?" the handsome young bachelor demanded

"Yes," replied his beautifully proportioned date

"OK' he challenged " go ahead "

"No" she said "You go ahead "

THE middle aged suburban father was reading his Sunday newspaper when his daughter's boy friend came to the house

Said he "I realise that this is only a formality, but I want to ask you for your daughter's hand "

"And where did you get the idea that this was just a formality ?"

"Well, from her obstetrician ' replied the boy

THE fact that I'm a millionaire today is due to a lucky stroke,' said Ramesh "My rich uncle in Madras had one!"

A VACUUM cleaner salesman got a housewife's permission to demonstrate his vacuum cleaner He opened a little bag from which he took out confetti, a handful of sand, some pebbles, egg shell and soot and spread it over the carpet

Salesman "Now Madam, you will see how wonder fully this new vacuum cleaner just swallows all this and makes your carpet clean in no time It works so well that if it does not come up to my promise, I am willing to eat the lot I have put on your carpet "

Hearing this, the lady started walking towards the kitchen

Salesman "Where are you going Madam?"

Lady "I am going to get you some salt and pepper, because we have no electricity here "

ALL he had asked for was a little good-night kiss, but she haughtily rebuffed him with, "I don't do that sort of thing on my first date "

"Well," he replied with sarcasm, "how about on your last?"

WHEN I get a cold, I buy a bottle of whisky for it And within a few hours, it's gone "

"Gosh, that's a short time to get rid of a cold "

"No it's the whisky that goes!"

THE pretty young thing came slamming into her apartment after a blind date and announced to her roomate, "Boy, what a character! I had to slap his face three times this evening!"

The roomate inquired eagerly, "What did he do?"

"Nothing," muttered the girl "I slapped him to see if he was awake!"

A DRUNK was walking along the beach, stark naked with his clothes over one arm A policeman ran over to him and asked, "What's the big idea of walking naked on the beach, with your clothes on your arm?" "Gosh, Offisher, I can't find a bush to dress behind!"

THE little boy looked at his mother's fur coat and remarked, "How that poor beast must have suffered so you could have that coat!" "Quiet," his mother scolded, "Don't talk about your father that way."

MOTORIST (who had just been handed a receipt for a fine) "What shall I do with this receipt?"

Policeman "Keep it When you get ten of them, you'll get a bicycle "

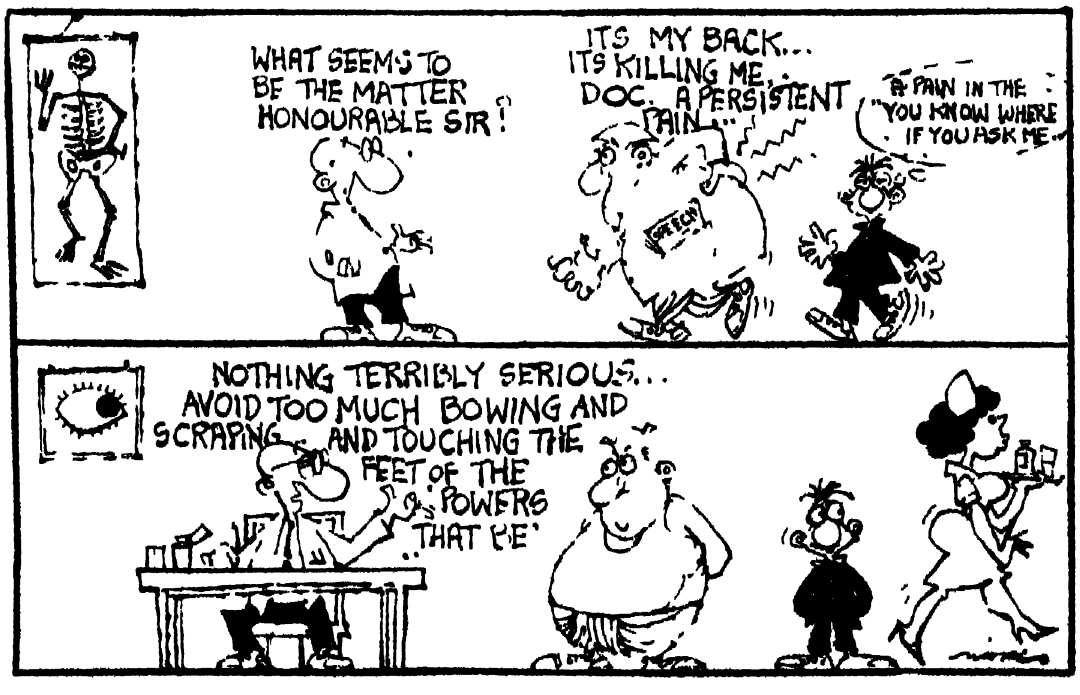
CAROL had been dating one man steadily for almost a year, and her mother was growing concerned

"Exactly what are his intentions?" she demanded

"Well, Mom, I am really not sure" Carol said "He's been keeping me pretty much in the dark "

Ah, you have made some mistakes in your lessons, Sir—They have asked us to punish you on their behalf!"

THE HON'BLE MINISTER BUNDALDASS • mario



WHEN I was in Africa," the man boasted, "a lion ran across my path I had no gun on me, so I took a pail of water and poured it over his head and he ran away!"

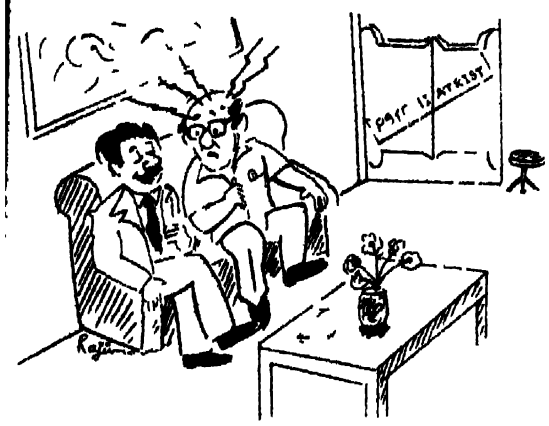
"I can vouch for that," said a bored listener "I was in Africa at the same time and the lion ran into me When I stroked his mane, it was still quite damp "

"HOW close did the lightning come to you?" asked the farmer, driving up to the tree where his hired man had taken shelter from an electrical storm

"Well," stammered the hired man, "I don't know, but my pipe wasn't lit before "

A SMALL boy was noticed selecting a postcard with a sexy nude woman on it A woman seeing this, asked him if he wasn't bit young for such a picture, and he replied, "Oh, it's not for me It's to be put in my report card envelope, so Daddy won't notice what he's signing "

SAYS a wealthy businessman, "Once or twice a year I walk through the whole income-tax department just to see what my employees are doing "



'I hope the ringing in my head does not disturb you"

A PATRON in a Bombay beer joint found a fly in his glass of beer So he called the waiter, while he was carefully picking out the fly with a spoon, and told him to exchange that glass of beer

While the waiter was gone, a customer at the other end of the table, who had already finished half his glass of beer, whispered to the first guest

"Psst! could you please lend me that fly?"

LILLY just could not imagine why she was so popular "Is it my lovely hair?" she asked a friend

"No"

"Is it my cute figure?"

"No"

"My personality?"

"No"

"Then I give up"

"That's it"

DEFENDANT "I have been wedded to truth from my infancy"

Counsel "Is the court to understand by implication from this statement, that you are now a widow?"

"NOT that I believe in reincarnation," said the young man to his hyperprudish date "but what were you before you died?"

"MY, what an attractive baby "said the hand some astrologer to the sweet young thing pushing the perambulator "Do you happen to know what sign he was conceived under?"

"Yes" blushed the young mother "It was KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

AN Irish woman went to the marriage counsellor to ask about a divorce "Does your husband ill treat you?"

"No, he is a kind, gentle man"

"Does he drink and gamble?"

"No, he gives me all his money?"

"Then, of course, infidelity must be the trouble?

'Yes, I suppose it must be, one of the kids isn't his"

"GEE," mused the pretty young high school girl as she stared longingly at her older sister's new engagement ring "It must be wonderful when you're married"

"As far as I'm concerned," her sister replied, "it's wonderful whether you're married or not"

FRIENDS were surprised when Frank and Jennifer broke their engagement, but Frank had a ready explanation

"Would you marry someone who was habitually unfaithful, who lied at every turn, who was selfish and lazy and sarcastic?"

"Of course not," said a sympathetic friend

"Well," retorted Frank, "neither would Jennifer"

A MAN asked his doctor to tell him frankly what was wrong with him "Well," said the doctor, you eat too much, drink too much and you are terribly lazy'

"Thanks," the patient replied, 'but would you be kind enough to put that into medical terminology? Then I can have a week off from the office"

Compiled by T.V. Sowrirajan

Artistic Ridicule

Comments

H.Y. Sharda Prasad

UNTIL now there were two R.K. Laxmans. The cartoonist, known to millions, their day incomplete without him. And the conversationalist extraordinary, known to his friends, astounding them with his total recall and his reproduction of every little nuance of tone and gesture.

Now there is a third R.K. Laxman. The writer. It is true that he has been writing for years. His novel *Sorry, No Room* appeared in 1969. It was a good first draft which would have been impressive if he had followed his brother R.K. Narayan's habit of revising and rewriting. Off and on Laxman's essays and stories have appeared in the *Weekly*. Their publication now in book form in *Idle Hours* establishes his writing skill and strength.

The cartoonist is a reducer. He achieves his effect by omission. He retains only what he considers the bare essentials, which he then exaggerates and fixes. The narrator works the opposite way. He adds. He piles detail upon detail and the sum total, again, fixes the incident or the individual. Laxman's writing is like his conversation, ebullient and profuse. In this he differs from that other cartoonist-writer, James Thurber, whose pen stuck to economy whether it drew or wrote.

Idle Hours consists of stories, essays, reminiscences and travel sketches; certainly it is no product of idleness. The stories have a family likeness to R.K. Narayan's. And why not? The two brothers have shared a comic vision and have collaborated as writer and illustrator. Laxman as Dodu was the hero of an early Narayan story. The schoolboy in *The Day The Viceroy Came*, in this book, is a slightly bemused cousin of the knowing Dodu, even as Daga in *An Accident* is of the *Man-eater of Malgudi*. The imperishable Ramaswami is also straight out of Malgudi. The mark of Malgudi is hard to escape. People will keep emerging from there to pursue their particular folly zestfully, unselfconsciously and lovably.

As in the work of an artist so with a writer, certain lines stay in the mind, held in position. Laxman uses telling phrases: when he describes Krishna Menon as some dark wasp or writes of Modern Frame Works which "was actually an extra-large wooden packing case mounted on wobbly legs tucked in a gap between a drug store and a radio-repair shop." (Unmistakable Malgudi again).

A couple of essays deal seriously with his own trade of cartooning and tell us what goes on in a cartoonist's mind. The account of his encounters with David Low, his first inspiration, is a neat one, with a fine final self-deprecatory twist.

The impression left by the book is not only of the eye which sees the ridiculousness of the world but of a heart which is indulgent towards the ridiculous. He pricks balloons not because he likes deflation but because they bulge so and because he wants to hear the urchins' laughter in the sun.

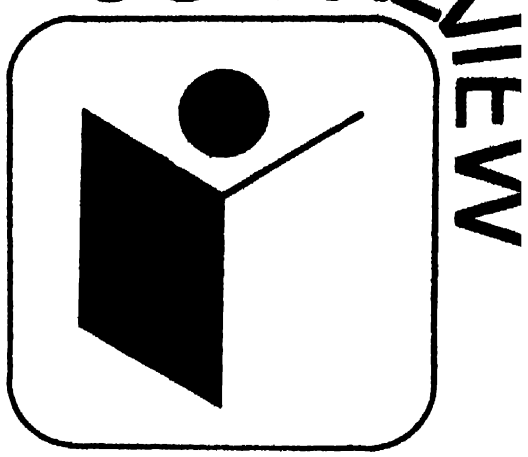
"IDLE HOURS" by R.K. Laxman; IBH; Rs. 17.50.

Racy Fiction

THEY say charity begins at home. No, it doesn't. At least, not with Bagley's benefactor Jan Willem Hendrykxx. For, the death of this wealthy gentleman leaves only an agricultural college at god-forsaken 01 Njorowa, in Kenya's Rift Valley, richer and that, too, by a staggering £ 34 million. While Hendrykxx's only surviving kin—Dirk Hendriks, a South African, and a young American, Henry Hendrix, a drop-out—receive, in comparison, a paltry £ 3 million apiece.

Why would anyone will away so colossal an amount to an obscure agricultural college? Why indeed? This question perplexes Max Stafford, head of London's Stafford Security Consultants, just as much as it does the reader. But Max, unlike the reader, has a vested interest.

BOOK REVIEW



For one thing Alix Hendriks, Dirk's wife is a very dear friend. And, for another, why is Gunnarsson, of Gunnarsson Associates of New York, interested? Max Stafford "had never met Gunnarsson but had sampled his methods through the machinations of Peacemore, Willis and Franks which was the wholly-owned London subsidiary of Gunnarsson Associates..."

Max's distaste for Gunnarsson's mode of operations aside, Max sees a rival in Gunnarsson. Especially, as he now hopes to set up in business on the other side of the Atlantic and so add 'Inc' after his company's name.

The author amplifies the scenario with thrills from African history, particularly Kenyan history. The plot is plausible, and unwinds easily; unfortunately it peters out rather tamely at the end. A trivial slip, but a slip nonetheless, is Bagley's dubbing the Pillays as Gujarati. He is obviously not familiar with either Indian names, regional origins, or castes. This is evident from our introduction in the book to a Sikh named Nair Singh.

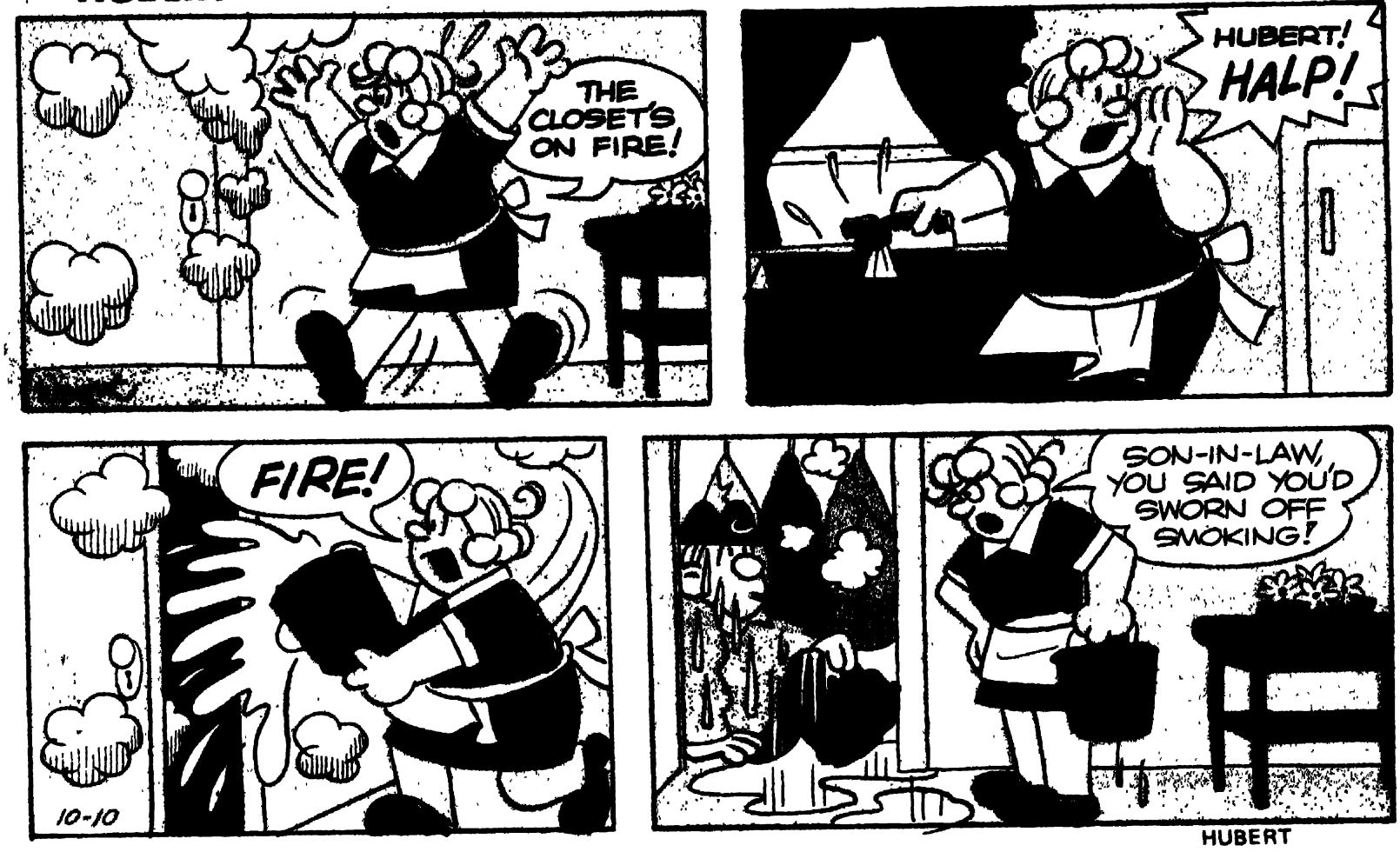
All said and done, Bagley's *Windfall* would make for enjoyable reading on a Sunday afternoon, especially to the armchair-specialist of light fiction.

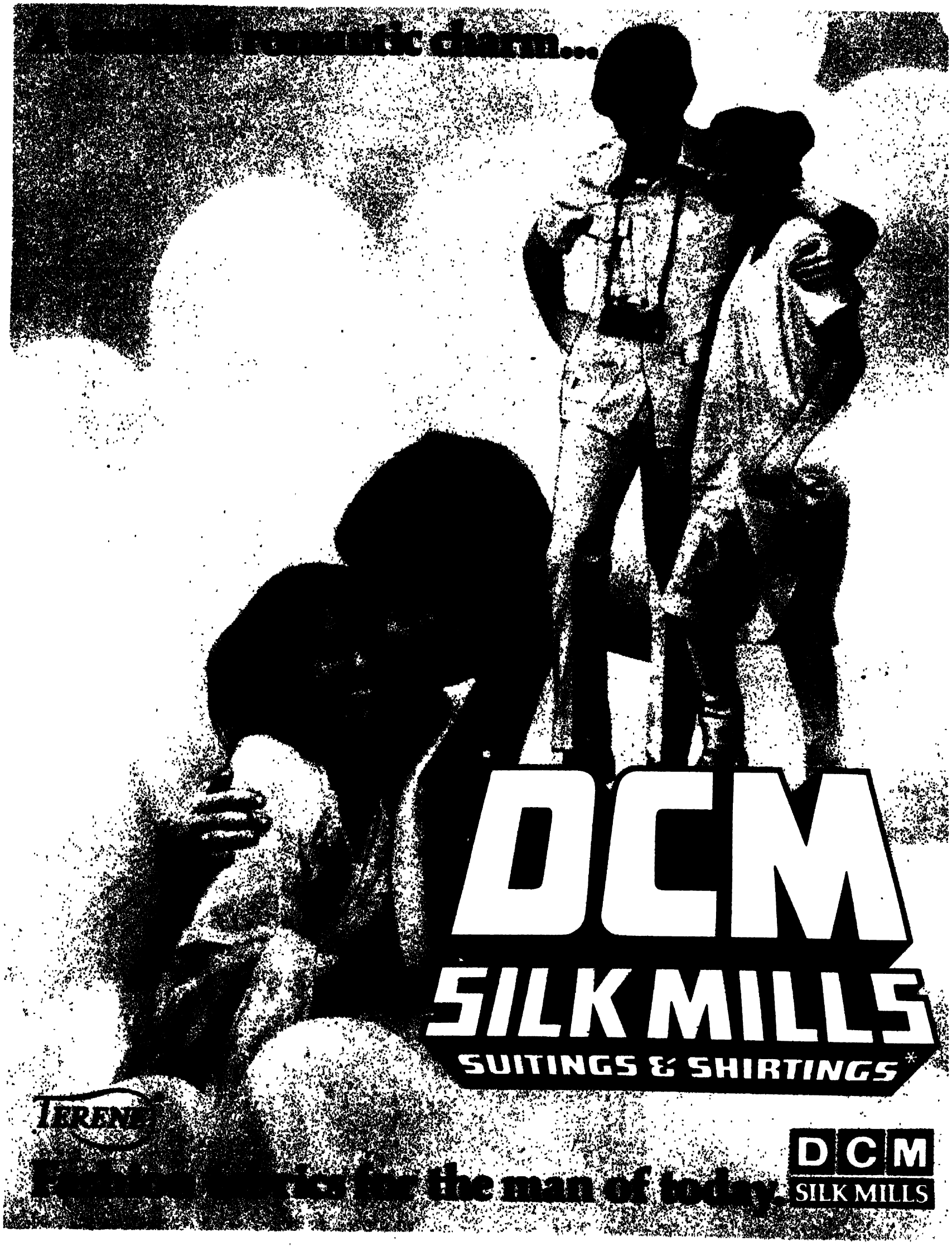
"WINDFALL" by Desmond Bagley; Rupa (Paperback); Rs 15.

G.P.

HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

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This Week's Bridge
Tolani Masters—II

EIGHT teams, two from each zone, played the National Masters Team Event Finals in Bombay, in February. This event is sponsored by Dr Nandlal Tolani, the Bombay shipping and Construction magnate, who donates a magnificent sum every year as cash prizes for this event, apart from contributing substantially towards the travelling, lodging and boarding expenses of all the outstation teams

The eight teams played a Double Round Robin, each match of 16 Boards, with the top four teams qualifying for the semi finals The West Zone teams Jimmy Mehta and Anand Mehta finished 1 — 2, and late rallies saw both the East Zone teams Calcutta Furniture and Baikaliki qualify 3 — 4 As winner of the Round Robin, Jimmy Mehta had the choice of opponents in the semi finals They chose Calcutta Furniture, leaving Anand Mehta to play Baikaliki in the 48 board, 3 session match

Jimmy was down 15 imps after the first 16 boards, but outplayed the Calcutta team in the next 32 boards to win by over 50 imps

The Anand Mehta - Baikaliki match was close all the way, although the former won each of the three sets, to win eventually by 25 imps

The two Mehta teams thus clashed in the Finals Anand, fresh from their triumph at the Calcutta International event, consisted of their regulars Anand Mehta, Amrish Parikh, Avinash Gokhale, Rajesh Dalal, Jaggy Shivdasani and guest star Orlando Campos Jimmy Mehta's team was Jimmy Mehta, Sharad Mhatre, Manohar Kher, Balu Ukidave and guest stars Bhalchandra Tavkar and Ashok Ruia For the first time since they began playing as partners in the late sixties, Campos and Ashok would play against each other.

The standard of play throughout the Finals was awful, far below what a National Finals should produce. Good bids and plays were few and far between, although they did exist, and errors predominated. Here are a few:

East dealer, None Vul

	♠ 732 ♥ K943 ♦ Void ♣ KQ10963	
♠ 965 ♥ AJ87 ♦ 10543 ♣ 75	N W E S	♠ AK1084 ♥ Q1062 ♦ J ♣ J82
	♠ QJ ♥ 5 ♦ AKQ98762 ♣ A4	

At one table, East Passed, South opened Five Diamonds, which East Doubled after two Passes.

West led the Ace of Hearts, on which East played his Queen. Looking at his own Jack of Hearts, West played East for a singleton Heart, most improbable on the bidding, and continued the suit! Eleven tricks were then easy At the other table East and West had bid and supported Hearts, on a slow auction, so when West led the Ace of Hearts and East played the Queen, West had an easy Spade switch for down two

A few deals later:

North dealer, Both Vul

	♠ A63 ♥ 10875 ♦ A4 ♣ K872	
♠ Q7 ♥ KQ63 ♦ 1075 ♣ AJ103	N W E S	♠ K98542 ♥ 2 ♦ QJ83 ♣ 94
	♠ J10 ♥ AJ94 ♦ K962 ♣ Q65	

The auction went.

West	North	East	South
	P	P	1H
P	2C (i)	2S	P
P	3H	P	P
D'ble	All Pass.		

(i) Drury — Heart fit and a maximum Pass

West led the Queen of Spades, and continued the suit when declarer ducked in dummy The Ace won, and declarer cashed two Diamonds, ruffed a Diamond in dummy, and played a Spade, ruffed with the nine, over ruffed by West A low trump came back which declarer won in hand, leaving this position, East West having won two tricks, declarer five·

	♠ Void ♥ 108 ♦ Void ♣ K872	
♠ Void ♥ K6 ♦ Void ♣ AJ103	N W E S	♠ 985 ♥ Void ♦ Q ♣ 94
	♠ Void ♥ A4 ♦ 9 ♣ Q65	

Declarer played his last Diamond — if West had had the Queen of Diamonds, the contract would be cold But West didn't have the Queen · – he should have ruffed with the King and exited with a trump, leaving declarer with two inescapable Club losers Instead, West discarded a Club! Declarer ruffed in dummy, and the Ace and another Heart threws West in, forcing him to lead Clubs, giving declarer his doubled part game contract!

Then there was this deal!

West	East
♠ A6	♠ J10
♥ AQ9632	♥ 11087
♦ 9843	♦ Void
♣ 2	♣ AQJ9875

West was declarer in five Hearts, North having overcalled in Spades, South having raised. He got the lead of the King of Spades He won his Ace, and played a Club to the Queen! South won his King, returned a Spade, and declarer had to lose a trick in trumps as well, for one down!

At the other table Orlando Campos demonstrated the correct technique on this hand He too was in five Hearts doubled to boot He won the Spade lead, played a Club to the Ace, and passed the Queen around, discarding his Spade, not caring if North won the King — all he would lose now was a Heart, if the King lay offside As it happened, South had the King of Clubs, so Ollie made six!

Anand Mehta won this 64 board match 155 — 131, and with it the right to play in the International Team Selection Trials at Nagpur in March

Readers' Questions:

Readers are invited to write to me, as a few already do, with any question on any aspect of the game I shall answer these questions, in this column, which (i) Are of general interest, (ii) Instructural, and (iii) Can be answered in brief

I regret it will not be possible to me to reply to readers' queries individually

Readers may write to me at Bridge Digest, 17, Deccan Gymkhana, Pune 411004

AVINASH GOKHALE

This Week's Chess
Missed Opportunities

TENSION, time trouble and sometimes just a mental lapse are the causes of missed opportunities that we come across in even in master games In position No 219 White misses a dazzling Queen offer for a mating attack In No 220 White fails to see a brilliant combination ending in mate by Pawn promotion to a Knight. The first game was played in the Men's Olympiad and the second in the Women's Olympiad, Luzern 1982.

Schneider — Tal
(Sweden) — (USSR)

1.e4, c5 2 Nf3, d6 3.d4, cxd4 4.Nxd4, Nf6 5.Nc3, a6 6.f4, Qc7 7.Bd3, g6 8.00, Bg7 9.Nf3, Nbd7 10 Kh1, e5 11 Qe1, b5 12.fxe5, dxe5 13.Qh4, h6 14.a4, b4 15.Nd5, Nxd5 16.exd5, Bb7 17.Bd2, Bxd5 18.Bxb4, Nc5 19.Rad1, Be6 20 Be4, Rc8 21 Bd5!, 00 22.Bxe6, fxe6 23.Bxc5, Qxc5 24.Qg4, Kh7 25.Qxe6, Rc6 26.Qh3!, Qxc2 27.Rd7, e4? 28 Ng5ch, Kh8 29.Nf7ch, Kg8.

Position No 319: 30.g3?, h5 31 Ng5, Qxb2 32.Ne6, Rxf1ch 33.Qxf1, Bf6! 34.Rd8ch, Kf7 35.Ng5ch, Ke7 36.Nxe4, Kxd8; 0-1

Sicilian Defence, Najdorf Variation 6.f4 is generally replied by 6.. e5.

Dolmatov-Gabrikov, USSR Ch 1981. 6.f4, e5 7.Nf3, Nbd7 8.a4, Be7 9 Bc4, 00

10.Kh1) 10.a4 would transpose into Dolmatov-Tzeshkovky, Yerevan 1982· 10.a4, b6 11 Kh1, Bb7 12 Qe1, e5 13 Be3, 00 14 Qh4, Rae8 15.fxe5, dxe5 16.Nd2, Nh5 17.Bc4, Nf4 18.Ne2?, Bxe4!; 0-1(40)

13...h6) If 13. 00 14 Bg5 keeps Black tied up.

17...Bxd5) 17...a5 may be replied by 18.c4, bxc3 ep 19.Rac1, Bxd5 20.Rxc3, Qb7 21.Bb5 with positional compensation for the Pawn.

21 ..00) The alternative is 21 .. Bf5 22 g4!?, Be6! (not 22..,Bxc2? 23.Nxe5!, Bxe5 24.Bxf7ch etc. or 23 . 00 24.Nxf7)

27...e4?) Necessary was 27...Kg8 or 27...Rcf6

30 g3?) White misses 30.Qxh6!!, Bxh6 31.Nxh6ch, Kh8 32.Rxf8 mate; or 30...Rxf7 31.Rd8ch, Bf8 32.Rxf8ch, Rxf8 33.Rxf8 mate. White also threatens 31 Qh8ch!!, Bxh8 32.Nh6 mate, to which the only defence is 30...g5. But then 31.Qxg5 gives White a winning attack.

32.Ne6) If 32.Nxe4, Qe2! 33.Rxg7ch, Kxg7 34.Qd7ch, Kh6! wins.

33...Bf6!) Not 33...Rc1 34.Rd8ch, Bf8 (or 34 . Kh7 35.Ng5ch, Kh6 36.Nf7ch) 35 Rxf8ch, Kh7 36.Ng5ch, Kh6 37.h4!, Rxf1ch 38.Rxf1 and Black can at best draw.

Ioseliani — T. Nutu
(USSR) — (Romania)

1.e4, c5 2 Nf3, d6 3.d4, Nf6 4 Nc3, cxd4 5 Nxd4, a6 6.Bg5, e6 f4, Be7 8.Qf3, Qc7 9.000, Nbd7 10 f5, e5 11.Nb3, b5 12 a3, Bb7 13.Bxf6, Nxf6 14.g4, Rc8 15.Qe2, 00 16 g5, Nd7 17.Rg1, f6 18 g6, h6 19.Rg3, Rfd8 20 Qd2, Nb6 21.Nd5, Nxd5 22 exd5, Qd7 23.Na5, Rc7? 24.Qd3, Rdc8 25 Rd2, Bd8 26.Qb3!, Rc5 27.Nc6!, Bb6 28 a4!, Bd8 29.axb5 axb5 30.Bxb5, Qxf5 31.Bd3; Qd7 32.Bf5!, Ra8! 33 Rf2, Qc7 34 Be6ch, Kh8 35 Nxd8, Rxd8

Position No 320: 36.c3?, Rb8 37 Qd1, Qa5 38.Qb3, Qa7 39.Qc2, Bxd5 40 Bxd5, Qa1ch; 0-1.

6.Bg5) The most fasionable line against Najdorf Variation

10 f5) More usual is 10 g4, b5 11.Bxf6, Nxf6 12.g5, Nd7 13.a3, Bb7 14 Bh3, 000

18 g6) Perhaps White may do better with 18 h4 or even 18.gxf6 avoiding blocking of the King side position.

23...Rc7?) More energetic is 23 Rc5.

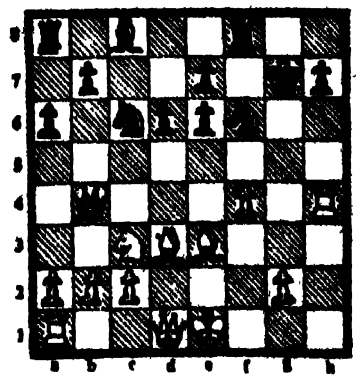
27 Nc6!) The Knight cannot be taken because of discovered check

32. Ra8!) Saves the exchange with the threat 33 .Ra1 mate 32 Qxf5? 33 Qxb7 favours White

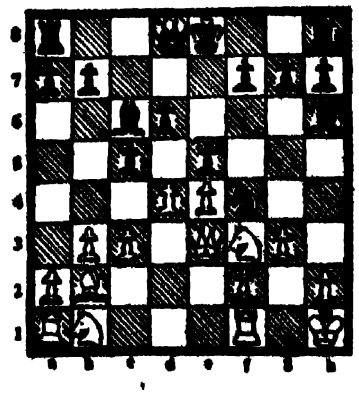
36 c3?) Soviet GM Gufeld showed a beautiful combination in this position 36.Rxf6!! Qa5 37 Qe4!, Bxd5 38 Rf8ch!!, Rxf8 39 Qxh6ch!!, gxh6 40 g/ch, Kh7 41 gxf8(N)!!ch, Kh8 42 Rg8 mate

40 Qa1ch) Possibly out of despair White refuses to fight a Pawn down ending after 41.Qb1, Qxb1ch 42 Kxb1, Rxd5

R. B. SAPRE



No 321 White to play



No 322 Black to play

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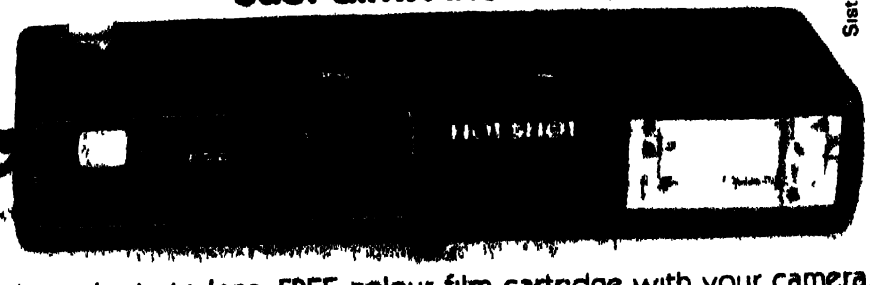

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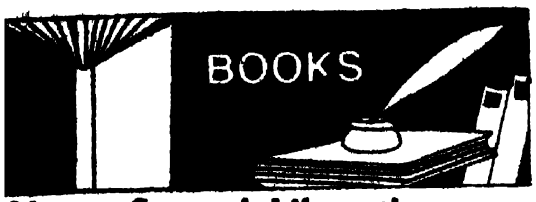


Obote, Second Liberation

Vijay Gupta , Vikas, Rs 125

Dr Apolo Milton Obote terms the freeing of Uganda from the regime of dictator Idi Amin as the Second Liberation. This book describes Dr Obote's valiant struggle against heavy odds before and after the Second Liberation.

After a brief introduction to Ugandan history and politics, the author discusses Obote's life and philosophy, his political ideology, his social and political activities and, in particular detail, his role in mobilising the national rebellion against Amin

The book however, contains no particular appeal for the average reader

Understanding Backache and Joint Pain Dr R.T. Acharya, Rs 45

For the vast multitudes suffering from backaches and related disorders, this book provides extremely beneficial and basic knowledge

The author, an orthopaedic surgeon and acupuncturist, gives an exhaustive explanation about the nature of sciatica, slip disc, lumbago, spondilitis, joint pains, arthritis and gout, in particular He also analyses the efficacy of acupuncture, and pain-relieving drugs.A lucid and succinct style makes the book readable, though there are numerous grammatical errors.

Contemporary Pakistan: New Aims and Images

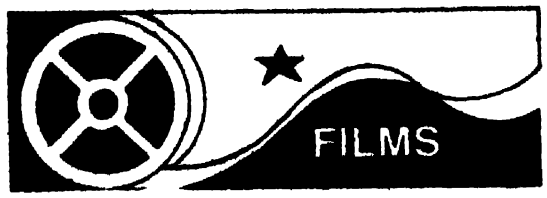
Edited by Pran Chopra, Vikas, Rs 75

This book is a record of the changing trends in Pakistan, seen through the eyes of several Indian scholars and journalists who have met people from all walks of life in Pakistan.

Bashiruddin Ahmed, Bimal Prasad, Urmila Phadnis, Bhabani Sengupta, Ajit Bhattacharjea are among those who have contributed their observations on the flux in Pakistan since the downfall and judicial murder of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

The writers present divergent though generally sympathetic views on the Zia regime's relations with India, the US and the Soviet Union since Moscow decided to march its troops into Afghanistan. The narrative is enlivened by long interviews of Inder Jit, Ajit Bhattacharjea and Rajendra Sareen with Pakistan's President, which have been published earlier.

Minnie



Snakes Alive!

Live rattlesnakes were let loose in Madras' Ega theatre last month during a screening of *Gandhi*. The theatre staff caught and killed five snakes inside the auditorium. The film was initially screened at the theatre with police protection. The non-inclusion of Dr Ambedkar in the film has resulted in severe protests from a section of the people. Posters of the film were systematically mutilated and smeared with human and animal excreta.

—Trade Guide

Award For Ann-Margret

The actress Ann-Margret has received the 12th annual Humanitarian Award of the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation, an organisation sponsoring research into a disease that leaves its victims weak from muscle fatigue. The foundation also honoured Ann-Margret's husband of 18 years, producer-writer Roger Smith. He suffers from the disease and was too ill to attend the festivities. The group estimates one million Americans suffer from the disease, for which there is no cure.

—International Herald Tribune

Dual Premiere

In 1870, to forestall an unauthorised American production of their latest operetta, *The Pirates Of Penzance*, Gilbert and Sullivan arranged for virtually simultaneous opening nights in England and America. Now, 104 years later, Producer Joseph Papp's $12 million movie version of *Pirates* has received another dual premiere: on television and in theatres. On February 18, Universal Pictures simultaneously showed the movie on 17 pay-per-view subscription and cable systems and opened it at 91 movie houses around the country. It was the first time that a premiering film had also been released on television.

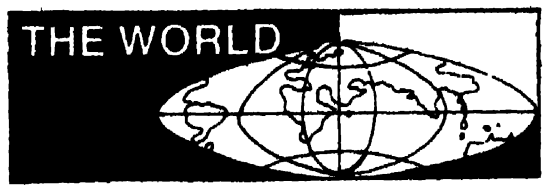
—Time

Sued For Bump On Head

British actor Richard Harris, who missed his final Camelot performance after his head hit a car door outside London's Apollo Theatre, has sued the theatre company for damages. Harris, 52, alleged negligence by the theatre company. In his High Court writ, the actor has also claimed breach of contract.

—The Daily

Jackie



Queen In Good Humour

The Queen of England is not renowned for her sense of humour Indeed, in Britain she is seen as a rather dull lady obsessed with horses and Corgis So it came as a pleasant surprise when she told Ronald Reagan in California (where storms and incessant rain had been raging for a week): "I knew before we came here that we had exported many of our traditions to the US But I had not realised before that weather was one of them." Mr Ronald Reagan thought the remark so funny that he "broke up"

—The Sunday Observer

Love Of God

Bruce Strong, a 40-year-old Gaum college teacher, likes the name of God so much that he wants it for his own. He has asked a court for the right to change his name to God, saying he had no religious affiliation but already used God as his name sometimes and wanted to make it official. The judge said he would study the request.

—Reuter

Marx With Sparks

The Communist Party is staging a "cultural extravaganza" at Alexandra Palace on June 25 to celebrate Karl Marx's centenary. It is to be called Marx with Sparks. As well as Chinese acrobats and Russian gymnasts who will be performing for the first time alongside each other, the organisers are confident they have secured the services of the Scottish comedian Billy Connolly.

They are working on another bearded superstar, Communism's biggest living folk hero, the one and only Dr Fidel Castro. That would certainly be a coup!

—The Times

Indian Woman Chosen

An Asian woman has been chosen for the first time by Britain's ruling Conservative Party to run for Parliament, the party said.

Mrs Pramila Le Hunt, 44, a London teacher of English, was picked to contest a seat held by the Opposition Labour Party in Birmingham, a midlands city with one of Britain's largest communities of immigrants from the subcontinent.

—The Daily

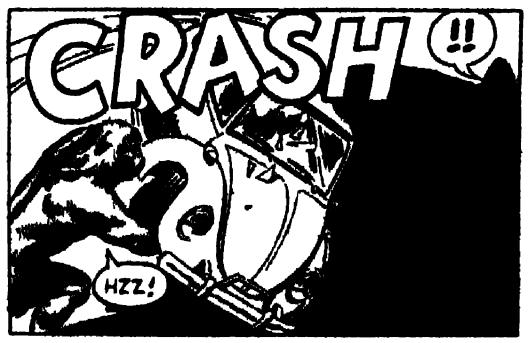
Gigi

PHANTOM
by
LEE FALK

CAPTAIN.. I'M NOT WAITING FOR THOSE CATS TO GET HUNGRY! I'M GOING--
NO CHANCE! WAIT! THERE'S THE NATIVE WITH OUR RIFLES!

HEY YOU! HELP US! GET US OUT OF HERE! I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND.. TWO THOUSAND..!
?

SHOOT YOU FOOL! BLOW THAT MONSTER AWAY!
MEANWHILE..
UH UH UH


CRASH !!
HZZ!

HZZ HZZ!
NOTHING ON EARTH IS THAT STRONG!
THAT THING IS! GET GRENADES READY
SAM DARRY 1/2

CHIEF NOW WHAT?
!
HRZ?
WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER

PULL THE PINS TOSS THE GRENADES AND BLOW THEM SKY-HIGH! HEY WHAT'S THAT DOING HERE? GO AWAY
HZZ HZZ!
HZZ!
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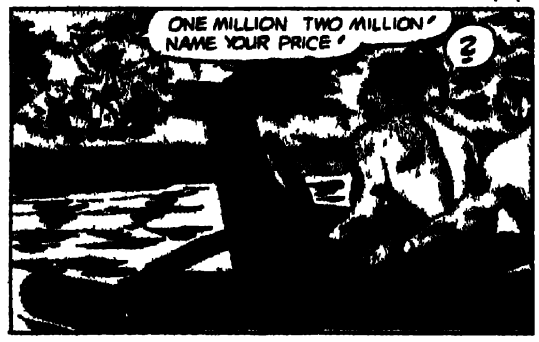
IF WE COULD JUST GET OUR RIFLES FROM HIS CANOE
YOU... I'LL PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND TO COME AND GET US!


ONE MILLION TWO MILLION! NAME YOUR PRICE!
?

HZZ, HRZ,, RZZ DID THOSE BAD PEOPLE TRY TO HURT YOU? HEY ONE AT A TIME..
HZZ
HRZ
RZZ
WHO IS THAT GUY, CHIEF?
WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE,, A BANDIT! GET HIM! BLAST THAT CHOPPER
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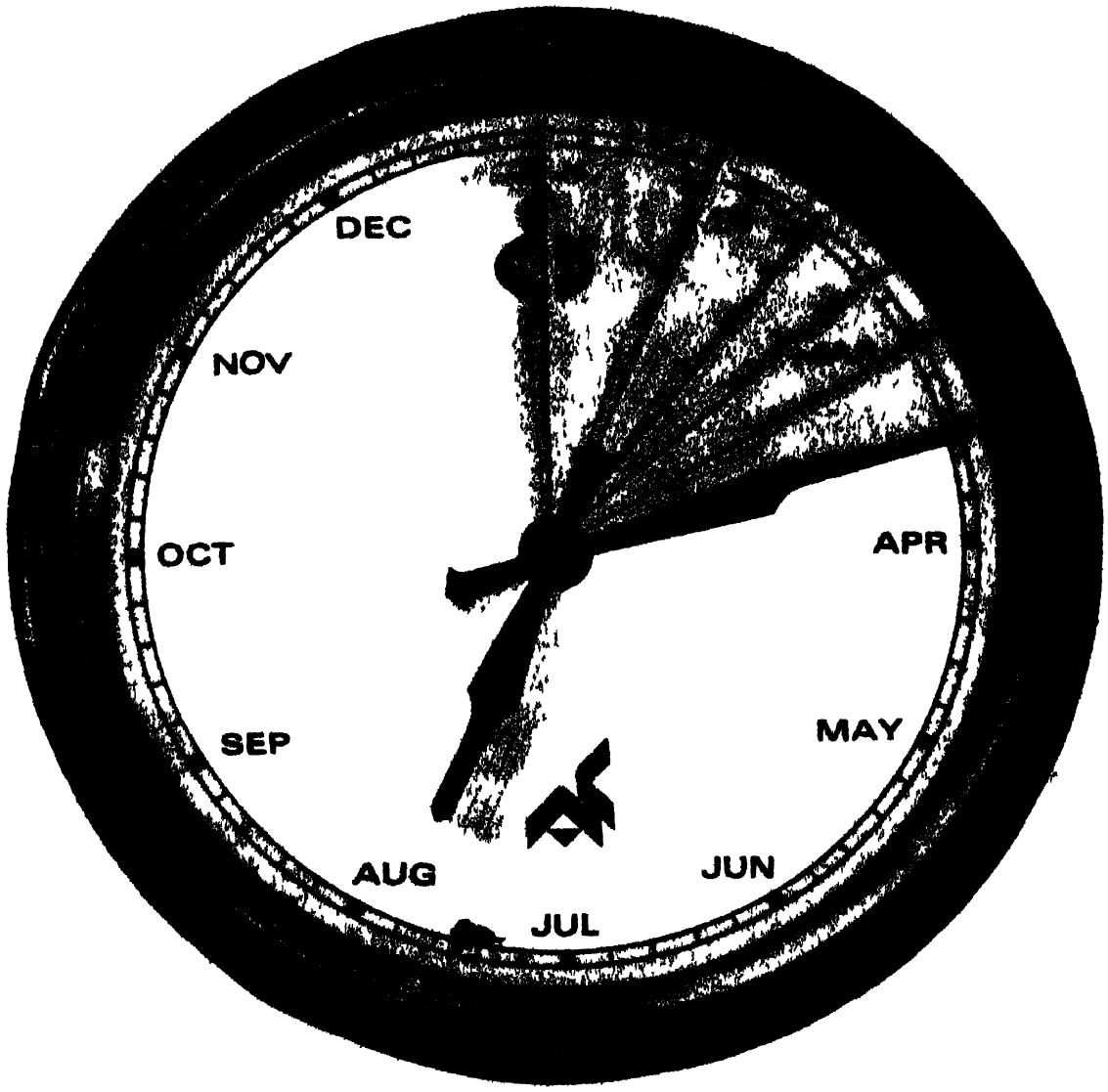
HEY WHO ARE YOU WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TAKING MY FRIENDS HOME THEY'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED STAY, CHIEF!

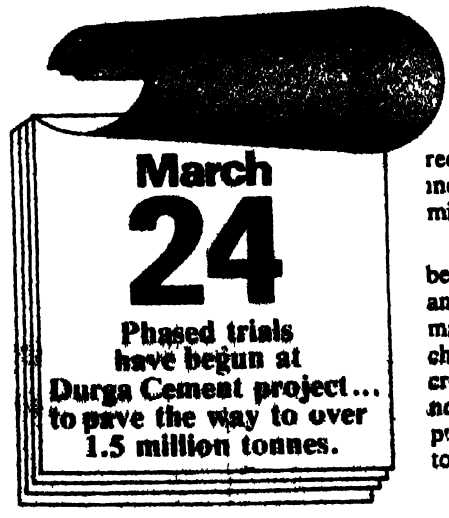
THEY CAN'T GO THAT BIG ONE HAS TO FACE CHARGES, PROPERTY DAMAGE!
THEY'RE NOT HUMAN, CHIEF THEY'RE CAVE MONSTERS YOU CAN'T ARREST THEM.

WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR ALL THAT DAMAGE?
GIVE THE BILL TO CAPTAIN BLADE, ANIMAL DEALER.

CHIEF, THIS DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN. IT'S A DREAM, WE'LL WAKE UP..
(..SPUTTER.)
(..SPUTTER.)
(..GASP)
(..BLAST.)

We work round-the-clock... and march ahead of schedule





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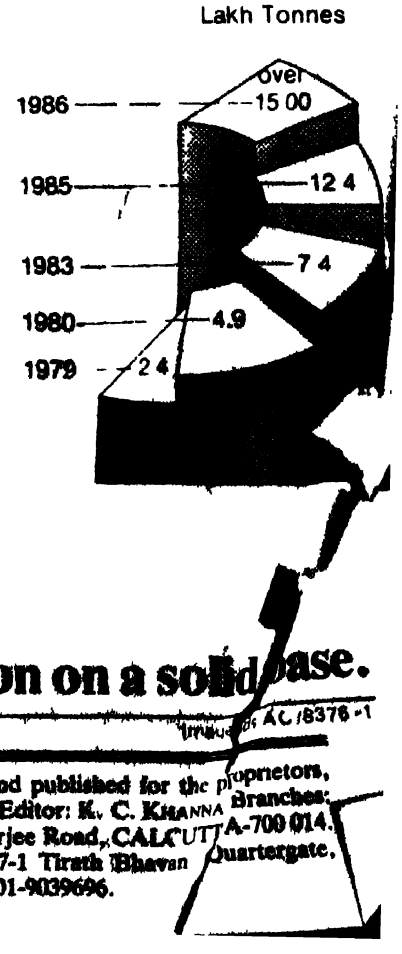

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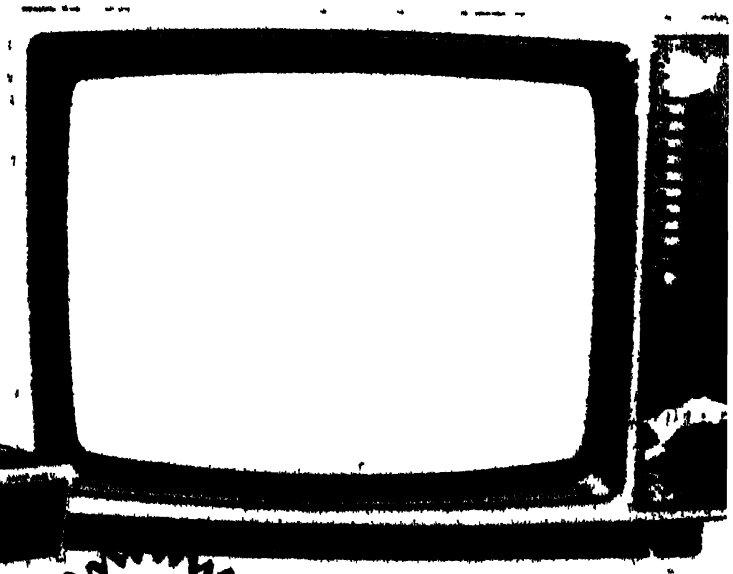

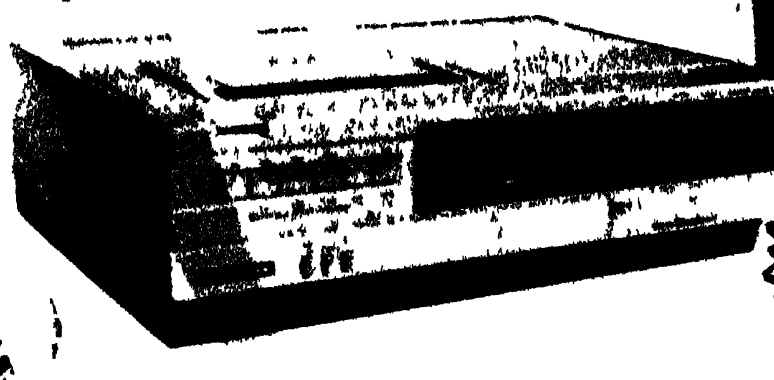

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